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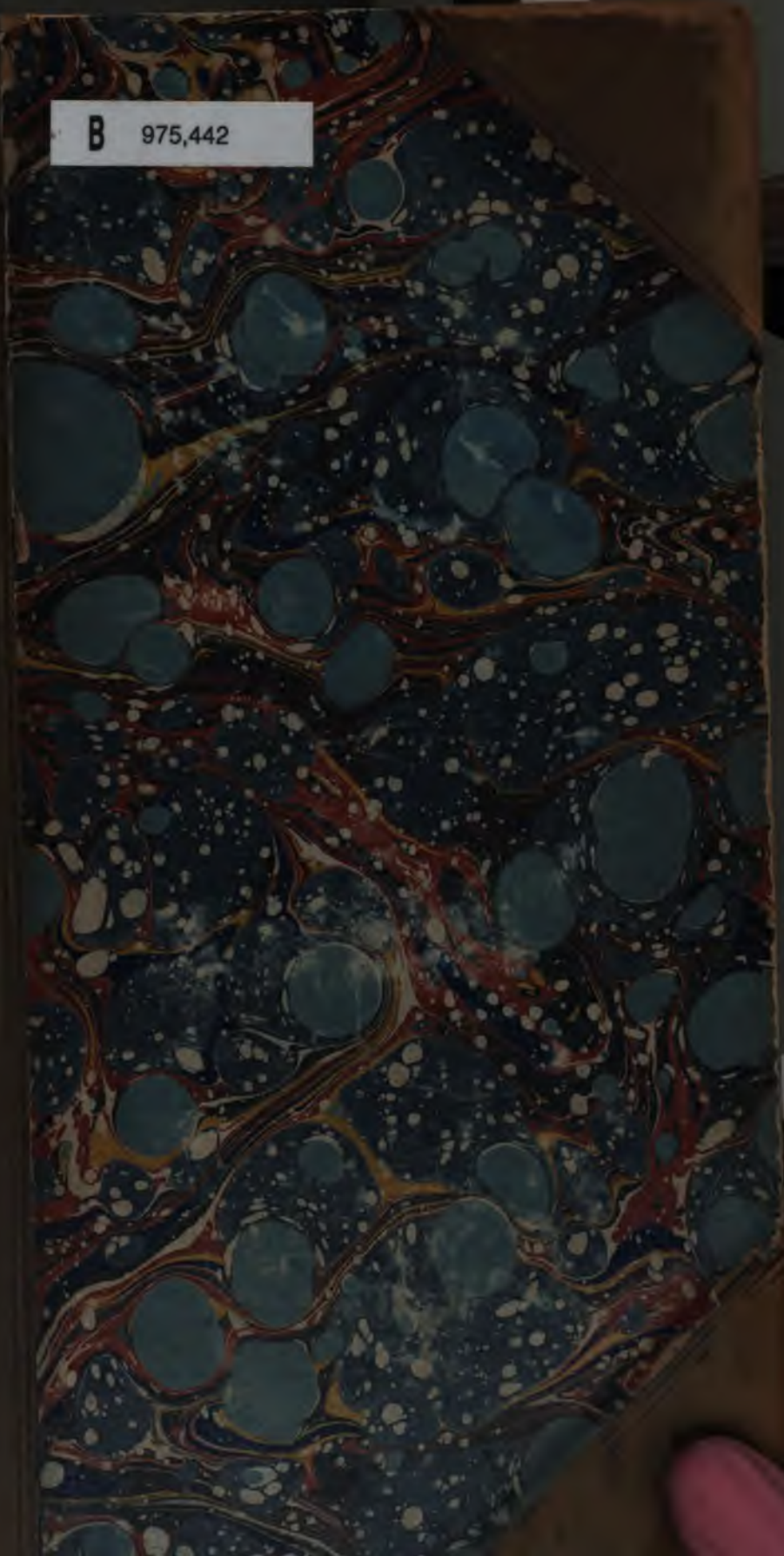
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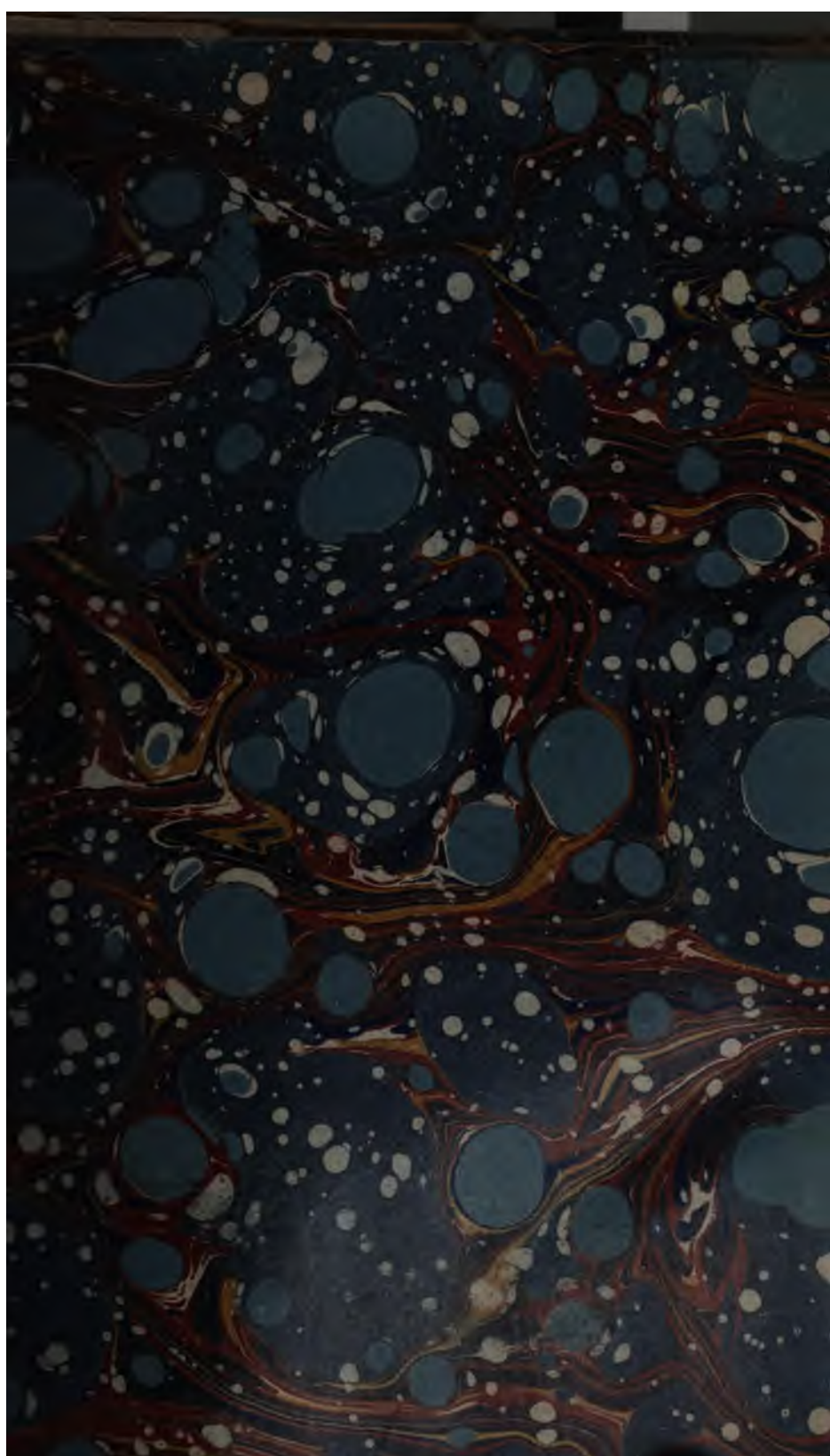
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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME L.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL HUESTON, 348 BROADWAY.
1857.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. L.

JULY, 1857.

No. 1.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

My father was a Philadelphian by birth, and by profession a merchant in the 'double business,' that is, a retailer of beef and mutton. Although no politician, having never been either an office-holder or an office-seeker, he prided himself greatly on his patriotism, and used often to boast of his prowess in the late war with Great Britain, in every battle of which, to believe his own story, he had served with distinction.

Dear old gentleman! I can see him now, as he was wont to appear of summer evenings, seated on a chopping-block in front of his stall, with his glazed military cap cocked jauntily over his left eye-brow, his pipe in his mouth, and a glass of ale in his hand, surrounded by a half-dozen of his cronies. 'Gentlemen,' he would cry with animation, after holding forth an hour or more on his favorite topic, 'I always have said, and always will say, till I die, although we did get licked *some* at first, we beat them d——d Britishers in the *long run*;' the which assertion, as he was known to have served at Bladensburg, no one ever thought of contradicting. In fact, the remark was once quoted in a court of justice (before which my revered governor made a considerable figure at the time, he being the defendant in a case of sheep-stealing) as a proof of his unimpeachable veracity.

Next to his country, my father honored his calling; and he took an honest pride in selling his meat at a rate far exceeding the market valuation.

One morning, after he had disposed of a musty-looking leg of mutton to a shrivelled-up, knock-kneed, little Frenchman, I noticed a quiet smile stealing over his rubicund visage, which gradually gave way to a broad grin of satisfaction, as he beheld his customer vanishing in the distance. Well would it have been for him in this instance, however, to have born in mind the old adage, 'Let those laugh who win;' for his joy



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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME L.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL HUESTON, 348 BROADWAY.
1857.

'Alas! Mr. Weathercock,' replied my aunt, in a plaintive tone, shaking her head mournfully from side to side as she spoke: 'I find John so unmanageable that I have determined to send him to sea.'

The honorable gentleman, who had never taken his eyes from my face during the continuance of this eulogium upon my character, seemed 'struck with a bright idea' at its close. Stepping close up to my aunt, he whispered eagerly in her ear.

'Nonsense!' I heard her say, 'it can't be procured.'

'I tell you it can — great influence — no trouble about it. Say the word and it's done! Come now, is it a bargain? Speak quick! Yes, or no?'

'Yes, then, with all my heart; but when will I receive it?'

'In a fortnight at farthest. You understand the terms, Madam? a receipt in full, and fifty dollars down; and recollect, above all things, mum's the word!'

So saying, Mr. Weathercock raised his hat gracefully from his head and described a half-circle with it in the air; after which he strode majestically toward the wharves, for the ostensible purpose of thoroughly posting himself up in all matters relating to the shipping interests of his constituents; but in reality, to partake of a liberal allowance of 'old London particular,' with a ship-master of his acquaintance in the Liverpool trade; while my aunt, throwing her arms about my neck, declared, in a broken voice, that I 'was born to be the honor of the family.' Then, seizing me by the hand and turning to the right about, with the precision of a grenadier, to my grief and astonishment, she hurried me home as fast as her spinster legs could carry her.

For the ten days which followed, I was like one in a dream; my aunt embraced me, on an average, at least ten times an hour, never forgetting to preface each embrace with a few eloquent words, relative to the amount of lustre I was destined to shed on the family arms; and instead of conversing with her 'sisters in the spirit,' as heretofore, concerning the godliness of Methodists in general, and of Parson Jones in particular, and the ungodliness of all other Christian denominations whatsoever, which she considered in a rather more benighted state than the heathen, she now discoursed of nothing save pistols and carbines, carronades and long-guns, shot and shell, until I began actually to entertain the idea that my poor aunt had gone mad from religious excitement, and, Æneas-like, contemplated a descent into hell, fully bent upon carrying the dominions of his Satanic majesty, sword in hand. But stranger than all this, was the conduct of the sisters. They, with whom it had always been, 'John, do this! John, do that!' now treated me with the most ceremonious politeness. And one stormy evening, when I offered to escort the eldest of the flock, Miss Sally Smuggins, to her home, in Vine-street, she actually blushed up to her eyelids, at the same time crying out: 'La, Mr. Jenkins, you officers are so polite, but what would the world say?' If at this moment the earth had thought proper to fly off at a tangent to the moon, or the waggish 'cornick,' spoken of by the immortal Pepper, had had the impudence to shake its tail in my face, the state of amazement into which I was thrown by this remark would not have been heightened a whit.

All that night I lay awake on my bed, vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery which surrounded me, and I really believe I should soon have become as crazy as I supposed my aunt to be, had not an *Œdipus*, in the shape of the postman, appeared the next morning, who solved the enigma by placing in my hands a document, inclosed in a yellow envelope, which read as follows :

‘*Navy Department, December 20th, 1841.*

‘*SIR: You are hereby appointed an acting midshipman in the Navy of the United States, and if your commanding officer shall, after six months of actual service at sea, report favorably of your character, talents, and qualifications, a warrant will be given to you, bearing the date of this letter, etc., etc., etc. I am, respectfully, etc.,*

‘*HENRY BLUESBOTTLE.*

‘*Acting Midshipman JOHN JENKINS, of Pennsylvania.*’

The ecstasy of feeling which I experienced upon perusing this appointment it is not in the power of pen to describe. I laughed, hurraed, and cried by turns. At length, when my excitement had subsided somewhat, my aunt harangued me, at great length, on the awful responsibility of my office, ‘the whole honor of the nation,’ as she expressed it, ‘being intrusted to my care!’ ‘And perhaps, Jack,’ she concluded by saying, ‘you may one of these days be a ‘Commydore,’ and then, some people I could mention, who now hold their heads very high, will be glad to get a nod from you even.’

‘Yes indeed, aunt,’ replied I, ‘and who knows but we may have a war with France, and then won’t I give it to them *M-o-u-n-t S-e-e-r-s!*’

In such pleasant converse did we while away the time, until the State-house clock, sounding the hour of ten, reminded me of the disagreeable fact that I was late for school. Starting up in alarm, I seized my satchel, and was about hurrying off, when I was, fortunately, recalled to a sense of the dignity of my position, by my aunt’s telling me that ‘now, being an officer and a gentleman, I would never, of course, have occasion to open another book as long as I lived;’ so, replacing the satchel on the shelf where it usually lay, I left the house, with her approbation, and sauntered leisurely to the school, where, after reading my appointment to the boys, I took leave of them and my master, Mr. Kreutzer, in due form.

To say farewell to my school-fellows cost me no tears; but, I must confess, I felt a choking sensation in the throat, when I was about parting with my good preceptor, who, apart from a few sound flagellations administered to me, for trying some innocent and highly interesting experiments in blood-letting, with a crooked pin, had always treated me with remarkable lenity and kindness. He was a simple-hearted man; about six feet tall, with red hair and freckled face; who always wiped his pens with the tail of his coat, and his fingers on the seat of his ‘unmentionables,’ which, from long service, had become coated with a sort of glazed paste, that on Sundays and holidays, when he did nothing but rub it, shone with all the brilliancy of one of Berg’s calf-skin boots, after coming from the hands of that prince of boot-blacks, Henry Coulter. Having never in his life been able to muster up resolution

enough to cross a river, he entertained the greatest admiration for the navigators of the ocean ; and he was in the constant habit of introducing to all visitors of the school one of his scholars of the name of Smith, whose sire had 'weathered both Capes,' as 'the boy whose father had actually been around the world.' 'You may never,' I heard him once say to the Governor of our State, who was present at one of our public exhibitions, 'before have heard the name of this little boy, John Smith, but that of his father — a hardy mariner, who, like the great Anson, has circumnavigated the globe — can hardly have escaped the notice of so eminent a person as your Excellency.'

For him there was but one book in the world, and that *was* 'Riley's Narrative.' Morning, noon, and night he perused its sacred pages, and his house-keeper, who every one said ought to be well informed on the subject, declared he carried it to bed with him. Be this as it may, the 'Knight of the rueful visage' was never half so much taken with his works on knight-errantry, as the worthy pedagogue with this book of marvels. 'John,' said he to me, the first day I came under his tuition, squaring himself in his chair, and raising his spectacles from his nose as he spoke, 'did you ever read Riley's Narrative ?'

'I never did.'

'It is a most *wonderful* production !'

And now, as I stood shaking him by the hand for the last time, he looked me full in the eyes and said : 'And so, John, you are going to leave us : never forget, my boy, your *propria quæ maribus*, and remember night and morning to read Riley's — of course I mean your Bible.'

This was the last time I was destined to meet him on earth. A few months later, and he lay stretched upon the bed of death. When apprised by his pastor that his dissolution was near at hand, he desired, in a few feeble words, that his scanty effects might be equally distributed between his house-keeper and the father of John Smith. Then, folding his hands on his breast, he said calmly : 'I am prepared ; I have always endeavored to do my duty by the boys, and ever placed my whole faith in —' here his utterance becoming indistinct, there was for years a bitter dispute between those who were present at his decease, as to what his last words were ; but my aunt, who was nearest his pillow, stoutly maintained, to her dying day, that they were no other than 'Riley's Narrative.'

CHAPTER THIRD.

As I was now in daily expectation of being ordered to sea, my aunt's whole attention was occupied in procuring my outfit, which, to do the dear woman justice, was liberal in the extreme, and all paid for from the meagre earnings of her own industry ; and when, at length, the wished-for mandate came, directing me to 'proceed without delay to New-York, and report to the Commodore of the station, for duty on board the United States Frigate 'Shenandoah,' I was about as 'well found' a middy, as any in the service of this 'model republic.'

It being considered by my aunt of vital importance that I should be

prompt in obeying orders, my wardrobe was hastily packed, and in less than four hours from the receipt of the honorable Secretary's missive, I had taken an affectionate leave of her — not without many tears on both sides — and was comfortably seated in car B of the Camden and Amboy Rail-road, dressed in full uniform, and speeding onward, toward my place of destination, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. I had proceeded as far as Amboy, without noticing, or being noticed by any body that I am aware of, being entirely wrapped up in visions of future glory, and was about stepping aboard the Company's steamer at that place, for transportation to the 'Empire City,' when some one, pulling me by the sleeve from behind, called out : 'I say, youngster, where are you bound ?'

Looking back, I beheld a tall, handsome fellow, about eighteen years of age, clad in the 'undress' of a midshipman, whose dark eyes and olive complexion bespoke his Southern origin. 'I am not *bound* anywhere !' I answered sharply, thinking the remark a reflection on my tailor ; 'my clothes are as loose as yours are.' At this he burst into a horse-laugh, in which, to my great surprise and perplexity, many of the passengers joined ; and I was about turning away to conceal the annoyance and mortification I felt at being thus made an object of ridicule, when, laying his hand on my shoulder, he drew me gently toward him, saying : 'Come, come, youngster, I meant not to offend you : I merely asked you, in nautical parlance, where you were going.'

There was something so irresistibly winning in the rich, manly tones of his voice as he said this, that my irritation subsided at once, and, going with him to a retired part of the boat, I gave him a detailed account of myself, from my earliest recollections up to that very hour, only omitting (in consideration of the injunction to secrecy, laid upon my aunt by the honorable Mr. Weathercock) to mention the means by which I came by my appointment.

After I had finished my narration, he informed me that he also was on his way to join the 'Shenandoah,' and that, as he had already made one cruise, he would look out for me on board ship, and teach me 'the ropes.' 'And now let me commence my office of Mentor,' he continued, impressively, 'by charging you never to reveal to another what you have just told me, concerning your father and aunt. My reasons for telling you this, I cannot now explain ; but you will doubtless discover them before you are a year older in the service.'

Although all this was Greek to me, I readily promised compliance with his wishes, since I felt that a man who had had the extreme felicity of 'making one cruise,' must be fully qualified to give good advice on any and every subject.

'By the way,' said he abruptly, after we had conversed awhile on indifferent topics, 'although you have told me your whole history, you have never once mentioned your name. Mine is Harry Fearless — and yours ?'

'John Jenkins, at your service,' I answered smiling.

'The devil you say !' he cried with a surprised look. 'Then you are the John Jenkins appointed through the influence of a member of Congress, named Weathercock ?'

'Precisely so ; but how came you by this information ?'

'Look at this, and you will see.'

Suiting the action to the word, he handed me a paper entitled the '*Philadelphia Evening Democrat*,' in which, under the head of 'Honor to whom honor is due,' I read the following most extraordinary announcement :

'Never, during our editorial experience, has it fallen to our lot to record a more touching instance of disinterested kindness on the part of one of our representatives to Congress, than the one which we are now about to mention.

'It seems that, about three weeks ago, as the Honorable Mr. Weathercock was passing through Front-street, on his way to the wharves, (whither, it may be observed in this connection, he is in the daily habit of repairing, in quest of information relative to the commercial interests of this great city,) his attention was drawn to a delicate but very beautiful and interesting looking female in widow's weeds, who, leading by the hand a manly youth, was about entering the door of the Naval Rendezvous.

'Struck with the appearance of both mother and son — for such he could not doubt they were — so different from that of the grog-drinking, tobacco-spitting tars who surrounded them, Mr. Weathercock approached and respectfully inquired of the lady 'what possible business she could have there ;' whereupon, moved by his benevolent aspect, and still more by the blandness of his manner, the unfortunate woman narrated to him her piteous tale of suffering and wo. Strange to relate, for 'truth is stranger than fiction,' she is the relict of the late General Jenkins, who, after serving with honor in many hard-fought battles of our last war with England, lost a leg in a heroic but vain attempt to rally the troops under his command at Bladensburg. Thus disabled, he returned to this, his native city, where he lived in great seclusion on his small patrimony, entirely neglected by his ungrateful country, and growing poorer day by day. At his decease, which took place some ten years ago, his widow, finding herself almost penniless, endeavored to turn her numerous accomplishments to account, for the support of herself and a dear little cherub of the age of five years, by opening a school of instruction in music, drawing, and dancing. For many years she succeeded well in this ; but her lungs of late having become affected, she has been compelled to give up her school, and accept the situation of governess in the family of a Louisiana planter ; and as she cannot take her son with her to her new home, she determined to ship him as an 'apprentice boy ;' she, like many others, being deluded into the belief that the apprentices on board of our national vessels are (as they unquestionably should be) eligible to promotion.

'As soon as Mr. Weathercock had heard this affecting story, he said to the poor widow : 'Take your son home and be of good cheer, for I will look out for his interests.' That very afternoon saw him on his way to Washington, and in a week he returned with a midshipman's appointment for the high-spirited boy, (whose name, by the way, is the same as his father's, John,) which he presented to Mrs. Jenkins, with

many injunctions to secrecy as to his agency in the matter, which, we are proud to say, her gratitude has compelled her to disregard.

‘Our readers may rely upon the truth of this statement, as we had it from the lips of the fair widow herself. Such acts of benevolence should not be allowed to pass without notice, and we trust that measures will be immediately taken by some of our prominent citizens, to raise a subscription for the purchase of a service of plate, or other suitable memorial, to be presented to the Honorable Mr. Weathercock, as a slight token of the public’s appreciation of his meritorious and generous conduct.

‘1 P.M. — Just as we are going to press, we learn that Midshipman Jenkins sets out in the two o’clock train for New-York, under orders to the magnificent frigate ‘Shenandoah,’ and that he carries with him the war-worn sword of his father, the late lamented General!’

During the reading of this Munchausen narrative, I kept a pretty straight face, until I came to the concluding paragraph, when I indulged in so hearty a fit of laughter that my companion (so he said afterward) feared I would be thrown into convulsions. When I had recovered my self-command sufficiently to be enabled to converse, he questioned me so closely as to what foundation the editor had for so stupendous a fabrication, that I opened my whole heart to him, and repeated to him, word for word, the conversation I had over-heard between my aunt and Mr. Weathercock; whereupon he laughed ten times longer and louder than I had done, at the same time indulging in various epithets, by no means complimentary to the character, political or otherwise, of the *Honorable Mr. Weathercock*.

By this time we had reached the city; so, jumping into a coach, we drove to the Astor-House, and took a room together, with two beds in it, where, after we had supped, my companion left me, while he went to call on some of his acquaintances who were stopping at another hotel. Fatigued with my journey, I retired at an early hour; and, soon sinking into a deep sleep, I dreamed that after serving some ten years in the Navy, (during all which time, of course, a desperate war was being waged by the United States against the ‘Mount Seers,’) I was promoted to the exalted rank of ‘Commydore,’ and appointed to the command of a fleet of a thousand vessels, with strict orders to ravage the coast of France, to ‘burn, sink, and destroy’ all her shipping, and finally to put the whole French nation to the sword, without distinction of age or sex. I had succeeded in performing this arduous duty, and returned to my country, covered with glory, anchoring just at night-fall in the harbor of New-York; and was in the very act of stepping out of my barge at the Battery-landing, where a torch-light procession was in waiting to escort me to the City-Hall, when I was awakened by hearing Fearless call out: ‘Take care, Hart, or you’ll set fire to the bed-clothes.’

Opening my eyes, I saw a short, square-built fellow who, holding a candle very close to my face, was evidently bent upon getting a good view of my physiognomy.

‘Hallo! ship-mate, so you are awake, are you?’ said he, good-humoredly. ‘Come, rouse up and take a drink with us!’

•

'No, no, Hart,' chimed in another voice; 'he's too young for that. Resume your seat, and let's finish the game. I say, Jones, what's trumps?'

As the candle-holder complied with this request, I raised myself in bed, and saw, to my astonishment and horror, (for we had no such doings at my aunt's,) a table in the centre of the room, covered with bottles and segars, around which Fearless was seated with three of his brother-mids, (Hart included,) playing cards.

They seemed to be enjoying themselves exceedingly, and when I again fell asleep, which was not until day began to peep in through the shutter, they were all a considerable distance 'over the bay,' and singing, or rather yelling, with great spirit and gusto, that beautiful and touching ballad concerning the romantic adventures of a French gentleman with an English lady, the first verse of which runs thus:

'I AM one Français gentil homme,
Just come over from de France:
Dare I meet dat English lady,
She teach me de English dance,
Rum, tum, ta! rum, tum, ta!
Toosh, fa, larro! toosh, fa, la!'

At nine that morning, when I arose, the whole party were snoring away at a tremendous rate — Hart being in my bed, and the other two comfortably stretched out by the side of Fearless — and it was full ten minutes before I could shake them into a state of consciousness. When I had succeeded in doing so, however, they jumped up with alacrity; and although nearly in that state of nudity which the Spaniards denominate *en carnes*, or *en cueros*, insisted upon dancing for my amusement, what I, in my ignorance, supposed to be a Negro 'break-down,' but which was, in reality — so they were pleased to inform me — a 'regular South-American war-dance.' After this, one of them rang the bell for the waiter, and upon his obeying the summons, said to him authoritatively, 'Bring us up a little of the hair of the dog that bit us;' and I was on the point of exposing my verdancy, by making some inquiries relative to the size of the dog, which I thought must have been a very large one to have bitten them all, when the waiter — a son of the Emerald Isle — asked, with a knowing leer: 'And what sort of hair, an may it plaze your honors, shall I be afther bringing yez, at all, at all?'

Whereupon they exclaimed, in a breath: 'Gin cock-tails strong, and bear a hand about it, my lad!'

The cock-tails being disposed of, Fearless introduced the strangers to me after the most approved style, to wit: 'Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Jones; Mr. Smith, Mr. Jenkins; Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Hart.'

Casting a scrutinizing glance at the two first-named gentlemen, I observed that they were modelled pretty much on Hart's lines, being thick-set, full-sterned fellows, built rather with a view to capacity for stowage, than quickness of locomotion. All of them had served three years, and were now under orders to the 'Shenandoah.'

After breakfast we proceeded together to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and reported, agreeably to our instructions, to the Commodore, who,

after writing on our orders, 'Report forthwith on board the 'Shenandoah,' to Captain Blazes,' told us *our* vessel was lying off the Battery, but that we could take passage to her in 'the launch,' which was then at the Yard after a load of bread and small stores, which we accordingly did.

As the launch (which, to my surprise, proved to be nothing more than a large boat) was heavily laden, and the tide running strong against us, the pull to the ship was a very heavy one; so, to lighten their labors, the midshipman in charge of the boat, gave permission to 'the men' to sing; upon which they regaled our ears with at least a dozen of the most popular sea-songs of the day, concluding with one, (which I afterward found to be a great favorite among seamen,) where the singers are two — the one (taking for his theme whatever comes uppermost in his mind) making some statement; the other asking a question in relation to it, to which the first replies — the whole boat's crew joining in the chorus. In the present instance it was as follows:

'Oh! I do love that good, old bottle!
 Row, bullies, row!
 Oh! I do love that good, old bottle!
 Row, my bullies, row?
 Why do you love that good, old bottle?
 Row, bullies, row!
 Why do you love that good, old bottle?
 Row, my bullies, row!
 I love it 'cause it suits my throttle!
 Row, bullies, row!
 I love it 'cause it suits my throttle!
 Row, my bullies, row!'

After singing five more verses in the same elegant strain, we happened to pass a bum-boat, in which were seated a fat, old white woman and a negro boy, whereupon the singers roared out with great glee, and in a higher key than before:

'Yonder sits a dear old lady!
 Row, bullies, row!
 Yonder sits a dear old lady!
 Row, my bullies, row!
 How do you know she is a lady?
 Row, bullies, row!
 How do you know she is a lady?
 Row, my bullies, row!
 I know her by her nigger baby!
 Row, bullies, row!
 I know her by her nigger baby!
 Row, my ——'

'In bows! way enough!' shouted the officer of the boat, thus unceremoniously cutting short the song. 'Now, gentlemen, let me show you the way up!'

The next moment, with my eyes staring out of my head, my heart in my mouth, and my brain filled with speculations as to the singular mode possessed by mariners, of discovering a lady even in the humble garb of a boat-woman, behold me upon the quarter-deck of the frigate 'Shenandoah,' and thus, of a truth, fairly 'launched' on my naval career!

EVERGREEN COTTAGE.

I.

OH! 'a dear little home is my 'Evergreen Cottage,'
 That peeps from the trees on a corner alone :
 All the joys of my past life, I care not of what age,
 Were naught to the pleasures that here I have known :
 Still, a hut with my darlings, though far in the wild-wood,
 I doubt not could fondly be cherished by me.
 For no home have I known since my earliest childhood,
 Save Nature's broad mansion, the earth and the sea.

II.

'Mid its five city-lots gleams my neat Gothic dwelling ;
 Smooth white pebble walks through th' enchanted grounds run :
 And in rich, fragrant beds flowers' gay bosoms are swelling,
 With pearls of dew sparkling, when kissed by the sun :
 O'er the main walk an arbor of peach trees is pending :
 The bee in its blossoms his dainty meal sips :
 Luscious fruit, with the warm tints of gold and pink blending,
 Here mellows by autumn, then melts on the lips.

III.

O'er the high trellis, up to my bright chamber-window,
 Comes creeping in silence the dark, tearful vine :
 Brings her offspring in clusters, with cheeks like the Hindoo,
 Hearts pure but stony, for conversion — to wine :
 The proud fir-trees in front, clad in brilliant green armor,
 Relieved by young maples through summer's long day,
 Guard the queen of my castle, that no ill may harm her,
 While I, the blest monarch, am toiling away.

IV.

The rude Storm-King has chanted his loud, wailing ditty,
 Base thunders applauding again and again :
 Then has wept — for admission. To touch me with pity,
 He, freezing, with frost-brush has pictured each pain !
 Though earth lay in her shroud, I was unmoved by sorrow,
 So rapt with my MARY and light-hearted child,
 That I heeded him not! — then I knew by the morrow.
 He'd flee to cloud-caverns, ghoul-haunted and wild.

V.

Here a true, hearty welcome is ever extended
 To kindred and friends, to the glad child of song :
 Here are alms and a blessing for want, old and bended :
 Here balm is distilled for the heart pierced by wrong.
 Should I sigh for a home when here Time's crushing finger
 Is laid, I will turn to where none else may see,
 Find the sunniest corner in memory, and linger,
 Enraptured, sweet 'Evergreen Cottage,' in thee.

The Heir of the World :

OR HOW THE YOUNG MAN CAME TO HIS INHERITANCE.

BY C. CHESKEROUGH.

'A BRUTISH MAN KNOWETH NOT, NEITHER DOETH A FOOL UNDERSTAND THIS.'

ROBERT FESSENDEN walked on velvet carpets, very gay with flowers, until he came to his twentieth year, when the smooth path which he had trodden with the careless step of entire security, ended suddenly.

From garret to basement of the six-story house, the carpets were torn up, the dust was shaken from them, they went to the auction-rooms, and the young man stepped from the dismantled mansion to walk on the bare earth. In that pilgrimage, that bare-foot pilgrimage, as it might be called, he was alone, his father and mother having both died during the last year of disaster and ruin.

He had fancied himself the heir of a vast estate. Being disabused of that notion, he was compelled, for the first time, to question, in the very consternation of doubt, what he should do. It is one thing to ask this, as he had been in the habit of doing, with the feeling that time, impertinently obtrusive on his hands, was to be got rid of; and quite another, to ask it in the stern assurance of unrelenting certainty, that bread is to be earned before it shall be eaten.

Circumstances, though they do not ordain, do manifestly develop. And, to all appearance, they had developed in Robert Fessenden what one may see any day, by looking in almost any direction.

An indolent youth, more than boy, less than man; luxurious, effeminate, proud, presuming; not a very hopeful young life; for obvious reasons, not a promising one.

Robert had lived in too warm a house for his soul's health. But now that he was houseless, would the strength enfeebled be restored? He had fed too constantly on dainties; but now that banqueting was over, would the change of diet change the habit of the patient? He had heard, HEAVEN knows what amount of idle talk; handled and squandered, starving poverty could best feel, how much money; and eternity alone could bring in the solemn testimony to the time that he had wasted.

So Robert Fessenden, Junior, looked, talked, conducted himself; the reader knows the manner as well as the writer. And I trust his knowledge comes from observation, not experience. But what he thought, this youth, what *he* thought of life, what he felt and purposed — that was not so easily discerned. For in respect to these points, there was a vast vagueness in his own mind. A stern-eyed discernor of the youth would have characterized him as shallow, selfish, cowardly. Only Charity, with her fine, far-penetrating glance, could have pierced beneath these traits; and would her eyes have detected any thing more hopeful

than shallowness, and selfishness, and cowardice ? Not from a momentary observation, certainly.

The senior Robert Fessenden had insulted the world by his career ; so the world said, now that the man was dead, and a bankrupt in death. He was dead ; he was buried. But actually done with, does any body think — as a beast is dead and done with — a tiger, or a fox ? No ! he was living yet. A memory ; an influence ; a ghost to haunt his son ; an angry memory for creditors. *They* neither forgot nor forgave him. And in testimony thereof, they looked their curses and contempt into the face of his representative on earth.

Thus it was that the dead man was alive again. Such men as he may be laid away in their vault, to the general regret, or universal satisfaction, as the case may be ; but who thinks that they stay there ; that the essential self which made use of hands and feet for the execution of human purposes, is indeed clean gone out of the world ? This was not true of Fessenden. He did not rest in his vault of stone and iron ; though verily a certain body of death did. He came back to the world, the world busy in dishonoring his memory ; came back to his son, came back to say, with a command that had entreaty in it : ‘ Avenge me of mine adversary, my false fortune.’ To say : ‘ Forty years I toiled. The fortune was surely mine by right of possession. I built my house upon a good foundation ; all the world called it honorable. But the winds came, and then disaster. Avenge me of that evil gale of fortune.’

The son, in the retirement to which he had retreated, in the hiding-place which he had sought for concealment of his shame, heard this voice. He heard it day after day, speaking now with vehement wrath, and now with ancient pride, and now with tearful supplication : ‘ Take away my reproach. Give me my place. Build up the fallen fortune. Stop the mouths of slanderers. Be what my son should be.’

But how fulfil these requirements ? What shall a young man do to be saved from the necessary influences of his training ? Do you expect a kingly oak to grow from the alanthus germ ? or does the seed you plant bear fruit of its own kind ? Unless there was something in the youth beside what had been drawn out by his foolish life of show, could he be, in his fallen fortune, otherwise than profitless and wretched ? Does the Ethiopian change his skin ? can the leopard change his spots ?

There seemed, in the first days of the ruin, nothing in the soul of Robert to which the father’s voice could successfully appeal. He was lost to sense of all except his own overwhelming losses. No eye could see him ; no ear could hear ; and he wept and groaned without rebuke or shame.

He feared, he had been taught to fear, nothing so much as the disfavor of men ; the averted faces of former companions. And now all men were against him. And really, what would you expect him to do but weep ? Him, I say ; I speak of Robert Fessenden, not of another man. Think what his training had been. Think what his expectations were. He was like any petted girl. And what maiden, dealt with as he had been, would not weep at a reverse of fortune ?

But the seclusion, the solitude in which he kept himself, and his

straitened circumstances, compelled Robert finally to cease from tears and groaning; and then what was there for him to do but listen to the ghostly wailing of his father? And listening to that, from an unknown depth, a voice responded, far off and unintelligible, and he listened, as one in agonized suspense, to discover what it was within him that answered to his father, and to learn the answer also. Was it indeed his hand that would nerve itself to avenge that memory? Was it indeed his spirit that stirred with a purpose to achieve something, any thing in this life?

But what could Robert do? He folded his arms to consider that question, perplexed beyond all perplexity he had ever felt or imagined. He despaired of ever solving it; but despaired to hope again. Days came and they went without bringing a ray of light to him; but still the spirit struggled, and groped, and muttered, and groaned, until at last the voice said: 'What is there for you here? No man will trust you. Go down to the country; begin where your father began. He made his own fortune; retrieve that. Build up the fallen house. Show these base fools that the father's life is in the son. What! are you not aware that it is only your lost fortune that you need to recover in order to stop the mouths of slanderous paragraphists, and make them cringe to you? Are you blind, boy, that you cannot see your course?'

So it came to pass that Robert Fessenden went down into the country, not for the first time; he had summered at the springs, by the seaside, and among the mountains. But now he went as he never went before. For youthful elasticity he had never been remarkable; but now, as he went with his new, proud resolution, it was a heavy weight to him.

Not for summer sport, not for inexorable fashion's sake, went he. But as an exile; all his aspirations tending in one direction; every purpose pointing to one achievement.

Heirs of the world are all born into it. But Robert Fessenden had no perception of this fact. An heir has his possessions — something to show the world, houses, lands, or stock, or gold; so Robert would have reasoned; but he had nothing. He was a very, very poor young man; he owned nothing in the world. Possessions he had been wont to consider his own, had suddenly passed into other hands. He was only unlike the myriad of disappointed plaintiffs, who were hurried away to the grave before their petitions are half heard, in this, that a chance of a hearing remained. But it looked like a desperate chance to him.

Going into the country did not change his views in respect to these things. The varied scenery he passed through relieved not the monotony of his thoughts; he was nursing his wounded pride along the troubled way, and calling God and man to an account for their punishment of the laws which had been broken.

The path of his travel lay across land and water; through the region of millions of hopes and enterprises; but he kept to his one thought, one hope, one enterprise, as a timid child clings to the nurse's hand; as the threader of labyrinths to his clue. How vast that thought was to him, and yet how really narrow! but to him, by no possible comparison, could it be made to appear small.

So he sat in the corner of the rail-car, or walked the deck of the steam-vessel, wrapped in his purposes, muffled by them out of sight, out of reach of all the world.

Men, women, and children, came near him, and went by unseen, unheard. He was the one man of the world. The aim of every other was simple and easily attained; but how mighty was his! and what Herculean labors before all should be accomplished! This phase of feeling was better than that which admitted the girl's tears perhaps; because there was at least a prospect, that in his struggle he might come to some true perception of the things of life; but it was all doubtful at best.

The sun rose and set upon that journey many times; the moon came, and disappeared again; the stars likewise. The travellers went, and the traveller, past towns and hamlets; past wide tracts of land untouched yet by labor. Along that road-side wild flowers bloomed abundantly, and forest streams ran in their own ways at their own will; rich farm-lands, country houses, rural grave-yards, and churches on the hill-tops; peaceable little villages, minding their own business; busy towns, attending to the world's concerns; great tracts of woodland; past all these they went, the rushing cars and the steam-vessel; but the traveller saw them not. He could afford to dispense with the sun-lit earth, the moon-lit sky; these were nothing to him; but at the end of his journey was one human being, on whose will he was pending his whole future career, and there he looked to find the work to which he stood prepared to give his mortal life.

What was he anticipating in exchange for those years? Something less, it might prove, than the squirrel, hopping from branch to branch, possessed; for he had enjoyment of the creation of God so far as he could perceive it.

But Robert Fessenden went like a beggar. He had nothing, who might have possessed all things. Nothing, forsooth, because he was not standing idle, questioning how time might be endured and squandered. A beggar indeed; heir of neither earth nor heaven. Such was not the poverty of Lazarus at Dives' gate.

THE banker to whom Fessenden went, the early friend and partner of the elder Fessenden, was living in an unpretending house, on an unfashionable street, with no show of affluence around him. He was a quiet man, and enjoyed life in its quiet ways. But he was likewise a man of power, whose influence was none the less certain and real, because it moved without pretence and noise. When he said, 'Do this,' to the clerks of his counting-room, or to bankers in distant parts of the country, or to the multitude of small men who were anxious for his orders, the command became a deed for record.

The banker had never married. His foster-sister lived with him in his quiet home, quiet in her life as he. Through those windows no great blaze of light ever fell upon the walk below, or on the building opposite. The banker spent his evenings reading by a drop-light,

while his sister sat on the other side and sewed. It was a rare event when either of them departed from this course ; a rare thing that visitors disturbed them. But there was always room for another before the coal-grate of the drawing-room ; it was not inhospitality that excluded any, but this was the way of life contracted there, and however much a change of habit would have benefited either the brother or sister, such a change would never take place by their own exertion. They were too well satisfied with their comfortable way of life.

In the rear of the unpretending building was a garden, glowing with beauty six months of the year ; it was the joy of the banker's heart ; here he found all the poetry of life ; here he threw off all cares, and walked, a simple-hearted man, with reverent, glad heart, like a child, before the beloved presence of Nature. Here he forgot that he was a banker, a rich man, whose favor was sought because of his riches : he was a loving-hearted man here, humble and holy. The garden was a Paradise to him, a feast, a continual refreshment, a private garden : but no one that could rejoice in or profit by its beauty, was ever excluded from it.

Augustus Sidell was growing old : the stoop in his shoulders committed him : he was not far from seventy years by that. But his step was still firm, his eye clear ; his decision and energy were perhaps moderated from their ancient vigor, but his mind as equal to the labor demanded of it, as it was half a century ago. His business among men had been that of a silent worker, and so well had he performed it that he stood out in grand relief among the best men of business ; eminent for ability among the capable. A sterling man and true, who, each day of his life, justified the power he held, the place he occupied. Through his long career, not a shadow had ever fallen on any work of his ; in times of panic the people kept their confidence in him ; and what he said was quoted and believed, without ever a question.

With those calm black eyes, which had made their study of men so long a time, Augustus Sidell looked up when the son of his old friend was shown into his parlor. He rose at the sound of Robert's name, and stepped forward with a rapidity that showed the heartiness of the welcoming words he said, and took the hand of Fessenden with a cordial grasp, that must have nerved the courage of the youth.

But the value of this welcome, grateful as the welcome itself might be, was to be tested. It had no independent value to Robert ; the smile and the word were nothing, if they did not include occupation, assistance, direction. With this feeling, not so well concealed as it might have been, the young man sat down to confer with the old.

He lost no time in accounting for his appearance there, and though there was something in his directness and anxiety, that jarred the tranquillity of the old man's spirit, Mr. Sidell was, or believed himself to be, gratified by the confidence which seemed to dictate the abruptly-spoken words :

'I have come here, Sir, to look for employment in the country, where my father began business. I came to you for advice, and I am not ashamed to say, for assistance. You know how it has ended with us.'

'I have heard,' said the banker ; and sympathy and sadness were in

the voice of the gray-haired man as he looked seriously upon the youth. Though this tribute were a waste, still he could not withhold it.

'Did I right in coming here? in trusting you?' asked Robert, encouraged to go on by the old man's word.

'What do you purpose doing?'

'Going to work, Sir,' answered Robert with a promptness and readiness that surprised and pleased himself.

'Have you ever worked before?'

'You can imagine how much. In the office, Sir, or out, as it happened. But my books were kept well, so far as they were kept, my father always said.'

'He knew,' answered the banker. 'I will try you myself. You want to support yourself, I suppose. Any thing more?'

'To begin where he did; but not to end in the same place, Sir. One notch short, if resolution can do it.'

This honest statement seemed to please the questioner. He began at once to hope for the youth, according to his custom. So, hopeful, he was always for those in whose fortune he was interested.

'Resolution has done a good many fine things,' said he; 'but not alone. Never alone, I take it. It requires more than resolution.' He looked at the young man with serious questioning in his eyes, and Robert promptly assented to the proposition.

'If we can suit each other,' said Mr. Sidell, 'I shall be very glad that you came down here. I can make room for you, and find enough for you to do. Shame if I could not, for the son of my old friend. I read of what had happened; it was a heavy blow. Did he understand what was going to happen, do you think? Did your father?'

'I think he feared, but he could not have known,' replied Robert Fessenden. 'I am sure he could not have known. He said to me one day: "It will be a tight squeeze to get through this heat." But I had heard him say the same twenty times before. When it came the doctors said he might have had the fit just as likely, if the crisis had not proved fatal.'

'I hoped that was true,' said the old banker; 'I believed it was. I did not believe that Robert Fessenden could die on account of his failure. I know, my young friend, it is a hard thing for a man to be thrown down in a minute from such a place as he held. But I believed that he could stand even that. When I heard that he was dead, (I read it in the papers,) I remembered his habits of business. Forty years ago I warned him against them; I knew that what had happened time and again was to be expected in his case; that, strained to the last inch as he was, there would come a time when the cord would snap. He was an honest man at bottom, Sir. I'd say that against the testimony of the world. No matter how ugly things might look, he was a true man at bottom.'

This tribute was the first uttered in Robert's hearing that did honor to the memory of his father. He choked back the tears the words called forth, and said, with a manful spirit that gave the old man some additional courage concerning the youth:

'I want the world should see that. I want to make the slanderers eat their words.'

'Forget, rather,' said the old man mildly; 'forget that there is a world to be appeased, and that slanderers walk in it. Your business is not with them, but with man. Man is better than men; and you ought to permit yourself to deal only with the best.'

How much of this philosophy attained through a long life's experience, the life just awakened was able to receive, the reader will judge.

A SUFFICIENT impetus will send a not very strong character from one extreme violently and wholly to another. Fessenden, who went into the counting-room of his father's old colleague, Augustus Sidell, was not the Fessenden of High-street, the fastidious young gentleman who took hold of life with the languor and indifference of a patron whose interest in his *protégé* is gone. He was an ambitious youth, whom time and experience might now hope to teach; one whose new-roused ardor would be some day restrained, beyond a fear. Thus Mr. Sidell regarded him, believing according to his hope, as people I observe do, in the main.

From the time of his entrance into the counting-room, Fessenden gave himself over to the consideration of the great purpose he had formed, and to the fulfilling of it.

The slanderers must be made to eat their words.

The house must be reestablished.

The name that had been thrown down to the mercy of paragraphists, must possess itself of its lost dignity and power.

And for these three ends, each included in the result of his own labor, Robert Fessenden was content to strive till his hair should be gray, his strength exhausted, his life ended.

He gave to his pride and his ambition full license; the stream became a torrent, as all streams must, where tributaries are allowed, and the course is downward. But the stream was subterranean. It never broke out into the light of day. Had it done so, what clod of earth had been enriched thereby?

He was in the path where the work of the laborer is never finished. There was ever study with his claim, or work with its demand; no time for idleness with him. But idleness with him meant every human enjoyment; every moment given to the exchange of light words, which are not idle, because they are the cement of human hearts, and serve a purpose as the flowers do; every such moment was a loss to him. Augustus Sidell and his sister might rest in his garden, or chat through an evening, or amuse themselves with games; but the time was not come for such enjoyment to him; and never would it come, at the rate he was now going on.

In that garden of his, that place of freshness and beauty, lying in the midst of and surrounded by pretence, and hollowness, and clamor, and dust, in the rear of his unpretending house, Mr. Sidell lived every leisure hour of his summer days. There he renewed his youth. In the

summer-house he read or dozed, in sight of his bee-hives, his grapery, his green-house, and the fountains that played every day and all the day long. That garden was his mine, he said. And in truth, it was so : a mine of enjoyment ; a rich mine, whose treasure was precious to the owner ; beyond price, though never hoarded.

Sometimes it would happen that Robert Fessenden walked in this garden ; never from choice for the moment's enjoyment, always of necessity. There was some account or statement to render Mr. Sidell, which had been overlooked during the proper business hours, some errand that had reference to the transactions of the counting-room, it invariably proved, was the reason of his appearance there. Mr. Sidell perceived this with regret. Absorbed as he might seem to be in his book or reverie, he had always an open eye and careful observation to bestow upon the youth, whom in his heart he 'loved, for the father's sake.'

This careful observation had a serious meaning ; there was in it more than curiosity. Mr. Sidell had himself trodden the dangerous road which Robert Fessenden had entered. He understood its dangers, for looking back on his past life from the height he had gained, he could survey the whole way ; could see himself toiling along the road, driven through its first stages by an insane purpose ; arrested in it ; but still led on, astray here and there, blundering, mistaking, failing, elated by success again ; and then, even in the full tide of prosperity, arrested, and compelled to ascertain his real position, and to understand the true meaning and nature of success ; to go on then, from day to day verily a new man, in new paths, with new purposes.

He saw and understood, against his wish and hope, how when Fessenden would sometimes pause, contrary to his will it seemed, compelled by the lovely garden prospect, the freshness and the fragrance, it was only to hurry on the faster about his business afterward, and to transact it in haste. He must make instant amends for that glance at the blue sky, for that pause, and that inhaling of the garden sweets. Mr. Sidell could well see, when he had succeeded in detaining the young fellow to look at this flower, or observe the growth of the grape-vines, or the development of some strange foreign plant, that he was regarded as a trespasser on Robert's time. And to himself he said, in perfect understanding of what he beheld : 'It will be too late soon, if it be not now too late. What prices we pay ! He gives youth and all its glorious privileges ; and I, I paid a high price too, hardly daring to hope that she shall be mine, even in heaven, when I might have had her for this life and for all life. If he had but a heart such as I had in those old times, oh ! I could counsel him ! But who can see that any body's love is any thing to him ? What youth in these days can be warned ? But I might tell him a tale that would serve as a lesson ! Yes ! it were even worth the pang and distress it would cost this old heart. But would n't he just turn upon me and say I had come to my dotage before men were prepared ? Still, it *might* make him consider whether fortune is worth buying at the price of all the faculties that can best enjoy it.'

Thus would Augustus Sidell, in the benevolence of his heart, muse

in his solitude on the welfare of Robert Fessenden. Meditating on it more thoughtfully, more anxiously than Robert, with all his care and anxiety, knew how to do ; for the one had eternity in view, and the other only the triumphs possible in time.

So, even more thoughtful, careful, close ; more unyielding to the open solicitations of the world, and the concealed solitudes of his employer, Robert went on his way. Over his desk and his books he fore-swore and abandoned his youth ; while the flower of life was blowing, he was only mindful of gold-dust to be found by delving in the soil, or among rocks, by some blasting process.

True to his sterling principles, the banker, in ways unknown to Robert, advanced his interests, but at the same time constantly endeavored to nullify the legitimate result of rapid prosperity ; for he said to himself, taking counsel of that wise man :

‘The heart will turn into rock too, and the gold be soon beyond the reach of any miner.’

And, as the musician tries the keys of the instrument before him to ascertain its quality, so he sought in various ways to learn more precisely the spirit of Fessenden.

Poverty found its way, under varied forms, within Mr. Sidell’s garden. Squalid and deformed figures walked in the midst of that pure and radiant beauty ; and, but not often, as he came or went, the heirs of calamity crossed the path of Robert Fessenden. Did he see and understand ? Did he recognize a brotherhood with these ? Did he ever pass by neglecting and unmindful ? The sympathies of his heart, if any sympathies were there, must, thought Augustus Sidell, compel a pity, a commiseration, which should not disappear in the same moment that it was called into exercise.

But when the banker perceived, that though Robert never passed by deaf or dumb ; though he never failed to give his charity, the tide of his thoughts was still not more than a moment arrested, and his steps hardly a moment, he sighed, and thought again about the story of his youth, and hesitated still to touch, even with purpose like his, a memory so solemn and grievous.

Mr. Sidell’s foster-sister had a niece named Annie Driscoll, who had lived from her childhood in the banker’s house, under her aunt’s charge. Was there nothing in her youth and beauty that could win and engage the eyes and thoughts of Fessenden ?

More and more intent on the fulfilment of his soul’s desire, the banker waited impatiently till she should return from school for the summer vacation. He would not interfere with the designs of PROVIDENCE by calling her home to serve the purpose of a test to suit his own pleasure ; but when she had come in due time, and the light she always brought with her was restored to the somewhat dull house, he waited anxiously for the result, as if, of necessity, there must be a result.

But result was none. She might enliven the house and fill it with echoes ; she might break in upon her uncle’s sober discussion with Robert Fessenden, and quite change its current by her vivacity, making demands on the old man and the young which could not be resisted ;

still the severe calm face of Robert remained changeless in its expression. What was youth and beauty, what was a free life to him? He could not see its joy and its great price, so narrowed was his vision. And when Mr. Sidell observed the young people together, he might well have felt grateful that these lives were separated as securely as they were from each other; that there existed a certainty that the dark cloud of Robert's life would not roll in between the sun and this gay flower that flourished in the light. It only remained then, thought Augustus Sidell in solemn meditation, it only remained for him to make use of his last expedient. The young man's cure must come from his own soul; from its sense of want. To bring restoratives around him in his present unconsciousness of need, were indeed a vain work. But if a mirror were held up with a steady hand before his eyes, perhaps he could perceive.

It therefore happened, as was predicted by every omen, that the day after Annie Driscoll returned to school, the weeks of vacation having ended, Mr. Sidell said to Robert Fessenden, the latter standing in the door of the banker's summer-house, declining the fruit and wine spread on the rustic table, said to Robert Fessenden:

'Sit down with me a while.'

With an expression of thanks for the courtesy, which was received at its real value, Robert, with reluctance which he could not hide from the old man, however much he might congratulate himself on its concealment, stepped back and sat down opposite Augustus Sidell.

'I am lonely,' said the banker; 'I want a young face over yonder where Annie sat yesterday. The house seems as deserted as a church on week-days. It's lonesome, even out here, where I generally find plenty of company. I'm not a man that has ever stood long on mere appearances. If there were not a fear back of the seeming folly of it, a fear that Annie would be the loser by it, I'd have her back to-morrow. But she must attend to her books, I suppose. Youth is the summer-time, and if the honey is n't stored then, very likely it won't be stored at all.'

'Very true,' said Robert heartily, thinking of honey too, and making his own application of Mr. Sidell's words.

'That child's music,' the banker continued, as though entirely absorbed in his own thoughts, 'that child's music made me almost young again; as young as I can ever hope to be, after all my boasting that I should never grow old; as young as I have been in many a year. But still I hold to the doctrine, Sir, that it is a folly and a sin in men to wear out in the way they do.'

'It seems to be a natural arrangement that they should,' observed Robert.

'No!' exclaimed the banker, in no assumed earnestness; 'that is our mistake. We can't control our limbs, and faces, and faculties altogether, though even these are ours more entirely than we seem to think. But our hearts, boy, are ours, and there's no use of allowing them to be ruined by rust, or to decay before our very sight.'

'True, Sir,' said Robert. He was merely assenting to be rid the sooner probably of the garrulous old gentleman. Mr. Sidell thought

that he could see as well as hear that in Fessenden's reply ; still he said to himself :

'It's now or never, and I'll through with it. He won't make quite the fool of himself that he intends if I can help it.'

'No, indeed, Sir,' he went on aloud. 'And when I think of what my life is, and of what it might have been, Sir, I feel guilty before God and man.'

'You !' exclaimed Robert, his attention fairly caught by this remarkable announcement.

'I might have been a poorer and a vastly happier man, Fessenden. It troubles me when I look back at my youth. It terrifies me, for I know that my youth has been held up to others as a safe model for imitation. I have heard it said, with my own ears, many a time, that it was so. But I will tell you, Fessenden, what I never said before, that this old age and wealth of mine, tranquil as it is, and filled with solid cheer, is no more what it should have been, than — why, it is as if in a shipwreck I had saved some valuable luggage, indeed, but in doing that had lost the precious life in my charge. I might have been a poorer man, if I had lost that luggage. . . . I had a fortune to make, young man, and if one must be sacrificed — but mind, I did not know that word then, why it must be my chance in the world I would choose to keep : so you see I have the fortune. But in place of something better, I have it ; and I walk alone. Young man, there is one good gift that we cannot barter away and ever possess again. Even if she had lived, and our union had taken place, for I never broke my vow, it would not have been the life it might have been, had I not *chosen* as I did. It is the spirit that dictates the choice that determines the whole career. But God be thanked ; I could repent. I lived to see my mistake. And so I say, it terrifies me whenever I see a young man, rare the sight is not, giving up his soul, Sir, in the endeavor to make a prosperous life of it. Fessenden, of all the wise men I have ever known, Tom Myres is the wisest. How he enjoys life ! Blessed in his constitution, no doubt. But such a spirit as his ought to be universal. There would be chance enough for variety in the development of that same spirit. I say, Sir, that the most of the wretchedness in the world is *unconstitutional*, and to consent to it is criminal. In the consent — ah ! there it is ! I know it is fearful to feel this responsibility, but it's more fearful not to feel it. Fessenden, do n't let any devil-argument delude you. As true as there's a God, there's something to be looked after beside our business concerns. It profits a man nothing to gain the world and lose his soul. That loss, Sir, makes a hell of this world as well as of the next. . . . No more preaching ; but I deserve to feel Annie's loss. And there's some satisfaction in owning that. Take a glass with me for our mutual better health. And I'll keep you no longer.'

The old man poured a glass for Robert, and lifted his, which was already filled, to his lips.

'I am in no haste to be gone, Sir. I feel it an honor to be detained by you,' said Robert, his attention at last really arrested and held by those words of Augustus Sidell.

‘Are you — is it true? But I must take my nap now. It is as good as a song from Annie, though, to hear you say that.’

So Robert Fessenden went his way, and the banker began to hope for him.

NOW TOM MYRES was a little bandy-legged fellow, with straw-colored hair, and blue eyes, grave as a sexton, and like him not solemn nor repulsive in his gravity — always in his place, always to be relied on — busy as the working bee. When he came into the counting-room with his spry step, and took his place at his desk, a new impulse of activity seemed to possess every man in the office. With no eye or ear for any thing going on around him, he would apply himself, with all diligence, to his particular duties, until the clock struck the hour when the office closed, and then he lost no more time in going out than he had in coming in. The face and the habits of this young fellow had attracted the notice of Fessenden, but never his attention. He lodged in the same house, too; but they were men who would never, of themselves, come to hold any special relation toward each other.

Now, however, when the approbation of the young clerk had been pronounced with so much heartiness by the master, it was time for several reasons that Fessenden should observe.

He now remembered that it had occurred to him on the day that he first saw Tom Myres, (Tom every body called him,) that some extra good fortune must have befallen that individual that morning. So radiant was his face as he tripped into the counting-room and threw himself into his work.

He remembered that he had observed since that day — even he taking cognizance of an individual so humble — that it was only an habitual cheerfulness which shone in the contrast with Robert's own gloomy and depressed state. However great the weariness of Tom might be, however much the face might express its weariness, the contented and cheerful expression never quite vanished from it. The joyous spirit shone through the body. He came in from a happy region and went out to the same. It was all recollection and anticipation with him.

This person being introduced to Fessenden's attention by Mr. Sidell as a model, some special consideration must needs follow. Whatever the young man's own preconceived opinion might be, the speech of the banker could but produce its effect.

And, this observation being secured, could it be in vain? Tom Myres, of all men in the world, the last to look upon himself in the light of an example for the imitation of Robert Fessenden, or any other creature. Tom with his wife occupied the room just underneath that of Fessenden.

Yes, he had his wife and his violin — the wife a pretty girl as fair as himself, as blue-eyed, and happy-hearted. They were two ‘children of the sun.’ Very children, thought Fessenden, and probably by this virtue they had possessed themselves of his favor. Children are so well managed, if you but humor them. But Augustus Sidell was *not* in his

dotage, and he had never employed a tool, for he had never any but the most honorable purposes to serve. Again and again Fessenden was compelled to return from his own impressions and opinions to a new contemplation and observation of the character of this same yellow-haired and blue-eyed clerk.

In these days meditation like this was frequently indulged by Robert. 'If it is true that Mr. Sidell's experience arose from the operation of circumstances which, in their result, are the same in all times and places, and I should at last, after whatever success, sit down to a melancholy old age such as his seems to be, in spite of all his success, and prosperity, and honor, would I be compelled to feel, as he does, that in some respects, and those the most important, my life had been a failure? But *I* sacrificed nothing. I have deferred nothing in the doing of which my heart was interested, until my fortune should be secured. Some men are born to be satisfied with little; it would be easier for them to starve to death than sustain themselves in a high position.'

But if these were Robert's reflections, he must in their progress have often paused and reflected seriously, surveying the points he gained doubtfully: and certainly the conclusions he reached left him in a condition of no particular self-satisfaction.

There came an evening when, after a day's confinement to the house, in the prostration and exhaustion of over-work of brain and body, Fessenden found himself led by his curiosity to the door of Tom Myres's chamber, and standing there waiting for admittance. Amy Myres was in the room alone, tuning a violin. She came to the door at Fessenden's knock, and invited him in so cordially, that Robert's scruples, for he was nice on points of etiquette, and knew that he had not come hither as a guest, but as a spy, disappeared, and he went in, making much of his apology. But the occasion did not call for that. Tom was coming any minute. If Mr. Fessenden would remain, her husband would be very happy.

There are some people, and Amy Myres was of these, before whom the parade of grand manners is more than an impertinence, it is a cruelty. Affectation and pretence must hide before them, if they would not appear in their own eyes ridiculous: any pretence whatsoever, any exhibition short of kindness of feeling, and goodness of heart, is the last the exhibitor would care to make.

Robert Fessenden went into the small apartment feeling all this, and acting accordingly.

It was a small, plainly-furnished room, and the wife was its greatest feature and attraction. Can you say this always, feeling that you speak the truth, of the grand rooms of grand houses? She made all other ornament at the least superfluous.

Now, behold *him* sitting there, in that happy presence, four bare walls encompassing them; no pictures, not many books, but heaps of music on the piano, and flowers on the mantel in a handsome vase, placed before a handsome clock. There was a table, moreover, and half-a-dozen chairs, a cheap carpet on the floor — cheap, but bright with gayly-colored flowers.

Robert had no need to sit gazing around him, waiting the husband's return, nor was there a chance of his consuming with curiosity that could not be gratified. In one way or another the talk, that confidential talk, began. How it began, Fessenden could never tell ; it was mystery to him ; but it was all naturally done enough ; and the simple-hearted innocence and trustfulness of the young wife, was expressing itself in the story of the attachment, and courtship, and marriage of Tom and herself ; how they had always been friends, till they became more ; and now they had been married, to his amazement, Robert heard it, five years and more. Tom was twenty-three, and she, Amy, was twenty. Her father and mother had died, and Tom married her out of school, and brought her to his lodgings. And certainly the young fellow's reward was with him hourly.

'He will always have his place as long as Mr. Sidell lives, we are sure of that,' said she. 'You are in the same office — did you ever notice his writing ? Is it not beautiful ?' Fessenden had observed it, and he answered Amy as she obviously hoped he would, that it was a fine hand. 'We have lived here in this room,' she continued, 'ever since we were married, and I hope that we shall live here always. You see that Mr. Sidell has a great consideration for my husband. Every Christmas he sends me a present because he likes Thomas so well. Thomas just suits him ; you might not think that, because they are so different, but it is so. That clock was one thing, and this piano another. It is always something we can both enjoy. But I like the violin best, best of all. He gave that to Thomas before he knew any thing about me. And I have learned to play on it, not as well as Thomas, of course ; but still a little.'

With more real interest than you might anticipate, Robert Fessenden asked this happy woman how she managed to spend her time while her husband was away.

'Oh ! that is easy to do,' she answered, looking around the room with her rejoicing eyes, proud of her ownership and authority. 'I sew, and read, and walk out, or learn new music. I teach music to the children in the house, the three young ladies, and that pays ——' but here she checked herself in her communicativeness. 'He likes me to sing for him ; 'may-be I disturb you sometimes,' she said quickly, and quite seriously, uttering the thought the instant it occurred to her.

'No, indeed,' Robert hastened to assure her.

'You should come and hear us sometimes ; may-be you would like it. Do you play the violin ?'

'No.' Her questioning did not offend him, by the manner of his answer.

'The piano, may-be.'

'No.'

'But you sing ?'

'Not a note.'

'Well, you listen.'

'Yes, I *can* do that,' answered Robert, laughing heartily ; 'but *with* the woman, bear in mind, not at her.'

'Here he is, my husband — Mr. Fessenden, who is waiting to see

you, Thomas,' she said, when Tom came in. The young fellow looked rather embarrassed as he entered singing : he stopped short in his song, seeing who was there, and seemed surprised at the sight. Yet he also was glad of the visitor — really so.

He brought with him a bunch of fresh flowers from Mr. Sidell's green-house, he said, as he gave them to Amy. And when he had made all plain that Robert desired to know in regard to business that day, Fessenden still remained, and needed not to produce an excuse for so doing ; he was cordially welcome there.

They sang for him, and played for him, and talked over the flowers of the green-house, no more envious of the fortune of their owner, than Amy was on account of the red splendor of the rose, or the white glory of the lily.

When at length Robert retired from the room, it was as one might go who has seen for the first time the beauty and the freshness of the world. *He* had been in the habit of thinking, when he saw all the pride of the banker's gardens, and the splendid but neglected opportunity that old man had of ' living,' of thinking of the time that certainly must come when, having regained all that his father had lost, he should take his proper place in the world. It should be a lofty place indeed ; loftily would he fill it, and stand there unapproached by the mere circumstances of the world ; and all the mouths of slanderers should be stopped, and his father's honor rest free of all stain.

But — here were people who, while having nothing, actually seemed to be possessors of all things. There was no room for envy or ambition in their hearts — no room for pride. It had evidently never occurred to them that they had cause for repining. Great fortune was no further from their thoughts than it was from their desire. They had made a five-years' experiment of this joy of theirs, and surely it could never have been deeper, or more real than it was now. He did not believe that it could ever become less real and true.

He went from their room up to his — up to the scene of toiling thought, of unflagging industry, of little dreaming, but of the patient fashionings of great projects, the formation of vast designs, which ten lives could hardly accomplish, were they all laborious as his.

Was this Robert Fessenden ? On his table were the books and papers, and his night-lamp ready lighted ; all things waited for the workman who there applied himself by night. He stood upon the threshold looking into and around the room ; then, with a hasty stride, he advanced to the table, extinguished the light, turned the key in the lock, and descended the stair with the key in his pocket, his purpose of labor for that night at least abandoned. So much as this was gained.

The moon is up ; the night is clear and cool, after the sultry day. The earth feels the refreshment of the moon-light and the dew. A light as mild falls on the heart of Robert Fessenden from the beaming eyes so frank and cordial, whose gaze but now met his ; and that free and genial talk to which he has but now listened — he never heard its like before, never ; and surprising as it may seem, it is true that there are multitudes of people who *never* hear its like — their ears not being opened,

Augustus Sidell had said, in no idle mood of talk, that of all men

known to him, if there is one whose lot he would envy, it is the lot of Tom Myres. And Robert cannot now persuade himself that this was the speech of age-surveying youth and opportunity, and longing to fight the battle of life over again. It cannot be that a renewed chance of struggle is what the old man covets. In his heart Robert Fessenden now understands the meaning of Augustus Sidell, and as he wanders through the streets and the square, he consents to the banker's judgment; he sighs for the freedom of those who have no family honor to retrieve, no dignity to maintain, no place to win and occupy. The soft night-breeze lulls him into subjection to these thoughts; but at length came a colder breath of wind; a gust from the north bears down on the indolent sighing southern breeze, and Robert goes home at midnight — and the 'summer-night's dream' is ended.

But he extorts no work from himself; he lies down to wakefulness and meditation.

If Augustus Sidell has yet an appreciation for such a life as Tom Myres is living, as he says, why is it too late for him to live a life like Tom's? Can an old love never be replaced? Is not the old man after all the victim of a whimsical self-deception? Having satisfied himself in one direction, does he not turn himself wholly in another, and of necessity think and reason childishly? But would *he*, Robert Fessenden, be willing to renounce all that he hopes yet to achieve, and is laboring day and night to achieve, for any such cheap possession as that held by Tom and Amy Myres? A strange question, yet — almost, he thinks, if the career he has marked out did not lie before him like the path of duty, which it were base, cowardly, unfilial to forsake.

The fact is this, Robert Fessenden, at this period of his career, stands in precisely the relation to the world which his father occupied at the corresponding period of his life. At such a point as this, Fessenden the elder had paused in his career, and looked into the future with serious eyes; then, closing his eyes, he had leaped forward, choosing the purpose which he would serve, and through his life that purpose he had served with mind, and soul, and body. Every step he took was in reference to that purpose; every aim revealed it. And prosperity and ruin proved him equally.

Substantially the spirit of the father did live in the son. If it should prove in the end that their career differed essentially, the proof of their likeness might be drawn from this point of the son's life, the point we now see him holding.

Manifestly here, with the setting forth of two careers, with the warning voice of a man who had tried life in his ear, and the exhibition of a truly joyous state of existence before him, there was not only an opportunity, but a necessity of choice between them, laid on Fessenden. If henceforth he should set himself to labor with the same end in view that he had so long cherished, it must be in the nature of things more resolutely, more effectively; he must quite shut out the prospect of a merely happy human life, and choose an ambitious striving one.

Augustus Sidell with increased interest surveyed the young man for whom he had laid bare his heart. But whether the seed he had attempted to plant had found any lodgment in that soil, or whether the next breeze had wafted it far off, he could not tell. Robert himself

could not have told. But the spirit of the dead had surely loosened its hold upon the living. The word had gone forth, and could not return void. As long as day after day Fessenden breathed the same atmosphere with Tom and Amy Myres, it was impossible that he should not, in some degree, however slight, in some real degree feel the influence of that atmosphere.

So the sun began to rise — and is earth dead to the sun ?

And then Mr. Sidell became suddenly quite ill. This, too, was an event that could not fail to have an influence. But to think that no external circumstances whatever were needed now to bring about the result that followed. Though every event must contribute of necessity to his decided development, either in the direction which the banker's wishes, or in that his warnings indicated.

If Robert needed further proof of his employer's sincerity, he surely found it in the fact which could not escape his observation, that the smiles Amy Myres brought into his sick-room wrought a better and a more pleasing influence on the old man, and met with a heartier welcome than *his* report of the rise in stocks, or the improved state of foreign markets. Nor could the effect of Annie Driscoll's return home be lost on Fessenden. The banker and his house were lifted too suddenly out of their gloom, despondence, and anxiety for that.

Then Fessenden began to regard with increased curiosity or increased interest this young girl whom he now met so frequently in the deserted drawing-room, and in Mr. Sidell's sick-chamber. Not long after her return he might have asked himself with some reason, if it was the fact that the banker was really better, and improving daily in health, or because *she* spoke the tidings, that he valued them in precisely the manner he did.

There was no step more frequent, not even that of the physician, in the house of Augustus Sidell, than the step of Fessenden. Even after his employer was able to be about the house again, he completely usurped the place of Tom Myres as voluntary runner between the counting-room and house of the banker.

And if less business was transacted in the quiet old drawing-room than might have been imagined from the reputed character of the two men ; if more time was spent in listening to the song of Annie, or in such talk as Tom Myres and his wife could have joined in without difficulty, let no one suppose that Robert Fessenden was all this while acting in opposition to his own impulses, in consideration of the weighty fact that the banker's health was failing, and that in the nature of things the thought of heirs must be in his mind. The secret of his movements might have been discovered in a very different direction.

Annie was flitting in and out, a being to observe, and the young man and the old observed her ; or she was singing for them — and that was song to be heard, remembered, loved. She was speaking, and was worth hearing — or she listened, and it was worth a man's while to come to his best speech in such an audience. So she held them both, yes, both, in her own way, for her own time, by her noble face and figure, by the sweet dignity of her maiden gentleness, by her child's fearlessness — for she was fearless as childhood, through her trust in others, rather than in self-confidence.

Annie broke in upon the strictness of Fessenden's labors and obligations, on the sternness of his self-control, with words that made his pulse beat faster ; careless words, forgotten the instant they were spoken, by herself, but not by him ; words such as any child might have spoken ; but no other being could have so spoken them to him. How was this ?

How was this ? Robert Fessenden knew not — this is true — until one day he found himself arrested from all mortal obligations and employments by a few words spoken by the banker, whom he found walking up and down his garden in a state of great perplexity.

'Come here, come here,' said that gentleman, lifting his hand, and beckoning mysteriously to Robert. 'What am I to do ? You're a man of sense, Sir : the very man I wanted just now. Here's a young fellow asking me to give Annie away : am I to do it or not ?'

The possibility of any person's bestowing such a gift, was obviously so far from the course of Robert's meditations, that he could not in an instant come within the range of the thought, but stood outside, confused, pale, and trembling. And there stood Augustus Sidell contemplating him in surprise — had he not so well concealed it, in a joyful surprise.

'What shall I do ?' he repeated, as if in his perplexity he perceived no more than his own unwelcome duty.

'Ask her what you shall do,' said Robert ; but the voice was hardly Robert's voice.

'And let things take their own course, do you mean ? . . . It is no bad match for her in a worldly point of view, certainly,' said Mr. Sidell.

'If the young man meets with your approbation, I do not see that you can do less,' remarked Robert ; by no effort could he assume the carelessness of speech at which he aimed.

'But Fessenden, I had different notions in my head. There's a young man whom I hoped to give her, and I don't like to disappoint myself. It's the last time, don't you see — and this is the last great hope I can cherish. I'm afraid I run a chance of losing.'

'But what is your satisfaction in the case in comparison with hers ? You would not marry her against her will ?' said Robert, endeavoring to hide his emotion in an assumed surprise at the banker's words.

'No — true — I've seen enough of that in my time. But you're a bad comforter, Fessenden. You're too honest for me. Still, I know it is the only thing I can do. I'll lay the case of the young man before her then. I'll do it this day ; I do n't see how I can help it. With my promise given to him, and your command that I shall keep it. But I'll not argue his case for him — not even for you : she shall be counsel and judge and jury herself.'

'As is right,' said Robert. Then he turned abruptly and entirely from that subject, and transacted the business that had brought him there : that being done, he took himself away.

'Zounds !' exclaimed Mr. Sidell. 'Zounds !' he repeated, watching the retreating figure. 'That's the way some men can fight, with a rope round their neck that strangles them. It's life or death with him this day.'

Robert Fessenden went back to his work, feeling in truth that it was life or death with him that day. He sat down to his work in the counting-room, and wrought there, before he stirred again, what had been the week's work of many a studious laborious accountant. His thoughts and his hands flew with a rapidity unparalleled; and before him rose the project, and in his spirit stirred the old impulse that had led him through all the labor of the past.

At the close of business-hours when he went out from the exhausting labor in which he had engaged, unconscious of exhaustion, he found a messenger waiting for him. The words of the note put into his hand were these :

'DEAR BOB : She won't hear a word of it. Come and rejoice with me.
AUGUSTUS SIDELL.'

So it happened that for the first time in the person of Robert Fessenden, a free man stepped over the threshold of the banker's house that day.

And though, as he bent his steps in the direction of that mansion, the demonstration of the spirit was not such as might have been looked for with reason in Tom Myres, though it was still a grave face that he bore, and a slow step with which he trode; yet, looking at the two men, any person might have discerned that there was no vast difference between them. For now Fessenden had really chosen his career — the heir was born.

The banker himself met the young man at his door, and kissed him. Was it difficult for Robert to say when they two were alone :

'You said that you had other hopes for Annie than those which her marriage with her suitor would have satisfied. May I not ask you to explain those hopes ?'

And was it possible for Mr. Sidell to reply otherwise than thus :

'Go on, Bob ! I have nothing to tell *you* ; but you have something to say to me about her, I hope.'

'Let me go and speak to Annie,' and Robert started up as a prince impatient for the trumpet that should announce the battle — the contest for the crown.

'Go ! and God bless you. You're safe, man,' said the banker with his hand on Robert's shoulder. '*And you're saved,*' he added in a lower tone as Robert shut the door — a tone fit for thanksgiving in prayer was that, for he knew what the end would be ; knew as well then as when the man and maiden came together seeking him and his paternal blessing on their love and their new life ; as well as when Robert confessed to him that there is something more precious than riches, and sweeter than revenge within the reach of man.

It is now about seventeen years since Robert Fessenden was born. The ancient splendor has never been revived in High-street ; but he walks the path of his integrity, growing younger, wiser, happier every day : no man more industrious lives ; but there are many richer : there are few really wiser men than he, but there are many vainer.

A T N A H A N T .

BY T. D. ALDRICH.

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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER.

BUT for the triangular dispute between the highly respectable parties severally claiming, under Mexican government grants, the exclusive right of road-way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, that fine country would now be in process of rapid development by American labor and capital; and we should have, at this time, a route so direct to California as to shorten the transit from New-York to San Francisco, at least three days. Notwithstanding the discouragement created by that vexatious collision of claims, a New-York Express Company* and an American Stage Company have purchased land upon the Isthmus, and commenced building, with a view to facilitating the transit of freight and passengers as soon as the contemplated road shall have been completed. We learn that they have little or no hope that the road will be finished the present year, but if a compromise could be effected between the claimants, and they should either unite their energies and capital upon the work, or relinquish it without further dispute to Mr. Hargous; (the owner of the original grant, and a gentleman of ample means, intelligence, and energy,) the Tehuantepec Route would be, early in 1857, the popular American thoroughfare to the Pacific coast.

In the mean time, we confess to some impatience, having a Yankee curiosity to know more about Tehuantepec, and a Yankee itching to see its rich soil under Yankee cultivation.†

American intelligence and industry have begun to make their mark upon Tehuantepec, it is true, but as yet that country is eminently foreign and novel to American observation. Not only its climate and products, but its people, their manners, costume, and customs, are entirely different from our own. It is still a land of romantic adventure and picturesque life. Ladies longing to encounter brigand-looking gentlemen in short jackets trimmed with silver, and slashed trowsers with double rows of heroic buttons down the sides, or Indian men and women in

* FREEMAN AND COMPANY'S California Express.

† MR. J. K. STIMSON, of New-York, who spent three months there last winter, has a small plantation near Suchil, on which corn and potatoes of his own planting were growing finely when he left it last April.

attire of statuesque paucity, have only to visit the prairies and haciendas of Tehuantepec, to be gratified.

The Indians are friendly and harmless ; but the Mexicans bear no love to Americans, and not a few of the picturesque gentlemen in slashed trowsers, are addicted, in the picturesque passes, to picturesque picking and stealing, particularly when they meet with one of our nation unarmed.

On board the schooner —, on her April trip, from Minnetitlan to New-Orleans, was a person who attracted some attention from the peculiarity of his *personnel*. His adventures with the brigands, or guerillas, of Tehuantepec, had been numerous and exciting.

He was a native of Ohio, but had been many years on the Isthmus, variously occupied, in a subordinate capacity, and finally as a teamster, in which service he had had one of his feet crushed beneath a wheel, and was forced to submit to an amputation. He was a stout fellow, and intelligent, but confessedly destitute, and a good deal the worse for wear.

This man was very communicative to his fellow-passengers, and his relation of some of his adventures in the country whose shores they had just left behind them, contributed to relieve the monotony of the homeward voyage. The more credence was given to his stories from the fact, that they were as often against himself as in his favor.

For example : Upon one occasion, he and another American, a friend of his, lost all their money at *monte*, and were rendered destitute, but not past remedy ; for a plan suggested itself to his fertile brain, by which to raise the wind. 'I will borrow,' he said to his companion in misfortune, 'my employer's revolvers, for a while, without his leave : you shall take one and sell it for the most you can get. I will then light upon the purchaser, prove to him that he has bought that which was stolen from me, and compel him to put it into my possession.'

His fellow refusing to run the risk, he agreed to sell the pistol, and let his companion recover it in the manner in which he had proposed to do himself.

The trick succeeded. The revolvers were of the largest size, and this kind of weapon was held in such high estimation at that time there, that the scapegrace readily sold one of the pair for one hundred and ten dollars, to a Mexican. The next day his accomplice went to the purchaser, and accused him of having stolen property in his possession, namely, the pistol, which belonged to him, and was a mate to one which he (the accomplice) then held in his hand. Convinced that the man was right, the Mexican was nevertheless unwilling to relinquish his purchase without getting his money back, as the fellow who had swindled him was *non est inventus*, not to be found : whereupon the confederate threatened to accuse him before the alcalde as a buyer of stolen goods. Now, it so happens that the Mexicans have a law which is in force in Tehuantepec, that any one buying personal chattels must obtain of the seller a bill of sale, obtained by said seller of the previous owner, vouching that he came lawfully by the property ; otherwise he is liable to lose his purchase and be fined or imprisoned beside.

Having a wholesome fear of this statute before his eyes, the dis-

comfited Mexican relinquished the revolver to the rogue, and begged him not to mention so unpleasant an occurrence to a third party.

The ruse having operated so well, was practised upon several others with equal success, until five had been victimized, and the rascals had realized five hundred and seventy dollars, when, feeling rich enough, the projector of this crafty piece of 'financiering' returned the pistols to his employer's drawer before they had been missed.

'I do n't know but what you think that game all right,' said one of the passengers, 'but in my opinion, it was the meanest kind of stealing.'

'All's fair with them blasted Mexicans,' rejoined the man; 'for they'd as lief stick an American under the fifth rib, on the sly, as smoke a cigaretto; and they've robbed me more than once of every thing, clean down to my boots. Cuss them, I owe 'm nothing, and I reckon they haint had nary advantage of me, in the long run.'

'Let me just tell ye a thing or two more on that p'int,' he continued, ejecting a mouthful of tobacco-juice over the vessel's side, and addressing three or four passengers, who had been listening to his yarns, while they puffed at their segars upon the deck.

'Me and two others of us, were travelling quietly along, one day, across a *perairie*, when suddenly here comes a-rushing down on us, several Mexicans in the saddle, and before I realized what to do, they had killed my companions. I was unarmed, and made no resistance. They spared my life, but robbed me of my money, and a valuable gold watch, and all my clothes, except my shirt, trowsers, and stockings.'

'What! did they take your boots, too?' exclaimed one of his auditors.

'Yes, Sir-ree, two boots, and left me to pad across the *perairie* in my stocking-feet, and be hanged to them! I was so all-fired mad when they peeled me in that way, that allowin' they war going to kill me any how, I reckoned I'd give 'm a piece o' my mind to go along with the boots, and I called 'em all the hard names in Spanish that I could command; and my stock in that line wan't small, you'd better believe, for I had n't learnt it out of any of your books. But the bloody thieves only chuckled at my abuse, and seemed to like me rather the better for 't. So, after stripping my fellow-travellers of every thing, they said, '*Buenos dios!*' with a laugh, and rode away with our mules, leaving me to foot it to the nearest corral.'

'A hard case, certainly,' said one of the passengers.

'But I got my revenge before I was a week older,' he rejoined. 'The old *sénora* I worked for had sent me to borrow a horse in the neighborhood of our hacienda, and I was leading it home, (I was mounted myself on another animal,) when I met a caballero, gayly dressed, and riding slowly along, as proud as a Spanish hidalgo. The moment I had got by him, it struck me powerful that I had seen his ugly mug before somewhere not pleasant, and in a minute it flashed upon me that he was one o' them consarned guerillas who had robbed me a few days before.'

'Quicker'n wink I turned and rode back to overhaul him, for I was armed with a pair of revolvers, which, since the robbery, the old woman had furnished me, for use when on the *perairie*.

'*Como esta, usted?*' says I, bowing with mock politeness, as I drove my horse right athwart his path, so that he had to hold up a minute. It was the very chap that had taken my boots, consarn his picter! Wa'n't I happy? 'You're one of the cut-throat thieves,' says I, in Spanish, as I presented a revolver at his head, 'that robbed me the other day and killed my companions! Now die the death of a dog.'

'He was darned scared, and protested that I was mistaken; but I warn't, and I just stripped him as clean as he had me at our previous meeting, even to his boots and an elegant pair of silver spurs, for the feller was dressed within an inch of his life; and his blanket (a garment which the Mexicans get up frequently in very costly style) was worth a hundred dollars, I reckon. I was in hopes of finding my watch upon him, but in the division of spoils, it had not fallen to his lot, it seems, and so I took his horse in lieu of it.

'Now,' says I, 'you pitiful catamaran, you're too all-fired mean to kill; and being's I feel pretty well now, I won't put these here balls through that black-muzzled face o' yourn; but next time I meet you I may not be in such good humor; so keep out o' my way in futur!'

'Then lamming him over the head once with his own boots, just to remember me by, I laughed at the plight he was in; and leading off the two horses bearing my spoils, I whistled 'Hail Columby' all the way home, tolerably well satisfied with the way I had squared accounts.'

So much for the adventurer with one foot.

It should not be inferred from his experience, however, that the people of Tehuantepec are all scoundrels; on the contrary, we have from Mr. Stimson a very favorable report of the residents upon the Isthmus. He found many of the Mexicans polite, affable, and obliging, and the enterprise of a high-way across their country met with their favor. He and other gentlemen, interested either directly or indirectly in the construction of the proposed road, were treated with the most hospitable attention by the most wealthy inhabitants, and were rather favorably impressed with the people generally.

T H E P O E T ' S L I F E .

THINK not the dreaming poet's heart,
Creating an ideal life,
Has feebler power to act its part
In real scenes of toil and strife.

Who breathes in song the burning thought
Which quickens life in slumbering mind,
A nobler deed of life has wrought
Than kings who lord it o'er mankind.

Who breaks the fetters of the soul
Which bind to earth the struggling slave,
Wields over human life control,
That strength of muscle never gave.

T H E G A R D E N O F M E M O R Y .

THERE is a garden which my Memory knows,
A grand old garden of the days gone by :
Where lofty trees caress the breeze,
And underneath them blows full many a rose,
Of rarest crimson or deep purple dye ;
And there extend, as far as eye may see,
Dim vistas of cool greenery.

Quaint marble statues, clothed with vines and mould,
Gleam gray and spectral 'mid the foliage there :
All grim they stand on every hand,
Along the walk whose sands are smoothly rolled,
And borders trimmed with constant watchful care ;
There Memory sits, and hears soft voices call
Above the plashing water-fall.

Old faded bowers, with their rustic seats
Of knotted branches closely intertwined,
May there be seen the walks between ;
Within their shades the dove at noon retreats,
And gives her sad voice to the summer wind ;
Around them bloom rich flowers, where all day long
The wild bee drones his dreamy song.

The garden stretches downward to a lake,
Where gentle ripples kiss a pebbly shore :
All cool and deep the waters sleep,
With naught the calm of their repose to break.
Save when the breezes sweep their bosom o'er,
Or when a train of diamond sparkles bright
Is scattered by the swallow's flight.

Within that garden Memory recalls
Gay friends, who lived and loved and passed away :
Who met at noon upon the lawn,
And strolled in couples by the garden-walls,
Or on the grass beneath the maples lay,
And passed the hours as gayly as might be,
With olden tales of chivalry.

The younger maidens — each with silken net,
Chased butterflies that hung on painted wings
Above the beds where poppy-heads
Drooped heavily with morning dew-drops wet :
In recollection still their laughter rings.
And still I seem to see them sport among
The statues gray with vines o'erhung.

Ah ! one fair lady I remember well —
And shall remember, though all else should fade :
Her dreamy eye, her gentle sigh ;
Her golden hair in tangled curls that fell ;
Her queen-like beauty and demeanor staid :
And oh ! her smile, that played at hide-and-seek
With dimples on her chin and cheek !

O EDITH ! often have we sat at rest,
 And watched the sun-set from the Lover's Hill,
 When few faint stars shone through the bars
 Of purple cloud that stretched athwart the west ;
 And Nature's pulse seemed silently to thrill.
 While Night came o'er the moorlands wide and brown,
 On dusky pinions sweeping down.

Long years have faded since those happy days,
 Yet still in mem'ry are their joys enshrined :
 Tall grasses wave o'er EDITH'S grave ;
 Above her breast the birds chaunt plaintive lays ;
 Yet still I feel her arms about me twined ;
 Still float her tangled tresses in the breeze ;
 Still sit we 'neath the maple trees.

Thus may it be until I, too, am gone.
 Oh ! let me ever dream of youth and love :
 And when the strife of earthly life
 Is passed away ; when all my tasks are done,
 I know that in some garden fair above
 My angel EDITH waits to welcome me
 Unto thy halls, Eternity !

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Letters from the Connecticut Valley.

East-Hampton, August 16, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER : I know of nothing more soothing to the spirits of men verging toward 'three-score and ten,' than the visiting the haunts of their youth and earlier manhood, and finding them in all outward appearance still unchanged. To find not only the general features of the landscape preserved in their integrity, but the very same streets, the same houses, and the same venerable trees waving in luxuriance over them, recalls so vividly the scenes and beloved forms of our better days, that we seem to live over again, in placid repose, the prime and vigor of our youth. It is with an appreciation of this effect, my dear Diedrich, that I have this summer made an excursion, the first for more than forty years, to the eastern end of Long-Island. Do you remember the quiet seclusion — the long shady streets of the little villages on the 'South-side' in our day ? Hampstead, and Babylon, and Islip, and so on through all the little hamlets to Hampton ? Alas ! how have they changed ! Innovation has been everywhere. The character of the people has changed with the change of their habitations and occupations. The race of old-fashioned Long-Island gentlemen seems to be extinct. Nowhere have I been able to discover the quiet and dignified manner, the courteous hospitality, the refined self-possession which characterized the old gentlemen of the Island when we were boys. They seem to have gone out with their cocked hats, velvet breeches, and gold buckles. I found

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T E H U A N T E P E C .

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER.

BUT for the triangular dispute between the highly respectable parties severally claiming, under Mexican government grants, the exclusive right of road-way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, that fine country would now be in process of rapid development by American labor and capital; and we should have, at this time, a route so direct to California as to shorten the transit from New-York to San Francisco, at least three days. Notwithstanding the discouragement created by that vexatious collision of claims, a New-York Express Company* and an American Stage Company have purchased land upon the Isthmus, and commenced building, with a view to facilitating the transit of freight and passengers as soon as the contemplated road shall have been completed. We learn that they have little or no hope that the road will be finished the present year, but if a compromise could be effected between the claimants, and they should either unite their energies and capital upon the work, or relinquish it without further dispute to Mr. Hargous, (the owner of the original grant, and a gentleman of ample means, intelligence, and energy,) the Tehuantepec Route would be, early in 1857, the popular American thoroughfare to the Pacific coast.

In the mean time, we confess to some impatience, having a Yankee curiosity to know more about Tehuantepec, and a Yankee itching to see its rich soil under Yankee cultivation.†

American intelligence and industry have begun to make their mark upon Tehuantepec, it is true, but as yet that country is eminently foreign and novel to American observation. Not only its climate and products, but its people, their manners, costume, and customs, are entirely different from our own. It is still a land of romantic adventure and picturesque life. Ladies longing to encounter brigand-looking gentlemen in short jackets trimmed with silver, and slashed trowsers with double rows of heroic buttons down the sides, or Indian men and women in

* FREEMAN AND COMPANY'S California Express.

† MR. J. K. SIMSON, of New-York, who spent three months there last winter, has a small plantation near Suchill, on which corn and potatoes of his own planting were growing finely when he left it last April.

attire of statuesque paucity, have only to visit the prairies and haciendas of Tehuantepec, to be gratified.

The Indians are friendly and harmless; but the Mexicans bear no love to Americans, and not a few of the picturesque gentlemen in slashed trowsers, are addicted, in the picturesque passes, to picturesque picking and stealing, particularly when they meet with one of our nation unarmed.

On board the schooner —, on her April trip, from Minnetitlan to New-Orleans, was a person who attracted some attention from the peculiarity of his *personnel*. His adventures with the brigands, or guerillas, of Tehuantepec, had been numerous and exciting.

He was a native of Ohio, but had been many years on the Isthmus, variously occupied, in a subordinate capacity, and finally as a teamster, in which service he had had one of his feet crushed beneath a wheel, and was forced to submit to an amputation. He was a stout fellow, and intelligent, but confessedly destitute, and a good deal the worse for wear.

This man was very communicative to his fellow-passengers, and his relation of some of his adventures in the country whose shores they had just left behind them, contributed to relieve the monotony of the homeward voyage. The more credence was given to his stories from the fact, that they were as often against himself as in his favor.

For example: Upon one occasion, he and another American, a friend of his, lost all their money at *monte*, and were rendered destitute, but not past remedy; for a plan suggested itself to his fertile brain, by which to raise the wind. 'I will borrow,' he said to his companion in misfortune, 'my employer's revolvers, for a while, without his leave: you shall take one and sell it for the most you can get. I will then light upon the purchaser, prove to him that he has bought that which was stolen from me, and compel him to put it into my possession.'

His fellow refusing to run the risk, he agreed to sell the pistol, and let his companion recover it in the manner in which he had proposed to do himself.

The trick succeeded. The revolvers were of the largest size, and this kind of weapon was held in such high estimation at that time there, that the scapegrace readily sold one of the pair for one hundred and ten dollars, to a Mexican. The next day his accomplice went to the purchaser, and accused him of having stolen property in his possession, namely, the pistol, which belonged to him, and was a mate to one which he (the accomplice) then held in his hand. Convinced that the man was right, the Mexican was nevertheless unwilling to relinquish his purchase without getting his money back, as the fellow who had swindled him was *non est inventus*, not to be found: whereupon the confederate threatened to accuse him before the alcalde as a buyer of stolen goods. Now, it so happens that the Mexicans have a law which is in force in Tehuantepec, that any one buying personal chattels must obtain of the seller a bill of sale, obtained by said seller of the previous owner, vouching that he came lawfully by the property; otherwise he is liable to lose his purchase and be fined or imprisoned beside.

Having a wholesome fear of this statute before his eyes, the dis-

comfited Mexican relinquished the revolver to the rogue, and begged him not to mention so unpleasant an occurrence to a third party.

The ruse having operated so well, was practised upon several others with equal success, until five had been victimized, and the rascals had realized five hundred and seventy dollars, when, feeling rich enough, the projector of this crafty piece of 'financiering' returned the pistols to his employer's drawer before they had been missed.

'I do n't know but what you think that game all right,' said one of the passengers, 'but in my opinion, it was the meanest kind of stealing.'

'All's fair with them blasted Mexicans,' rejoined the man; 'for they'd as lief stick an American under the fifth rib, on the sly, as smoke a cigarette; and they've robbed me more than once of every thing, clean down to my boots. Cuss them, I owe 'm nothing, and I reckon they haint had nary advantage of me, in the long run.'

'Let me just tell ye a thing or two more on that p'int,' he continued, ejecting a mouthful of tobacco-juice over the vessel's side, and addressing three or four passengers, who had been listening to his yarns, while they puffed at their segars upon the deck.

'Me and two others of us, were travelling quietly along, one day, across a *perairie*, when suddenly here comes a-rushing down on us, several Mexicans in the saddle, and before I realized what to do, they had killed my companions. I was unarmed, and made no resistance. They spared my life, but robbed me of my money, and a valuable gold watch, and all my clothes, except my shirt, trowsers, and stockings.'

'What! did they take your boots, too?' exclaimed one of his auditors.

'Yes, Sir-ree, two boots, and left me to pad across the *perairie* in my stocking-feet, and be hanged to them! I was so all-fired mad when they peeled me in that way, that allowin' they war going to kill me any how, I reckoned I'd give 'm a piece o' my mind to go along with the boots, and I called 'em all the hard names in Spanish that I could command; and my stock in that line wan't small, you'd better believe, for I had n't learnt it out of any of your books. But the bloody thieves only chuckled at my abuse, and seemed to like me rather the better for 't. So, after stripping my fellow-travellers of every thing, they said, '*Buenos dios!*' with a laugh, and rode away with our mules, leaving me to foot it to the nearest corral.'

'A hard case, certainly,' said one of the passengers.

'But I got my revenge before I was a week older,' he rejoined. 'The old *sénora* I worked for had sent me to borrow a horse in the neighborhood of our hacienda, and I was leading it home, (I was mounted myself on another animal,) when I met a caballero, gayly dressed, and riding slowly along, as proud as a Spanish hidalgo. The moment I had got by him, it struck me powerful that I had seen his ugly mug before somewhere not pleasant, and in a minute it flashed upon me that he was one o' them consarned guerillas who had robbed me a few days before.'

'Quicker'n wink I turned and rode back to overhaul him, for I was armed with a pair of revolvers, which, since the robbery, the old woman had furnished me, for use when on the *perairie*.

‘*Como esta, usted?*’ says I, bowing with mock politeness, as I drove my horse right athwart his path, so that he had to hold up a minute. It was the very chap that had taken my boots, consarn his picter! Wa n’t I happy? ‘You’re one of the cut-throat thieves,’ says I, in Spanish, as I presented a revolver at his head, ‘that robbed me the other day and killed my companions! Now die the death of a dog.’

‘He was darned scared, and protested that I was mistaken; but I warn’t, and I just stripped him as clean as he had me at our previous meeting, even to his boots and an elegant pair of silver spurs, for the feller was dressed within an inch of his life; and his blanket (a garment which the Mexicans get up frequently in very costly style) was worth a hundred dollars, I reckon. I was in hopes of finding my watch upon him, but in the division of spoils, it had not fallen to his lot, it seems, and so I took his horse in lieu of it.

‘Now,’ says I, ‘you pitiful catamaran, you’re too all-fired mean to kill; and being’s I feel pretty well now, I won’t put these here balls through that black-muzzled face o’ yours; but next time I meet you I may not be in such good humor; so keep out o’ my way in futur!’

‘Then lamming him over the head once with his own boots, just to remember me by, I laughed at the plight he was in; and leading off the two horses bearing my spoils, I whistled ‘Hail Columby’ all the way home, tolerably well satisfied with the way I had squared accounts.’

So much for the adventurer with one foot.

It should not be inferred from his experience, however, that the people of Tehuantepec are all scoundrels; on the contrary, we have from Mr. Stimson a very favorable report of the residents upon the Isthmus. He found many of the Mexicans polite, affable, and obliging, and the enterprise of a high-way across their country met with their favor. He and other gentlemen, interested either directly or indirectly in the construction of the proposed road, were treated with the most hospitable attention by the most wealthy inhabitants, and were rather favorably impressed with the people generally.

T H E P O E T ’ S L I F E .

THINK not the dreaming poet’s heart,
Creating an ideal life,
Has feebler power to act its part
In real scenes of toil and strife.

Who breathes in song the burning thought
Which quickens life in slumbering mind,
A nobler deed of life has wrought
Than kings who lord it o’er mankind.

Who breaks the fetters of the soul
Which bind to earth the struggling slave,
Wields over human life control,
That strength of muscle never gave.

T H E G A R D E N O F M E M O R Y .

THERE is a garden which my Memory knows,
A grand old garden of the days gone by :
Where lofty trees caress the breeze,
And underneath them blows full many a rose,
Of rarest crimson or deep purple dye ;
And there extend, as far as eye may see,
Dim vistas of cool greenery.

Quaint marble statues, clothed with vines and mould,
Gleam gray and spectral 'mid the foliage there :
All grim they stand on every hand,
Along the walk whose sands are smoothly rolled,
And borders trimmed with constant watchful care ;
There Memory sits, and hears soft voices call
Above the plashing water-fall.

Old faded bowers, with their rustic seats
Of knotted branches closely intertwined,
May there be seen the walks between ;
Within their shades the dove at noon retreats,
And gives her sad voice to the summer wind ;
Around them bloom rich flowers, where all day long
The wild bee drones his dreamy song.

The garden stretches downward to a lake,
Where gentle ripples kiss a pebbly shore :
All cool and deep the waters sleep,
With naught the calm of their repose to break.
Save when the breezes sweep their bosom o'er,
Or when a train of diamond sparkles bright
Is scattered by the swallow's flight.

Within that garden Memory recalls
Gay friends, who lived and loved and passed away :
Who met at noon upon the lawn,
And strolled in couples by the garden-walls,
Or on the grass beneath the maples lay,
And passed the hours as gayly as might be,
With olden tales of chivalry.

The younger maidens — each with silken net,
Chased butterflies that hung on painted wings
Above the beds where poppy-heads
Drooped heavily with morning dew-drops wet :
In recollection still their laughter rings.
And still I seem to see them sport among
The statues gray with vines o'erhung.

Ah ! one fair lady I remember well —
And shall remember, though all else should fade :
Her dreamy eye, her gentle sigh ;
Her golden hair in tangled curls that fell ;
Her queen-like beauty and demeanor staid :
And oh ! her smile, that played at hide-and-seek
With dimples on her chin and cheek !

O EDITH! often have we sat at rest,
 And watched the sun-set from the Lover's Hill,
 When few faint stars shone through the bars
 Of purple cloud that stretched athwart the west;
 And Nature's pulse seemed silently to thrill.
 While Night came o'er the moorlands wide and brown,
 On dusky pinions sweeping down.

Long years have faded since those happy days,
 Yet still in mem'ry are their joys enshrined:
 Tall grasses wave o'er EDITH'S grave;
 Above her breast the birds chaunt plaintive lays;
 Yet still I feel her arms about me twined;
 Still float her tangled tresses in the breeze;
 Still sit we 'neath the maple trees.

Thus may it be until I, too, am gone.
 Oh! let me ever dream of youth and love:
 And when the strife of earthly life
 Is passed away; when all my tasks are done,
 I know that in some garden fair above
 My angel EDITH waits to welcome me
 Unto thy halls, Eternity!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Letters from the Connecticut Valley.

East-Hampton, August 16, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: I know of nothing more soothing to the spirits of men verging toward 'three-score and ten,' than the visiting the haunts of their youth and earlier manhood, and finding them in all outward appearance still unchanged. To find not only the general features of the landscape preserved in their integrity, but the very same streets, the same houses, and the same venerable trees waving in luxuriance over them, recalls so vividly the scenes and beloved forms of our better days, that we seem to live over again, in placid repose, the prime and vigor of our youth. It is with an appreciation of this effect, my dear Diedrich, that I have this summer made an excursion, the first for more than forty years, to the eastern end of Long-Island. Do you remember the quiet seclusion — the long shady streets of the little villages on the 'South-side' in our day? Hampstead, and Babylon, and Islip, and so on through all the little hamlets to Hampton? Alas! how have they changed! Innovation has been everywhere. The character of the people has changed with the change of their habitations and occupations. The race of old-fashioned Long-Island gentlemen seems to be extinct. Nowhere have I been able to discover the quiet and dignified manner, the courteous hospitality, the refined self-possession which characterized the old gentlemen of the Island when we were boys. They seem to have gone out with their cocked hats, velvet breeches, and gold buckles. I found

none of the *old* settlements in any tolerable degree of preservation until I arrived at this, almost the extreme point of the Island. Indeed the whole of the three Hamptons have preserved the integrity of their appearance in a remarkable degree, but it is with this quaint old village and its rare, old-fashioned looks, that I am most interested.

It is a placid and beautiful evening. The warm southern breeze gently moves the pendent branches of the old willow that shades the portico in which I sit. The shadows of the setting sun steal silently along, like minute-hands, pointing inch by inch to darkness and repose. The herd of lowing kine, filled to repletion in the rich pasturage, trail lazily along, each halting at its owner's door. With swelling throat the robin sings her evening song, while her mate, quite unscared, hops on the door-stone at my feet, and, eyeing me askance, half-doubtful of a stranger's friendship, seeks the crawling slug or insect just dropped from the rose-bush by the door. In solemn stateliness, all marching Indian file, the flocks of geese, countless in number, wend their way toward their resting-place by the pond. The clock strikes nine, and all is hushed. No living thing in motion. I look wistfully down the long avenue of majestic old trees, and hark ! it is the deep monotone of the ocean ! Now loud, now low, and then with a resounding crash, which dies away with a long murmuring cadence — but ever the same note, and ever conveying the same idea of mysterious and resistless power.

Probably no village in our country has seen so few changes in an hundred years as this. Indeed I have seen none which so strongly reminds one of a quiet English hamlet. Its green lanes, its shady walks, its quiet farm-houses, built for generations now gone to their fathers ; its absence of all appearance of extreme poverty as well as of superfluous wealth, all bespeak a quiet, substantial, and abiding population, such as is rarely to be met with out of the mother country. There stands its quaint old church, which for almost a century and a half has been the fountain of all orthodoxy to this primitive people. On the backs of its ancient pews are carved the initials of five generations of whittlers ! The vane on its pointed steeple, (bearing date A.D. 1717,) has for an hundred and forty years been the weather-gauge of these children of the sea ! The old clock which, for an hundred and twenty years has marked the out-goings and incomings of its hearers, still travels on — the sturdy chronicler of births and deaths, of hopes and fears, of sorrows and of joys. I know of nothing which will more strongly contrast this quiet old place with your Babel of a town than the fact that the old clock still ticks on without a minute-hand. Here it was enough to know the *hours*. No rail-way, no steamboat, with a mail-wagon still starting 'soon after breakfast ;' what had they to do with minutes ! Primitive and peaceful people ! how could you realize how the fate of families — the happiness of generations might hang upon ten minutes of 'recorded time' !

Let us wander to the beach. How strong and invigorating is the salt air ! I step with the elasticity of a boy. The sand-hills are past, and the broad Atlantic is before me. Nothing between me and France ! and a little to the north there, where I point, lies England. Think of it, Diedrich ! what a witching magnetism in the rolling surf — the

awful roar, for an unaccustomed ear ! Of all earthly things the fickle, restless, faithless sea is changed the least.

'TIME writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow ;
Such as Creation's morn beheld, thou rollest now.'

Darkness has gathered and still I linger. I am alone with the majesty of Nature. No sight, no sound, no single thing suggestive even of the existence of man on earth. I am alone with HIM and HIS majestic works.

Yours,

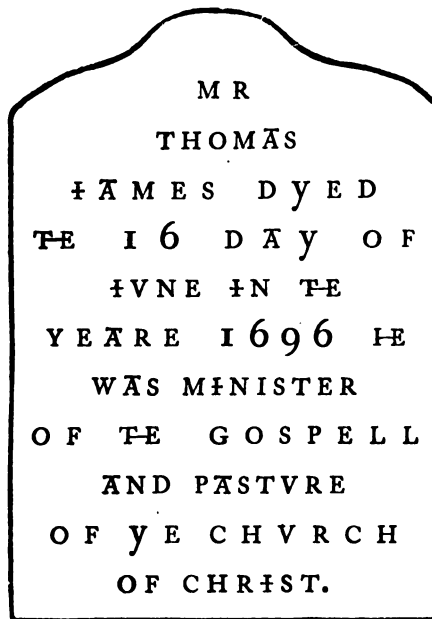
P. VAN M.

August 22d.

MY DEAR DIEDRICH : I would you could have been with me at day-break this morning. It is barely possible you went to the opera last night. I was awakened from the most delicious of slumbers by an opera this morning, executed by a corps of singers, I venture to assert, you have never heard equalled. A venerable pear-tree, hoary with the mosses of a century, overhangs and over-shadows my window. It is the home, I verily believe, of generations of robins, and at the first peep of dawn the *mater-familias*, the prima-donna of the troupe, opened her throat, and as one after another the chorus joined her in thanksgiving for another beauteous day, it seemed to my half-waking thoughts that an angelic choir was lulling me to softest repose while conveying me to the realization of higher beatitudes. For an hour or more did they vie with each other in their songs of praise. Now a solo from some distinguished soprano would seem to astonish the troupe. I thought I recognized the *Zauberflöte* in several. Then a duet from *Norma*, which there was no disguising. The *Brindesa* followed ; then after a brief disturbance from an envious blue-bird who had dared to light on a remote branch — but had been indignantly driven away by a smart young cock — came a heroic chaunt, the basis of which I am sure was the duet in *Belisario*. Was there ever heard an opera like that in your Babel of a town ?

Breakfast is past — and such a breakfast ! Clams 'that were clams,' roasted to a nicety, luscious and tempting. Corn-cakes from corn of my good landlady's own raising, and ground, I believe, in her own wind-mill ! And coffee with an abundance of absolute *cream* ! I should not venture this, my good Diedrich, but that you know me a man of veracity. It is a commodity of which most New-Yorkers have read at school, and the reality of which you may possibly remember. Let us walk. The general features of the place are by day-light peculiar and characteristic, but the most prominent of all are its wind-mills and its geese. At each end of the village were originally two wind-mills, a pond, and a burial-ground. But as one of the wind-mills stood near the high-way to the neighboring town, and strange horses were apt to be frightened by the whirling of its ponderous arms, it has been removed. Of the ponds and their inhabitants more anon. Let us now look into the old grave-yard. Moss-covered and venerable mementoes of generations gone by, with what reverence do I salute you ! Here rest the ashes of the patriots and sages of the past ! strong men and true — who

gave all their strength, stalwart arms and stalwart intellects to the cause of virtue and truth and country ! James, and Huntting, and Buell — the spiritual leaders of the little flock for a century and a half ; Gardiner, Hedges, Tallmadge, Osborne, Miller, Dayton, Mulford. Were I to attempt the names of all the patriots, I must needs copy the records of the town. Some of the epitaphs are quaint enough. Witness that of Mr. James, their first pastor :



Pasture of the Church ! And very good spiritual fodder they must have had, Diedrich, judging from some of his sermons still extant.

The tomb-stone of the Rev. Doct Buell, commences :

'Reader, behold this tomb with reverence and regret.'

Of this last gentleman, who died in A.D. 1798, many anecdotes are still fresh in the memory of the people. He was a gentleman of the old school, and although a staunch Whig, was intimate with Sir William Erskine and Governor Tryon, between whom and himself many letters passed, which are still extant. It seems he was somewhat of a sportsman, as well as a man of learning, and occasionally joined the British officers in the chase. On one occasion when he had been invited, he chanced to be late, and the party had mounted ; but Sir William Erskine, who had a high veneration for his character, seeing him approach, ordered them to dismount to receive him. This considerably chaffed a young aid-de-camp of Sir William's, Lord Percy, afterward Duke of Northumberland, and who was walking back-and-forth in high

impatience as the Doctor was presented. By way of introducing conversation, the Doctor asked him — 'What part of His Majesty's forces he had the honor to command?' Percy answered: 'A legion of devils from hell!' 'Then, Sir,' said the Doctor, doffing his hat, and making a profound obeisance, 'I presume I have the honor to address Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils!' Percy was wroth, but the general laugh was against him, and good-humor was restored. Once when Erskine had ordered certain work to be done on Sunday, and told the Doctor of it, 'I know it,' said he; 'but *I* am commander of this people on that day, and have countermanded the order.' Sir William acquiesced.

Time and the disintegrating influence of the salt air are fast rendering the older epitaphs illegible. It is to be hoped some Old Mortality of the town will have sufficient veneration for his ancestry to reproduce the inscriptions.

Yours,

P. VAN M.

August 28th.

MY DEAR DIEDRICH: I have this morning witnessed what I presume you, with all your experience and observation, have never yet seen, namely:

A GANDER FIGHT.

'NAY, good goose, bite not.'—ROMEO AND JULIET.

Wandering down to my usual eleven o'clock dip in the surf, my attention was attracted by an unusual chattering and noise among the geese; a peculiar note it was, not loud and screechy as of an alarm, nor yet lofty and sonorous as when they discuss the weather; but low, intensely earnest, and multitudinous, somewhat like the voice of a host of men engaged in discussing all at once some topic of absorbing interest. On looking toward the pond, to my astonishment not a single goose was visible. I gazed up and around, and for a few moments was unable to determine whence the sounds proceeded. On turning the corner of the adjoining farm-house, however, I discovered that the congregated wisdom of the young *ansers* and their ancestors were discussing some subject of paramount importance in the inclosed farm-yard. Knowing the propensity of the bird to stop all proceedings on the appearance of his two-legged cousins who do not wear feathers, I did not venture to approach the open gate-way, but contented myself with peeping through a convenient crack, whence I saw as follows. Forming a ring of from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, were assembled some two hundred geese, mostly feminine, all intently occupied in watching and cheering on a combat which was going on in the centre of the arena between a pair of stalwart and able-bodied ganders. Every neck was stretched to its utmost tension, every voice uttered with low but intense earnestness its owner's sentiments of praise or encouragement, of fear or favor, as the blows of the favored champion told upon the adversary. Of the cause and origin of the fight I am left to conjecture, and the known habits of the race. This much, however, is certain, that while the various flocks of the village have each their own house-

hold leader, the whole community have also an acknowledged head, whom they look up to, revere, and obey as the patriarch, champion, and umpire of the settlement. Indeed so well is this settled that one of the intelligent gentlemen of the village assured me that one of the venerable old ganders, which he pointed out, had been the acknowledged head of affairs for at least twenty years. I was also informed that the title to this enviable patriarchate is not obtained in our modern democratic republican way of the ballot-box, but by the old judicial 'trial by combat,' or 'wager of battle;' in fact that the government is a perfect autocracy. I may therefore reasonably suppose that the trial which I witnessed was '*an affair of state*,' and intended for settling the government on a permanent basis. Let us now take a look at the combatants. The one was an old and rather venerable gander, gray in color, and full of muscle and unflinching pluck. The other, pure white in color, young in years, but having a decided advantage over his older rival in lightness and springiness. I thought I had no difficulty in determining the friends of either in the surrounding crowd. The younger and more sleek-looking portion, especially the females, set up a chattering cheer whenever the younger champion planted a quick blow with his wing, or plucked a feather from his antagonist; while the old fogies, venerable counsellors of state, and aged matrons, stood by their revered 'pater familias' with unvarying devotion. Unhappily I am not conversant with the terms of the ring, or I would give you such a scientific account of the various 'rounds' of this 'match' as would do honor to the columns of '*The Spirit of the Times*,' or '*Life in London*.' Certes, the fight itself would have done honor to the 'heroes' and 'champions' of the best contested fields.

I have no means of knowing how long the fight had been going on when I came up. Now, however, the great aim of the combatants seemed to be to catch the adversary by the neck near its junction with the body, and, once having a good grip, to wring and twist at it until either the feathers were plucked, or to lacerate the skin until blood should follow. Meantime, the blows from their powerful wings resounded with a whack that echoed across the pond. Were you ever flogged by a gander when you were a boy, Diedrich? I certify you that a blow from the wing of a stout, old fellow is no joke. He will leave your knees black and blue for a fortnight! At length a vigorous hit from the right wing of the old one seemed to close up the eye of his enemy. Great were the acclamations of the seniors at this *coup de main*. Invigorated by applause, his courage stimulated by hope, he planted another and another. The ground was covered with the plucked trophies of the fight; it was a bed of feathers. The white one's neck and breast were nearly bare; his flesh was torn, and the blood trickled from his wounds. He wavered, staggered, reeled. A final blow on his blind side settled him, and he sank disabled, plucky but overpowered! He rose in shame and started for the pond. And now behold all his former friends, summer friends, so staunch and vociferous in his cause but a brief space before, hailed his retreat with shouts of derision and hisses of scorn! The whole troupe, the conqueror at the head, followed him down, each long neck stretched to give him another bite, each

screeching mouth open to hiss him in contempt from Goosedom ! He returned no more, but sought in exile the usual reward of misfortunate aspirers to royalty ! He did his best. I thought they treated him badly ; but after all, Diedrich, it was very much as human geese would have done !

Yours,

P. VAN M.

August 31st.

MY DEAR DIEDRICH : What a morning for a roll in the surf ! How you must be sweltering in your reeking and filth evaporating town, with more scents to steam in your nostrils than Coleridge counted in Cologne ! Pagh ! I would I could translate your olfactories to this Elysium of the nose. The fresh dew lying on the grass, roses and wild honey-suckles clambering in at your open window, and over all 'the sweet South,' stealing strength from the calm ocean. Every breath is a beatitude ; you snuff in health and elasticity. This is 'the breath of life.' No dead miasmatic poisons drug your system here, no —, phew ! what 's that ? 'An ancient and fish-like smell' seems to come from landward. Well, there is a slight drawback, after all. Decayed 'bunkers' are rather strong. The truth is, that the deceased fish afford their only manure. They enter into the composition of every thing you eat. 'All flesh is grass,' and all grass is fish ! The old town might well exclaim with the royal Dane :

'Oh ! my offence is rank, it smells —'

I'm not sure but the good folk might add the sequence, considering the fishiness of their nature.

'It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder !'

As Mercutio says :

'O flesh ! flesh ! how art thou fishified !'

But let us go down and bathe. The old town has become quite a watering-place. Some two hundred people, quiet, sober, and refined, are gathered here for a six weeks' sojourn. I do not think you could well find a better society. It is eleven o'clock, and they are all upon the beach, a motley and curious-looking assemblage, in their gay bathing-dresses. Here at least is no standing upon ceremony. How the long, rolling swell comes tumbling in, breaking and combing over some hundred rods from the shore. Do you know how to bathe in it, Diedrich ? I do assure you it is not every man who can get a comfortable bath in the surf. First of all, having donned your attire — let it be plain flannel by all means, and cut off at the elbows and knees — take a sharp run up and down the beach, of say ten rods : it will start your blood, so that you get not the fragment of a chill. Then watch the roll of the surf, take a run into it and jump over the first one you meet at knee-high ; go on now, there is a monster to meet you. It looks mountain high to you, and as if it must hurl you like a chip to the shore, and so it will if you meet it not bravely. Stand still until the top of it begins to comb over, and when it strikes you it will roll you in the sand like a tub ; but you will neither stand still nor wait its coming,

but clasping your hands above your head, dive straight into it, and as it rolls on, you emerge from its seaward-side; standing calmly in waist-deep water, your whole frame nerved by the electric shock, every muscle in its utmost tension and the whole system thrilling in ecstasy. You meet another and another with the same experience, until a sense of fatigue warns you to desist. If you are wise you will heed the very first indication of uneasiness. Verily it is a glorious luxury. I am told that some of the natives display astonishing skill and agility in their combats with the waves, but I could never persuade one of them to go in, either from a natural dislike to water, or from the fact that they have mostly been on sea-voyages and so had enough of it.

Walking out with my friend the Doctor one moon-light evening, we suddenly came pat upon a party of the feminines enjoying a bath *in puris*, that is, I mean, we fell in unexpectedly with a strictly private bathing-party, and as it was a private affair, we took but the first glance and retired, rejoicing that they remained ignorant of our distant intrusion. It is fabled that the East-Hampton maidens are magnificent bathers, that they are mermaids in disguise; but who can tell?

Our interest has been a good deal excited for a few days past by the melancholy and desolate appearance of a gentleman we have frequently met on the beach. No one seems to know whence he came, or for what purpose. His vigorous frame and firm tread preclude the idea of any great debility, whence we conclude he is not in search of health. He speaks to no one, but walks continually up and down the beach, stopping for a moment now and then to gaze intently toward the open sea. On a near approach, I was shocked by the wo-begone and ghastly expression of his countenance. To my brief salutation he made no recognition, but wandered on, his eyes fixed upon the sand and his whole soul apparently absorbed in some sad and melancholy reflection. We have dubbed him the 'Melancholy Man.' So much has his appearance excited our attention, that he has become a frequent topic of conversation, and it is now a part of our daily amusement while at the beach to watch his solitary and erratic movements. My nephew, who I am afraid considers himself something of a wag, has ventured the following at the expense of the unhappy gentleman:

'TO THE 'MELANCHOLY MAN.'

'Who art thou, 'Melancholy Man,' whose daily walk
Is by the lashings of the roaring tide;
Who gazest wistfully as if in secret talk
With wild sea-spirits that the surges ride:
And wandering to-and-fro, by watchfulness would balk
Some secret mischief that might else be tried?
Mysterious, ghostly, shadowy, and wan,
Whence, who, what art thou, 'Melancholy Man?'

'Has some deep grief 'thy young brow shaded,'
And is thy poor heart quivering with emotion?
Its priceless treasures hast thou rashly traded
For gold, or gall, or some new Yankee notion;
And since in depths of bitterness thy soul has waded,
Wouldst wash thy memory in the briny ocean?
Perhaps thou hadst a scolding wife and hither ran
To 'scape her chidings, O most Melancholy Man!

'Art thou reflective in thy turn of mind?
 Dost thou find sermons in the ocean's roar,
 Hear awful mysteries in the rushing wind,
 See Life's quick changes in the shifting shore?
 Ah! happy he whose restlessness may find
 Relief where few have found relief before!
 But after all, mayhap thou 'rt but a fisherman,
 Seeking 'a school of bunkers,' 'Melancholy Man!'

'Or has thy soft heart fallen 'neath the spell
 Of some fair mermaid's syren melody,
 As with her coral lips she plies the azure shell,
 And sends its breathings o'er the heaving sea?
 Ah! then remember that which once befel
 ULYSSES might once again befall to thee!
 Hast thou a fancy down amongst the depths to revel
 With such-odd looking fish, O melancholy devil?

'Hast thou some loved one sleeping 'neath the wave,
 Whose form is ever present to thy glassy eye:
 Some darling brother, toward whose watery grave
 Thy yearning heart must ever needs draw nigh:
 Or manhood's friend, who died as die the brave?
 Ah! cold indeed the breast that yields thee not a sigh!
 Or art thou, 'Melancholy Man,' some poor dyspeptic,
 Whom doctor's pills and boluses have kept sick?

'Speak out, O 'Melancholy Man,' and not forever
 Thus in brooding silence and unbending woe,
 Be stalking up and down as if thou never
 Hadst seen a friend. Joy doth not go
 Halting at such funeral pace! Oh! sever
 The tie that binds thee to the fiend, thy foe:
 Mysterious, ghostly, shadowy, and wan,
 Tell us what art thou, 'Melancholy Man!'

P. VAN M.

H O M E V O I C E S .

I AM so home-sick in this summer weather!
 Where is my home upon this weary earth?
 The maple trees are bursting into freshness
 Around the pleasant place that gave me birth.

But dearer far, a grave for me is waiting,
 Far up among the pine tree's greener shade:
 The willow boughs the hand of love has planted
 Wave o'er the hillock where my dead are laid.

Why go without me, O ye loved and loving?
 What has earth left of happiness or peace?
 Let me come to you where the heart grows calmer,
 Let me lie down where life's wild strugglings cease.

Earth has no home for hearts so worn and weary,
 Life has no second spring for such a year!
 Oh! for the day that bids me come to meet you
 And life in gladness in that summons hear!

R.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

A Blue-Nosed Pair of the most Cerulean Hue — Prospects of a Hard Bargain — Case of Necessity — Romantic Lake with an Unromantic Name — The Discussion concerning Oat-Meal — Danger of the Gasterophilii — McGibbet makes a Proposition — Farewell to the 'Balaklava' — A Mid-Night Journey — Sydney — Boat Excursion to the Mic Macs — Picton takes off his Mackintosh.

How much human features could be modified by eating oat-meal was plainly visible in the countenances of McGibbet and his lady-love. Both had an unmistakable equine cast; McGibbet, wild, scraggy, and scrubby, with a tuft on his poll that would not have been out of place between the ears of a plough-horse, stared at us, just as such an animal would naturally over the top of a fence; while his gentle mate, who had more of the amiable draught-horse in her aspect, winked at us with both eyes from under a close-crimped frill, that bore a marvellous resemblance to a head-stall. The pair had evidently just returned from kirk. To say nothing of McGibbet's hat and his wife's shawl on a chair, and his best boots on the hearth, (for he was walking about in his stockings,) there was a dry *preceese* air about them, which plainly betokened they were newly stiffened up with the moral starch of the conventicle, and were therefore well prepared to drive a hard bargain for a horse and wagon to Sydney. But what surprised me most of all was the imperturbable coolness of Picton. Without taking a look scarcely at the persons he was addressing, the traveller stalked in with an — 'I say, we want a horse and wagon to Sydney; so look sharp, will you, and turn out the best thing you've got here?'

The moral starch of the conventicle stiffened up instantly. Like the blacksmith of Cairnvreckan, who, as a *professor*, would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath or kirk-fast, unless in a case of absolute necessity, and then always charged an extra saxpence for each shoe; so it was plain to be seen that McGibbet had a conscience which required to be pricked both with that which knows no law, and the saxpence extra. He turned to his wife and addressed her in *Gaelic*! Then I knew what was coming.

Mrs. McGibbet opened the subject by saying that they were both accustomed to the observance of the Sabbath, and that 'she did n't think it was right for man to transgress, when the law was so plain —'

Here McGibbet broke in and said that — 'He was free to confess he had commeted a grreat menney theengs kwwhich were a grreat deal worse than Sabbath breaking.'

Upon which Mrs. McG. interrupted him in turn with a few words, which, although in Gaelic, a language we did not understand, conveyed

the impression that she was not addressing her liege lord in the language of endearment, and again continued in English : ' That it was held sinful in the community to wark, or do any thing o' the sort, or to fetch or carry even a sma bundle ——'

' For kwich,' said McGibbet ; ' is a fine to be paid to the meenister, of five shillins currency ——'

Here Picton stopped whistling a bar of ' Bonny Doon,' and observed to me : ' About a dollar of your money. We'll pay the fine.'

' Yes,' chimed in McGibbet, ' a dollar——' and was again stopped by his wife, who raised her eyebrows to the borders of her kirk-frill and brought them down vehemently over her blue eyes at him.

' Or to travel the road,' she said, ' even on foot, to say nothing of a wagon and horse.'

' But,' interrupted Picton, ' my dear Madam, we must get on, I tell you ; I must be in Sydney to-morrow, to catch the steamer for St. John's.'

At this observation of the traveller the pair fell back upon their Gaelic for a while, and in the mean time Picton whispered me : ' I see ; they want to raise the price on us : but we won't give in ; they'll be sharp enough after the job by-and-by.'

The pair turned toward us and both shook their heads. It was plain to be seen the conference had not ended in our favor.

' Ye see,' said the gude-wife, ' we are accustomed to the observance of the Sabbath, and would na like to break it, except ——'

' In a case of necessity ; you are perfectly right,' chimed in Picton ; ' I agree with you myself. Now this is a case of necessity ; here we are ; we must get on, you see ; if we do n't get on we miss the steamer to-morrow for St. John's—she only runs once a fortnight there—it's plain enough a clear case of necessity ; it's like,' continued Picton, evidently trying to corner some authority in his mind, ' it's like—let me see—it's like—a—pulling—a sheep out of a ditch—a—which they always do on the Sabbath, you know, to a—get us on to Sydney.'

Both McGibbet and his wife smiled at Picton's ingenuity, but straightway put on the equine look again. ' It might be so ; but it was clean contrary to their preinciples.'

' I'll be hanged,' whispered Picton, ' if I offer more than the usual price, which I heard at Louisburgh was one pound ten, and the fine extra. I see what they are after.'

There was an awkward pause in the negotiations. McGibbet scratched his poll, and looked wistfully at his wife, but the kirk-frill was stiffened up with the moral starch, as aforesaid.

Suddenly Picton looked out of the window. ' By Jove !' said he, ' I think the wind is changed ! After all, we may get around in the ' Balaklava.'

McGibbet looked somewhat anxiously out of the window also, and grunted out a little more Gaelic to his love. The kirk-frill relented a trifle. ' Perhaps the gentlemen wad like a glass of milk after thae long walk ? and Robert,' (which she pronounced Robbut,) ' a bit o' the corn-cake.' Upon which Robbut, with great alacrity, turned toward the

bed-room, from whence he brought forth a great white disk, that resembled the head of a flour-barrel, but which proved to be a full-grown griddle-cake of corn-meal. This, with the pure milk, from the cleanest of scoured pans, was acceptable enough after the long walk.

We had observed some beautiful streams, and blue glimpses of lakes on the road to McGibbet's, and just beyond his house was a larger lake, several miles in extent, with picturesque hills on either side, indented with coves, and studded with islands, sometimes stretching away to distant slopes of green turf, and sometimes reflecting masses of precipitous rock, crowned with the spiry tops of spruces and firs. Indeed all the country around, both meadow and upland, was very pleasing to the sight. A low range of hills skirted the northern part of what seemed to be a spacious, natural amphitheatre, while on the south side a diversity of high-lands and water added to the whole the charm of variety.

'You have a fine country about you, Mr. McGibbet,' said I.

'Ay,' he replied.

'And what is it called here?'

'We ca' it Get-Along!' said Robbut, with an intensely Scotch accent on the 'Get.'

'And yonder beautiful lake — what is the name of that?' said I, in hopes of taking refuge behind something more euphonious.

'Oh! ay,' replied he, 'that's just Get-Along, too. We doa n't usually speak of it, but whan we do, we just ca' it Get-Along Lake, and it's not good for much.'

I thought it best to change the subject. 'Do you like this as well as the oat-cake?' said I, with my mouth full of the dry, husky provender.

'Nae,' said McGibbet, with an equine shake of the head, 'it's not sae fellin.'

Not so filling! Think of that, ye pampered minions of luxury, who live only upon delicate viands; who prize food, not as it is useful, but as it is tasteful; who can even encourage a depraved, sensual appetite so far as to appreciate flavor; who enjoy meats, fish, and poultry only as they minister to your palates; who flirt with spring-chickens and trifle with sweet-breads in wanton indolence, without a thought of your cubic capacity; without a reflection that you can live just as well upon so many square inches of oat-meal a day as you can upon the most elaborate French kickshaws; nay, that you can be elevated to the level of a scientific problem, and work out your fillings, with nothing to guide you but a slate and pencil!

'Then you like oat-meal better than this?' said Picton, worrying down a husky lump, with a cup of milk.

'Ay,' responded McGibbet.

'And you always eat it, whenever you can get it, I suppose?' continued Picton, with a most innocent air.

'Ay,' responded McGibbet.

'I should think some of you Scotchmen would be afraid of contracting a disease that is engendered in the system by the use of this sort of grain? I hope Mr. McGibbet,' said Picton, with imperturbable coolness, 'you keep clear of the bots, and that sort of thing, you know?'

'Kwat?' said Robbut, with the most startled, horse-like look he had yet put on.

'The gasterophilli,' replied Picton, 'which I would advise you to steer clear of, if you want to live long.'

As this was a word with too many gable-ends for Robbut's comprehension, he only responded by giving such a smile as a man might be expected to give who had his mouth full of aloes, and as the conversation was wandering off from the main point, addressed himself to Mrs. McG. in the vernacular again.

'We would like to obleege ye,' said the lady, 'if it was not for the transgression; and we do na like to break the Sabbath for any man.'

'Although,' interposed Robbut, 'I am free to confess that I have done a great many things worse than breakin' the Sabbath.'

'But if to-morrow would do as well,' resumed his wife, 'Robbut would take ye to Sydney.'

To this Picton shook his head. 'Too late for the steamer.'

'Or to-night; I wad na mind that,' said the pious Robbut, '*if it was after dark*, and that will bring ye to Sydney before the morn.'

'That will do,' said Picton, slapping his thigh. 'Lend us your horse and wagon to go down to the schooner and get our luggage; we will be back this evening, and then go on to Sydney, eh? That will do; a ride by moonlight;' and the traveller jumped up from his seat, walked with great strides toward the fire-place, turned his back to the blaze, hung a coat-tail over each arm, and whistled 'Annie Laurie' at Mrs. McGibbet.

The suggestion of Picton meeting the views of all concerned, the diplomacy ended. Robbut put himself in his Sunday boots, and hitched up a spare rib of a horse before a box-wagon without springs, which he brought before the door with great complacency. The traveller and I were soon on the ground-floor of the vehicle, seated upon a log of wood by way of cushion; and with a chirrup from McGibbet, off we went. At the foot of the first hill, our horse stopped; in vain Picton jerked at the rein, and shouted at him: not a step further would he go, until Robbut himself came down to the rescue. 'Get along, Boab!' said his master; and Bob, with a mute, pitiful appeal in his countenance, turned his face toward salt-water. At the foot of the next hill he stopped again, when the irascible Picton jumped out, and with one powerful twitch of the bridle, gave Boab such a hint to 'get on,' that it nearly jerked his head off. And Boab did get on, only to stop at the ascent of the next hill. Then we began to understand the tactics of the animal. Boab had been the only conveyance between Louisburgh and Sydney for many years, and, as he was usually over-burthened, made a point to stop at the up-side of every hill on the road, to let part of his freight get out and walk to the top of the acclivity with him. So, by way of compromise, we made a feint of getting out at every rise of ground, and Boab, who always turned his head around at each stopping-place, seemed to be satisfied with the observance of the ceremony, and trotted gayly forward. At last we came to a place we had named Sebastopol in the morning—a great sharp edge of rock as high as a man's waist, that cut the road in half, over which we lifted the wagon, and were

soon in view of the bright little harbor and the 'Balaklala' at anchor. Mr. McAlpin kindly gave quarters to our steed in his out-house, and offered to raise a signal for the schooner to send a boat ashore. As he was Deputy United States Consul, and as I was tired of the red-cross of St. George, I asked him to hoist his consular flag. Up to the flag-staff truck rose the roll of white and red worsted, then uncoiled, blew out, and the blessed stars and stripes were waving over me. It is surprising to think how transported one can be sometimes with a little bit of bunting !

And now the labor of packing-up commenced, of which Picton had the greatest share by far : the little cabin of the schooner was pretty well spread out with his traps on every side ; and this being ended, Picton got out his travelling-organ and blazed away in a *finale* of great tunes and small, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, as the humor took him. After all, we parted from the jolly little craft with regret : our trunks were lowered over the side ; we shook hands with all on board ; and were rowed in silence to the land.

I have had some experience in travelling, and have learned to bear with ordinary firmness and philosophy the incidental discomforts one is certain to meet with on the road ; but I must say, the discipline already acquired had not prepared me for the unexpected appearance of our wagon after Picton's luggage was placed in it. First, two solid English trunks of sole-leather filled the bottom of the vehicle ; then the traveller's Minié-rifle, life-preserver, strapped-up blankets, and hand-bag were stuffed in the sides : over these again were piled my trunk and the traveller's valise, (itself a monster of straps and sole-leather ;) then again his portable-secretary and the hand-organ in a box. These made such a pyramid of luggage, that riding ourselves was out of the question. What with the trunks and the cordage to keep them staid, our wagon looked like a ship of the desert. To crown all, it began to rain steadily. 'Now, then,' said Picton, climbing up on his confounded travelling equipage, 'let's get on.' With some difficulty I made a half-seat on the corner of my own trunk ; Picton shouted out at Boab ; the Newfoundland sailors who had brought us ashore, put their shoulders to the wheels, and away we went, waving our hats in answer to the hearty cheers of the sailors. It was down-hill from McAlpin's to the first bridge, and so far we had nothing to care for, except to keep a look-out we were not shaken off our high perch. But at the foot of the first hill Boab stopped ! In vain Picton shouted at him to get on ; in vain he shook rein and made a feint of getting down from the wagon. Boab was not intractable, but he was sagacious ; he had been fed on that sort of chaff too long. Picton and I were obliged to humor his prejudices, and dismount in the mud, and after one or two feeble attempts at a ride, gave it up, walked down-hill and up, lifted the wagon by inches over Sebastopol, and finally arrived at McGibbet's wet, tired, and hungry. That Sabbath-broker received us with a grim smile of satisfaction, put on the half-extinguished fire the smallest bit of wood he could find in the pile beside the hearth, and then went away with Boab to the stable. 'Gloomy prospects ahead, Picton !' The traveller said never a word.

Now I wish to record here this, that there is no place, no habitation of man, however humble, that cannot be lighted up with a smile of welcome, and the good right-hand of hospitality, and made cheerful as a palace hung with the lamps of Aladdin !

McGibbet, after leading his beast to the stable, returned, and warming his wet hands at the fire, grunted out : ' It rains the nighcht.'

' Yes,' answered Picton hastily, ' rains like blue blazes : I say, get us a drop of whiskey, will you ?'

To this the equine replied by folding his hands one over the other with a saintly look. ' I never keep that thing in the hoose.'

' Picton,' said I, ' if we could only unlash our luggage, I have a bottle of capital old brandy in my trunk, but it's too much trouble.'

' Oh ! na,' quoth Robbut with a most accommodating look, ' it will be nae trooble to get to it.'

' Well, then,' said Picton, ' look sharp, will you ?' and our host, with great swiftness, moved off to the wagon, and very soon returned with the trunk on his shoulder, according to directions.

' But,' said I, taking out the bottle of precious fluid, ' here it is, corked up tight, and what is to be done for a cork-screw ?'

' I've got one,' said the saint.

' I thought it was likely,' quoth Picton dryly ; ' look sharp, will you ?' And Robbut did look sharp, and produced the identical instrument before Picton and I had exchanged smiles. Then Robbut spread out three green tumblers on the table, and following Picton's lead, poured out a stout half-glass, at which I shouted out, ' Hold up !' for I thought he was filling the tumbler for my benefit. It proved to be a mistake ; Robbut stopped for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, covered the tumbler with his four fingers, and, to use a Western phrase, ' got outside of the contents quicker than lightning.' Then he brought from his bed-room a coarse sort of worsted horse-blanket, and with a ' Ye'll maybe like to sleep an hour or twa ?' threw down his family-quilt and retired to the arms of Mrs. McG. Picton gave a great crunching blow with his boot-heel at the back-stick, and laid on a good supply of fuel. We were wet through and through, but we wrapped ourselves in our travelling-blankets like a brace of clansmen in their plaids, put our feet toward the niggardly blaze, and were soon bound and clasped with sleep.

At two o'clock our host roused us from our hard bed, and after a stretch, to get the stiffness out of joints and muscles, we took leave of the Presbyterian quarters. The day was just dawning : at this early hour, lake and hill-side, tree and thicket, were barely visible in the gray twilight. The wagon, with its pyramid of luggage, moved off in the rain, McGibbet walking beside Boab, and Picton and I following after, with all the gravity of chief mourners at a funeral. To give some idea of the road we were upon, let it be understood, it had once been an old *French* military road, which, after the destruction of the fortress of Louisburgh, had been abandoned to the British government and the elements. As a consequence, it was embroidered with the ruts and gullies of a century, the washing of rains, and the tracks of wagons ; howbeit, the only traverse upon it in later years were the

wagon of McGibbet and saddle-horse of the post-rider. 'Get-along' had a population of seven hundred Scotch presbyters, and therefore it will be easy to understand the condition of its turn-pike.

Up-hill and down-hill, through slough and over rock, we trudged, for mile after mile. Sometimes beside Get-along Lake, with its gray, spectral islands and wood-lands; sometimes by rushing brooks and dreary farm-fields; now in paths close set with evergreens; now in more open ground, skirted with hills and dotted with silent, two-penny cottages. Sometimes Picton mounted his pyramid of sole-leather for a mile or so of nods; sometimes I essayed the high perch, and holding on by a cord, dropped off in a moment's forgetfulness, with the constant fear of waking up in a mud-hole, or under the wagon-wheels. But even these respites were brief. It is not easy to ride up-hill and down by rock and rut, under such conditions. We were very soon convinced it was best to leave the wagon to its load of sole-leather, and walk through the mud to Sydney.

After mouldy Halifax, and war-worn Louisburgh, the little town of Sydney is a pleasant rural picture. Every body has heard of the Sydney coal-mines: we expected to find the miner's finger-marks every where; but instead of the smoky, sulphurous atmosphere, and the black road, and the sulky, grimy brick tenements, we were surprised with clean, white picket-fences; and green lawns, and clever little cottages, nestled in shrubbery and clover. The mines are over the bay; five miles from South-Sydney. Slowly we dragged on, until we came to a sleepy little one-story inn, with supernatural dormer windows risen, not rising, out of the roof, before which Boab stopped. We paid McGibbet's kirk-fine, wagon-fare, and his unconscionable charge for his conscience without parleying with him; we were too sleepy to indulge in the luxury of a monetary skirmish. A pretty, red-cheeked chamber-maid, with lovely drooping eyes, showed us to our rooms; it was yet very early in the morning; we were almost ashamed to get into bed with such dazzling white sheets after the dark-brown accommodations of the 'Balaklava'; but we did get in, and slept; oh! how sweetly! until breakfast at one!

Twenty-four miles of such foot-travel will do pretty well for an invalid, eh, Picton?

'All serene?' quoth the traveller interrogatively.

'Feel as well as ever I did in my life,' said I, with great satisfaction.

'Then let's have a bath,' and, at Picton's summons, the chamber-maid brought up in our rooms two little tubs of fair water, and a small pile of fat, white napkins. The bathing over, and the outer men new clad, 'from top to toe,' down we went to the cosy parlor to breakfast; and such a breakfast!

I tell you, my kind and gentle friend; *you* who are now reading this paragraph, that here, as in all other parts of the world, there are a great many kinds of people; only that here, in Nova Scotia, the difference is in spots, not in individuals. And I will venture to say to those philanthropists who are eternally preaching 'of the masses,' and 'to the masses,' that here 'masses' can be found — concrete 'masses,' not yet individualized: as ready to jump after a leader as a flock of

sheep after a bell-wether ; only that at every interval of five or ten miles between place and place in Nova Scotia, they are apt to jump in contrary directions. There are Scotch Nova Scotiaites even in Sydney. Otherwise the place is marvellously pleasant.

I must confess that I had a romantic sort of idea in visiting Sydney. A desire to return by way of the *Bras d' Or* lake, the 'arm of gold,' the inland sea of Cape Breton, that makes the island itself only a border for the water in its interior ; and as the navigation is frequently performed by the Mic Mac Indians, in their birch-bark canoes, I determined to be a *voyageur* for the nonce, and engage a couple of Mic Macs to paddle me homeward, at least one day's journey. The wigwams of the tribe were pitched about a mile from the town, and I proposed a visit to their camp as an afternoon's amusement. Picton readily assented, and down we went to the wharf, where the landlady assured us we would find some of the tribe. These Indians, often expert coopers, are employed to barrel up fish ; the busy wharf was covered with laborers hard at work, heading and hooping ship-loads of salt mackerel ; and among the workmen were some with the unmistakable lozenge eyes, high cheek-bones, and rhubarb complexion of the native American. Upon inquiry we were introduced to one of the Rhubarbarians. He was a little fellow, not in leggings and quill-embroidered hunting-shirt, with belt of wampum and buckskin moccasins, and armed with bow and arrow, tomahawk and scalping-knife ; such as one would expect to navigate a wild, romantic lake with, in birch-bark canoe ; but a pinched-up specimen of a man, in a seedy black suit, out of which rose a broad, flat face, like the orb of a sun-flower, bearing on one side the aboriginal black eye, and on the other the civilized, surrounded with the blue and purple halo of battle. We had barely opened our business with him, when a bonny Scotchman, a fellow-cooper of salt-mackerel, introduced himself : 'O ye visit the Mic Macs the day ?' No answer. 'Deil a canoe has ye to tak ye there,' (the Indian slunk away,) 'but I'll tak ye tull 'em for one and saxpence in a gude boat.' The fellow had such an honest face, and the offer was so fair and earnest, that Picton's and my own trifling prejudices were soon overcome, and we directed Malcolm, for that was his name, to bring his boat under the inn-windows after the dinner-hour. I regret to say that we found Malcolm tolerably drunk after dinner, with a leaky boat, under the inn-windows. And farther, I am pained to state that the national characteristic was developed in Malcolm drunk, from which there was no appeal to Malcolm sober, for he insisted upon double fare, and time was pressing. To this we assented, after a brief review of former prejudices. We got in the boat and put off. We had barely floated away into the beautiful landscape when a fog swept over us, and Malcolm's nationality again woke up. He would have four times as much as he had charged in the first instance, or 'he'd tak us over, and land us on the ither side of the bay.'

Then Picton's nationality woke up, and he unbuttoned his mackintosh —

F I R E S I D E F A N C I E S .

BY H. T. SPERRY.

' THERE are phantoms by the Fireside,
Bearing strange resemblance to the cherished
Things of old.' HONEYWELL.

I.

THE dreary old Night with his shadowy wings
Wide spreading, broods over the land ;
And the sad old song that he sullenly sings,
Comes over the sea and the strand,
Bringing up from the land of forgotten things
To my fancy a phantom band :
While the wind wails wearily, wearily.

II.

There are radiant forms in the mazy whirl,
Of the band in my dreaming brain :
One with blue eyes, dark hair in a wavy curl,
And low voice I shall hear again,
When I clasp in my arms that beautiful girl,
In the land of the golden grain :
But the wind wails wearily, wearily.

III.

And the noble ones, who fought bravely and fell
In the strife with life's heartless crowd :
And the familiar faces, whose last farewell
Was a smile from the coffin-shroud,
In this vision come forth with a witching spell,
While my heart throbbeth quick and loud :
And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

IV.

And meek little children with wondering eyes,
And brows white as the lilies fair,
Fold their pale, soft hands with a quiet surprise
At the words of a mother's prayer,
While their crimson lips murmur loving replies,
That fade into memories rare :
And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

V.

There are snatches of songs that I loved to sing
Long ago in the vanished years ;
A brown mouldering wreath, with a broken ring,
Still marked with my sorrowing tears —
And a mystical dream, that bore on its wing
Dead hopes, with their lingering fears :
And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

VI.

But I write with an old man's memory now,
 While my eyes are blearing with age:
 And I sometimes think of my heart's first vow,
 That to life bore golden presage:
 Lost in its wrangling, like a leaf from the bough
 In the weird storm's fury and rage:
 And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

VII.

And soon I shall pass through the willowy way,
 To the scenes of the Silent Land,
 Where the visions are calm as a Sabbath day,
 And the dreams are solemn and grand:
 But the phantoms have softly glided away
 From my side in a spectral band:
 And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

Hartford, (Conn.)

A F U N N Y H O R R O R .

THE following melancholy reflections were found by our landlady last week in the room of Mr. Green, our attic boarder. The manuscript was in a brown hair-trunk, with a boot-jack, a razor-strop, a box of Seidlitz-powers, and an odd volume of Kotzebue's plays. Mr. Green went off a few days since, to see a friend in the country, he said. There is a tone of sad foreboding in what he writes that seems to prophesy that he will not return. Our landlady does not know when he is coming back. I guess she does not care much, for he paid his bill in full before he left; and being a large eater, he was not what might be called a very profitable boarder.

I USED to be corpulent, rosy-cheeked, and cheerful. I am gaunt, pale, and morose now. I used to sleep sweetly; but now I toss about upon my bed, terrified by hideous visions, and feelings as of a clammy hand or a wet cloth laid on my face. I was wont to walk about our streets after business hours and on Sundays, with a genuine smile of enjoyment lighting up my face; but now I hurry along with my eyes cast down, and I seek by-ways and dark lanes for my rambles. My friends think I am in love; persons who know me but slightly, suppose me a victim to remorse—imagine that I wear a hair-shirt, and macerate my flesh. They are all wrong. An old bachelor like myself has long ago buried the light of love in a tomb, and set a seal upon the great stone at the door; and as for remorse, I owe no tailor any thing, and do not at present blame myself for any great fault, except having once subscribed for six months to the *New-York Daily Cess Pool*. Nevertheless, my face grows haggard, my step weary, and even our Thursday's beef *à la mode*, fails to tempt my enfeebled appetite.

I am haunted, haunted by a foul fiend. He meets me at six P.M. in our festive dining-room, and the fork or spoon drops from my nerveless grasp. He follows me up to the parlor, where I sometimes talk of an evening to Miss Pipkin, (Miss P. is our fourth story, front,) and I become silent in his presence, and Pipkin votes me a bore. He sits by my side when I am playing whist, and I trump my partner's trick, and the dear old game becomes disgusting. He even dared once to follow me into church, but I cried 'Avaunt,' in a tone so peremptory, that he fled for a moment. He joined me, however, as soon as service was over, and walked from Tenth-street to Madison Square, with his grially arm thrust through mine, and his diabolical jeers drumming on my tympana. In dreams he perches on my breast, and clutches me by the throat.

Like the arch fiend, he assumes many shapes. He is now a tall man, and again a short man; sometimes young and audacious, sometimes old and leering. He only once took a feminine guise: that blessed form was irksome to him. He prefers the freedom of masculinity and ineffables. He was once a book-keeper, like myself; then a young attorney; then a medical student; then a bald-headed, old gentleman, who seemed to blow a flageolet for a living; and lastly, he has taken the shape of a well-to-do President of 'The Vera Cruz and Symmes' Hole Slack Water Navigation Company.' But through all these shifting shapes, I recognize him and shudder.

He is known as the Funny Fellow. Very glorious are wit and humor. I have heard many eminent lecturers discourse on the distinctions, definitions, and value of these airy good gifts. I remember being especially edified by the skill with which Spout, the eloquent, dissected the philosophy of mirth in the same style and with the same effect that the boy in the story dissected his grandmamma's bellows to see how the wind was raised. I agree with Spout that wit and humor are glorious; that satire, pricking the balloons of conceit, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, is invaluable; that a good laugh can come only from a warm heart; that the man in motley is often wiser than the judge in ermine or the priest in lawn. These qualities are goodly in literature. We all love the kindly humorists from Chaucer to Holmes inclusive. How general and gentle they are, as they sit with us around the fire-side, chucking us under the chins, and slyly poking us in the ribs; and in the field how nobly they have charged upon humbugs and shams! They have been true knights, chivalrous, kind-hearted, brave, religious; their spears are slender, perhaps, yet sharp and elastic as the blades of Toledo; and as they have galloped up and down in the lists, gayly caparisoned and cheery, it has done our hearts good to see how they have hurled into the dust the pompous, sleepy champions of error and hypocrisy.

So too, consider how pleasant a thing is mirth on the stage. Who does not thank William the Great for Falstaff, and Hackett for his personation of the fat knight? Who does not chuckle over the humors of Autolycus, rogue and peddler? Who has not felt his eye glisten, as his lip smiled, when Jesse Rural has spoken, and who will not say to Ol-lapod, 'Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one?'

Ah! me—how I used to read those jolly, unctuous authors when I was young, in the old 'sitting-room' at home! The great fire-place

glows before me now as I think of it ; its light dances on the wall ; my mother's hand is on my head ; my sister's eyes are beaming on her lover, over in the darker corner ; there is a murmur of pleasant voices ; there is quiet mirth and deep joy. I lose myself in reverie when I think of these pleasures, and almost forget the Funny Fellow.

He is pestiferous. If I were in the habit of swearing, I would let loose upon him an octagonal oath. If I were a man of muscle, it would be pleasant to get his head in chancery and bruise it. It would be a relief to present him with long bills and demand immediate payment. Was my name providentially ordered to be Green, in order that he might cast *paranomasiae* continually upon it ? Green is a good name. He says I am ' a pleasant sight for sore eyes.' If I am, what then ? Does he suppose that a man can live in this world thirty-five years without becoming perfectly callous to a pun on his own name ? Yet he continues to pun on mine, and says he ought to be allowed to do it with im-pun-ity. Then again, he interrupts any little attempts at pleasing conversation that may be made, with his infernal absurdities. I was speaking last winter at the dinner-table of a well-known orator who had been entertaining the town, and I flatter myself that the remarks I made were critically just as well as deeply interesting. The wretched being interrupted me.

' Mr. Green, did you mean when you said there was too much American Eagle in the speaker's discourse, that it was a talon-ted production ; and to what claws of the speech did you especially refer ? '

Miss Pipkin, who had been deeply intent on my observations, commenced to titter ; what could I do but hang my head, and swallow the rest of the meal in silence ? If I had been possessed of a quick tongue, I would have lashed him with sarcasms, and Pipkin should have rejoiced with me in his groans. But no, submit I must to his inflictions. He would come stealthily into my room and garrote me. He would seem to take me by the throat and say : ' Why do n't you laugh ; why, the great enemy of all mankind, do n't you laugh ? ' And then I would force a skull-like grin at his jokes, just to get rid of him.

I said to myself, I will leave this selfish Sahara, called the city and county of New-York. I will leave its dust, dirt, noise, bulls, bears, mock-auctions, Peter Funks, Jeremy Diddlers, and, best of all, the Funny Fellow. I will take board in some rural as well as accessible place ; the mosquitoes and ague of Flushing shall refresh my frame ; the cottages of Astoria, with their pleasing view of Blackwell's Island and the Penitentiary, shall receive my wounded spirit ; I will exile myself from the United States to New-Jersey ; I will sit beneath the sweet shadow of the Quarantine on Staten Island. No, I won't ; I will go to Yonkers — Yonkers, that looks as though it had been built on a pleasant slope and then suffered a violent attack of earthquake ; daily boats shall take me from my ledger to my bed and board, at convenient hours, so that while I post books in New-York by day, I may revel in breezes, moon-light, sweet-milk, and gentle influences by night. There, said I, in a burst of excusable enthusiasm, I will recline beneath wide-spreading beeches, and pipe upon an oaten reed ; there will I listen to the soft bleating of lambs, and scent the fresh breath of cows ; nature shall touch and

thrill me with her gentle hand ; I will see the dear flowers turn their faces up to receive the kiss of the evening star, or the benediction of the summer shower. By the radiance of nature, my life shall be gilded and lengthened out as June days are gilded and prolonged by the delaying sun. There too, said I, with transport live the gay and fascinating Sparrowgrass, and he who gave his name to the pea-green monthly ; so that I may talk of books other than day-books and blotters. I will discourse reverently of authors and their creations. I will not meet the Funny Fellow, for such a wretch can be produced only in the corrupt, social hot-bed of Gotham.

So to Yonkers I went. I chose a room looking out upon the great Hudson and its splendid Palisades. I took with me a flute, a copy of the *Bucolics* of Virgil, and numerous linen garments. A great calm came over me. I was no longer haunted, goaded, oppressed. With peace bubbling up in my heart, I went down to my first supper in the new boarding-house. A goodly meal smoked on the table, and the savor of broiled shad, sweetest of smells, went up. While I sat choking myself with the bones of this delicious fish, I heard a voice on the opposite side of the table that sent the blood to my heart. If I had been feminine there would have been a fainting scene.

He was there ; his eyes gloated over the board ; a malicious quirk sat astride his fat lips. The Funny Fellow spoke to Miss Grasscloth, who sat next to him.

‘Why are the fishermen who catch these shad like wig-makers?’

‘I give it up.’

‘Because they make their living from bare polls.’

I ate no more supper. A nausea supervened. I left the table, rushed into the cool evening air, and let the benison of a fresh breeze fall on my faded cheek ; I strolled up the abominable side-walks that line the main street of Yonkers, and as I crushed my toes against the planks, and stones, and rubbish which adorn that high-way, I resolved to call on my old friend Carry —. Sweet girl, said I, those brown eyes, those fair curls, that gentle smile, will console me. She is not a Funny Fellow. We will talk together, calmly, earnestly, in the moonlight, near the noble Hudson. I will sit as near to her as her fashionable garments will permit, and forget my foe.

We walked together, Carry and I ; we talked of things good and true. I am not ashamed to say that we spoke in simple reverence of the eternal stars. Alas ! the expected comet whisked his malicious tail in our discourse. A fearful, a demoniac change came over the girl’s face. She said :

‘Do you not think, my friend, that if that erratic luminary should strike the earth, it would violate the comet-y due from one planet to another?’

I bid a hasty good-night to the brown eyes and graceful ringlets. I do n’t think she was much offended at my abrupt and angry departure, for my salary is small, and my hair is turning gray, and I do not dance.

I was not entirely discouraged. I determined to give Yonkers an impartial trial, and a true verdict to render according to the evidence. So I frequented the tea-parties and sociables that are common in that

wretched town, and strove to shake off the melancholy that clung to me like the old man of the sea. To my horror, the Funny Fellow became multiplied like the reflections in a shivered mirror. Men and women, and young, innocent children became funny, and danced about me in a horrible maze, and gibbered, and squeaked, and tossed their accursed jokes in my face. In one week I made five mortal enemies by refusing to smile when their tormenting squibs were exploded in my ears. I felt like a rustic horse who comes in his simple way into town, on the Fourth of July, and has Chinese crackers and fiery serpents cast under his heels. One evening they asked me to play the game of comparisons, (a proverbially odious game, and one that could only exist in an effete and degenerate civilization,) in which the whole company tried to see how funny they could be; and because I made stupid answers, I was laughed at by the young ladies.

I became sick of Yonkers and returned to my intramural boarding-house on St. John's Park. The Funny Fellow met me on the first stair-case. His eyes glared in triumph. He spoke:

'Mr. Green, have you heard of the row the oystermen at Prince's Bay are kicking up about the location of the Quarantine at Seguin's Point?'

'I have, Sir, and think their conduct, in the premises, unreasonable.'

'My dear Mr. Green, don't say unreasonable, say s(h)ell-fish; for don't you see they are afraid the bivalves will catch some contagious disease and be confined to their beds thereby?'

I rushed to the room where I am now seated. There is but one hope left me.

In the Territory of Nebraska, far to the west thereof, lies a tract of land which the early French trappers, with shrewd fitness, called the 'Mauvaises Terres.' It is a region of rocks, petrifications, and other pre-Adamite peculiarities. In a paper written by Dr. Leidy of Philadelphia, and published by the Smithsonian Institute, we are assured that there once lived in these bad lands, turtles six feet square, and alligators, compared with which the present squatter sovereigns of the Territory are lovely and refined. The fossil remains of these ancient inhabitants still encumber the earth of that region, and make it unpleasant to view with an agricultural eye; but here and there the general desolation is relieved by a fertile valley with a running brook and green slopes. White men, whiskey, and Funny Fellows have not yet penetrated there. I will go to this sanctuary. A snug cabin will contain my necessary household gods—to wit—twelve shirts and a Bible. I will plant my corn, and tobacco, and vines on the fertile slope that looks to the south; my cattle and sheep shall browse the rest of the valley, while a few agile goats shall stand in picturesque positions upon the rocky monsters described by Dr. Leidy. My guests shall be the grave and wise red men who never try to make bad jokes. I do not think they ever try to be funny; but to make assurance doubly sure, I shall not learn their language, so that any melancholy attempts they may possibly make to be funny, will fall upon unappreciative ears. By day I will cultivate my crops and tend my flocks and herds; and in the long evenings smoke the calumet with the worthy aborigines. If I should find there some

dusky maiden, like Palmer's Indian girl, who has no idea of puns, polkas, crinoline, or eligible matches, I will woo her in savage hyperbole, and she shall light my pipe with her slender fingers, and beat for me the tom-tom when I am sad. I will live in a calm and conscientious way; the Funny Fellow shall become like the dim recollection of some horrible dream, and —

MR. GREEN seems not to have finished his interesting reflections, and the compiler does not wish to attempt to complete them. As well might he try to finish the Cathedral of Cologne. As Mr. G., however, may have disappeared from New-York in pursuance of his plan to settle in Nebraska, the compiler deems it his duty to advise the Metropolitan press not to offer a reward for the recovery of his body, or the detection of his destroyers. He might return some fine day and claim the five hundred thousand dollars himself.

W. W. H.

SOMETHING TO WORK FOR—SOMETHING TO DO.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

I.

SOMETHING to work for,
Something to do:
Here 's reformation,
Lasting as true:
Here 's the reformer
For poor and for rich,
In old or new countries,
It matters not which.

II.

Work for all ages,
Good food and prompt pay:
Fair time and fair wages,
And fair chance to play;
Pick up the vagrants,
Cheer them to toil,
Learn them the fragrance
And taste of the soil.

III.

Up by the cataract,
Out on the prairie,
Rally the vagabonds,
Be not too chary:
True there is land for man,
Rolling and wide:
Land for the husbandman,
Land for his bride.

Buffalo, New-York.

IV.

Up with their tattered rags
On the fresh breeze,
Unfurl their matted flags
Under the trees:
Locks from the gutter thaw
In fountains new,
With something to work for,
And something to do.

V.

Bid the lone child of wo
Countryward come:
Give him the pick and hoe,
Deed him a home:
Show him the temperate,
Virtuous man,
May be independent
As any one can.

VI.

Gather the erring ones
From every den,
From the enticing ones,
Slayers of men;
Rouse up the heart and will
Of every poor rover:
Here 's the world's ransom still,
All the world over.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. DEBNT.

Book Second.

CHAPTER FIRST.

IN one of the chapters of the first book of this country business, I said that I did not sleep in the Hut the second night of my first visit, and in the last chapter you find me with the priest and old Sampson entering it again the night of that day, when the moon was shining on its shingles. The moon was shining on its roof, it is true, but it did not shine there long after we had closed the door behind us. It was a moon that had risen early in the evening, and she was then going down in the west, with her silver garment somewhat tinged by her near approach to the mould and the mists of the horizon ; nor long after she had sunk was it, that the gray dappling of the day-break came, and the gossamer wreaths were spread over the features of the sky. And none of us had bedward feelings : I certainly had not ; and the priest had too often sat night after night, by the bed-side of the dying, keeping his watch of faith, and hope, and charity, to miss his couch on this occasion.

Old Mary was not in bed, for she had been watching our return with negro patience, nodding perhaps in the long and lonely hours of our absence, or listening with bewildered superstition to those dread sounds, that from the log turret would come to her in her drowsy fits, wakening her as exiled soldiers are startled sometimes on the encampment watch when they hear a dead limb tumble from a tree, ere their eyes have closed long enough to dream of pleasant faces sitting far away by the hearth-stone of the pleasant homestead in the land of peace.

Old Mary was wide awake, and so was that perpetual fire-place. Its broad mouth gaped, it is true, as if it longed slightly for summer-time, when its old sides would have a respite from the heavy logs, and its deep throat be free from smoke, at least, after meal-times.

Now it glistened and blinked at us, and chuckled all over with a warm humor that seemed to say : ' They have come back, and they will hold their hands out to me, and they will be glad enough to put their cheeks close to mine and get their ears warmed, and they will talk about me ; and when they tire of talking of me, they will talk of what they have seen out in the woods, where my food lies, where the big trees are growing, some of them to come here and be burnt into castles and all sorts of things, with smoke running out of the little holes where the grubs have crept in and thought themselves safe ; and won't they splutter and sing their death-songs, as the old Indians used to do that I have heard tell of in times gone by, when they were tied to stakes out there in the forest, and burnt, and roasted, as old Mary

roasts her slices of bacon by me at times ; and here they have brought the good man with them, and bless me, I must fire-up and get the aches out of them, for may be the frost was white around their feet to night.' And so the old fire-place seemed to talk, and crackle, and blaze away, like the palace that Gulliver saw on fire in the country of the little men, and it lit up the room with the glory of its warmth and the blaze of its cheery welcome. And then old Mary, at a suggestion of mine, given to her through Sampson, bustled about a little in and out of the kitchen for the space of some ten minutes, and finally came in and whispered to her lord and master ; and then he came to me and said that ' It was ready ; ' and I got up and begged the priest to go with me into another room, not the turret-room, but in a room in the lower part of the house, on the other side of the passage, and whose windows looked out upon the paths by which I first had approached the palace of my kingdom. It was a room larger than the kitchen, and already in the big fire-place (thanks to those who made such fire-places in all the rooms of all the old houses down in that dear old section of the world) burned the cheerful maple log, with here and there, poked in like the rails of a Virginia fence, a stick of hickory with its quick rifle-firing, and white ashes, like the ashes of a good sear, or of a good man, and were there also high aristocratic old brass andirons and a high old brass fender, that looked like a cunningly-netted green-house for the growth of delicate plants ; and shovel and tongs were present, the Adam and the Eve of this quaint hardwarey, that no new fashion shall ever tempt from their paradise. The room had two windows, and to them hung old brocade curtains, that had a human look of family about them ; spinster things they were, prim and neat, good enough to keep in a country parlor, but too prinky, and rickety, and faded for the blaze of a city drawing-room. High-backed walnut chairs stood around the room, with seats that formerly had boasted of well-filled cushions, but now alas ! were patched in some places and wrinkled in others, and here and there hung in shreds, like shot and sabre-torn banners that we men of peace sometimes see in visions. Of oak wainscoting was the wall, and the ceiling seemed to be an inverted floor of exquisitely joined boards of pine. ' Oh ! what a fire,' thought I, ' would not all this wood-work make ! ' There was an odor of old-fashion in the room, an odor sweet laden too with the smell coming from cleanly care, a flavor almost equal to the perfume of sandal-wood ; indeed I liked it better, for it was more delicate and less oppressive than the huge and ponderous breath of the Ocean Isle tree. This had been the parlor in the olden time, and there could be none other better suited to the place, though I thought that if it had been situated on the river-side, it would have been pleasanter, on account of the view ; and so during the evening I said to Father Thomas, and Father Thomas answered me that he thought so too.

A door on the right hand side of the fire-place, where there was just room enough for a door, I soon afterward discovered led into a room, smaller than the one in which we were, smaller because it had to make room for ample closets built against one of its sides ; and in this room was a bedstead with a bed, and clean white linen sheets turned over

the arabesque-looking quilt, invited the weary to a rest, while curtains of a faded blue hung, as in the turret, from a ring inserted in the ceiling. I might as well describe this room, indeed I had better describe every thing about the Hut, as I go on, for I have changed but little the garments of my home, only replacing from time to time something that had entirely given way, with something new in fabric, but as like the old thing that had withered as I could get.

But I must not be in such haste, for there are things of great importance in the parlor that need my notice and your memory, as you will find ere I reach the ending of this lagging scroll of manuscript.

I took the candle from the table, a walnut table, that with cloven feet and drooping leaves stood in the centre of the parlor, and holding it aloft, looked at a picture on the wall.

I had been gazing at it for several moments in silence, when the voice of the priest broke the stillness of the room :

‘Is it not beautiful?’

‘You mean the picture?’ I replied. ‘Yes, it is beautiful; and yet I do not know but that I have seen more beautiful faces, more perfect outlines, more of that indescribable attribute that compels admiration.’

‘It may be so,’ said Father Thomas, ‘but you have not looked long enough. What strikes you at first perhaps, unpleasantly, will be forgotten after a while. The dress is new to you because it is old, very old; it is too stiff, and makes that face look something like the face of Mary Stuart in her high ruff, a sort of John Knox collar around a camelia; but shut off the formal dress, it seems like a court dress; and look only at the face and tell me then if ever you have seen, even a picture by Raphael, more touching, with greater character of subdued intensity and intense sentiment, than you will find in that face, before you. Hold the candle up, my son, let the light fall only on the head.’

And the light fell only on the head, and only the head did I gaze upon.

The painting had not faded like most of the pictures by Sir Joshua, except in some places where he had indulged in his caprice for the lake tints, and I was not sorry to find them in part, but only in part, vanished. By their going away from the fair angelic face before me, all thought of ruddiness too was kept out of my mind, and though there was no symptom of disagreeable physical debility in the lineaments, thus left so pure and pale, there was enough of color to make the face look exquisitely healthy and wifely, or to wife-thought moving; I mean that the face had that peculiar expression that spoke at once to the sense of appreciation. It had the comfortable look of honest tenderness, and the dreamy regard of honest romance. We now and then meet with such faces as we wander about in the brick world, and sometimes while we are sauntering along the unpaved streets of country glens, but they mostly come to us as things that we have painted in our dreams; and if they look at us as they pass, even those disguised in mighty fabrics of silks from Lyons, we feel, not as if some one was walking over our graves, but rather walking over our heart. Such faces as that before which I was holding the economical candle of a negro’s house-keeping, have stirred deep rivers of human blood into action, and made the

armorers' tools valuable in a province. How serenely beautiful was the whole pale heaven before me; no shadow seemed ever to have crossed that human-marble front, except the shadow of a tall lover bending down over it, as he stood between her and the moon and the stars, but not between her and the purity of the moon-light and the star-beam and the invisible-visible, who was over all. For the time, as I looked at the face that seemed to look back at me, but not at me, of course, with such feelings of admiration and enthusiasm as I felt when I looked at her, I forgot the honeysuckle of the old forest, the wild-eyed, dreamy, wretched Lizzie, and thought that earth had no other, at least the small earth, wherein I was destined to wander, to compare with this picture by Reynolds. I dwell upon this portrait, because for years afterward it has been my companion. It has acted like a charm of vision upon me, and at times, as it looked out of that antique frame, it has sung to me of long evenings, such rare old melodies and rhymes, that the bowers of life have revived to me, and I would see her walking by the silver shore of her tranquil river, in the land where her ancestors lived and she was born, and where she was won from the virgin life to the mother's duty.

'She must have been a woman beyond all our daily dreams,' I said, as I paused in my scrutiny.

'She might have been a woman beyond most *men's* daily hopes, my son,' replied the priest. 'Put the candle on the table and sit down by me.'

I obeyed, and he placed his hand upon my shoulder, and looking in my face with that gentle look I had marked before, he went on:

'It is not that because I am a priest I am to be cut off from the sympathies of a man and a Christian. I comprehend the sentiment that made my father love my mother, and I understand the motives by which men are moved when they stand before me at the altar, or in the private-room, holding by the hand that one they have chosen out of the world as their human heaven of the world, and ask me, as minister of a Christian creed, to bless them in their great and holy passion of love. God has no nobler offering than a union of His creatures, either in public congregations of pacific government, or in the dual organization of the heart. Had not love existed as the primal function of the CREATOR'S brain, useless probably would have been that awful building up of worlds, and creation of vast emotions, that like the winds of the creation, were to winnow and purify the whole. And there upon that wall hangs on the great painter's canvas, one of the ministers and agents of the ALMIGHTY. It is a woman's portrait, merely the speechless, breathless effigy of one of our mother's kind, and yet from the dumb lips and the moveless eye, come to you, you, young and ardent, syllables and rays that evoke worship in your heart, and make you glow as with that natural longing to be happy; and to me that face speaks of the history of the world and of my faith. While we sit here and she beams there, no crime can enter into this house of silence and of peace. She rules us to better thoughts, as if really in the flesh she were with us, sitting by our side calling you 'husband,' and looking upon me as

the servant of her CREATOR. If you buy this property, I will try and have this picture kept for you exactly where it is. It will be your illustrated Bible ; your symbol of something good beyond all human contradiction or alteration. It will be to you in this old place, so little sought, so seldom visited by the distant world, as Madonnas are to the true believers in the land of poetry and art, where Raphael has painted the portraits of the blessed and the beloved of heaven.'

'You know, then, the family who own this property ?'

'Yes, and they are persons whom you will love to know, but about whose fate there has been a sadness that I have spent half my life in endeavoring to assuage. It is of the lady now that I am speaking — the widow of Richard Danbrey. She is the owner of the place, but she has not lived here for years.'

'My lawyer never told me that she was living.'

'Your lawyer may have had his reasons for keeping you unacquainted with that fact. She may not have wished it known that she was living near this place, because it might have been told to parties from whom she would have preferred to have lived secluded. Have you not heard old Mary allude to her Mistress Emily, and to her Master Richard ?' I told him that I had observed old Mary's manner when their names were mentioned.

'There is a something almost sacred in the grief of Emily. It has outlived every other feeling, and as years accumulate upon her, her sorrow seems to acquire new motives for its existence. When I was speaking to you just now of woman, I had my thoughts running upon the life of this one woman, Mrs. Danbrey, and as I spoke, I felt that the long habits of my intercourse with her, tinged my language with enthusiasm ; and knowing all her goodness, all her suffering, I seldom speak upon subjects however remotely bearing upon her sex, without a mental prayer blended with my words ; for inasmuch as she is habituated to suffer, I, for her good sake, am habituated to pray for her. You will, however, see her, and you will love her for her charity, for her gentle life, for the good words she says, for the good things she thinks ; but you must not love her for the good things she has about her in her house, for the young thing, that with a face like hers, and a spirit like hers, has a brighter future before her, but not brighter than was Emily's when she was of the same age with this other Emily.'

'A young heart is like an early morning. The dew to it has no fever in its damp ; the clouds have no tints save the tints of glory from the sun up-rising, and even the warning rainbow looks like a thing not only of beauty, but as a harbinger of a happy day ; and so the early morning, bending down from the blue hills, kisses its fair hand to the future hours, and through the wet dew, and with the clouds around its form, steps down into the vale, joyous of itself, without reference to the joy of others. There's not a stagnant pool but what it smiles upon, or rugged rock, at whose base lurks the poisoned weed or the poisonous serpent, that it does not touch with its own sweet young lips, and bid 'good day' to. You know well what I mean, my son.'

And I did know what he meant, but I could not tell him then that

there was no danger that I would mar the morning-walk of his young trusty Emily, daughter of the sad Emily of whom he had spoken so much, and he seemed to understand my silence, for after looking at me a few moments, he placed his hand on mine, and simply said :

‘God bless you.’



FATHER THOMAS.

And then he told me more of Mrs. Danbrey. She lived some distance off, and sometimes visited the Hut, which she kept furnished just enough to make it wear a home-like look when she was here. Generally she spent two or three weeks here in the summer, living with her daughter in perfect seclusion. ‘And she shall do it always,’ said I, ‘and my ownership by law shall not interfere with her ownership of association. She shall find a home here, and never shall she know that I am master, nor shall she, unless she wishes it, see that master on the place. My own habits are so retired, I love so much the multitudinous population of my own thoughts, that I will be content to let her have the old turret, satisfied with the idea that some one better than myself, worthier than myself, can seek a shelter in the same asylum, whither I have fled. Father! The shady oak shelters birds of different plumage, and while they all sing together in different voices, they all have joy, and the blended notes fly upward with a harmony of song. Do tell your friend, that though I may be here, the owner of her old home, she can still make it hers. You understand *me* now?’

‘Yes. And now I must have some talk with old Mary and Sampson, for you know they are part of my flock, and pretty good members they are, though they do n’t pay much pew-rent, or bother me with their new-

fashioned wardrobe when they come to the country-chapel. You, too, must visit me, not only on the Sunday, but on the week-days, after you get settled. What if I make a bishop of you, my boy ?

'I hope, Father Thomas, they will not make a bishop of you.'

CHAPTER SECOND.

AND so the good priest bowed and left the room, and I was once more alone. Was I contented with my proposed change of life ? Was the country as calm and peace-imparting as in my conjuring fancy I had supposed it would be ? Where were the perpetual lights coming from skies forever free from bloom ? Had I found the trees on the hill-side as I had imagined they would be, full of shade and glory and Æolian harmony ? Was such to the aspiring bards the groves of the sacred Parnassus ? Did Piety, sickening of the strife of towns, and going upward, and thus in common parlance, heavenward, find the wild, rocky sides of god-trodden Olympus like the mountain-side I had climbed ? It is true, I had found a rain-bow of leaves, stronger, more tangible, even more glorious than the rainbow through which the far-off dwellers in the imperial blueness of the skies, look as through an arch to catch the perspective beauties of the earth in-framed ; but had I not found even at my first entrance into the sylvan silence, a clash of strife and the commotion of hatred ? Had not death and murder walked with me as two shadows up the aisles of the great temple of the hills and fields ? Was I to be a winner here of that for which the earliest man that lived had died, and without which it was useless for him to have been born ? Had I found peace ?

I had not, but I could. It was to come to me after some pain, but it must eventually be mine. Peace is the prospective property of man, probably not by inheritance, but he has the right to seek it by labor, by plans, by contrivances, even by dreams. It is a property and a right, an estate that has no limits, and so it spreads out, widening and lengthening, going over graves and deaths and days and lives, and human sufferings of body and of mind, and its great light, with the breath of promise, gilds the dim circles of that vast hereafter, of which Christians preach and prophesy in undoubting fear, and with uncertain lore. He who secures peace for twenty-four hours, has discovered a secret worth more than the diamond necklaces of all the queens of all the realms ; but the secret lies in the memory of how, by what train of thought and circumstances the peace was procured, that little-lived peace, that may be nurtured as we nurse our small ones, till strength comes like Hercules and Samson, arm-in-arm together, strength of mind and strength of body, and we can then defy the scoffs of our foe-brethren and the indifference of our non-loving sisters, and all those other woes and poignant sorrows, for which there are but two cures — Death and Peace, and are *they* not the same ?

At all events, I had seen the country, and I had for years, but not always, been of the city. I was like that famed Athenian beauty, who, while she feasted with her lovers and bade the gods obey her smiles,

happened to cast her eyes upon the bust of a philosopher that was one of the saving ornaments of the Bacchante scene, and so was she smitten by the moral beauty of the temperate stoic, whose sober life she knew of, that she rose from her seat, and leaving the hall of music, love, and wine, forever after hid herself where neither of these temptations could pursue. I had seen the country, and no more could I go back to the city life. Its broad and glorious face I had gazed upon. Its lofty shoulders I had seen clothed with the clouds of morning, the clouds so transparent and so pure, that they reminded me of that saying of Apuleius, who, when he would describe the muslin kerchief that covered, but did not conceal, the swelling bosom of the women of his day, called them '*ventum textilem*,' or, *woven air*.

That which had disturbed the harmonious system of the sweet stillness, had struck, but not broken the magic ring of unity and repose, was not of the wild, free river, or of the azure sky, that bent over the glowing bouquet of the woods; but it was out of this two-legged, iron-fisted, worse than iron-hearted nature of ours, and while nothing but a consuming fire that would wrap the province in a blaze, could rob the hill-sides of their foliaged tresses, there was a way, a very simple one, of ridding the scene of that festering sore of wrong-headedness and bad-heartedness, and my mind was fully made up to apply to the law for aid in checking the invasion of the wild Mr. Rude Keller and his companions. While I was sitting thus plunged in meditation, blending the threads of logic with the silken web of my desire, the door was rapped upon, and on my replying to the summons, it was opened, and the priest, with a smile upon his face, entered the room.

'Sampson is a droll old gentleman,' he commenced, 'and instead of allowing me to talk to him about his religious duties, has insisted upon talking of you; and old Mary, too, is perfectly bewitched. She declares that she had dreamed about your coming, and she knew you the moment you came into the kitchen, night before last. It is very seldom that Sampson gives in to her little vagaries about ghosts and visions and all that sort of thing; but now it seems he is as firm a believer in signs and wonders as his wife. Of course I cannot eradicate such ideas from her head, for she does not look upon them as evil, nor do I know that I have a right to assert positively that there is no truth in dreams. It certainly is not within the limit of my duty, and living out as I do among the woods, so full of mysteries, I have received a vague impression of vague theories, that I cannot well shake off; but there are those two old people, honest as was the first apostle, and sincere as was the first disciple, with their noddles filled with the idea that you have been sent to them — that you are, in fact, with regard to this old home, what Bonaparte was to the world, a man of destiny. They tell me that you slept in the old tower the night of your arrival, and Mary declares that you must have seen a ghost. At all events, I am certain if you looked upon the wall you would have seen quite a romantic picture of a shepherdess and her swain. Did the face of the swain strike you as being a familiar face?'

'No; it did not.'

'Old Mary and Sampson declare that you are the image of that picture of their Mass Richard, and I must confess that the resemblance is a very singular and a very striking one. God grant, my son, that it may stop there.'

'Stop there,' said I, quoting the priest's last words. 'Why stop there, my dear Sir?'

Father Thomas folded his hands behind his back, and walked up and down the apartment. His brow, usually so unruffled, was now marked by evident symptoms of agitation.

Once or twice he fixed his large and calmly penetrating gray eyes upon me, with what I thought an expression of alarm, or rather a species of nervous anxiety, and then continued his walk up and down the room.

I did not venture by word or question, to delay or accelerate any communication he might intend to make to me. Indeed he seemed in no great haste himself to speak or gratify my curiosity, and so I began to attribute his conduct to some vague association of ideas between myself and some past events, that my presence, and the presumed likeness between me and one of the actors in that past, had suggested to him. At all events, nothing more came of it then, for the worthy father subsided into his usual quiet manner, and with a wave of his hand and a shrug of his shoulders, somewhat in the style of a Frenchman, anxious to rid himself of unpleasant thoughts, he at once came out of whatever shadow might for the moment have fallen upon him, and he appeared now to be entirely free from that anxiety which an instant before had so singularly and suddenly disturbed his equanimity. More mystery, however, thought I, but I made up my mind quietly and at a proper time, to seek out all these singular combinations that enveloped the history of the Hut.

The sun by this time had broken through the curtain of the dawn, and standing by the window of the back-room that looked upon the river, I tried by the process of absorbing admiration, to banish for the present those apprehensions that had somewhat shaken my determination to seek for a home here. I did not wish to take advantage of any disagreeable circumstances, but felt inclined, strongly inclined, to yield to every influence of inducement that I could grasp. The priest had seated himself at the table in the drawing-room, and was already busily engaged in the performance of one of his clerical duties. A thick pocket volume lay open before him, and well I knew that it was his missal, certain portions of which it was his duty as a priest, to read at least before the sun went down.

The river (I see it now from the same window) was sprinkled with stars, stars that danced in the sun-beams as brightly almost as glitter the planets in the mysterious effulgence of the same orb, when the night has opened its pages of celestial illustration. The old brown rocks I could almost mistake for huge fishes stranded on the fairy shores, and lured there by the spells of soft syllables of music, uttered by the deluding Pan, who still, with his sportive fawns, roamed the grove-begirt shores, and those grove-begirt shores were of silver here, and gold there, and emerald elsewhere.

One long line of silver seemed to lie like a king's spear upon the yellow sands. It was the rim of the brimming water, that in the quiet bay had no movement of exertion, but kissed there among the shadows the kisses of two of God's first-created, Earth and Water.

Golden patches of autumn grass tripped down to see the sight, and perhaps to see themselves in the mirror of the magic tide; and elsewhere the ARCHITECT had thrown green garniture about among the changing herbage, like pleasant hope thoughts to a fading life.

Dense, like a covering of golden shields, was the as yet unfallen foliage of the forest, that from the water's edge, clambered, army-like, the mountain, whose summit it would make captive. I could not help fancying thus, and what added to the allusion was that every now and then, from some high cliff, a little puff of cloud would roll away, like smoke of cannon from a besieged battery, and fiery gleams of light, caught on the bright red leaves of the advancing host of maples, would startle me with effect of flashes from the dread artillery; and on the outposts of the rocky ridges, far away up toward the clouds, I could see solitary pines like sentinels watching.

The whole scene was transfixed upon the canopy of the sky and earth and water, and over all the gentle haze of Indian summer dwelt, like painted thought, upon a picture by Lorraine.

It was glorious and it was good. I felt its influence, and away went doubts and darkness from my mind. What I saw I now determined to possess. I clutched the faded curtain of the old bedstead, and with a heart content, I parted the ancient drapery, and throwing myself upon the bed, sought sleep, and found it. While the sun went up the sky in silence, while the river went to the sea in music, and a preternatural beauty in peace profound swung like a prayer that had been accepted, between heaven and earth, I slept, slept, without a dream, for my dream had been before my sleeping.

Some hours had passed by, and I would have slept on quietly in my youth and health, had I not been awakened by a hand placed upon my forehead.

It was the priest. 'You have slept as calmly as a child, and long enough for a man. I had to rouse you, and you must pardon me. I am going; Mary has given me my breakfast, and I must meet poor Lizzie at the Crossing-Stones; it is there alone I can meet the maid. It is mid-way her home and this place; it is mid-way too, her home and Mrs. Danbrey's, where she probably supposed I was going when she saw me at Benny's cabin; and at her house she did not, could not wish to see me, after what had happened last night. Does it not appear to you a dream, a fevered dream, that sudden warfare, that near approach to murder? I will see you soon again; as probably you will live here, (I had told him all my plans,) and you may help me in many things, and many things have I to tell you. This is a strange idea of yours, to live alone; but when all is fixed, no place better for your plan than here. The woods will soon be cleared of their troubles, and then you will have a quiet path before you. There are associations to be formed even in this wilderness, that will cheer your hours should they

ever feel the need of cheering ; there are hopes to be dreamed of here in this separate world, that may be to you an opening to an Eden. You are young, and with your young eyes look, my son, on this.' He drew from his side-pocket a small package, from which he took a linen covering. When the covering was removed I could see a morocco case. This he opened, and holding it up before me, I looked upon the portrait of a youthful woman.



PORTRAIT OF EMILY.

The priest saw the peculiar smile that I could not check, and he smiled too, and said : ' I know the meaning of that pleasant question. You want to know what an old priest has to do with so fair a portrait as this. Like many doubtful questions easily settled, where an innuendo can construe a crime, this too can be explained. I do not carry it as a gage of love, believe me, though I trust that he who shall ever come to love the original, of which this is at best but a poor copy, will have in his heart as much of holy chivalry as I feel toward her.

' This is Emily's portrait ; not the Emily Danbrey of so much sorrow, but the Emily Danbrey, daughter of Richard and of my friend. Her

mother commissioned me, when I was last at her house, to have a glass put over the ivory, and I am taking it home to her. That accounts for its being near the heart of a priest.'

He gave the picture into my hands, and I went to the window, that I might get a clearer view. I then took it and compared it with the portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to which I have referred, for I was struck at once with a resemblance between the two.

The face of Emily had more of reality about it; the hair was more simply dressed, the costume was so different; the elder portrait clothed richly, this portrait arrayed so simply; and yet the resemblance between the two was striking. It was more in the eyes than in any other feature. (How poorly have I drawn those wondrous eyes of hers, so replete with tenderness, as of an angel, looking downward upon the pleasant lands it loved ere it was lifted from the sod.) I have often, and never without a holier thrill of happiness, looked at those eyes of Emily's since then. Deep, dark, inoffensively penetrating, but singularly expressive, with a tinge of poetic melancholy, and yet of a poetic joy and an every day happiness, are those lustrous orbs.

'It is a woman's face, with a woman's heart looking through it,' I said to the priest; 'and I could see no harm, even if I caught the Pope of Rome with such a portrait in his great-coat's breast-pocket. Better such a face as that than half the dry relics of old bachelor's bones, or old maid's bones, sewed up in holy stuff, to hang round the necks of Christian people, wherewith to scare away Signor Le Diable and his crew. Such a face as that, Father Thomas, hung up in the cave of St. Anthony, would have kept the legions of blue devils and low spirits away from that worthy hypocondriac. It is a face that an anchorite might tell his rosary to and hope to see it smile, and come to him and offer him a basket of ripe strawberries and a glass of wine from her father's side-board. Why, my dear sir, it is the face of an all woman; a good, honest, pure, dream-loving, day-loving, some work-loving, brother and sister-loving, and may be it may so happen to turn out, husband-loving woman. I like her carefully-disposed hair; I like her modest dress; and that sweet smile upon her face, good Father, has a smack of kisses in it that I have a personal right to dream of, but you have not. I like this face as well as the other, by Sir Joshua. Indeed I like it better. It is nearer to our sides, nearer to our day. It is nearer, my father, to our possession.'

'Hoity, toity!' exclaimed Father Thomas, when I had got through, 'the young fellow has fallen in love with a graven image, and I have allured him to break one of the commandments. Give up the idol, O Pagan!'

'To the priest of the shrine,' I answered, and he laughingly replaced it in his pocket.

'If you will hang that picture in your chapel, so that I can see it when I come to worship, you will soon be able to proclaim that a madonna has performed a miracle.'

A sudden falling of the eyebrows told me that my joke was not exactly in good taste; and so I told the father, and with a better know-

ledge of the world and of the human nature that is in it like a kernel, he soon saw that I meant no wrong.

Old Sampson came to the door at this moment, suggesting to me my breakfast, and the pastor and I shook hands, with mutual promises of further interviews, and then he left me to meet poor Lizzie by the crossing of the Canaseraga.

Before he left me, however, I told him when he might expect me back from the city, whither I was going to settle about my purchase.

A R E V E R I E .

BY J. SWETT.

I

BREATHED around me, soft and low,
Old-time voices come and go,
Whispering in melodious measures
Memories of delightful pleasures,
Soothing every dreamy sense
In delicious indolence —
Liquid music, whose sweet flow
Waits me back to long ago.

II.

Now I gaze in love-lit eyes,
Where a dreamy languor lies;
See the silken lashes part,
Curtains of the impassioned heart;
In love's sun-light o'er me cast,
Passion-flowers are springing fast,
And the founts of feeling flow
As they *gushed* in years ago.

III.

Falling faintly on my ear,
Lute-like whisperings I hear;
While a hand so soft and white
Thrills me with its pressure alight;
And a well-remembered face
Tells me thoughts no words may trace:
Youth or manhood, rest or strife,
Love is still the soul of life.

Steamship Golden Gate, May 14th, 1857.

T H E R O M A N C A T A C O M B S .

BY JAMES W. WALL.

It was on an afternoon in early spring-time, that I found myself treading the well-worn chariot-road of the old Appian Way. It was a day to be remembered, and 'marked with a white stone.' Refreshing breezes were wafted in all their vernal softness over the desolate Campagna that stretched away for many a mile before me. All above was beautiful in the bright and pleasant sunshine of an Italian spring. Even the Campagna, bounded by those graceful yet boldly-formed hills, the more distant soaring in snow-clad elevation, was not under such a sky a gloomy scene, but beautiful even in its loneliness. And there, too, were the associations that ever cling to this most interesting spot. History had consecrated that mighty waste to the memory of noble deeds. Imagination had hallowed it with the spell of poetry and superstition by her most graceful fantasies. Etruria, tracing back her lineage to those shadowy times, when in the gloom even the torch of tradition goes out, or burns but dimly, had spread her countless cities over this vast plain. Rome, in her infant greatness, had filled it with her shadow, and made it the bloody theatre on which to practise for the subjugation of a world. It was over it once swept that 'red whirlwind,' when

'LOUDER still, and still more loud,
From underneath the rolling cloud,
Was heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum ;
When plainly, and more plainly,
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to the left and far to right
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.'

Looking behind me, toward 'The Eternal City,' I had just left, the huge dome of St. Peter's lifted itself in air, which, with the tower of the Castle of Angelo, glittered in the slant rays of the descending sun. There, too, might be just discerned the kingly mass of the Colosseum, and the long line of the desolate Forum. Every thing around subdued the mind to a most pleasing melancholy in harmony with the scene. I stood, as it were, above the grave of a dead empire, and everywhere in broken fragments, or in mouldering heaps, were scattered the memorials of the once mighty masters of the world.

In accordance with a promise made to a recent and most zealous convert to the Romish faith, an American lady, I had started that afternoon to visit 'The Catacombs of St. Calixtus.' The entrance to these celebrated Catacombs is some two miles from Rome, in an open field, considerably elevated above the far-famed Appian Way, which bounds it on one side. Having exhausted in my researches all the remains of ancient Rome, and become so familiarized with classic local-

ities, and the ruins that still adorn them, as to call them all by their names, reviving each historic story that had given them fame, I longed to explore some of the Necropoli, whose dark chambers underlie the Campagna for hundreds of miles. The real origin of these subterranean burial-places has puzzled the ingenuity of archæologists for a long period of time. There can be but little doubt, however, in the mind of the curious explorer, that the theory which points to the primitive inhabitants of Italy as the first excavators of these recesses, must be the true one. It is a common belief, that the story of 'The Æneid' tells the history of the first settlers of Italy; but a race or races, considerably advanced in civilization, wonderful for their artistic taste, and endowed with extraordinary architectural ingenuity, unquestionably existed on the Italian Peninsula for more than a thousand years before the first stone of the Eternal City was laid. Call them by what name we will, Ammoreans, Pelasgi, or Etrurians, we discover this singular people through the disguise of poetic fable, in the legends both of Grecian and Roman writers. We trace them again in those massive architectural remains which are still scattered over the country, from the northern extremity of Tuscany to the southern slopes of the central Appenines. And there was an older race still, upon whom these accomplished, ingenious, and hard-working Etrurians intruded, and subdued. The Ombreans are said to have been the Aborigines of Italy, and they, with the Sabines, a mountain tribe, were certainly the nucleus of several greater nations. Those Italian tribes do not emerge from obscurity until they successively appear contending with Rome, and defeated by her. The entire Campagna was unquestionably once covered, and the slopes of the Appenines adorned with the cities and villas they erected. It was from beneath the volcanic soil of the Campagna that they first commenced to obtain the building materials for the cities they erected. The light and soft nature of the material to be quarried, greatly facilitated the work, and allowed the workmen to indulge their caprice or taste as they chose, and to shape their shafts and galleries as they pleased. The principal layers which they excavated were of soft volcanic tufa, or pozzulano, a still softer volcanic substance, of which the most part of the Campagna is composed. This tufa is cut out with little trouble, but it hardens when employed in building, to the consistency of granite, and resists all the vicissitudes of weather. The still softer pozzulano is little more than a rough concrete sand, which, when crushed and mixed with water and a little lime, is the far-famed 'Roman Cement.' I had an opportunity of judging the durability of this last in the old piers of the moles erected by the Emperor Nero at Porto D'Anzio, on the Mediterranean, the site of the far-famed Antium. While the marble has been worn away and honey-combed by the action of the water, the mortar which unites the marble-slabs, being this very pozzulano, is integral and unimpaired, having withstood the dash and wash of the waves of centuries.

Here, then, we have, to say the least of it, a plausible theory, to account for the origin of these subterranean recesses. This primitive people must have drawn largely upon these valuable materials beneath the soil, for the erection of the numerous cities that once undoubtedly

covered its surface ; and it is not at all improbable that they who are known to have buried, and not burned, their dead, may have used some of them as places of sepulture at a very early day.

Then came the period of the Roman conquest, and the rising city of Romulus made still farther drafts upon the building materials beneath the soil. After the second Punic war, when the Republic was waxing wealthy, and extending her conquests in every direction, the requisitions made upon these quarries must have been immense. Beside public and private buildings in the city, palaces, theatres, *thermæ*, etc., bridges were thrown over the Tiber, and aqueducts across the Campagna, whose towering majestic ruins still cast their sombre shadows upon the soil they have pressed so long. When the long civil war ended in the subversion of the Republic, and the establishment of the Empire, the demand for building material must have become more extensive than ever. Under Augustus, the aspect of Rome, we know, was changed ; and this resort to these quarries continued under the twelve Cæsars down to the period of the decline of the Empire, when the Romans left off quarrying, and destroyed old edifices to make room and furnish the materials for new ones. This theory, when the period of time is considered, during which these quarries were used, sufficiently accounts for their origin and immense extent.

It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain at what particular period of time the Christian Church made these caves hiding-places, houses of refuge for its persecuted members, or when they commenced burying in these crypts. The dreadful persecutions of Nero, the first to which the early Christian Church at Rome was subject, drove many no doubt of the new converts to these quarries in the Campagna outside the walls. Superstition at that day had made them the resort of sorcerers and magicians. The gay Horace peopled the quarries about Rome, with the practisers of the mysterious arts. He makes the god of gardens say :

‘The birds and thieves that were wont to hover round this place, were not half so troublesome to me as these pestilent sorcerers, who seek by enchantment and poison to work on the minds of men : nor is it in my power to drive them away, or hinder them, when the moon shows her sweet face, from gathering bones and poisonous herbs. The spot is filled with serpents and infernal dogs, and the moon blushing hides herself, so as not to be a witness to their abominations.’

A superstition like this would very naturally keep away all intruders, and here, therefore, persecuted Christians would very naturally resort as a safe place of refuge. Here they could worship in security ; here they commenced living to themselves and for their faith, and here they brought the bodies of their dead, and the mutilated remains of their brethren who had perished by the fire and the sword, and the wild beasts of the arena. As imperial persecution after persecution swept over the Church, blood gave fertility to the soil, and these Catacombs received the myriad dead who died in the faith and for the faith, until in process of time they became vast necropoli of precious dust, and in after-times, treasure-houses of relics, from which a superstitious and corrupted Church filled their shrines and their coffers together.

The Catacombs of Callectus, which I often visited, are certainly the

earliest, and are said to have been used as a burial-place by the Christians during the first persecution. It was in this, the Neronian persecution, that St. Paul perished, and it may be, that the tradition of the Church, which points to these Catacombs as the first resting-place of the body of St. Paul, is correct. There certainly seems no reason for distrust in the main features of the legend. The story derives probability from the fact that it was an event which would cling most tenaciously to the memory of the early Church. The bones of this Apostle are said to have been removed to their present resting-place beneath the dome of St. Peter's, about the year 375 A.C., when it is fairly to be presumed that the Christian Church would not have forgotten where they laid him. The patriotism of New-England still cherishes authentic memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers; 'and their sepulchres, are they not with us to this day?' Now certainly there is much more abundant reason why the early Christian Church should keep in remembrance the burial-place of that most zealous of all the Apostles of our Lord, 'Who counted not his life dear unto himself, if he might finish his course with joy.'

The entrance into most of the great Catacombs opens upon one or other of the high roads of ancient Rome. Thus some are upon the Via Appia; some upon the Via Ostiensis, and some upon the Via Tebartina.

Into the Catacombs of Callectus, the entrance of which, as I have mentioned, is in the middle of an open field, close by the Appian Way, you descend by a flight of narrow stone steps of modern construction. The guide who accompanies you, and furnishes the torches at your expense, invariably prefaces your descent with a short discourse upon the wonders of this subterranean world you are about to visit, mingled most ludicrously with warnings as to the penalties you incur, if detected in carrying off any of the sacred relics. Nothing can be more solemn than the subterranean gloom that encompasses you a few feet from the entrance. Yawning tombs are on either side of you, with here and there the outline of the human skeleton traceable in dust, which has been undisturbed for centuries. The passages, lined on each side with these tombs, which tombs are cut horizontally, and are ranged above one another like the shelves of a book-case, are very narrow; and as the explorer proceeds, a stifling sense of suffocation at times comes over him. At intervals you come to large spaces with vaulted ceilings. These niches are said to have served as chapels and baptistries, and in some of them may be still discerned the font of baptism set up at the dawn of the Christian era, still erect and undefaced, with its cavity for water. Both roof and walls of these little chapels are covered with the remains of rude frescoes, representing incidents in Bible history; but none of them are of a later date than the fifth century, and must have been executed at a time when corruptions had crept into the early Church, and when empty forms were substituted for the spirit of the early day. Indeed I have my doubts whether these chapels were the work of the earlier Christians at all. They appeared to me as if they were the after-work of the Church, when these Catacombs had become a sort of holy place, where the devout used to resort, to be in the presence of the relics of the saints. In many of the tombs

the side-slabs are away, and nothing remains but a few mouldering relics. In some the skeleton is almost perfect, while in others the skull is the only part that remains. Many of the slabs that closed the tombs are gone, while here and there a broken one discloses the mouldering remnants within. A few have remained undisturbed, and the inscription upon them still plainly visible. The entire length of few of these solemn aisles of the dead are known; for as a measure of precaution, many of them have been closed by stone walls, while others are so blocked up by rubbish and fallen pozzulano, that the boldest explorer is compelled to halt. At irregular distances, and usually on both sides the main aisle narrower passages branch off, leading to other crypts. Mostly these passages strike off at right angles, but they seldom run far in a straight line, while many become very tortuous. From the second crypt, or main aisle, which you reach, there are other passages conducting to another crypt, and thence from another to another, according to the greater or less extent of the Catacomb. In most of the Catacombs there are crypts, galleries, and passages underneath those which you first enter; and in many of them, there is beneath this lower deep a deeper still, or a third or even a fourth range of crypts. The awful silence of these recesses and subterranean galleries, adds horror to the darkness. The atmosphere smelling and tasting of earth and dust, is hot, dry, and stifling. It is not the

‘Cursed dews of dungeon’s damp,’

but something far more irksome and oppressive.

But far more interesting and affecting than these gloomy tombs are the early epitaphs and lapidary inscriptions found in the Catacombs. They are generally extremely brief, the name and age of the deceased, with short comments testifying their faith in brighter worlds beyond. ‘One sleeps in CHRIST;’ another ‘is buried that she may live in the LORD JESUS;’ while on another may be noticed almost the words of St. Paul himself: ‘Dying, yet behold she lives.’ The inscriptions are generally in Latin, often misspelt; now and then there are inscriptions in Greek characters, most generally simple, but in some cases exceedingly affecting. A parent briefly names the age of his beloved child, or a husband that of his wife, and the years of their wedded life; or the epitaph has an added prayer, that the dead may rest in peace, with some rudely-carved emblem of the believer’s hope and faith. But most of all may be noticed the cross in its simplest form. Whatever ignorance and blind credulity may have accomplished in later times, here, in these Catacombs, upon these marble slabs that shut their beloved dead from their sight, the early Christians have clearly shown that with them there was a full appreciation of that glorious sacrifice, ‘whereby alone we obtain the remission of sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of heaven.’ Many of the inscriptions testify strong family affection and a warm love of friends, and a deep veneration for those who died the death of martyrs. The graves of infants are commonly decorated with representations of a dove, a lamb, or a rose-bud. The words, sweet friend; dearest friend; dear and faithful companion; candid soul, are constantly repeated. Most of the inscriptions are concise and to the

purpose, as the following, 'Here lies Gordeann's deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith, with all his family;' and then the touching conclusion, 'Theophilus, a hand-maid, placed this stone in fear, but full of hope,' as if none were left to pay this last sad tribute but the faithful hand-maid of the Gaulish deputy, who has thus handed down to our times the master's faith and the hand-maiden's faithfulness. In one of the galleries, close by the tomb of the martyr Cecelia, is a portrait of our SAVIOUR in His humanity, representing HIM with one hand extended as if in the act of blessing, clasping with the other a book close to His breast. This is interesting, as it most unquestionably is one of the earliest paintings we have of CHRIST, being of the fourth or fifth century of our era, and although exceedingly rude in design and finish, clearly furnishing the face from which Cimabue, Giotto, and most of the very early painters have copied. The Romish Church insist upon an earlier date for this portrait. It represents a person with an oval face, straight nose, arched eye-brows, and a smooth but rather high forehead; the hair parted and flowing in curls upon the shoulders; the beard not thick, but short and divided. Over the left shoulder is thrown some drapery. We were some three hours under ground, wandering amid these sepulchral chambers, and deeply interested at every step with the revelations that there opened upon us, bearing the strongest testimony to the truth of our religion, and especially to the devotion of those who in the early day did not count their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might attest with their blood the sincerity of their faith. The Church of Rome, through its Pontiffs, has been for many years engaged in clearing out the rubbish, and strengthening the weak portions of the galleries by substantial brick-work. This is the grand treasure-house from which is drawn the relics of saints; and so long as devotion is paid by the Church to these sad remnants of mortality, so long will the Catacombs be preserved and cared for with religious veneration.

T O N E L L I E .

I.

I AM sitting alone with the night, NELLIE,
Alone with the beautiful night,
And whether awake or a-dreaming,
I never can tell aright;
But my heart is as glad as a fountain
That leaps in the flashing light.

II.

The stars are mounting on high, NELLIE,
And the old moon sinking a-low,
And over the fields of the barley
The night winds merrily blow,
And in at my window lightly
In ripples of coolness flow.

III.

The night is thrilling with sounds, NELLIE,
Low tones with a cadence sweet,
The murmur of winds in waking,
And the whisper of leaves that meet,
With the chime and the tinkle of water,
In a musical rhyme complete.

IV.

My soul is filled with the moon-light,
And my heart with the summer dew,
And the skies that bend over my spirit
To-night are of cloudless blue,
And a thousand hopes like planets,
Shine out with a glory new.

EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

RANDOM SKETCHES AND NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL IN 1856. By Rev. JOHN EDWARDS, A. M. In One Volume: pp. 466. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

THERE are certain things about this volume which we very much affect: the first is, the independence of the author, who does n't hesitate to say, that he writes because he chooses to write; publishes, because such is his humor; not that he supposes there is any particular need of such a book; but he says, with a self-reliance which will find many admirers: '*The public* will decide whether it shall, or shall not, find readers.'

'YESTERDAY morning, being Easter-Sunday, the day was ushered in by the firing of cannon, and the ringing of bells, reminding an American of the dawn of the Fourth-of-July in one of our large cities, where the Anniversary of our National Independence is celebrated with spirit. Saint PETER's was the point of greatest attraction. Thousands upon thousands were crowding the streets, and pressing on toward this spot, by eight o'clock in the morning. At nine o'clock, the services opened by a grand procession in which the POPE was borne into Saint PETER's, mounted on his Papal throne, with its triple crown on his head, and sheltered by a superb canopy, attended by a retinue of magnificently-attired cardinals, and other high church dignitaries, bearing the fans of ostrich-feathers before him. He was carried to the high altar under the dome, and put down; whereupon he commenced the preparatory services of HIGH MASS, which he celebrated in person. The whole service was upon a grand and imposing scale. The music was, in my judgment, far superior even to the Miserère in the Sistine Chapel; fine as the Miserère confessedly was. There was a magnificent brass band, composed of a large number of instruments in the hands of accomplished musicians, which performed, in a most effective style of execution, at two or three different times during the ceremonies: and for the first time in my life, I had the pleasure of hearing a brass band in full blast, in an edifice large enough to give full scope to the music, and in fact contribute to its sublimity and effect, without any of the harsh, sharp, and stunning sounds, which so much detract from the enjoyment of the music, where a band is played in a building of ordinary dimensions. Indeed, it seems to me, that Saint PETER's, more than any other structure I ever saw, is exactly adapted to give compass and effect to a full band of music, such as performed yesterday morning during the celebration of High Mass. The whole scene, at the period of the elevation of the Host, was magnificent. The grand and sublime notes of music rolling out through the vast Basilica, sweeping on to the remotest chapels, filling the high, soaring arches, and swelling up into the resounding and expansive Dome, which spread itself *like a firmament* above; the glitter of arms; the glancing of bayonets; the passing to-and-fro of the gorgeously-robed cardinals, bearing the insignia of high ecclesiastical authority; the elegantly-carapasoned military officers, and diplomatic corps; the ascending clouds of perfumed incense, rising from golden censers swayed by white-fingered priests; the twinkling of wax-candles, like star-lights in a dusky sky, and the great multitude of spell-bound.

spectators and worshippers, thronging and crowding the nave, transepts, side-aisles, and chapels, presented a spectacle to my eyes, as I stood upon a marble altar railing near the centre of the church, which time nor distance can ever efface from my mind.'

This must be deemed spirited description: and when it is considered that it is from the pen of a Protestant clergyman, whose opinions are openly and widely diverse from the Faith of 'THE CHURCH,' it should be set down, as we think, to his favor. We 'apprehend' that we know party mentioned below:

'THE crowd out-of-doors, in front of Saint PETER's, at the time of the POPE's benediction, was scarcely less dense than in the church during the ceremony of High Mass. I was greatly amused at a frisky little dandy of a fellow, who was dressed in the extreme of the fashion. His beaver was neatly brushed and glossy; his hair was redolent of perfume, and just from under the barber's hand; his gloves were of Paris make and fit; his new dress-coat was buttoned closely round his body, and set handsomely on his well-formed person. In one hand he held a delicate black cane, and in the other a quizzing-glass. He became greatly disconcerted at the rude jostlings which he encountered from the common people. First he received a jolt on this side, and then on that; now a smash-up in front, and then a thump in the rear. His hat was knocked on his head, and his stick out of his hand. He bristled up, and 'fended off.' Then some body stepped on his toes, and he became furious. He pushed and kicked and knocked, and kept up a constant muttering and snapping all the time. I really began to fear the man would go into a fit.

'I was several times very near the POPE during the day, and must confess that I was favorably impressed with his face. His expression is placid and benignant. He is not tall, but has a fine, robust person, and looks as though he enjoyed a good dinner, and a bottle of wine.'

We shall close our few and brief quotations with an extended one, simply because we very much desire that other of our untravelled readers (including *us* as a reader) should appreciate, as *we* have — we have no hesitation to say, for the first time — the magnitude of St. PETER's Church at Rome:

'We made the ascent of the dome, and took a view from that lofty point of observation of one of the most wonderful and impressive landscapes in the world.

'From the first floor to the roof the ascent is very easy. One might ride up on horse-back over the brick-paved and gently-inclined road, which is at least six or eight feet wide, and not as steep as many of the public highways in the mountainous sections of our country. If I am correctly informed, mules are frequently used in carrying heavy articles from the ground floor to the roof, which is more than two hundred and fifty feet above the pavement.

'On emerging from the path of ascent into the clear open air, and wide space upon the roof, it is hard to believe that one is actually on the roof of a house. There are various shops and habitations scattered about, and so extensive an area inclosed within the high battlements that surrounds the roof, that one feels as though he were in the streets, or walking about the inclosures around private dwellings. It is not until a person reaches the roof that the vast proportions and overwhelming size of the church and dome begin to be fully comprehended. The cupolas of the transepts, and the cupolas and towers of the chapels, rise up around him like the public buildings of a city, and far away above all the soaring dome swells up toward heaven, seeming now to be fully as remote as when viewed from the ground. The roof presents an air of great activity and animation. Parties are seen passing and repassing; while here and there one may be seen reclining under the shade of a piece of statuary, or reposing by the side of a work-shop or office, waiting for the return of some who have ascended the dome, or resting after the fatiguing walk up the steep road from below.

'From the roof the path to the summit of the dome lies between the outer and inner frames of this stupendous piece of work. The half of a small egg-shell in a larger one; the inner half being equi-distant from the outer, at every point, will give the reader an idea of the form of the double dome. The stair-way runs between the shells. There are two galleries running entirely around the inner surface of the dome, which may be entered either in the upward or downward route by door-ways leading into them from the stairs. The first is not very far above the base of the dome, the other is some forty or fifty feet higher, from which a full view of the central part of the church below is presented. From these elevated galleries, which are scarcely discernible from below, one may look down almost perpendicularly upon the bronze canopy of the high altar in

the centre of the church, and on the passing crowd which seem to be as grasshoppers creeping about upon the pavement, so diminutive do they appear at this great elevation above them. From these galleries good views are obtained of the interior of the dome, and it is found that the frescoes of human and angelic forms, which appear from below to be only of the ordinary size, are, in fact, immense figures, of colossal proportions, in the strongest and boldest style of frescoing, in order to make them distinctly visible at so great a height.

Continuing upward we reach a point where the passage becomes narrow and more difficult of ascent, and finally we come to a ladder which stands perpendicularly. This is the last ascent into the ball on the top of the dome, on which the cross stands, which is the highest attainable point by the interior flight. The waist, or neck more properly, just below the ball, through which one passes into the metallic globe, is very narrow, and a person very large in the girth could not get through it. We are now four hundred and twenty feet above the surface of the ground. The ball itself will hold, conveniently, at least a dozen persons at one time; but with a hot sun pouring its rays upon it, the visitor will find it about as comfortable as a bake-oven when ready for cooking purposes. There is a ladder on the exterior that winds around the outer surface of the ball, by which one may ascend to the foot of the cross that surmounts the ball. This we were not permitted to ascend. It is said that the reason why persons are not now permitted to go up to this ladder is, because an Englishman, a few years ago, in opposition to the orders of the guide or custode, ascended the ladder, and actually climbed to the top of the cross, which was deemed a very irreverent and offensive act. To prevent a repetition of such acts, the custode will not allow any one to go outside, at the foot of the ladder which mounts up to the cross. At a point a little lower than this there is an outside gallery or parapet, surrounding the base of the ball on the top of the dome, where persons may rest and enjoy the finest prospect in the world. I remained here this morning for more than an hour studying the various localities of Rome and the surrounding country. The Volscian mountains, the Apennines, and the Sabine hills, on the one hand, and the wide-spread campagna and the Mediterranean on the other, were all in full view. The position occupied by the French in 1849, in suppressing the insurrection in Rome, was almost directly under the eye; while the gardens of the Vatican, with their lovely walks and picturesque groves, hedges, cascades, and fountains, were all taken in at a glance, and the low, musical murmur of the waters rose softly and sweetly to the ear as I feasted my eyes upon the enchanting pictures spread before me. The walls of the city could be distinctly traced in all directions, stretching over the hills and down the valleys; while the turbid and yellow waters of the Tiber were visible for many a mile, winding through the campagna, sweeping with many a graceful curve through the city, and then hastening away to lose itself in the bright waters of the dark blue sea that lay sparkling in the sun-light far away on the outer skirts of that matchless plain that surrounds, on all sides, the city of Rome.

On my way downward, I again stepped into the upper gallery of the interior of the dome, which is scarcely visible from below, or, at most, appears like a light moulding running round the inner cope of the dome, and here I was charmed with the delicious strains of music that came swelling up from the chapels far beneath me, in which religious services were going on. One who has not enjoyed the treat of hearing the tones of the organ, and the sweeter notes of the human voice, woven into the most captivating web of song, as it reached me this morning, in the quiet, solemn, silent dome of Saint Peter's, can form no just estimate of the power of music over the human soul. It stirred all the latent emotions of my heart, and filled my eyes with tears. I could not tell why. It seemed to me as though I had gotten away from earth, and was in a far-off clime, where sorrow and sighing had fled and gone, and was listening to the chantings of the white-robed throng who stand on the 'sea of glass, mingled with fire,' that rests in placid beauty beneath the shadow of the eternal throne. The atmosphere around me was filled with incense; angel forms were hovering above me, while still from below there came up the pealing notes of music, softened by the distance, that sounded like the minstrelsy and song of a happier clime.

We have little to add: save that we wish to enforce upon *all* American-European travellers the propriety of 'speaking of things as they find them,' instead of trying, when they get home, to write a book about what they have seen abroad. Mr. EDWARDS did n't *try* — he did n't *care*: but he has *succeeded*. 'Now mark our words.'

OSTREA: OR THE LOVES OF THE OYSTERS. A Lay by A. FISHE SHELLY, Esq. A Thin Volume of Seventy-two Pages. New-York: T. J. CROWEN, Number 699 Broadway.

'SAMIVEL,' said the elder WELLER to his son, when that hopeful youth had drained the 'Guv'nor's pot of 'alf-an'-'alf' to the very bottom, 'SAMIVEL, you'd ha' made a good 'yster, if you'd been brought up in that line o' life: your powers of suction is unkinmon.' We may say the same of the author of this very clever '*Capriccio*.' We are glad to scrape acquaintance with such an unctuous bivalve. He is a 'born oyster,' if ever there was one. His 'suction' even SAM WELLER has not exceeded. He has heretofore drawn in, and now most pleasantly imparts the juice of keen observation, the smart stomachic of satire, and the 'white meat' of wit and humor. 'Long may he wave!' But suppose we try a little of him plain, on the half-shell? And first, observe how learned he is. We 'don't know as we ever *know'd* a man that know'd as much as what he knows' about 'ysters. 'DAN. EDWARDS,' down on South-Shrewsbury, (who, when we summered on the sweet 'Little Silver' river near Long-Branch, used to haul up oysters for us in August, out of forty-feet water, as fat, and sweet, and delicious as were ever 'tasted in mid-winter,') DAN. may know as much: so may DOR. LON—so may DOWNING: yet we doubt it. But that's neither here nor there. Listen:

'THE OYSTER is a creature that perambulateth the bottom of the sea, and absorbeth nutriment from the limosity thereof,' saith the venerable ALFREDUS in his treatise '*De Prodigis*:' and farther: 'It hath for its muniment and protection two conches, or VALVULE, and therein advantageth the TESTUDO or SHELL-CRAB, which is mighty vulnerable between the joints of his belly.' It hath been most frequently the subject of inquisition and comment by learned writers, both neoterick and ancient; and hath been the comfort and solacement of the people of all times, and ever held in high dignity and repute. This creature was known of old to the Philistæi, and to the Sidonians, and to all the people that did skirt the MEDITERRANEUM. The Colchians also did fetch them from the Euxine, and the Samothracians from the shores of the Ægean. They were matters of great savor and relish, (*GRATI SAPORIS*,) it is also reported, among the inhabitants of Cyprus, and because the Jews did hold them, as well as all Shell fish, as an abomination, the Cypriots did make a law, that if any Jew should be cast on their coasts, he should be straightways knocked in the head; which sheweth that they did rate and repute this fish even beyond the life of man. But especially were they held in esteem among the Romans, who did bestow wondrous pains upon the procreation and fattening thereof. The shores of the Hellespont were mainly fruitful therein. 'ORA HELLESFONTIA CÆTERIS OSTREOSIOR ORIS.' We read also of the 'OSTRIFERI FAUCES ARIDI.' But above all were they famed that were raised in the LACUS LUCRINUS, of which HORATIUS speaketh as 'LUCRINA CONCHYLIA,' and which he did use to wash down with his Lesbian wine.

'CAPACIORES, AFFER HUC, PUER, SCYPHOS,
ET CHIA VINA, AUT LESBIA.'

'To which lake were they brought and fed from Brundisium, also in great repute thereof; as, also, from Baie, where were planted the first Oyster-beds by one SERGIUS, as PLINY telleth: 'SERGIUS ORATA, PRIMUS, OSTREAREA IN BAJANO LOCAVIT.'

'In the ancient time, in England, were they also in great liking and store: whereof it is said: 'LES GENTZ DU ROYAUME SONT USEZ PLUS QUE NUL PART AILLEURES;' and, also, on the southern-westernmost coast of Scotland, where they were planted and forwarded, and of the right to the beds, whereof great dissensions and differences did arise, and for the settlement whereof it is stated in the REGIAM MAJESTATEM, that, 'WHEN YE TWELVE ROYALL MEN COMPEER AND PASS UPON YE ASSISE, THEY SHALL PROCEDE AND TRYE QUHILE OF YE PARTYES, YE PERSEWER, OR YE DEFENDANT, HATH BEST RIGHT TO YE LONDS CLAIMED.'

'GELDILWGL, the learned Welshman, also extolled them, in his 'LLW RHITHWR LEWLL,' as, also, SALVIANUS, in his work, 'DE PISCUM NATURA ET PREPARATIONE;' although, he saith, that they do, if much partaken of, dispose to melancholy, and to the seeing, in one's sleep, of phantoms and incubi.

'It is related by PONTOPPIDAN, that ELSHELM, one of the kings of the West-Saxons, did ordain that three score should be fattened daily for his wife, who did mightily affect them; and also of one Oo, a tyrant of the Ichthyophagi, that he did use to regale himself with a thousand fricaseed daily, for his breakfast. PETER of Banbury relateth that he did merrily feast, at Chester, upon Christmas, with the ancient fraternity of the wax-chandlers, of oysters and Hippocras.

'ALEXANDER AB ALEXANDRO relateth of a certain Duke of Muscovy, that he did use to keep one to sport withal, as others use to do with a lap-dog, and that, when angered, it would quaver with its chaps, as Jackanapes are wont to do when in choler.'

Well doth our author exclaim of the OYSTER, that 'especially is it a most sweet, pleasant, and delectable thing to them that do affect good cheer and the joys of the table, for it may be prepared and accommodated in many curious fashions and dispositions, to suit the taste of each that would partake thereof; and of a verity doth it afford a most enjoyable nutriment and ravishing regalement; being both dainty, juicy, unctuous, and otherwise palatable in itself, as well as sanitary and advantageous in its consequences and effects; and in sooth, altogether, most refreshing and comforting to the body, and cheering to the spirits; and is always, especially in these days, held in great odor and repute by all staunch Epicureans and valiant good trenchermen.' And now for a few, heightened by garnishments and intensives:

'I SING THE OYSTER! (Virgin theme!)
King of Molluscules! Ancient of the stream!
Thy birth was Time's — soon as th' affrighted world,
A quivering mass, in space immense was hurled —
In darkness cradled — 'mid chaos nursed
Tumultuous! — ambiguous, till burst
Thy unctuous beauty on a world where none
Could know thy merit; there, alone
Thou pined'st forlorn, 'mid mud and flood and slime,
Ere man came on the stage, far in the time
Cosmogenetical.

'Nor yet alone — primordial bivalve!
Say, in thy nonage, didst thou not have
Some shell-fish *she*, by tender tie endeared,
To share thy mud, and pull thy downy beard?
Her love to cherish, and to calm her fear
When MEGALOSAURUS fierce came rather near;
Or when GALUMPUS, monarch of the main,
Loud bellowing, shook afar the watery plain!
Or COL-LOS-SOCH-E-LYS, grim giant of the shore,
Lashed out his tail, and gave his morning roar
Thundiferous!

'How long, bemired, inglorious, didst thou sleep?
Thy charms secreted by the envious deep, —
Unknown, untasted, and unsung! So lies
The fairest flower 'neath Arab's desert skies;
So sleeps the gem within its rocky tomb:
So blinks the planet in its distant gloom,
Till some rare *savant* brings it to the view —
So, half the world, for ages, lay *perdue*,
Till great COLOMBO chanced this way to steer,
And waked our dozing hemisphere,
One morning!

'To fame unknown, but no less worthy, he,
 Who, of all men, first found and tasted thee.
 How great his faith ! his courage how audacious !
 To swallow *thee*, cold, slimy, and vivacious !
 What tremor his ! as when thou first didst glide
 Down his *œsophagus*, and didst nimbly hide
 Within the inner man ; but when, by repetition,
 He gained, at length, the rapturous fruition
 Of all thy charms — what triumph his ! to find
 That *he*, of all, had given to mankind
 A new sensation !'

We can tell our young friend *one* thing, which is, that with all his cleverness, he evinces occasionally a lack of the perception of *measure*. 'Power,' 'Flower,' etc., in poetry, are words of *one* syllable only, and should never be otherwise used. What is the difference between the sound of *flour* and *flower* ? These blemishes always irk us, when we find them, as we frequently do, in verse sent to us for publication. They are invariably pretermitted in the proof, to be sure, but still they indicate a 'bad ear,' and are therefore annoying :

'Each drooping flow-er hangs its head :'

Miserable ! But never mind ; let us haste to the wedding : the union of a royal OYSTER and his juicy bride. The happy pair visit the retreat of a bivalve-anchorite, to be joined in 'HYMEN's sacred bands :' (from SHAK.)

'COXLY resisting, her he led
 To where, by hanging rock o'erspread,
 There was a little cell :
 An ancient *Scallop's* sanctuary,
 Where, free from world and vanity,
 He long had loved to dwell.

'Crooked was his shell, and gray his beard,
 With hoary age, and far revered
 For lore and sanctity ;
 Cunning he was, and well did know
 The moving tides, and when a blow
 Foretold the changing sky.

'Illumined by phosphorescent shell
 And fire-fly lamp, the little cell
 Glows with unusual light.
 By many a spell and holy rite,
 The loving pair there doth unite
 This holy anchorite.

'About his cell, arranged with care,
 Were shells of snails and sea-weeds rare,
 And mosses old and dry :
 A venerable sponge, his bed,
 And skeleton of eel, at head,
 Warned of mortality.

'There passed, reflective he, the days,
 Apart from noisy herd, and maze
 Of worldly cares and strife ;
 Sweet Solitude, with love sincere,
 There did he woo, his mistress dear
 And pleasure of his life.'

'By altar of rosy coral placed,
 Tenderly with shells inlaced,
 The twain became but one :
 No witnesses, save crickets three,
 Who, passing, stop, and sing with glee
 Their *epithalamium*.'

There was a song sung on the above occasion by a young PERIWINKLE, of a sentimental turn of mind ; but good as it is, we are compelled to omit it.

OYSTERS, of course, are a part, and an important part, of '*Night in Town* : ' hence the appropriateness of the subjoined, which to us seems something more than usually picturesque and graphic. Observe, please, the expressions which we have taken the liberty to italicise :

'Now lies in darkness muffled, all the town,
 Save where some gas-lamp penetrates the gloom,
 Or glancing lights from dwelling, or from inn,
 Reveal hilarity and life within :

Or mammoth lantern, with its painted glare,
 Invites the rover to potation there ;
 Or lighted coach along the pavement flies,
Like some big bug, with phosphorescent eyes ;
 Or down an area, opened bull's-eye's rays
 Of drowsy watchman, sends a sudden blaze ;
 Now Vice creeps out, and crawls her slimy rounds,
 And brawling Mirth his noisy tocsin sounds.
 Now skulking miscreants leave their murky lairs,
 And Crime, abroad, its stealthy purpose dares —
 While on the roofs, Grimalkin amorous roves,
And cooks, o'er railings, tell their greasy loves.

'Some worship at Euterpe's favored shrine,
 Where *basses* bellow, and where tenors whine ;
 And PRIMA DONNA, through three acts insane,
 At length, sings back her brains again ;
 While simpering Miss, at home, so orthodox,
 Here, ogles boldly from her opera-box ;
 To come, from night to night, she sighs,
 And waxes maudlin o'er the tenor's eyes :
 While Pater, lost in dreams of 'Speculation,'
 Damns (to himself) the whole Italian nation.'

Here we rest: leaving lecturers, spirit-rappers, *et id genus omne*, to be rapped over the knuckles with the hammer of satire: while we reiterate our expression of the pleasure which this unpretending little 'booklet' has given us, and predict for the writer a 'considerable' literary hereafter, if he will but 'mind his eye.' *En avant, Mons. 'A FISHE SHELLEY !'*

PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

FLOURISHING is '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' a neighbor paper, treating of field sports and matters pertinent to current literature. It is presided over by a trio of worthies; and in the number of June thirtieth, we find an able paper by the Senior Editor, PORTER himself, upon the life and merits and death of his old friend, JOHN C. STEVENS. This memoir is one of marked ability, and bears the evidence of deep and honest feeling, such as one surviving friend would feel at the loss of a friend whose character possessed such qualities as distinguished that of the worthy and lamented STEVENS. Mr. STEVENS was a marked man, and well was he calculated to arouse in a kindred breast the lamp-light of a love that knows no flicker and needs no trimming; and in glorious style has the '*Spirit*' come up to the sad but sympathetic duty of commemorating upon its pages the deeds of duty in all the walks of a varied life of the departed friend of field-sports and manly exercises. PORTER's '*Spirit*' has won a new claim to public favor by bearing so earnest and heart-felt a testimony to a man so well known and so universally beloved.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — An 'IMPROVEMENT' is a very simple thing, the moment you take your eye and throw it upon the subject, upon which, perhaps, before you had 'something thought, but naught intently.' This was preëminently the case with the '*Hen Persuader*.' Reflecting deeply upon the principle one night, the great IDEA was evolved: in one week from that time, the '*Persuader*' was a 'a thing of life:' and such, we have no doubt, was the inception of the simple and beautiful invention, mentioned in the 'CIRCULAR' which we subjoin: The principle is somewhat analogous to that of the '*Persuader*:' prolonged disappointment being the motive-power in each case: the one, however, is 'back-action,' the other, an accelerated forward movement:

'Circular: To the Public.

'PERMIT me to call your undivided attention to an invention lately made and patented by myself, which is calculated to produce the most beneficial results, and prove of inestimable value to mankind. It is well known that the sewing-machines now so generally in use, are the most important invention and greatest blessing of the age. Every lady considers this instrument indispensable to her happiness; it has completely usurped the place of the piano-forte and harp in all well-regulated families; and she who once purchased materials for clothing by the yard, now procures them by the piece or bolt, to enjoy the rational pleasure of easily making them into garments.

'In the humble cabin of the laborer, and in the halls of the rich and great, now resounds from morning until night, the whirl of the sewing-machine. The result of this universal grinding, although eminently gratifying to the sellers of dry-goods, and the philanthropic fathers and husbands who discharge their bills, has not been of a favorable nature to our ladies in a physical point of view. It is found that the constant use of the crank has brought on rheumatic and neuralgic affections in the shoulder, and a similar application of the treddle has a tendency to produce hip

diseases, and white swelling of the knee-joint, accompanied by nervous complaints of a painful character. The undersigned is acquainted with a most estimable single lady of middle age, who, having procured one of the fast-running machines, was so enchanted with it, that she persisted in its use for thirty-six hours without cessation, and found, on endeavoring to leave off, that her right leg had acquired the motion of the treddle in such a painful manner, that it was impossible to keep it still, and her locomotion thereafter assumed a species of polka step exceedingly ludicrous to witness, and particularly mortifying to herself. I regret to add that she was compelled, by a vote of the society, to withdraw from the Methodist Church, on a charge of dancing down the broad aisle on a Communion Sunday. A more melancholy instance was the case of Mrs. THOMPSON of Seekonk, a most amiable lady, beloved and respected by all around her, but who, by constant use of the crank, lost all control of the flexors and extensors of her right arm, and inadvertently punched her husband in the eye, which, he being a man of suspicious and unforgiving disposition, led to great unhappiness in the family, and finally resulted in the melancholy case of THOMPSON *vs.* THOMPSON, so familiar to most of the civilized world. A turn for mechanism, and an intense desire to contribute to the happiness of the female sex, have ever been distinguishing traits in my character. On learning these facts, therefore, I devoted myself to a thorough investigation of the subject, and after a month of close application, have at last made an invention which will at once do away with every thing objectionable in the use of the sewing-machine.

'This beautiful discovery is now named

'PHENIX'S FELINE ATTACHMENT.'

'Like most great inventions, the Attachment is of great simplicity. An upright shaft is connected with the machine by a cog-wheel and pinion, and supported below by a suitable frame-work. Two projecting arms are attached to the shaft, to one of which a large cat is connected by a light harness, and from the other, a living mouse is suspended by the tail, within a few inches of the nose of the *motor*. As the cat springs toward the mouse, the latter is removed, and keeping constantly at the original distance, the machine revolves with great rapidity. The prodigious velocity produced by the rapacity of the cat in its futile endeavors to overtake the mouse, can only be imagined by one who has seen the Attachment in full operation.

'It is thus that man shows his supremacy over the brute creation, by making even their rapacious instincts subservient to his use.

'Should it be required to arrest the motion of the machine, a handkerchief is thrown over the mouse, and the cat at once pauses, disgusted.

'Remove the handkerchief, and again she springs forward with renewed ardor. The writer has seen one cat (a tortoise-shell) of so ardent and unwearied disposition, that she made eighteen pairs of men's pantaloons, two dozen shirts, and seven stitched skirts, before she lay down exhausted. It is to be hoped that the ladies throughout the land will avail themselves of this beautiful discovery, which will entirely supersede the use of the needle, and make the manufacture of clothing and household materials a matter of pleasure to themselves, and exciting and healthy exercise to their domestic animals. I present below an elevation of the 'Feline Attachment' in operation, that all may understand its powers, and none fail to procure one, through ignorance of its merits. The Attachment will be furnished to families having sewing-machines, on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest

notice. Young and docile cats supplied with the Attachment, by application at 348 Broadway, New-York. Office of the Patent Back-Action Hen-Persuader.

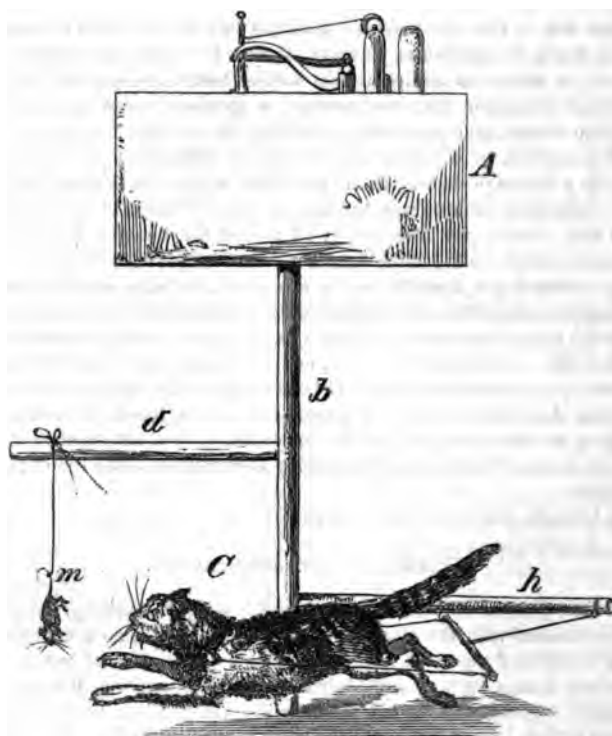


Illustration of 'Phoenix's Feline Attachment.'

'A. SEWING-MACHINE, Box-pattern,	\$75 00
'C. CAT, at various prices, say,	\$2½ to 10 00
'B. Vertical Shaft,	5 00
'D. H. Projecting arms,	50
'M. MOUSE,	12½

Total cost of Machine and Attachment, \$90 62½

'Persons wishing to avail themselves of this invention, will have the goodness to address, as above,

JOHN PHOENIX, Professor, Etc.'

It really seems astonishing; it appears almost singular; in fact it is, when rightly considered, well nigh surprising, that we should have opened the following letter from the '*Administrator, etc., of the Late Gilbert Sphynx*' directly after the PHOENIX had arisen and flapped his opinions over our previous pages. There is but one PHOENIX: and we have doubts even of him. We still think him a Myth. We said so at the ASTOR, having previously learned, at our town-sanctum, that he stopped there: the handsome clerk said: 'No: there *was* a MYTH, or SMYTH, or some such name,

here yesterday ; but he has gone to the St. NICHOLAS, I think : good morning : dinner for six in Number — : plates for eight : four, *sharp* ! What's your number, Sir ? Much baggage ? Five trunks ? JOHN ! — Left : St. NICHOLAS : same scene : 'Gone to New-York Hotel.' Went up — omnibus full — *walked* up : hot day : obliged to leave for Cedar-Hill Cottage on the Hudson at half-past three o'clock exactly (generally a little *before*, too, Captain COCHRAN, 'sorry to say,' for the *over-punctual* credit of our boat :) entered 'Mr. PHOENIX, MYTH, ('SMYTH ?') no, Sir, *Myth* ! — is either of this gentleman in ? 'PHOENIX has left for Boston : don't *know* MYTH.' Left again : There *may* be a PHOENIX ; but if so, he is an eastern bird. We hold, however, with Mrs. GAMP's Mrs. HARRIS, that 'there ain't no sich a person :'

ADVERTISEMENT.

'SOMETHING handsome will be paid by the undersigned for the top-knot and claws of that queer bird which has lately made its appearance among the feathered tribes of America, to the extreme confusion of AGASSIZ and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This preposterous fowl is styled 'Phoenix.'

'Ancient writers on ornithology mentioned the Phoenix with as little misgiving as they wrote 'chicken,' 'partridge,' 'duck,' etc., etc. Whatever doubt there might have been in the minds of PLINY and his friends about the condor and the albatross, there was none whatever about the Phoenix. COLERIDGE's 'Ancient Mariner' was in fact read with general incredulity, but whatever assertions any gentleman might throw out in relation to the Phoenix went down without difficulty.

'At a later day, however, the new lights all said there was no Phoenix, and never was or would be, for two reasons namely: First, because there could n't be a Phoenix : secondly, because there would n't be one if there could. These two propositions took the wind out of the sails of PLINY and his backers, and the science of ornithology became settled on the basis of no Phoenix, and remained in that state for several centuries. No question ever was more completely settled. No finality was ever more final, to all appearance. But lo ! and behold, some three or four years ago, a real live Phoenix, with an intensely Yankee type of feather, came straggling down from the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, with a carol like the squawk of a rail-road cattle alarm, and with wings like a pair of gutta-percha over-coats flapping before a clothing-store in the equinoctial storm, alighted on the tallest tree of a California gallows-orchard, and began to regale the Pacific coast with selections from his delectable *repertoire*. By-and-by we heard the 'critter' fifeing up in Oregon, with great applause from the Nootka 'circles,' no doubt. The hardy savages of those shores can stand a good deal — and they stood that. There might have been an increased mortality among infants, but if there was, the press did not notice the fact. As long as the new bird was satisfied to adorn the Fauna of the Pacific coast, we had nothing to say, but when the gutta-percha over-coats were spread for a flight to the Atlantic side, we felt that there would be a 'crisis' pretty soon, and verily the crisis came.

'Considerate nature, according to the ancients, never afflicts the earth with more than one Phoenix at a time, and then only once in a century. The undersigned hopes that an appreciation of these two facts, and the reward offered, will induce some enterprising person, or body corporate, to hunt down, ensnare, capture and deliver, dead or alive, to the public authorities, this lawless interloper. When he and the June comet are put out of the way, the march of mind can be resumed. At present we might as well shut up our institutions of learning.

'Description: The Phoenix is between five and six feet high; quite erect; face and head of moderate Down-East type, and adorned with beautiful and luxuriant plumage, of which the natural color is a glorious red, but which is generally 'toned down' by some process not yet well understood by naturalists, to a darker shade. Back and legs blue, though the latter during dog-days are sometimes white — tufts of gold on each side near the head; specks of gold here and there; feet armed with spurs; on the whole, a very gorgeous and expensively got-up style of poultry.

'Habits: Audacious, voracious, pugnacious, predaceous, and impudent to a degree. It is a talking bird, and has picked up a sort of rag-fair dialect, which can be easily understood by those familiar with the English language. Its favorite diversion is to sit on some perch above the highest flight of a brick-bat, and reel off its fantastic jargon, mixed with peals of horse-laughter, to the vast annoyance of all persons of solid parts, and to the diversion of none except that giddy portion of the public who subscribe for or borrow the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine.

'The quality with which this fowl is endowed above all others, is unquestionably *sass*. The amount of *sass* which it can bring to bear on a given object, would have been incredible to the ancients if they had been presented with any statements on that point — reckoning as antiquity all that period of time anterior to the introduction of the equator as an article of female costume. No person, potentate, or institution, enjoys immunity against this giddy chatterbox. At one time he chaffs the President of the United States; at another, the little Dutch Minstrel who sings Dog Tray; next it is the BEECHER Family; anon the 'PIKE Family;' then the QUEEN of Great Britain, or the Fourth of July, or Thanksgiving day. No game too high or too low, too big or too little. Sometimes, like the owl, he is content to snap up a mouse; sometimes, like the tempest-scorning condor, he does not hesitate to pitch into a jackass. He sits, as it were, on a tree-top by the road-side of Time, and salutes every pilgrim that trudges by with his impudent farrago, and if the exasperated passenger fires his blunderbuss at the tormentor, you will see him straightway flounder in the tree-top in mock anguish, with the most hideous screeching, or hang by one claw from a dry branch for a full minute, like a dead crow tied up *in terrorem*; then flirting up with a peal of cachinnation, he recommences his audacious harangue.

'A few days ago, (as I learn from the May number of the Magazine before named,) this chatter-box ventured to discharge a little of its 'sass' at the memory of that gigantic philosopher, the late Dr. SPHYNX, whose work, in fourteen quarto volumes, on 'The Human Mind,' is destined to stand like fourteen pyramids dividing all time into two divisions, namely, the dark ages and day-light. The assertion that a certain production of this profound reasoner and poet is a plagiarism from JOHNSON'S Dictionary, is grossly and maliciously untrue. Dr. JOHNSON'S highly respectable lexicography is exhausted in the title-page and preface of the great 'Tractatus on the Human Mind.' Dr. JOHNSON could not have conversed even in the English language with my respected decedent without the aid of an interpreter. Dr. J. was satisfied to drop a bucket into the 'well of English undefiled.' SPHYNX drove an Artesian auger an hundred fathoms deeper. Notice is hereby given, that if I catch this Phoenix, I'll make a Thanksgiving turkey of him — also, that there are a *very few* copies of the Tractatus on the Human Mind not yet disposed of, which the undersigned would be willing to part with on highly reasonable terms. Application should be made early, or a copy of this stupendous work *may not be secured*. Several learned societies and agents of European libraries are in negotiation for the *very few* copies on hand; but the undersigned will close with no offers for *four weeks only*.

The Administrator, etc., of the late

G. SPHYNX.

'JOHN HONEYWELL' is responsible for the following:

'Our neighbor Turrs was sore depressed,
Down-hearted, weary, and forlorn,
And said he never wished to see
The rising of another morn.
Thus sadly hypped, he cast about
To find the easiest mode to die,
As invalids will always seek
The smoothest road to journey by.

'He had been told — and thought it true —
That starving was a horrid death;
That hanging had been proved to be
An awful way to stop the breath:
To drown was but a kitten's fate,
And poison was plain suicide;
But he had heard that men who *froze*
Were all unconscious when they died.

'Eureka! 'Twas a winter night,
The wind was from the nor'-nor'-west,
And mother Earth lay in her shroud,
With winding-sheet above her breast.
He looked at his thermometer,
The mercury had gone to sleep,
And zero watched it at the foot,
Shrunk to a little bulbous heap.

'And Turrs was charmed! This was the
way,
And this the hour to serve his turn,
While for the solemn shades of night
To hide the deed he 'gan to yearn:
At last they came; and when they fell,
Still stronger grew his strange desire,
As with a look of great contempt
He eyed the ever cheerful fire.

'Off went his cap, and coat and boots;
He plunged into the bitter air,
And mounting on a buried wall,
Sat like a storm-raised spectre there;
A counterpart, on snow-drift perched,
(Expecting soon to be a corse,)
Of that apocalyptic scene
Where Death bestrides a great white
horse.

'One thing poor Turrs quite overlooked,
In his desire the world to quit;
The earlier stage he had ignored —
Perhaps, indeed, forgotten it.

An interval of painful time,
Of suffering and of torture lay,
Before the man, who, all benumbed,
Could thus unconscious pass away.

'And so JACK FROST, the savage, gripped
His stiffening hands and aching toes,
And with sharp biting pincers nipped
Poor shivering Turrs' rebellious nose.
The pains of death gat hold of him,
With fierce and unrelenting strife,
Till the pale victim, purple cold,
Up stakes and ran for very life.

'Ran for his mittens and his boots,
His coat and eke his blanket-shawl,
Resolved to suffer martyrdom
In comfort, or not die at all.
This was too cold a track for him,
He would not make his exit so,
But much preferred to bide his time,
And longer bear his load of wo.

'Within the house he called for things
To shield him from the piercing storm,
And plumped him down before the fire
Meantime, to get a little warm.
He rubbed his ears, and wrung his hands,
And thrust his feet before the fender,
Then gave his icy nose a tweak,
And found the skin uncommon tender.

'Thus in the chair he sat and sulked,
And his stern resolution nursed,
Still bound to meet, when warmer clad,
The weather that he inly cursed.
And with this brave resolve in hand,
He watched the fire that blazed and
roared,
And when the kitchen clock struck ten,
Turrs slept, and like a toper snored!

'His dreams were full of polar bears,
Of ice-bergs, and of blinding snows;
And icicles a yard in length,
That hung dependent from his nose.
And when he woke with sudden start
To find the horrid vision fled,
He swore a good round Saxon oath,
Raked up the fire, and went to bed.'

'Circumstances alter cases.' - - - We stood on our little Eastern piazza this blessed Sunday morning, one quarter of an hour before five o'clock. It does n't matter much to state the fact: but now that the lovely vernal season has come, we cannot choose but be up betimes. Five o'clock in the morning has not found us in bed for a month; and, please God, it will not, during the summer, life and health being spared. As we write, not a soul in the house is stirring; all are asleep. But we were saying that we stood upon the piazza. 'What went you out for to see?' perhaps may think or ask some inquisitive reader. The *scenery*, God bless you, my dear Sir! — scenery not elsewhere to be found. But what we chiefly thought of was, the *Pictorial Infallibility of True Genius*. Look at the Hudson, in

its broadest expanse, pouring its flood to the main: with the hundreds of opaque sails upon its bosom, flitting into dimness beyond the misty Palisades. WIEN, and he alone, of all our artists, whose works we have seen, has painted that neutral color of nature, that 'gray and melancholy tone;' which, when the upper rim of the low cloud that is every moment brightening over the wizard region of Sleepy-Hollow, shall be tinged by the up-risen sun will make the Tappaän-Zee a sea of glory! Stop, half a minute: it is coolish, to be sure: but there is some wood burning in the sanctum-grate to take the chill off; so listen a moment longer to the great steamers moving toward, and hear the muffled drumming of their wheels. And now look about you here. How green the odorous cedars; and on all the fresh, flower-besprent little lawn in front, from cherry and pear-trees, (partly ours, and partly our neighbor's, but still ours this morning,) drop the 'light blossoms on the grass like snow.' Oh! this is a beautiful world. - - - THE KITE we spoke of in a late number, was a *good* kite: it performed well. It stood high 'in community. But a *recent* 'article,' with caveat, specifications, letters-patent, and tail, all complete, has 'taken the wind' from it entirely. Dry red pencil-cedar is the best material for your main-mast and yard-arm: secure all taut with spun-yarn: take one of the young lady's willow hoops, lithe, and smooth, and tractable, for hoop for your bow: stay it sexagonically from the zenith of the KITE, terminating at the nadir with cord-guys: let your paper be firm — your cord strong. Then put 'im up — if he will go. Ours would n't at first: fact is, had n't wind. So we brought him home, and hung him up in the next room. But our efforts to delight the little folks were not unnoticed. A man came to us down the lane, as we were smoking a briefly-drawn, mild Meerschäum on the piazza, 'thinkin' o' things,' and he sayed: 'I dinks de wind 'ave arozen: I dinks now de KIDE go ups!' Bless his watery-blue Teutonic eyes! He comes from 'das land't where they love children, and do more to amuse them than in any other country 'on the face of the globéd airth' — not even excepting 'la belle France.' We went out, and we *did* put 'im up! No 'Gilderoy Kite' ever exceeded it. - - - We beg leave to ask our brother-editors throughout the United States, if it is not often the fact, that they receive works from publishers of established repute over the whole country, that are *so good* that it is not thought necessary to say a word about them? This, to our mind, is precisely the case with certain of the recent publications of TICKNOR AND FIELDS of Boston. Look at their edition of the Waverley Novels: their '*Household Edition*,' as they have most felicitously termed it: in paper, printing, form — every thing to be *desired* in any edition, how complete and beautiful! So of their '*Blue-and-Gold Editions*' of LONGFELLOW's Prose and Poetry; of TENNYSON, MRS. JAMIESON's works, GERALD MASSEY, and the like: how *exquisite* they are, in that 'first appeal, which is to the eye:' and nothing more, of course, do they need. Success to the MOXONS and MURRAYS of America!

¹ As the exquisite PYM would say: 'It must have been — ah — a dayvelish smart fellow who first invented — ah — cwticism!' BYRON thought so too, no doubt, though he did n't say it.

'The definition of the word criticism, or I should rather say, the occupation of the critic, is very varied, according to 'time, place, and circumstance,' as the grammar hath it. At the present time, and in our country, the critics seem chiefly divided into two great classes, namely, those who are paid for *writing up* the literature of the day, and those who are paid for *writing it down*. I am not sure that our country is an exception, in this respect, to the rest of the world! There is, to be sure, a third class, but its numbers are so very small that it is scarce worth classing: I allude to those who criticise independently of the 'almighty dollar,' from their own judgment of merit or the want of it.

'But there also exists a considerable sprinkling of individuals, who, they though of right belong not to any genuine order of critics, yet arrogate unto themselves the privileges thereof, and thrust their opinions, unasked and undesired, as well as unvalued, upon the literary world very often — upon their literary friends far more frequently. My friend, MEDDILL, is one of these.

'MEDDILL is a fussy, inquisitive, good-natured, disagreeable old bachelor, who is convinced that he is a literary man and was born a poet. Fortunately for himself and the world at large, his productions have never gone farther into life than the original MSS. He has, however, long given up writing, and now devotes himself to giving valuable critical hints to his young literary friends.

'About two or three months ago, I was seated in my sanctum, (back attic,) giving a finishing touch to a few stanzas I was about to send friend KNICKERBOCKER. Open Sesame, and enter Mr. MEDDILL.

'After the usual salutations: 'Ah! got something new there?'

'Yes: a trifle for the venerable KNICK, if he'll have it.'

'Let me see it. Ah! um — um — good! uumm — very good! a little rough, though; wants a touch here and there — eh? Do n't you think so?'

'Well! perhaps so; where would you *touch* it chiefly, Mr. MEDDILL?' (spoken seriously, with a bark, to smother a laugh.)

'Why, you know I never scribble these things any more; pleasant for young folks; flowers and bowers, honey and money, and all that; but my young days are over. However, I still feel the vein, you know, the divine afflatus: once a poet, always a poet.'

'Of course; and I hope you'll give me a hint or two, to —'

'Well! if you insist; but do n't suppose I object to the poem as a whole, by no means: it's very neat — very neat, indeed — only a lit-t-l-e touch here and there —'

'As for instance; come now, Mr. MEDDILL.'

'Well, then, here's a line — very pretty conceit, but 'bitter crest?' Do n't you think, now, foamy crest would be more forcible, more elegant — eh?'

'Foamy crest, let it be; go on, Mr. MEDDILL.'

'Really, I — I am only suggesting, you know, not finding fault —'

'Certainly, and I am taking advantage of your suggestions; go on, Sir, I beg.'

'Um — um (reading sotto-voce) ah! now you've got 'taunting;' not strong enough, it strikes me; you want something vivid — let — me — see — ghas — yes! ghastly's the word; ghastly, fearful image, you know, eh?'

'Ghastly it is; proceed, my dear Sir.'

'Well, you are really too — too —'

'Not at all, Sir; pray go on.'

'And on he went, making about fifteen corrections upon the same principles as

the ones already quoted, and constantly reminding me, that he was by no means finding fault; quite the contrary; that the poem was really very neat indeed, and only required a lit-t-l-e touch here and there, which I, no doubt, would have seen myself if I had just glanced a little more carefully over it; that he had given up poetry with other youthful pastimes, but 'the scent of the roses would hang round him still,' etc., etc. When he had finished I thanked him, and upon his asking me 'If I did not now see the improvement, even of such slight touches,' (he had completely snarled up, befuddled and rehashed incomprehensibly, the original ideas of the poem,) 'candidly now — eh?'

'I answered that — 'Candidly I *did* see a decided alteration.'

'Send it to old KNICK *now*, my boy, and he'll be glad to get it, for it's a devilish good thing,' said friend MEDDILL, as he bid me good morning.

'That evening I mailed the lines, *exactly as I had written them*, to L. G. CLARK, Esq.

'A couple of months afterward they were published. The day after I received my number, I met amigo MEDDILL in the street. 'Well, Mr. MEDDILL,' said I wickedly, 'you were right: friend CLARK has published *our* lines.'

'Pshaw! *your* lines; they were yours, and very pretty they were too; only wanted just a lit-t-l-e touch here and there, (the 'our' took him in a soft place though, for all; I saw the self-satisfied condescension of his disclaimer sticking out.) 'So he published them! I knew he would, for they were devilish good. Are you going home? I'll look at them in print.'

'We went home, and without moving a filament of any facial muscle, I handed him the Magazine: I was trying a physiological experiment.

He read the lines first to himself, then aloud, stopping at the end of every stanza to exclaim, 'Very neat;' 'just the turn;' 'smooth and elegant,' until he had finished. Then laying down the book on his knee, 'It's perfect,' he cried; 'could n't be better! I defy LONGFELLOW to improve it! *I told you it only wanted just a lit-t-l-e touch here and there, and you see, with the slight corrections I — a — we made, by Jove! it's the best thing in the book!*'

'Reader! are you not ready to exclaim with the exquisite PYM, heretofore quoted: 'It must have been a devilish smart fellow who first invented *criticism*'?'

WE have often thought, 'What in the world that is new, or original, will any body, any writer, be able to say by-and-by?' Here is a case in point. We always supposed that old Judge HOPKINSON, of Philadelphia, wrote 'Hail Columbia,' our great national song: but it turns out that he did n't do it: it is taken almost bodily from an ancient Scandinavian refrain, quoted by VANDERHOOTEN, in his *Skaloöstminkend*, published by SKLOPSTEINSKRÖ-FRENGROZEN at Leipsic last year, and lately re-published in the '*Evening Post*' daily journal. Take, for example, the following stanza:

'SEER! Molungof's holberdeer!
Seer! Kudarcut's hobregon!
Batwa bnu paad sgrabam schrammen;
Batwa bip' dnas haccan schranszen.
Heel! dnas brusen!
Batwa top paad skurveen skuffen:
Heela bnu dlig tekken-tekken.
Heel! dnas brusen!'

But what is still more remarkable than this is the fact, that long before even *this* was written—and the lines we have placed in italics will show how *very* near are the thought and the feeling to Judge HOPKINSON's ode, there appeared in the '*Ka Hae Hawaii*,' of the Sandwich Islands, in a brief prose-poem, almost the same identical sentiment. Let any reader compare the marked passage in the following with the emphasized lines in the foregoing verse, and then say whether we are not correct in our assumption :

'O KA hui'a a me ka uala kahiki na mea kanu o ka poe mahiai ma Kula a me Makawao, he mau mea waiwai maoli no ia; mai ka lepo mai ia waiwai, ke eli nei na kanaka ma ka lepo, a loa'a, me he gula la, ma ka lepo o Kaliponia; *no ka mea, ina e haawi aku me i mau pahu uala i ka mea i makemake i uale; alaila, e haawi aku no hoi kela i wahi gula ia oe; o kou makemake, o ke gula no ia, a o kona makemake o ka uala noia.* Maikai ka uala kahiki o Kula i keia makahiki.'

. This charge of plagiarism will of course be met by the heirs of Judge HOPKINSON: but *how*? That is the question. - - - Pending the answer to which, read the following 'deferred item,' from the pen of 'PETER PROTEUS:

'I TOOK up an old number of you the other day, and seeing in it some extracts from the sermons and epistles of Mr. JULIUS CESAR HANNIBAL, I was reminded of speech I once heard made by 'a gembleman ob color,' which may, perhaps, be worth relating.

'In the summer of 1850, I was passenger on board the 'Crescent City' steamer, on my way home from California. We stopped for coal at Kingston, Jamaica, and while lying at the wharf there, our skipper, old STODDARD, (you remember STODDARD?) wishing to do the 'handsome thing,' determined to give a dinner-party to the American Consul at that port, the venerable Mr. HARRISON. Of course all the dignitaries of the place must be invited. Now, unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, among these were several gentlemen whose ancestors were one day taken by force from their native shore; and who, by a sort of SUTHERLANDISH and STOWEICAL affectation of philanthropy, are found as capable of filling *certain* public offices in the West-India colonies of Great Britain as any body else. This, to some of the passengers, was a great draw-back to the feast: but the greater number enjoyed the idea heartily, anticipating 'fun.' Commodore JONES, of the Navy, himself a slaveholder, was seated between two fine-looking, able-bodied fellows, either of whom would have brought in the Commodore's State (Virginia) eight hundred dollars, merely as field-hands. The rest were scattered around the table, agreeably intermingled with their white brethren. And I have not the least doubt but that the spirit of WILBERFORCE was looking down upon us, through the four-inch plank of the steamer's upper-deck, in sublime benignity.

'After the cloth was removed, there came 'speaking,' of course. So soon as the PRESIDENT and QUEEN had been rattled off, the Captain, in a neat speech, paid a just compliment to the Consul. The Consul returned thanks and the compliment, winding up with an additional tribute to the English and American Navies. This brought out Lieutenant DUER, of our Navy, as a substitute for Commodore JONES, and a Lieutenant and Surgeon of the English Navy, who were present. One of these latter said something about 'the great American People,' which brought out, as you may suppose, nearly all the passengers. Our 'great kedentry,' and our 'peekeeuiliar institooshuns' were handled in the most masterly style by no less than—well, say twenty republican (not black) orators, about thirteen of whom were 'Colonels,' the rest being 'Majors' and 'Judges.'

'After all this was over, the eight-hundred-dollar fellow on Commodore JONES's right, who was a Member of the Legislative Assembly, (and black, though not a republican,) arose, and with great dignity thus addressed us :

'CAPTIN STODEHARD an' Gemblemen : I rise in some embrassmen', for 't aint a wery long time sence I 'cumb accustom' to speakin' in publicity. But I mus' spress my s'prise at w'at I can't but degard as 'glect on de parts ob all ob you. Wid my s'prise, I hab to 'spress my degret dat sich a t'ing should hab occur' in dis glorious colony ob our glorious suvrun, an' war HER MAJESTY's officers an' English gemblemen is seated at de table. De 'glect I speak ob is toast. Toast as had orter bin brought afore you.' ('*Spread*,' suggested some body.) 'No, Sar, *not* spread,' continued 'the hon. member,' 'but cobered in dat booty ob language, w'ich I degret I cannot comman'. But, Captin STODEHARD an' gemblemen, as I was a-sayin', w'en I was interrupt' by some unbeknowed wag, you hab all ob you 'glected toast,' ('Because we prefer bread,' said a voice;) 'Den, Sar, stop you' mouf wid it,' was the quick and indignant reply of 'the hon. member;' and the 'Voice' was silenced. 'You hab all ob you 'glected toast, dat 'stead ob bein de las,' (as I's sorry to say 'tis on mos' ob decashun like de presen') should be one ob de fust. I see you is all lookin' roun' at me, an' you feel ashame' ob yourself as you had orter.' ('Come, bear a hand, old chap,' interrupted the English naval surgeon.) 'W'en you get a little older, Doctor, you may hab more *paishuns*, p'r'aps,' was the response of the imperturbable 'hon. member.' This was received with much laughter, and the Doctor remained silent. 'Now, Captin STODEHARD and gemblemen,' proceeded the Sroweic, 'spite ob interrupshuns, spite ob lafter, spite ob de Debil heself, I will conclude wid de conclushun ob dis wery feeble effort, widout any more circume-locushun; an' will be de envy ob you all as I stan' fort' in wat may be call' base-relief, de champun ob de far seck!' ('*Bas-relief*! — then he's only *half* a nigger!' growled an inebriated American citizen, fresh from the diggings.) 'Less you all be more stupidder nor I t'ink you is,' continued 'the hon. member,' this time disregarding the interruption, 'you hab guess de toast.' (Cries of 'No! no! we is all more stupidder nor you t'ink, we is;') 'Go on;') 'Order.') 'Den I gib you, Captin STODEHARD and gemblemen, 'De companums ob our jeyes and our sorries, wedder dey be sweet-hearts or wibes — de LADIES!'

'This was received amid shouts, much laughter, three-times-three, and exclamations, such as, 'The heathen!' — 'D — n the darky's impudence!' — 'The black rascal!' and the like; and the dinner-party to the American Consul at the port of Kingston, Jamaica, was over.

'For my part, I thought the black fellow had read us a pretty good lesson, and in consequence, I did n't make much noise.'

Our friend 'B. S. R.,' an old subscriber of Towanda, is quite right in his conjecture; and we agree with him entirely in relation to the paper to which he alludes; but so much time has elapsed since its appearance, it would not be wise, perhaps, to recall attention to it by animadversion or otherwise. 'Let it pass.' - - - The recent death of CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN, of Pittsburgh, (Penn.,) is deeply felt and widely lamented by all who knew him. He would seem to have been deservedly and almost universally loved, since the Western and South-Western press, and associated societies, unite in paying tribute to his character and in doing honor to his memory. He was a young man, in the prime of life; of good literary taste and acquirements; and used often to write us excellent letters, some of which have appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, whence they were copied with much commendation by the Western and South-Western press.

His gifted brother (they were *twins* in heart) was killed 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,' by the bursting of the boiler of a steamer, which they officered on the Ohio and down the Mississippi; and it always seemed as if, after that, the survivor 'dragged a maimed life.' Right glad were we to take his hand and to chat an evening-hour with him at Louisville, when we had the pleasure to visit, some months since, that most hospitable of towns. A fine face — a cordial manner — a warm heart — and in years, how few! But '*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens.*' - - - We gather from 'PHIGGS,' who writes us from Port Chester, that there are curious notabilities about that place. Among them is 'BROWN,' of whom this little anecdote is related: 'He had been for some time very much in love with a young lady, and wishing to be a little particular, asked permission, on taking his leave one night, to call her by the name of some animal, which request was granted, on condition that she should have the same privilege. On leaving, BROWN said: 'Good night, *Dear.*' 'Good night *Bore!*' said she. BROWN has since foresworn the company of young ladies.' - - - We have 'an inkling' that few of our readers will not at once recognize the writer of the following as the author of a somewhat kindred '*Examination in Geography*,' the circulation of which was by no means confined to the 'universal press' of the United'n States'n :

'CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY: Take your places. Subject of to-day's lesson ?

'ANSWER: The Young American.

'QUESTION: Where is this animal found ?

'ANSWER: In *Uppertendom*.

'QUESTION: Can it exist in any but its native air ?

'ANSWER: It cannot thrive, except where civilization is overgrown.

'QUESTION: To what other species is it nearly allied ?

'ANSWER: The monkey.

'QUESTION: Which most resembles man ?

'ANSWER: Some naturalists place the Young American next to man, but by most it is considered inferior to the monkey.

'QUESTION: Describe the Young American.

'ANSWER: Body and limbs exceedingly slight — head small and very grect, being light — the coat smooth and glittering in spots with the brilliancy of gold or gems — eyes usually mild and gentle in expression, though when the animal is roused, they are capable of a furious glare. A striking peculiarity is the long fur or hair, which, with some, quite covers the face, with others, all but a narrow space below the eyes. Forehead low — teeth small, sharp, and very white.

'QUESTION: Is the Young American dangerous ?

'ANSWER: Sometimes threatening, but seldom dangerous. They retreat at once when attacked by man. The kind called Fortune Hunters should, however, be excepted. They are keen-scented and cunning, stealthy in the pursuit of prey, and cruel to their victims.

'QUESTION: On what does the Young American subsist ?

'ANSWER: On 'Father's money' — a substance well known in *Uppertendom*.

'QUESTION: Has the Young American any thing like the power of speech ?

'ANSWER: When irritated, it gives utterance to a low sound, like 'demd bore, or sometimes, 'kussid bore,' but is usually quiet.

'QUESTION: Can this creature be made useful to man, in any way ?

'ANSWER: Some attempts to train him for usefulness have been made, but in vain — they have always resulted in a loss of individuality, and have, therefore, been abandoned. Yet it is valued as a pet by ladies, who are often fond of the creature as a companion in their walks, and they even give it a place in their drawing-rooms; merely as a play-thing, however, as it is of no use where protection is needed. Still, the Young American fills a place in *Uppertendom* which no other animal in the known world would occupy.

'QUESTION: Then what appears to be the object of its existence if it cannot be rendered useful ?

'ANSWER: The object of its existence is yet to be discovered, although as we are taught that nothing is made in vain, there is doubtless a design in the existence of the Young American.

'QUESTION: Is the Young American ever confounded with the True American ?

'ANSWER: 'Never. The True American is quite a distinct species, and is not found in *Uppertendom*.

'Perfect lessons. The class may be seated.'

From a friend in Jacksonville, (Illinois,) cometh the following: 'Your anecdote of Dr. INCHES in KNICK's last, reminds me of one somewhat corollary to it, which may at any time be verified by reference to the 'Album' kept at the house of the once famed 'MARM COOK,' who sojourned on the top of Red Hill, in New-Hampshire. The wit appears rather attenuated, but no one can look on the joke, as it is there, without a laugh. There are inscribed in formal, ladies' Italian hand, names as follows :

'MISS ELLEN INCHES,

" JANE INCHES,

" SUSAN INCHES,

" MARY INCHES,

" GRACE INCHES,

" ANNE INCHES,

SIX INCHES !!'

The summing up at the bottom is the work of some after visitor, whose hand-writing is as bad as his wit. A row of ladies' names, concluded by 'such' a 'base mechanical' termination, never failed to attract the attention of after-visitors. While I am on Red Hill, let me further indulge: A parcel of us lads and lasses were slowly toiling up, on one occasion, carrying the materials for a pic-nic at the top. When our limbs begun to ache, it was agreed that the 'biggest orange' should be the gift of the one who got off the best tribute to the scenery in view from the summit. The following won :

'OLD NICK took his LORD on the top of Mount Tabor,
And to cause HIM to bow down did fruitlessly labor:
I think that 'AULD HANGIE' had done better still,
If instead of Mount Tabor he 'd ascended Red Hill.'

Mr. JUSTICE STORY of Mass., and his friend, Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, with ladies, etc., in company, were once toiling up the same steep, when the former, by way of beguilement, commenced in merry vein to introduce Mr. W — to the trees that stood by the path-way. 'This, Mr. WEBSTER, is

Monsieur OAK ; this is Miss ELM, and this is Madam BIRCH, at your service.' 'Oh !' interrupted Mr. WEBSTER, 'forbear all introduction there : I was made perfectly acquainted with the lady in my school-boy days !' Good for our Jacksonville friend - - - MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE authoress of 'The Rural Habitation of Uncle THOMAS,' is writing a series of interesting 'Letters from Europe,' in the '*Independent*' weekly religious journal. The number before us describes her '*First Day in Rome*,' during which she visited, among other places, St. PETER's and the COLISEUM. With the former she was disappointed ; being inferior, in the effect it made upon her, to York and Durham Cathedrals in England, or those of Strasbourg and Cologne, on the Continent. The 'High Altar, with its four twisted pillars,' she says, reminded her of 'a gigantic, awkward four-post bedstead.' 'St. PETER's is wonderful in its gilding, its frescoes, its quantities of colored glass, and its marbles ; but afterall, we were disappointed.' It was only in pacing slowly through the immense aisle, and looking up into the dome, '*where the frescoes are actually blue and misty with the height*,' that the vastness of the edifice took possession of her spirit. But the COLISEUM did not 'disappoint' her — the 'chief relic of almighty Rome.' As we read her description of its vast arenas, where *eighty thousand people*, seated, had at one and the same moment witnessed the same gladiatorial exhibition and sacrifice ; where all the trees and shrubs known to Italy, according to our old correspondent, Mr. WARE, author of 'The Palmyra Letters,' are represented in its 'rents of ruin ;' we turned to a painting in our sanctum, the best view of the Coliseum we have ever seen, and for the thousandth time contemplated the scene. Men are walking upon the ground, far below the upper surface of the *foundation* upon which the vast structure rests : let the eye take in *their* measure, reach above *them*, the top of the *base* of the mighty superstructure ; follow up the arches and columns of the five 'grand divisions,' towering at last almost into the very skies ; and scan the awful sweep in the distance of its vanishing oval ; and *some* idea of 'THE COLISEUM' may be gained. Would that we could see it 'in reality and very truth !' But 'the time is not yet.' We cannot dismiss this letter of Mrs. Stowe's without alluding to an *affectation* of 'Englishism' in her writing, which is not only very apparent, but exceedingly ridiculous. Instead of saying, 'I could n't help saying,' or 'We could n't avoid contracting,' etc., the borrowed and ill-worn verbal garb is, 'One feels as if one's heart were in one's throat ;' or 'one's feeling of utter disgust at outward filth, which overpowers one's sense of one's enjoyment of sublimity,' or the like. 'Affectations, look you,' are to be avoided ; and especially by a New-England Yankee woman, whose *natural* dialect is 'to the contrary, and quite the reverse.' - - - THE other day our old friend of '*The Hut*,' now attracting so much attention in our pages, paid a flying visit to 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' where he was well and 'freshly remembered.' The day we passed hereabout, surrounded by as beautiful scenery as there is 'anywheres,' will long be 'marked with a white stone.' And now that we have spoken of '*The Hut*,' which needs no praise at our hands, nor at the hands of any body, for that matter, let us add, that Mr. BRENT does not

confine his pen to our pages. His are the capital '*Stirrup Papers*' in *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, and his the translation of 'EUGENE SUE's new work in the pages of the same sparkling journal. A brilliant landscape-painter, he bids fair to become as eminent with his pen as he is with his pencil. - - - NOTHING can be simpler than a slight improvement which has suggested itself to us, in kite-making. The *point-d'appui* of the Kite, properly controlled by the cord in the hand of the operator, is kindred with the helm of a vessel in the hands of a good and careful pilot. ZACK STALL, and BILL WEATHERWAX know the *feeling* of the 'ERIE' or 'NEW-HAVEN' steamers from the spokes of their wheel, as well as if they had probed the inmost recesses of the hearts of those boats. So with the KITE. Our last was entirely successful. It was much ornamented. Mr. TROW's RAINBOW-STAR, in front of his beautiful Specimen-Book, tastefully colored, formed its central ornament: the ground-paper was a very rich Chinese vermilion; and the 'red, white, and blue,' prevailed in the farther adornments. - - - It is not our wont, as we think our readers will bear us witness, to speak of our defects and short-comings; but just think of a person, an individual, arrived almost at what is called 'man's estate,' (we should like to see it,) having no knowledge of cards! We never practised with them in our whole life: know nothing about any game playable by those same artistic bits of paste-board; and yet we think we have a realizing inkling of the '*Sharp Practice*' recorded below, in a letter from a South-western friend:

'GAMBLING on board our Western river steam-boats is not so much in vogue as in days of yore, but it is by no means entirely abrogated.

'The following '*Sharp Practice*' is said to have occurred on board the steamer *Hannibal*, on the Mississippi, above New-Orleans. A party were engaged at 'Straight Poker,' two of whom were gamblers, professionally, but neither of them known to the other. Not being acquainted with their names, let us call them A. and B. During the evening A. won a 'pile,' principally from B. Again the hands were dealt: sharp betting was ventured by 'all hands,' until A. went '*One Thousand Better*.' A. had dealt; but without hesitation B. 'saw' him, and went '*Two Thousand Better*.' And so the betting proceeded, until fifteen thousand dollars lay upon the board, and B.'s *nigger* stood beside the 'pile' as part of the stake. A.'s money was getting somewhat short, he 'called' B., at the same time throwing down *four Aces and a King*. His hand was arrested in reaching for the prize by B., who coolly laid upon the table *five Aces* and a sixteen-inch Bowie-knife! He took the pot.'

We are the more interested in this, for the reason that Mr. SPARROWGRASS, who *can* play a gentleman-like game of whist—possibly Pochre, maybe Euchre, or Ochre—tells a story, (that will 'make a great laugh at the time,' *any* where,) of the unsophisticated Judge, who listened to certain testimony in relation to a gambling-'muss,' where a man who 'went in *blind*,' and 'saw' his adversary was severely cross-examined. The learned 'Court' could not understand how a person could 'go in *blind*,' and 'see' another person. He asked to be enlightened. The question was settled by two 'Experts' taking a seat on each side of the Judge, on the 'Bench,' and showing with a dirty pack of cards how the 'trick' was done. 'Verdict for the Plaintiff.'

As touching the '*Lover up a Tree*,' reader, you are to assume the following SCENE: 'Interior of a spacious garden, in an opulent Southern city. TIME, mid-night. A young gentleman is discovered in first fork of a big Alanthus tree: huge BULL-DOG standing at foot of the same, wagging his tail, and gazing steadfastly at Young Gentleman's boots. YOUNG GENTLEMAN loquitur:

'WELL! here's a situation,
For a young man up a tree:
With a bull-dog standing under,
Looking lovingly at me!

'Treed! by all the darts of CUPID!
Like a 'possum, or a 'coon!
What an aspect for a lover,
By the dim light of the moon!

'Came to serenade my JULIA:
Lightly climbed the garden-wall:
Tuned my guitar 'neath her window,
Yonder where the shadows fall:

'Got as far as 'Sleep, my darling,'
When a deep base 'bow! wow! wow!
Out of tune and time, saluted me—
I hear its echo now.

'And a snapping, close behind me,
Warned me a foe was near;
So I beat a quick retreat from *there*,
And found a lodgment here!

'As I climbed this smooth Alanthus,
I felt a-something tear:
Let's see: yes, here's a rent behind:
I know how it came there!

'Plague take the canine creature!
Wagging his stiff bob-tail,
As though he thought his narrative
Would finally prevail!

'But such dogmatic arguments
Have no effect on me,
And such waggish illustrations
With my temper do n't agree:

'Yonder where the snowy curtain
In the mellow moon-light shines,
Unconscious of my sad mishap,
My JULIA dear reclines.

'I would not now, for all the world,
That she should see me here,
Dangling in this old Alanthus,
With a white flag in my rear!

'Oh! for a bit of strychnine,
Or some poison of *some* sort!

I'd stop the wagging of that tail,
And all this canine sport!

'T is mid-night, and I hope if now
A ghost is on the jog,
He'll come this way, and frighten off
This most pugnacious dog:

'If fairies in the moon-light dance,
I trust some light carouser
Will come and 'play dog' for a while,
With this infernal Bowser!

'The merry stars seem laughing
In their places up afar,
But I am looking downward
On a dangerous dog-star:

'When ACTEON looked on DIAN,
With her naked nymphs around,
The angry huntress changed the bold
Intruder to a hound:

'Oh! for the power to change *this* dog
Into a strapping fellow!
I'd 'mount him' in a minute,
And turn his bark to bellow:

'Hark! what is that?—an old tom cat
Around the porch is crawling:
Poor Tom! I've a fellow feline
For your sad caterwauling!

'Now BOWSER hears him!—see he turns;
Seek! catch him! bite him, Bowser!
Confound the twig! it's fastened in
The rent within my trowser!

'He's gone! and dog and cat are seen
In mad and desperate chase:
'T is a very proper time, I think,
For me to leave this place.

'O JULIA! sleep!—sleep *sound*, my love!
Oh! do not wake just yet,
To view the rent in my trowserloons,
Made by your canine pet;

'And if you *never* wake until
My soft guitar you hear,
You'll slumber till old GABRIEL's horn
Shall break your sleep, my dear!

'TITUS A. PEER.'

The best of all this is, that it is *true*, every word of it. It records, we are assured, without the slightest exaggeration, an actual occurrence.

'THETA's 'piece' as he calls it, is received. Will he permit us to ask him what it is all about? The opening is immense: but we despair of ascertaining his theme. His 'effort' reminds us of the stuttering Methodist, who 'opened' large at a class-meeting, as follows: 'Breth'ren and sister'n: I've got something to say to you that will ma-ma-make your very h-h-earts ti-ti-tin-gdle, ef I could *only th-th-think of it!*' We had just been reading 'THETA's article, when our friend of '*The Hut*' mentioned this anecdote. It struck us as exactly in point. He has *forgotten his subject*. And such big words! If you want to say that a squinting man 'looks two ways for Sunday,' say so: do n't say that he 'scrutinizes in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.' All these 'elegancies' of language are misplaced and unnatural. - - - A FRIEND who is summering at Plainfield, New-Jersey, writes: 'It may be that you and many of your readers are not aware of the country comforts to be had in this pleasant, quiet town. First, as to the mode of getting here from New-York, take the steam-boat 'Wyoming,' or 'Red Jacket,' at pier Number Two, North River, to Elizabethport; then by the cars of the New-Jersey Central Railroad, to the ancient but now rapidly-growing city of Elizabeth, from which Plainfield is but twelve miles distant: the road passing by the villages of Craneville, West-Farms, and Scotch Plains. The Central Railroad is one of the best managed and successful roads in the country; the western terminus being at Easton, (Pa.,) with various connections by which travellers are conveyed to Schooley's Mountain, the Delaware Water-Gap, and the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, whose rich treasures are brought at all seasons to the towns along the line, and to New-York. But to return, Plainfield, as its name indicates, is situated on a level plain at the foot of a range of hills which extend for miles, running nearly north and south. On the summit of one of these, about three miles from the town, is a large rock, from which WASHINGTON reconnoitred the British army, then in the vicinity of New-York. The town is regularly laid out, has many charming residences, beautiful drives, fine scenery, and an abundance of all kinds of fruit. It is about one hour and forty minutes from New-York by the boat and cars, and the trip is, in all, one of the pleasantest in your vicinity. New-Jersey is remarkable for its variety of soil and mineral wealth, and in its undulating surface, beautiful vales, and rugged hills, you will find scenes of surpassing beauty. Come over and see us, and bring your friends, and judge for yourself.' We mean to *do* it, and soon. - - - CHARLES G. LELAND, of Philadelphia, 'MEISTER KARL' and 'MACE SLOPER' of the KNICKERBOCKER, is not only an accomplished scholar and an admirable writer in any vein which he essays, but he is the most industrious of authors. See what he is doing: translating HEINE, (praised of the best critics in England as well as at home:) writing articles for our Magazine, which *we* at least need not praise: editing, or largely assisting to edit, the 'Morning' and 'Evening' '*Bulletin*,' of Mr. CUMMINGS, in Philadelphia, a journal of wonderful success: and 'secondarily, fourthly, and lastly,' having the entire editorial control of *Graham's Illustrated Magazine!* Think of that work for one man, and

that work well and faithfully done. Who are the 'working men' in the community, if MEISTER KARL is not one? - - - 'As I know the fondness of the ancient KNICKERBOCKER for stories of little children,' writes JOHN PHENIX, (ah! ha! — 'are you there, old TRUEPENNY?') 'I venture to contribute the following, which, beside its rare merit as an actual occurrence, conveys a useful lesson to mothers; if, as BUNSBY has it, 'the bearings lie in the application thereof.' Small JOE L — was playing one sunny morning in a yard at the rear of his residence, when essaying to cast a stone high in air, he found he had miscalculated his strength, or the weight of the stone, as that missile slipped from his fingers, and taking an entirely different direction from that intended, went whack through a pane of glass in the neighbor's window. Mrs. CONNOLLY, who was engaged in washing in the kitchen, hearing the smash of glass in her spare room, rushed hastily to the scene of action, and through the broken pane beheld JOE in active retreat.irate and indignant, the injured matron sought the presence of Mrs. L —, and straight poured forth the story of her wrongs. Mrs. L — assumed a dignified air; the culprit was called to 'the presence;' and the inquest on the departed pane commenced. 'JOSEPH,' said Mrs. L —, with awful solemnity, 'did you break the glass in Mrs. CONNOLLY's window?' 'Yes'm,' replied JOE with promptitude. 'JOSEPH,' said Mrs. L —, 'if you broke that pane of glass, I shall certainly correct you: did you break it, Sir?' JOE hesitated, but conscience was powerful, and he replied that he did. Mrs. L — took a stick from the mantel-piece: 'JOSEPH,' said she, 'if you broke that glass I shall correct you most severely: I ask again, did you break it?' JOE looked at his mother; he looked at the stick; and hanging his head, he murmured: 'No, ma'am.' 'There!' said Mrs. L —, triumphantly, 'that boy never told me a lie in his life. I *know'd* he never broke no window: 'spect your little GUSTER broke it: she hove a stone clear over our fence yesterday.' That's a good style of encouraging truthfulness in a child, 'we *don't* think!' - - - THE present number was all set up on the return of our Publisher from the grand excursion on the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis. His sketch of his trip, which was full of interest, will be given in our next. - - - THIS present *issue*, dear reader, begins the FIFTIETH Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, and we are pleased to say that the circle of its readers has never been so large, or so numerous as at this time. Gratifying as this fact is, we should not object at all if our monthly visits could extend to double the present number. We do not pretend to rival *Harper*, or *Putnam*, or any other, but give only original articles and occasional illustrations, which, with the individuality which has always been a prominent and popular feature of our Magazine, is all we can do to gain the public favor. If all our *readers* were *paying subscribers*, we should be rich. If each one who does pay for it now, would induce *one* friend to go and do likewise, there would be more than one day of jubilee in Cedar-Hill Cottage. Need we say more?

Brief Notices of New Publications.

VERSE MEMORIALS, is the modest title of a splendid volume of Poems, by General MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, Ex-President of Texas. We were not aware till now, that General LAMAR was, to such an extent, a worshipper of the Muse. The volume (which we have just received as we write this, and therefore cannot speak of the contents) is one of the finest specimens of book-making of the day. It has a beautiful and striking portrait of General LAMAR, and will, no doubt, be most welcome to his many friends here and in the South and West. W. P. FETRIDGE AND COMPANY, Publishers.

NOTHING TO WEAR, a short but beautiful poem, from the pen of a promising young lawyer of our city, a son of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Esq., has just been issued in book-form by RUDD AND CARLTON, 312 Broadway. The volume is beautifully printed, and quite profusely illustrated with outline engravings from drawings by HOPPIN, which come nearer to DARLEY than any thing we have seen. The moral of this poem should have a good influence in these days of extravagance, and we hope all our fair readers will get the book and ponder well its lessons.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE SOUTH, AND HOW TO MEET IT, by HINTON ROWAN HELPER, of North-Carolina, has just been issued by BURDICK AND BROTHERS, Number Eight Spruce-street.

MR. FRANK FORRESTER's splendid work upon '*The Horse*,' recently noticed at large in these pages, is rapidly advancing through the press of Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND. Nothing *approaching* its excellence, in engravings, paper, binding, etc., has ever been attempted in this country. But all this we have said before. What we wish *now* to say to all our readers, here-about 'and elsewhere,' is, that our friend Mr. HAWES, a 'gentleman by nature,' as well as 'born and bred,' is *the* authorized agent of the work, than whom a more effective or courteous could not be found.

We shall take occasion, life and health permitting, to speak in a subsequent number of '*Tent-Life in the Holy Land*' by WILLIAM C. PRIME, recently published by the HARPERS. We read it at a late hour; and are too well pleased with it to do it the injustice of a hasty and undeliberate notice. It is an admirable, natural book.

HUNTER'S PANORAMIC GUIDE FROM NIAGARA TO QUEBEC, published by J. P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, of Boston, will supply an important desideratum to the tourist who visits Niagara and the St. Lawrence: for it presents a *Panoramic or Picture-Map* of all the most celebrated and picturesque points along this noble river. The author, through a variety of difficulties, and at great expense, has made a satisfactory work; and he will have little cause, we trust, to regret his attempt to bring before the public this '*Panoramic Guide from Niagara to Quebec*.' The country embraced in the range of this illustrated scenery has been fully explored and noticed by other travellers: hence long descriptions of the different towns and villages have very properly been omitted. The Panorama itself will be found to condense all the important matter within a very small space.

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A N E A S T E R N B E T R O T H A L .

BY JOHN P. BROWN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

IN the East the rule is, that when a man marries he should make his wife a present. This nuptial gift is also to be renewed in the event of his repudiation of her, or on the decease of one of the parties. The first, a prize gift, is called in the Arabic tongue, (the legal language of all Mussulmen people,) *Mihir-muddjel*, and the later gift, the *Mihir-muedjel*, and both may be composed of money, jewelry, or any other objects. This rule or principle, is thus motivated: 'That Behjim requires this sacrifice on the part of the husband, to render all the more legitimate the enjoyment of the married state, and his rights over the person of his wife.' This gift is either the result of a positive contract or stipulation between the parties, or is based upon a custom or usage. The one depends upon the generosity of the husband, or the contract which he makes, but in either case it must amount to at least ten talents; the other, if there be no stipulation, is governed by the birth, age, fortune, and the condition of the woman. She acquires a legitimate right to this gift immediately after the consummation of the marriage, or after meeting her husband in private, or in the event of the death of one of the parties without its having been consummated.

The plain narrative of this rule is, that when a man betroths himself to a young lady, he evinces the extent of the ardor of his passion by the amount of the presents which he offers her; and that he is bound to agree upon another gift in her favor in the event of his divorcing her, or of his death occurring before her own. This serves often to prevent divorces among a people rather fond of a variety, even in the shape of wives, and secures the wife something in case of his death. It is not shown in the Mussulman work, now consulted, how the latter is secured to the survivor: for as it is not said that he places a certain sum

in 'the bank,' or any other place for that purpose, there is always room left to imagine that he may have spent all of his worldly funds previous to his death; so that she would be subjected to the contingency of finding her coffer empty, after seeing her lord consigned to his latter abode.

Sultan Abdul Mejid, though the legal possessor of a numerous household, composed of slaves of both colors, and the three genders, has not one legal wife. Like all other Mussulmen, (for his hereditary rank of the political Sovereign and religious Caliph of his people gives him no right or privilege over any other follower of Islamism,) he can possess and enjoy as many slaves as he can purchase, while his exalted rank prevents his entering into marriage with the daughters of any of his subjects. Thus he is the son of a slave mother, and all of his children are like their father in this respect. The precise number of his famed female slaves is not known to the 'public,' at least to the uninitiated part of that portion of his subjects; and some persons even suppose that the fact is probably not known with any degree of certainty even to himself. Though in the enjoyment of unlimited power, at least over the female part of his palace, if rumor be correct, he is nevertheless exposed to quite as much trouble in his family as less elevated individuals are in other countries. If he shows an extraordinary degree of partiality to one of his favorite slaves, there is apt to be strife among the others, and the favorite has rather a 'hard time of it.' It has even occurred that she falls ill, rather unexpectedly, and her sudden decease is hushed up by the 'faculty,' who have difficulty in ascertaining the precise nature of her malady. The usual expedient is resorted to in such cases, and the matter is laid at the feet of *Kismet*, or 'Fate,' or as the coroners have it elsewhere, to 'causes unknown.'

It may here be related that the Sultan, who is said to be a sovereign of an 'excellent heart,' (which perhaps is an apology for the probable want of a *head*,) just now has a weakness for a Circassian lady, named *Atieh*. It is to be regretted that nothing more is known of her parentage, at least to the 'public;' and it may even be a matter of doubt whether she knows it herself. It is also believed that the Circassians have no family names; and as the name of this lady is *Atieh*, an Arabic word, meaning 'gift,' it is certain that she has been re-named after her arrival at Constantinople. He is said to be passionately fond of her, and that her influence over him is so great, as to be permitted by him to live out of the Palace (or, as others might call it, the Seraglio, and Harem) in a building set apart for her own residence only. She is very fond of seeing Franks, and has a decided taste for music. She has a carriage, of a yellow color, with a pair of fine bays, and a goodly number of gentlemen to attend and escort her, of a black color. Thus equipped, she may be seen daily driving through the city of Stamboul proper; particularly in the Bazaar, or Khyét Haneh, or the European 'Sweet Waters,' the Maslek, or even at the 'Grand Champ' of Hera, of Sunday afternoons, where said Franks abound, and a band is played in the little *café* which overhangs the hill whence so magnificent a view is enjoyed of the Bosphorus and the Sultan's new palace of Dalma Baktché. A short time since she had this band of music frequently to

play for her in her own residence, just beyond the new Military Academy, at a place which has lately sprung into existence, and bears the name of the Sultan, Majidieh. Soon afterward one of the musicians, a likely young man, of twenty-five, had the indiscretion to wear a diamond ring, which he received from her in token of her satisfaction with his talents and abilities; and one day, as he was seated as usual at the *Cafeh* playing with his companions for the public, a Croat fired a pistol at him. By some extraordinary good luck he was not struck; but leaving the *Cafeh* rather soon after the occurrence, he has not been heard of since. Not long afterward a young American was also set upon by two Croats of Dolma Baktcha on the Bosphorus, and though he defended himself manfully, he was killed by a stab in the back. His death, it is said, was connected with the tastes of the Sultan's favorite slave, for reasons which cannot here be given; but it is a matter of surprise that the Sultan does not hear of these occurrences, and the fair Circassian become acquainted with the waters of the Bosphorus. The Sultan, however, as already stated, has an 'excellent heart.'

To return from the preceding digression to the 'object of the present writing,' by a 'Hatti Humayun,' or Imperial Rescript of the Sultan, on the twenty-second of February, 1854, made known to Edhem Pacha, a General of Brigade, and son of Mehemet Ali Pacha, the Capudan Pacha, a Minister of Marine, and brother-in-law of the Sultan; to Mahmud Jelal ed Din Pacha, also a General of Brigade, and son of Almud Fethi Pacha, General-in-Chief of Ordnance, and also a brother-in-law of the Sultan, (his wife now deceased;) and to El Hami Pacha, a General of Division, (all of whose military services are supposed to be equivalent to those of certain militia generals,) son of Abbas Pacha, the present Pacha (Viceroy) of Egypt, that he had graciously deigned to choose them to be his future sons-in-law, and that they were to marry his well-beloved daughters, Refieh Sultan, Jemileh Sultan, and Munireh Sultan. The Sultan also appointed Thursday, the twenty-third of April, for the drawing up of the contract of marriage between the parties. This ceremony occurred at the time prescribed, in the 'Old Seraglio,' or palace of Tap Capon, in the city proper, where all of the Ministers of State were assembled to witness it.

The young gentlemen thus selected by the Sultan are of the ages of eighteen, twenty-four, and twenty-six; and the young ladies are eleven-and-a-half, twelve-and-a-half, and fourteen years old. The former were all elevated by the Sultan to the rank of Muchir, or 'Councillü,' the highest in the Ottoman Government. Mussulman law (religious, for there is none other) requires that the females should, in person, declare their will and intentions respecting their acceptance of their intended husbands. As they could not, according to the Mussulman usage, exhibit themselves before the males, the chief eunuch of their father's harem, a likely young man of color, was appointed to represent and act for them. For this purpose he escorted them in state on Thursday, from their father's palace, along the shores of the Bosphorus, across the Golden Harem to the 'Old Seraglio,' attended by some fifty or more other eunuchs, old and young, all mounted on rich and gayly capari-

soned horses. Arrived at the Seraglio, which is a kind of Turkish Kremlin, they took possession of the apartments prepared for them, and waited the expected visit of the Sheik ul Islam, who on this occasion acted as simple Imaâm, or Caodi, for the princesses, and their representative, the aforesaid eunuch. Both approached the door of the apartment which they occupied, and in the hearing of the Sheik ul Islam, the eunuch told them of the propositions of the three suitors, and asked to be informed of their intentions. Having received an expression of their consent, he turned to the Sheik ul Islam, and declared it to him, though doubtless, he already had heard them declare it. The two then proceeded to the great hall of the old palace, where all of the Sultan's ministers sat in state, the Grand Vizir, Rechid Pacha, presiding, as the representatives of the three aspirants to the hands of the princesses.

A report is in circulation that when the eunuch who represented the princesses entered the Council Chamber, by some accident the Master of Ceremonies of the Court had not announced him, and that his elevated character being unknown to the Ministers, they did not rise to receive him. Darkey had advanced three whole steps in the room before he succeeded in impressing them with the fact of his character; but when his brow beginning to lower and look a shade darker than nature made it, they all sprung to their feet and did him honor. He then stated to the Grand Vizir, Rechid Pacha, that having made known the proposal of the three Pachas, as received through him, their representative, to their Royal Highnesses, they had been graciously pleased to say that they accepted them in case the marriage dower equalled their views. It is a custom of the Ottoman Court that the Sultan's daughters each receive P 1,100,000, or about thirty-five thousand dollars; but when the eunuch was requested to name the sum which he claimed for the three princesses, he stated P 5,000,000. Rechid Pacha declared it was not too much, such would have been dangerous; but, that it was more than the Pachas could give, and after some bargaining it was agreed upon that the sum should be four millions of piasters, being some nine hundred thousand more than is customary, simply because the eunuch, being offended with the want of attention shown to him on his entrance, punished the aggressors by this increase of the sum.

The Sheik ul Islam registered the circumstance that two Mussulmen stood testimony, that Meijan Aga, the eunuch, had been duly appointed proxy of the three girls, whose names have been already given, daughters of Abdul Mejid, son of Mahmoud, and that two other witnesses testified to the fact, that Rechid Pacha had been duly nominated proxy of the aforesaid Pachas, and drew up a document something in the following form:

'Meijan Aga having appeared before me, and declared himself to be the legal proxy of Refieh, daughter of Abdul Mejid, son of Mahmoud, residents in the district of Stamboul, called Dalma Bakteha, and said proxy having sustained this character by the testimony of Ali, son of Mahmoud, and Almed, son of Mustapha, I received his declaration that he betrothed her for an immediate dowry *Mehir Muâjel* of P 8,000,000, and a conditional one, *Mehir Muejel* of P 1,300,000 to Edhem, son of Mehemet Ali; and Edhem, represented by Rechid, son

of Mustapha, having declared the truth and acceptance of the sum, I have written and registered the circumstance, according to the requisites of the Holy Law.'

After the preceding ceremony, the princesses, escorted as before, returned to their father's palace. It was observed that their proxy, the young eunuch, rode before them, with a countenance evincing no ordinary pride and gratification. He reminded us much of Nadel Deen, in Moore's beautiful tale of Lalla Rookh; and, indeed, notwithstanding the difference of locality, and of people, the pride and ostentation connected with the surrounding misery and poverty, there was a striking similarity in the creation of the poet and that of the Sultan.

The marriage presents had all been collected at Top Khaneh, or the Artillery Pareh, situated near the junction of the Bosphorus with the Golden Horn. From that place to the Imperial Palace of Dalma Baktcha, troops were stationed on either side of the way, to keep order among the people, who had collected to the number of certainly not less than fifty thousand. The day was a splendid one, neither hot nor cold, and the number of Turkish females, who had come out to witness the marriage of their sovereign's daughters, was wonderfully great. Seated by the way-side, on their sofas or carpets, in the windows of the houses, on the walls, the sides and summits of the hills, dressed in *feradjehs* or cloaks of many hues, olive, yellow, orange, pink, blue, red, saffron, and purple, and all bearing the same white-colored veil and head-dress, they appeared to represent so many flower-beds, containing flowers of varied hues, and offered a tableaux not to be seen in any other part of the world. It is almost needless to add that the Franks of Pera also were present. For the members of the diplomatic corps, several large pavilions had been erected on an elevated platform, opposite Cábâ Tash, whence they enjoyed an admirable view of the groups opposite, and of the *cortege* which passed by.

At Muedot five o'clock, P.M., the advent of a superior officer of the oplice, and soon afterwards, of the Master of Ceremonies, announced the approach of the procession of the marriage presents. First came a regiment of marines, in red coats, with the fine brass band of the Arsenal; these were followed by fifty palace coaches, containing ladies of the Sultan's harem, who had been to Top Khaneh, to accompany the three trousseaux of his daughters. They were headed by the chief Dame d' Hounem (Khasineh Kihayassee) of the palace, and other of the officials of the Imperial Harem. Soon after these came the presents, the greater part of which were more numerous and showy than costly. First came those of Edhem Pacha, composed of one hundred baskets, covered with gauzes, each containing four vases of sweetmeats. The vases were of Bohemian china, of various kinds, more or less rich, with covers on, and valuing, one with another, from forty to fifty dollars. These vases reposed upon small waiters, or cabarets, and the gauze was elevated some two feet above them, ornamented externally with bouquets and garlands of artificial flowers. Each was carried on the head of a man; some were so heavy that another man on either side of the bearer was required to support and relieve him. The effect of these baskets,

all in a line, seen from the elevated position which we occupied, was beautiful and picturesque. Edhem Pacha's numbered one hundred, a like number Mahmoud Pacha, but El Hami Pacha's were one hundred and twenty-five. Then five larger dishes, covered with peculiarly rich veils and flowers; then followed five of rich rolls of stuffs, apparently for sofas or cushions, three of costly Cachmere shawls, each holding, may be, five or six shawls; one set of silver dishes, with their covers; another contained only a pair of high clogs, such as are used by females in Eastern baths, richly ornamented with jewelry; another pair of slippers, of the ordinary form, such as is seen in the Bazaars of Stamboul; another, several crimson purses, said to contain gold for the pocket-money of the princess, and another costly set of jewelry for the adorning of the head. Finally, came the carriages, (European,) each containing a large crimson box, containing the silks, etc., for the apparel of the princess, contents, however, unknown to the uninitiated. The trousseaux of the two first Pachas seemed very similar in number and value, but that of El Hami Pacha far surpassed them in point of cost. It is reported that a pair of ear-rings, presented by him to the princess, cost him ten millions of piasters; a diamond ring, one million; and an ornament for her hair, another million. He had designed to present her still more costly offerings, but that the Sultan directed him not to do it, lest it should put the other two Pachas to the blush.

All of the objects passed so hastily that the spectators had no time to scan them. The glitter of the jewelry, and the richness of the shawls and silver stuffs, alone attracted the eye, though without offering the means of calculating their value. Each purse, it is said, contained an hundred thousand piasters in gold, and there were five of them. A million of piasters is about thirty thousand dollars at the present date.

After the princesses, with their suites, had passed by, they retired to a suite of rooms in the palace, from which they could witness the *cortege* of the presents, and afterward, each be present to receive and admire them. The many vases of sweetmeats, etc., are perquisites of the various employees of the palace, and have since been distributed to them.

The consummation of the marriage depends upon the Sultan's future permission. A couple of months later, there will be some festivities, on occasion of the circumcision of two of the Sultan's sons, and it is said that the eldest of the three princesses will then be permitted to reside with her husband. The others will have to wait another year or two before meeting their spouses. It is only after these festivities, which, in Turkish, are called '*Dugun*' or '*Sourur*' '*Humayum*' that the marriages are deemed perfected.

Ordinarily, when a Mussulman is married, (in the same manner as has been here imperfectly described,) the festivities are held on the same evening; they even are continued for three or more days; and on that of the marriage contract, at about ten o'clock, the groom gently withdraws from his guests, and retires to the harem, in one apartment of which he finds his wife, and then beholds her for the first time. At

least, such is the theory. He finds her seated, closely veiled, in expectation of his visit; she rises at his approach, and stands till bade to be seated. An elderly female, whose presence is, of course, quite accidental, brings in a small, rude waiter of sweetmeats, which she serves to the groom, and next to the bride, who, however, is prevented from accepting it, by the circumstance of her being still veiled. On perceiving this difficulty, the anxious lover begs her to remove the cruel veil, and perhaps even hastens to aid in its removal, and his eyes are then blessed with a sight of those charms, which are, of course, 'all his fancy painted them.'

The meeting of the Pacha and his royal bride is, however, believed to be less cordial and familiar. When the Sultan is pleased to allow his daughter to see her husband, she has already been installed in her own palace — one of the many possessed by the Sultan on the Bosphorus — and the Pacha proceeds there to receive her at its portal, which he does among a cloud of other humble slaves. He can only accompany her to the inner door of the Harem, (the palace is all Harem,) whence she proceeds, accompanied only by her sabler attendants, and followed by her bevy of dames and demoiselles of honor, to her own richly-ornamented apartments.

When the princess is ready, and disposed to see and admit to her royal presence the person whom her father and sovereign has chosen for her husband, she deposes her chief eunuch to apprise him of the fact. Love, policy, and may it not be added, curiosity, speed the ardent young Pacha's footsteps. Approaching the portal of her apartments, he makes the youthful bride the usual *temmennâ*, a salutation of the Mussulmans of Constantinople; he repeats it as he enters her apartments once, twice, or thrice; then humbly waiting her commands, he stands mutely before her with modest mien, until encouraged by her token to advance, he throws himself at her feet and presses them to his lips.

T H E N A N D N O W .

BY R. A. CAKES.

BUT yesterday, in pensive mood,
I sang a strain of sorrow,
And pressed the dear maid to my heart,
Not thinking of the morrow.

But now I stand with folded hands:
My eyes are blind with weeping:
I cannot see her sweet, fair face,
She lies a-cold and sleeping!

A J U N E S O N G .

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

I.

COOL, dewy hours of tender spring-time beauty
Stole with light footsteps o'er the wakening leaves,
And silent morns with rose-hues tinted faintly,
Faded at night-fall into starry eves.

II.

On the blue mountains in the sunlight dreaming,
To deeper glory grew the golden noon,
Till the young May, to perfect bloom unfolding,
Flushed with full beauty into royal June.

III.

Ah ! queenly June ! the wild, blue waves are calling,
Breaking in music on a silent strand :
Ah ! queenly June ! from skies above us falling,
June ! royal June ! through all the summer-land.

IV.

Ah ! queenly June ! with stately footsteps treading
O'er the glad bosom of the thrilling earth,
Till the green arches of the woodland ringing,
Echo with happy songs of chainless mirth.

V.

See when along the sun-bathed hills she lingers,
Her white brow lifted in her regal pride,
Crushing red roses in her jewelled fingers,
The wind, sweet wooer, murmuring at her side.

VI.

On barren wastes, and desert places lying
Like beggars by the way-side, asking alms,
She scatters gifts of green and golden shining,
And decks the dull gray rock with softest charms.

VII.

Her skies are fair : with what a tranquil beauty
The bend above the twilight's calm repose,
Or through the rifted clouds look pure and tender,
Like God's great pity in our human woes.

VIII.

And O the nights ! in purple darkness folded,
With starlight flooding all the happy air,
Filled with wild dreams, with tones of music haunted,
And flowers, 'like censers, swung in call to prayer.'

IX.

Ah ! queenly June ! the glad blue waves are calling,
Breaking in music on a whitening strand :
Ah ! queenly June ! from skies above us falling,
Thrice welcome, June ! through all the summer-land.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE midshipman who had the civility, in the last chapter, to show us the way up, was a lad of thirteen — a little bit of a fellow, as tough as a pine knot, and as mischievous as a monkey — who, although he had scarce been a month away from his mother's apron-strings, was as much at home in the ship as if he had been born and bred there. He was already perfectly *au fait* at his duties, and to hear him 'talk rope,' one would have supposed him to be a very 'ancient mariner,' indeed. On this occasion, he tripped jauntily up to the officer of the deck, who was standing in the starboard gangway, and touching his cap, made his report: 'Returned aboard with the launch, Sir!'

'Very good, Mr. Weasel; what do you bring from the yard, Sir?'

'Fifty barrels of bread, the armorer's tools, and a lot of small stores.'

'Nothing else?'

'No, Sir. Oh! yes, Sir; four 'oldsters,' and a regular-built *green-horn*.' As the young imp pronounced these last words, he gave me a roguish look, at the same time honoring me with a most profound bow. Fearless now informed the officer of our object in coming aboard, whereupon he ordered Mr. Weasel to conduct us to the gun-deck cabin, which the rogue did with the utmost pleasure, as it gave him a chance to 'show me up' still farther, by asking me, on our way thither, the names of every thing we came across, which he knew, as well as I did, I was entirely ignorant of.

Captain Blazes was a small, thin, weazen-faced man, who had the reputation of being a prime seaman, a good deal of a martinet, and the greatest talker on this side of the river Jordan. He received us with great politeness, wrote 'reported February second,' on our orders, and after entertaining us a half-hour, or more, with some of the most marvellous stories I ever listened to, dismissed us with the injunction to report ourselves for duty to the First Lieutenant, Mr. Garboard.

Mr. Garboard expressed himself delighted to make our acquaintance, as the ship was much in need of 'young gentlemen,' and gave us until ten o'clock that night to get our traps aboard; so we hurried ashore with all possible dispatch, and went together to the Navy Agent's, to draw our travelling expenses, after which we separated — Fearless and I going to the 'Astor,' and the others to the 'American.'

When we had dined, which was not until six o'clock, Fearless requested me to have the baggage brought down from our room, and to wait for him at the hotel until nine, as he was then going out to make some purchases. At eight, however, Hart came in and told me that he and Fearless were going over to Brooklyn to spend the evening, and would go off to the vessel from there. 'And so, youngster,' said he, 'you had better start at once, and take all the baggage with you; and as it is against the rules for a shore-boat to go alongside a man-of-war at night, you must hail the ship for the 'gig.'

After a little more conversation, during which he informed me that the 'gig' was a boat specially kept for the service of midshipmen, it being 'a shabby, 'one-horse affair,' like its shore-going namesake,' he initiated me thoroughly in the occult art of *hailing*, and took his leave; upon which I procured a coach and set out without delay. When I reached the Battery I was beset by a crowd of boatmen, all eager for 'a fare,' but I waved them off unceremoniously, and going to the water's edge, hailed, at the top of my voice: 'Shenandoah, ahoy!'

As the night was a remarkably still one, the hail was heard all over the harbor; and in less than a minute came the response: 'Sir?'

'I will thank you to send me the gig!'

'Ay, ay, Sir!'

I had not to wait long before the splash of oars greeted my ears, followed immediately by the order, 'Way enough,' as the gig dashed alongside the pier. The midshipman in charge of her, Mr. Green, who I afterward learned, was the Captain's aid, after assisting me to seat myself, kindly threw a boat-cloak over my shoulders, (while the men took my luggage in forward,) and then asked: 'Shall I shove off, Sir?'

'If you please,' I was about to reply, but no sooner had I uttered the first word than the mid thundered out:

'Why, who the devil are you? and where's the Captain?'

'I am Midshipman Jenkins,' I answered stiffly, not at all fancying his manner of addressing me, 'and as for the Captain, I saw him at the Astor House about four o'clock this afternoon, and have n't laid eyes on him since.'

'And who hailed the ship?'

'Why I did, to be sure!'

'Well, then, Mr. Jenkins,' he ejaculated piously, 'may the Lord, in His infinite goodness, have mercy upon you, for I am quite sure the First Lieutenant will not!'

Now if my very good friend Hart had not cautioned me 'to keep my weather-eye open, as the midshipman of the gig would probably be *up to his tricks*,' I should have felt excessively alarmed at this speech, but as it was, it made no impression upon me whatever, and I boldly replied: 'Let the First Lieutenant fire away!' Whereupon Mr. Green pronounced me 'a little of the damndest, coolest fellow he ever came across,' and immediately pulled aboard.

When we drew near the ship, the sentry hailing 'Boat ahoy!' Mr. Green replied, 'No, no!' which is the proper answer for all officers not commissioned; but I, true to my instructions, bawled out lustily, 'Shenandoah!' Upon which two boys, with lanterns in their hands, rushed frantically over the gangway to illuminate my path, and when, following in Mr. Green's *wake*, I reached the deck, I found four more lantern-bearers stationed at the foot of the inboard gangway ladder, while the First Lieutenant and officers of the deck stood by the fife-rail to receive me.

'Why, Mr. Green, where's the Captain?' exclaimed Mr. Garboard.

'He was not on the wharf, Sir. Mr. Jenkins hailed the ship for the gig, and answered 'Shenandoah' to the sentry's hail!'

By this time I began to smell an exceedingly strong rat, and I fairly

shook in my shoes — for I wore shoes in those days — as Mr. Garboard, seizing a lantern from one of the boys, inspected me narrowly from head to foot, and then cried out in a perfect fury: 'By Heavens! Bobstay, he's as sober as I am.'

'It can't be possible.'

'I tell you he is! Damn it, man, I can tell whether a midshipman is drunk or not.' So saying the irate Luff threw his hat on the ground and stamped on it once or twice, and then, pulling a handful of hair out of his head for each word that he uttered, he promised me faithfully, in a voice choking with anger, 'to report me to the Captain the next morning, and have me turned out of the service,' after which he ordered me instantly below, calling out to me as I went, 'and never do you hail another ship as long as you live!'

The place allotted to the 'Passed and other midshipmen' of the 'Shenandoah' was on the berth-deck, immediately forward of the ward-room, where the commissioned officers messed, and abaft the rooms of the 'Forward, or Warrant Officers.*' It was divided into two apartments, called steerages, into the starboard one of which I groped my way by the misty glimmer of a horn lantern, (it being 'after hours' the steerage lights were extinguished,) carried by a messenger-boy who preceded me; and my mattress being placed on two chests, which the boy called 'lockers,' I turned in forthwith, and notwithstanding the threats of the First Lieutenant, slept soundly, on the same principle, I suppose, that a man condemned to be hung sleeps 'without rocking' on the night previous to his execution.

At day-light I was awakened by the lively strains of some half-dozen drums and fifes, beating and *blowing* the *reveillé*, together with the piping of a goodly number of 'calls,' or sea-whistles, in the hands, or rather the mouths of the Boatswain and his mates, succeeded by their hoarse cry of 'All hands! up all hammocks!' Then the master-at-arms and ship's corporals, carrying rattans in their hands, rushed about the berth-deck exhorting the men to 'show a leg!' and 'lash and carry!' and accompanying their exhortations with an occasional rap over the quarters of some unlucky individual, whose 'headway' they were anxious to 'freshen.' By such means was Mr. Catharpen, the boatswain, enabled to make his report to the officers of the deck, 'Hammocks all up from below, Sir!' in exactly five minutes from the first sound of his 'call,' this being the precise time allowed for the performance of that sacred duty aboard all the 'fancy' frigates of that day.

After this came an interval of perfect quiet, lasting, I should say, about a quarter of an hour, followed by the horrid, grating sound of the 'holystones,' as they were dragged backward and forward over every part of the well-sanded decks. Next came the 'wash-down,' a process by which the sand was thoroughly removed; then the 'dry up;' and finally, as I found out afterward, the decks were swept, boats lowered, yards squared, rigging hauled taut and 'flemished down,' and bright-work cleaned; all of which work is daily gone through with aboard a *tidy* vessel of war before eight o'clock in the morning.

At half-past seven two of the midshipmen of the watch came into

* The boatswain, gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker.

the steerages, crying out, 'Rouse and bit! rouse and bit! seven bells! seven bells, fellows!' Whereupon the mids 'turned out' at once and commenced dressing themselves, while their hammocks were being lashed up and carried on deck by their 'hammock-boys,' not one of whom, to my surprise, was under forty. These distinguished gentlemen were all excessively stout and wholesome in appearance — well skilled in hauling aft the main sheet, and 'particular death' on bracing up the cross-jack yard — and all, with one exception, belonged to the after-guard, a corps *nonchalant*, so called from their exceeding great modesty preventing their ever getting before any other corps in the ship, in the performance of any duty whatsoever. The 'master's mate of the berth-deck' having had the *bienseance* to procure for me a hammock from the sailmaker, a lashing from the boatswain, and 'clews' to suspend the former by, from a cross-eyed forecastleman, for and in consideration of the trifling matter of a glass of whiskey, one of the after-guard 'boys' was immediately pressed into my service, (I contracting to pay him one dollar and fifty cents a month for his kindly offices,) and my bedding soon stowed in the starboard quarter-deck netting, alongside that of my mess-mates.

Precisely as the bells struck eight, (eight o'clock,) Mr. Catharpen and his trusty subordinates piped to breakfast, and politely requested the men 'to *clean* themselves in their blue frocks and trowsers, and black hats and shoes.' At the same time Scouse, a colored boy, entered our steerage, carrying in one hand a plate of fried eggs and several loaves of bread, and in the other a huge dish of beefsteak, smothered in onions. The steak and bread he succeeded, after a great deal of fussing, in landing safely on the table, but the eggs some how or another contrived to slide off the plate on the deck. As this, however, was declared to be clean, by the unanimous vote of the mess, Scouse scraped them all up with a spoon and placed them where they came from, saying as he did so, 'De Lor knows, gemmen, dey's jes as good as ever!' and then ran off to the 'galley' for the coffee, while the members of the mess, myself included, drew their 'camp-stools' up to the festive board, and commenced, instantan, 'pegging away.' We were twelve in all, three Passed Midshipmen, and nine middies, and a heartier set of trenchermen, I venture to affirm, never sat down together, even in the good old days of Friar Tuck. Indeed I did not think their equal could be found upon the earth, until, looking over into the port steerage, I saw there a like number of 'officers of the line,' with the captain's clerk in addition, all as hard at it as ourselves. As I gazed at them with distended eyes, I could not help paying an involuntary tribute to the acuteness of that English writer, who attributes our victories during the last war to the fact of our vessels having so many 'over-grown midshipmen aboard.' Certes if the 'Shenandoah' had been manned 'fore and aft' as well as she was *midship*-manned, the devil himself could not have 'carried her.'

At five minutes before nine o'clock the 'call' was 'beat,' as a signal to the quarter-masters to 'stand by their colors,' and at nine the drums 'rolled off' — the ensign and 'long pennant' being hoisted, the bell struck, (two,) and 'all hands' called at the third roll. After this the

men were 'inspected at quarters,' which duty occupied about ten minutes, when the 'retreat' was 'beat,' and officers and seamen dismissed to their several avocations.

As I was seated an hour or so after this on the starboard side of the gun-deck, looking out of the 'bridle port,' Fearless and a former shipmate of his, Lieutenant Johnson of the marines, came forward and joined me.

'And so you see, Fearless,' said the latter, continuing a discourse which an introduction to me had temporarily suspended, 'Garboard, although as passionate a man as ever lived, and one who, as a matter of conscience, would report his own father for any dereliction of duty, provided *that* father were his *junior* officer, you understand, (for I know not how or why it is, but I have remarked during my naval life that some how or another your very strict and conscientious officer never thinks of taking notice of the offences of his 'superiors') is not a bad fellow at bottom, and his report once made and acted upon, he dismisses it thenceforth forever from his mind. Now to attempt to convince him, without compromising Hart, that our young friend here erred through ignorance, would be time and labor lost; but I think I can manage to bring the *skipper* to reason, as I am somewhat of a 'chicken' of his, having served with him three years in the 'Cataract;' and by the way, to carry out my design, it will be necessary for you to lend me the paper which contains that handsome account of the youngster's father; for Blazes may have been acquainted with him, and if he were not, he'll swear he was, so it will be all the same.' The paper being handed to him, he stowed it away carefully in his cap, and then resumed with: 'I think I told you all about the 'old man's' peculiarities, Fearless, during our last cruise — did I not?'

'I do n't remember your ever mentioning his name even,' Fearless replied.

'Why, is it possible? Well, then, to begin at the beginning, our worthy captain is the most inveterate chatterbox, as you must have observed in your interview with him yesterday, that the world ever produced. A good story is told of him and another captain in the service, of the name of Parsons, who is said to be, though I can scarce believe it, almost the equal of Blazes in colloquial power. The two, it seems, were lieutenants together, on the coast of Africa, in the 'Thunderbum.' Both, in addition to their being the greatest 'cacklers,' were the most unmitigated tobacco-chewers of the age, and so, when it was not their watch on deck, they would sit together, for hours at a time, under the wardroom-windsail, with a spittoon between them, discussing the various topics of the day; and, for their mutual convenience, they adopted the rule, that Blazes, being the senior, should be first entitled to the floor, after breakfast every morning, which he was to keep until his tobacco obliged him to *spit*; then Parsons was to take it until *he* spit, when it became Blazes's turn again, and so on, turn and turn about, until night. They had gone on in this way, very amicably, for more than a year, when one day, the conversation turning on politics, Parsons, who had the floor, and was a warm politician, continued speaking for more than an hour, without cessation; upon which Blazes, losing

all patience, roared out : ' By God, Parsons ! do you *never* intend to spit ? ' Thus adjured, Parsons replied with the most provoking coolness : ' No, I'm *oblegged* to you, Blazes ; *I swallowed that last quid !* ' He had hardly got the words out of his mouth before Blazes — who was the soul of honor on this point, and with whom, as he said himself, his adversary might have chewed in the dark — fainted dead away, from sheer vexation of spirit ; and it was remarked that he never exchanged another word with Parsons from that very hour !

' Beside his ' gift of the gab,' he possesses a most extraordinary inventive genius ; indeed, so great is it, that he can, at a moment's warning, spin a yarn, as tough as sole leather, and as long, as long Tom Coffin. There is one thing to be said of him, however ; with all his propensity for story-telling, I never heard him say aught to the prejudice of his fellow-man. When I was in the ' Cataract ' with him, scarce a day passed that he did not say something to me concerning a gray mare in his possession, of pure Arab stock, which, he protested, was worth a thousand pounds, and had been presented to him by the Bey of Tunis, in recompense for his services, in rescuing the Bey's favorite wife from drowning. Now, although I knew his weakness too well, to believe all the embellishments of this story, still I thought it quite possible it might have its foundation in truth, in so far, at least, as his ownership of an animal of the genus horse, and of the color gray, was involved ; and in this belief, I was further confirmed by his actually buying, at Constantinople, a superb Turkish saddle and bridle for her. Imagine, then, my astonishment when, upon my going to his house, at the expiration of the cruise, to ' try her under the saddle,' *at his own request*, I was met at the door by an antiquated, white-wooled negro, who, in answer to my inquiries, replied, with a grin : ' De Captain's done gone out, and, as to de *mar*, why, dis ere nigger's lived with ole masse Blazes mor'n twenty yars, and *aint seed nuffin of nary hoss nor mar*.' Among his other idiosyncracies is that of believing, or affecting to believe, that every man who is brought to the gangway for punishment has been, at some period of his life, a deserter from the army. Now if the offender *vamosed*, without leave, from the infantry or artillery regiments, he may get off with a half-dozen of the ' colt ; ' but the cavalry corps he has taken under his especial protection, and wo betide the unlucky wight who has had the misfortune to desert from it. But hark ! ' said he, as the cry ' All hands witness punishment ' resounded through the ship, ' you will now have an opportunity of judging for yourselves of the correctness of a portion of what I have told you — I must run and get my sword ! ' So saying, Lieutenant Johnson, who, I began to think, was somewhat of a ' cackler ' himself, hurried off with all possible dispatch to the quarter-deck, where Fearless and I, after the lapse of a few minutes, joined him. Here, on the port side, the marines were drawn up under arms, headed by their commanding officer, Major Pipeclay, and on the starboard clustered the officers, over forty in number, armed with swords and cutlasses ; the Captain and First Lieutenant occupying a position abreast of the mainmast, a little in advance of the others. At the gangway stood the boatswain and his mates, with their ' cats ' and ' colts,' the quarter-

masters with their 'seizings,' and the carpenters rigging the 'gratings;' and forward of them, in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the 'main-top sweeper' and on the 'booms,' the crew were huddled together, peering with inquisitive but not at all sympathizing looks, upon the anxious countenances of the 'prisoners,' who, under the supervision of the master-at-arms, were 'toeing a seam,' between the main hatchway and the fife-rail. The officers and men being reported on deck, and every thing in readiness for commencing operations, Captain Blazes, casting his eyes over a scrap of paper, which he held in his hand, containing the names of the culprits, called out: 'William Ringbolt!' At this summons Ringbolt, who was a general favorite, and one of the very best men in the ship, (barring his propensity to indulge a little too freely in the 'rosy,') stepped a pace in front of his brothers in adversity, and catching hold of his forelock with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, he bobbed his head, and made an awkward scrape with his dexter foot, in token of reverence.

'So, Ringbolt, you got drunk at the 'Yard' yesterday. Was he noisy or troublesome, when he came aboard, Mr. Garboard?'

'Not at all, Sir; drunk or sober, he's one of the most respectful men in the ship; and he's a seaman, Captain Blazes, every inch of him.' As the First Lieutenant thus spoke, I observed that Ringbolt gave him a most grateful look, and I felt my own heart warming toward him, notwithstanding his scolding of the previous evening.

'Oh! I know the man very well, Sir!' rejoined the Captain; 'he was a sergeant of Company B, Fifth Infantry; and there *was* a story of his having been absent from his regiment, on one occasion, three weeks, without leave; but I never believed a word of it. Ringbolt, you can go, and do n't let me ever see your face here again.' After this manner he continued investigating the case of each offender in the order in which his name stood upon his list (punishing John Wilson and James Ogden, deserters from the Artillery with nine lashes each of the 'colt') until he came to the last man, one Peter Conway, the greatest rascal that ever went unhung. 'This is the scoundrel, Sir,' said Mr. Garboard, who knocked the master-at-arms down with a 'belaying-pin,' and afterward cursed Mr. Bobstay, when he ordered him to be confined in irons.'

'Step out here, Conway, and let me have a look at you,' cried the Captain; 'I think I have seen your face before!' The culprit obeyed; and Blazes, putting on his spectacles, eyed him narrowly for full five minutes; at the expiration of which, starting back and throwing up his hands, as if in a state of utter astonishment, he exclaimed: 'Why, Mr. Garboard, thirty-five years ago this very day, to my certain knowledge, that villain deserted from the cavalry!'

'That can hardly be, Captain Blazes,' said Conway, in a most disrespectful tone of voice, 'since I am but forty years old.'

At this retort, which to me seemed a *poser*, the Captain, not at all disconcerted, roared out: 'You're an ugly rascal, any how! Strip!' And forthwith he was seized up by the quarter-masters, and a good round dozen with the 'cats' laid upon his back by a boatswain's mate, who, knowing that a man was never punished in the 'Shenandoah,' unless he well de-

the saddle of old Blanco. Then, remounting, he pulled a flask of Cognac out of his pocket, and took a long and a 'strong pull at the hal-liards;' after which the trio rode slowly away; the one who had been kicked, holding both hands over the pit of his stomach, and giving vent to as many long-drawn sighs and bitter lamentations, as did Sancho Panza, after the beating he received from the 'Yangueses.' That evening, as I was taking leave of your father, in a farm-house, whither he had been carried by some charitable persons, he threw his arms about my neck, and, drawing my head down to his pillow, whispered faintly in my ear, (for low as he was, he would have his jest :) 'Charley, do n't forget to have the boot pulled off that dexter leg of mine, for you know, it will be all *right* for the leg that is *left*!' Strange to say, I never met him again until after the war, and then —

Heaven only knows how long my respected commander would have continued to gabble on, had not the First Lieutenant interrupted him at this moment, by requesting 'permission to loose sails,' which being granted, Mr. Garboard profited by the occasion to report me 'for disrespect and insubordination, in daring to hail the ship for the Captain's boat;' but upon the skipper's declaring 'that I was the son of a very old and dear friend of his, and that he would answer for my not *intentionally* doing what was wrong,' he smiled, and good-humoredly congratulated me on 'getting off so easily,' and then bade me tell the officer of the deck 'to loose sails without delay.' After obeying this order, I went immediately below to the steerage, where I narrated, to an admiring audience, all that had transpired on the gun-deck. When I had finished my narration, Hart, who had been in a state of great trepidation, lest his agency in my scrape should become known to Mr. Garboard, shook me warmly by the hand, swearing that 'I was a whole-souled fellow, not to 'peach,' and that he would never play another trick upon me as long as he lived.' It was then voted — there not being a dissenting voice — that the freedom of the steerages should be extended to me; a privilege bestowed upon few, I was informed, 'as it entitled the happy possessor of it to a seat in both messes, *by merely paying a double mess-bill*.' It was farther moved that I should thenceforth be known to all middies as the 'knight of the double rations;' which being resolved upon by general acclamation, the order of knighthood was forthwith conferred upon me by the administration, on the part of the senior midshipman present, of the '*grand Jowlée*,' or, in other words, the placing of his two fore-fingers just behind my ears, and pressing them into the flesh, until I roared out for mercy. It was a ceremony of ancient origin, derived from the Greeks, (according to Weasel,) and much in vogue with the 'reefers' of my day; but has now, I am sorry to say, entirely disappeared from the service. After this, an initiation-fee of twenty-five cents was demanded of me, to be expended in the purchase of corn-juice; and when I had 'forked over,' all the members of both steerages cried, with one voice: 'Long live John Jenkins, knight of the double rations, and may he ever be blessed with the two great requisites of a Naval Officer — a shrill voice and a capacious stomach!' The assembly then adjourned, *sine die*.

one could say Jack Robinson, I was placed behind his Excellency, and had pinioned his arms to his side, while your father, seizing the bridle of his steed, fastened it securely to the bit of his own, and spurred rapidly in the direction of Alexandria. We had got the start, by a good hundred yards, ere the officers of his staff, twelve in number, had sufficiently recovered from their astonishment at this bold act, to give chase to us. They then set about it, however, in good earnest, and, as all were well mounted, and the prize contended for of exceeding great value, it was, perhaps, the most exciting race the world ever witnessed. In one thing we had greatly the advantage. They dared not fire at us lest they should kill their own General, whereas, your father, turning half round in his saddle, would let them have the contents of his pistols whenever they came uncomfortably near. After this fashion he had succeeded in dropping nine of the twelve, when his powder gave out; and, now, the result depended upon speed and bottom alone! Onward we went, at a slapping pace, through tangled woods and ploughed fields, and over ditches and rail fences — old Blanco and the stallion taking their leaps side by side, as steadily as if they had been trained together — until we came in sight of the ‘long bridge’ that crosses the Potomac, just above Alexandria, when thinking our victory no longer doubtful, we gave a shout of triumph that made the welkin ring again. Scarce, however, had its echoes died away upon the breeze, before the animal, whose breech I bestrode, gave unequivocal symptoms of being blown; so, to relieve him of a part of his burden, I slid to the ground, having first secured Ross’s arms with a large bandanna handkerchief, which I passed around them, fastening the two ends of it in a reef-knot behind his back. But vain was this expedient! The jaded beast, after struggling on for a half-mile farther, fell dead in his tracks, and but for your father’s presence of mind in cutting with his sword the reins by which he was led, would have carried the other horse down with him. There was nothing left for it, then, but to ‘go it alone’ and fight like the devil, or to tamely relinquish the spoil. Instantly deciding upon the former alternative, your father wheeled with the rapidity of lightning, and rushing, like another Horatius, upon the nearest of his foes, he discharged a prodigious blow full upon his head with his trusty *toledo*, dividing him into two equal parts, which fell quivering on either side of the saddle, where they hung dangling to the stirrups — a loathsome spectacle — as his horse scoured across the plain. Presto! and he was upon the second! But the helmet of this cavalier was of proof, and, in coming in contact with it, your father’s blade, already weakened, shivered into a thousand pieces. Nothing daunted, he sprang bolt upright on the saddle (for he had been instructed in horsemanship by the ‘*guachos*’ of Buenos Ayres) and balancing himself on his sinister leg, planted the other right in the bread-basket of his adversary. He was about repeating the dose, when the third trooper, spurring to the relief of his distressed comrade, with one sweep of his heavy sabre took the belligerent leg clean off, some distance above the knee. As the vanquished hero tumbled head long to the ground, the victor dismounted and assisted General Ross (who was more frightened than hurt by his horse’s misadventure) into

the saddle of old Blanco. Then, remounting, he pulled a flask of Cognac out of his pocket, and took a long and a 'strong pull at the haliards;' after which the trio rode slowly away; the one who had been kicked, holding both hands over the pit of his stomach, and giving vent to as many long-drawn sighs and bitter lamentations, as did Sancho Panza, after the beating he received from the 'Yangueses.' That evening, as I was taking leave of your father, in a farm-house, whither he had been carried by some charitable persons, he threw his arms about my neck, and, drawing my head down to his pillow, whispered faintly in my ear, (for low as he was, he would have his jest :) 'Charley, do n't forget to have the boot pulled off that dexter leg of mine, for you know, it will be all *right* for the leg that is *left*!' Strange to say, I never met him again until after the war, and then —

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T H E B O A T R I D E .

BY L. J. BATES.

I.

My love and I went sailing:
The breeze blew fair and free:
We floated onward, outward,
Into the silent sea:
The blue waves of the ocean
Laughed low along the shore:
But we did not hear their music,
And we knew not of their roar.

II.

Our boat went dropping, dropping,
She drifted toward the moon:
And o'er the sparkling waters
The light fell fair aboon:
Fell sweetly on the ocean,
And softly on the sand,
But we did not see the waters,
And we did not see the land.

III.

Our boat danced lightly, gayly:
A waif upon the deep,
That tossed us, as a mother
Who rocks her babe asleep:
The tide-waves rippled sweetly,
That bore our bark along:
But we did not feel their motion,
And we did not hear their song.

IV.

And white sails drifted by us,
Great ships from foreign lands,
And tiny boats, that rarely
Had dared to quit the sands;
And groups of merry rowers,
And some who sailed alone:
But we knew not of their presence,
And the sea was all our own.

V.

We did not hear the rowers,
We did not see the sky,
We did not note the vessels
That drifted slowly by:
We knew not of the waters,
We knew not of the shore:
But we saw and heard each other,
And we wanted nothing more!

Madison, (Wis.) June 10th, 1857.

A L C I A T U S . *

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE ROMAN EMPEROR HADRIAN AND EPICTETUS, THE PHILOSOPHER, ABOUT A.D. 110.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY MEIGS.

Hadrian. Let us loose our girdles ! examine our bodies naked, and see what we can gain ?

Epictetus. It is a mere note.

Hadrian. What sort of a note ?

Epictetus. It is a silent messenger.

Hadrian. What is a picture ?

Epictetus. A false truth.

Hadrian. Why do you say that ?

Epictetus. Because we see pictures of apples, flowers, animals done in gold and silver — but these are not true.

Hadrian. What is gold ?

Epictetus. A servant of death.

Hadrian. What is silver ?

Epictetus. The seat of envy.

Hadrian. What is iron ?

Epictetus. The instrument of all arts.

Hadrian. What is a sword ?

Epictetus. The law of camps.

Hadrian. What is a gladiator ?

Epictetus. A lawful homicide.

Hadrian. What people in good health are yet sick ?

Epictetus. Those who meddle with other people's business.

Hadrian. What is a man never tired of ?

Epictetus. Of making money.

Hadrian. What is friendship ?

Epictetus. Concord — agreement.

Hadrian. What is the longest thing ?

Epictetus. Hope.

Hadrian. What is hope ?

Epictetus. A waking dream ! The expectation of a doubtful event.

Hadrian. What is that which a man cannot see ?

Epictetus. Another man's thoughts.

Hadrian. What is the sin of men ?

Epictetus. Covetousness.

Hadrian. What is liberty ?

Epictetus. Innocence !

Hadrian. What is common to all kings and miserable men ?

* NOTES on the Provinces of Rome, in Latia, by ANDREW ALCIATUS, printed at Basle in Switzerland, by FROBEN, in 1552, with the privilege of copy-right for five years. It has numerous coarse wood engravings. It finishes with an argument between the Emperor HADRIAN and the Philosopher EPICTETUS, whose figures are drawn with the beards of 1667, in A.D. 100. We translate it from the Latin.

Epictetus. To be born and to die.

Hadrian. What is best and worst ?

Epictetus. Words.

Hadrian. What is that which pleases some and displeases others ?

Epictetus. Life.

Hadrian. Which is the best life ?

Epictetus. The shortest.

Hadrian. Which is the most certain thing ?

Epictetus. Death.

Hadrian. What is death ?

Epictetus. Perpetual security.

Hadrian. (again.) What is death ?

Epictetus. A condition to be feared by no wise man ; the enemy of all life ; deity of the living ; boundary of all relation ; plunderer of children ; an agreeable last will and testament ; a funeral sermon ; the last tears ; oblivion of the dead ; a burthen for the monument ; and the end of all evils.

Hadrian. Why do we crown the dead ?

Epictetus. As the symbol of his transit from life to death.

Hadrian. Why are the thumbs of the dead together ?

Epictetus. That we may, after his apparent death, know that he is really dead.

Hadrian. What is a corpse-bearer ?

Epictetus. A man whom many avoid and whom none can fly from.

Hadrian. What is a funeral-pile ?

Epictetus. The final payment of debt.

Hadrian. What is a trumpet ?

Epictetus. An incitement to battle ; a camp signal ; a call to the arena, to the theatre and circus ; a mournful note for the funeral.

Hadrian. What is a monument ?

Epictetus. A stigmatized stone ; a speculation for an idle fellow.

Hadrian. Who is a poor man ?

Epictetus. He is like a dry deserted well which every body runs.

Hadrian. What is man ?

Epictetus. He is like a bath : first a warm one ; then oil for him as infant ; then a sweater when he is a boy ; a dry heat when he is a young man ; then a cold bath in old age.

Hadrian. What is man ?

Epictetus. He is like an apple ! which hangs on the tree until it is ripe ; just our bodies fall when mature ! more often while green !

Hadrian. What is man ?

Epictetus. He is like a lamp or candle set in the wind !

Hadrian. What is man ?

Epictetus. He is a guest ; a lawful dream ; a calamity-tale ; Death's real estate ; Life's delay ; a thing which Fortune makes jokes of !

Hadrian. What is Fortune ?

Epictetus. A noble matron, who whips her slaves !

Hadrian. What is Fortune ?

Epictetus. The nearest turning post on the race-ground ; a chance

for another man's goods ; he who has it shows out splendidly ; when it quits him he is left in the dark — no one can see him !

Hadrian. How many sorts of Fortune have we ?

Epictetus. Three : a blind one, hitting none knows how ; a crazy one, which gives and instantly snatches it away again ; third, and last, a deaf one, who can't hear the prayers of poor wretches.

Hadrian. What are the gods ?

Epictetus. Visions ! mental deities ! Are you timid ? then Fear is your god ! Are you able to rule your passions ? then Religion is your god !

Hadrian. What is the sun ?

Epictetus. The splendor of the world ! giving and taking away day ; a clock measuring the hours !

Hadrian. What is the moon ?

Epictetus. A day-helper ; eye of night ; torch of darkness !

Hadrian. What are the heavens ?

Epictetus. An immense dome.

Hadrian. What are the heavens ?

Epictetus. The air of the world.

Hadrian. What are the stars ?

Epictetus. The destinies of men.

Hadrian. What are the stars ?

Epictetus. The boundaries of all government.

Hadrian. What is this earth ?

Epictetus. The barn of Ceres.

Hadrian. What is this earth ?

Epictetus. The storehouse of life.

Hadrian. What is the sea ?

Epictetus. A very uncertain road to travel on.

Hadrian. What is a ship ?

Epictetus. An everywhere hotel.

Hadrian. What is a ship ?

Epictetus. Neptune's church ; an annual packet.

Hadrian. What is a sailor ?

Epictetus. A sea lover ; a land deserter ; a despiser of death and of life too ; a client of the waves.

Hadrian. What is sleep ?

Epictetus. The image of death.

Hadrian. What is night ?

Epictetus. The laborer's rest ; the highwayman's profit.

Hadrian. Why is Venus painted naked ?

Epictetus. All the loves are painted naked as well as Venus, and because naked beauty pleases most ; but it ought not to be done.

Hadrian. Why did Venus marry Vulcan ?

Epictetus. To show how hot love is.

Hadrian. Why was she squint-eyed ?

Epictetus. Because her loves were depraved ones.

Hadrian. What is love ?

Epictetus. The trouble of a peaceful breast ; modesty or shame in a

boy ; blushes in a girl ; a fury in a woman ; ardor in a young man ; a joke in old age ; a crime in a seducer.

Hadrian. What is God ?

Epictetus. He who holds all things in His hands.

Hadrian. What is sacrifice ?

Epictetus. A drink-offering.

Hadrian. What is without society ?

Epictetus. A kingdom.

Hadrian. What is a kingdom ?

Epictetus. A part of the government of gods.

Hadrian. What is Cæsar ?

Epictetus. The head of public light.

Hadrian. What is the Senate ?

Epictetus. The ornament of the city, and the splendor of its citizens.

Hadrian. What is a soldier ?

Epictetus. The wall of the Empire ; the glorious servant and defender of the country ; the index of power.

Hadrian. What is Rome ?

Epictetus. The fountain of the Empire of the world ; mother of nations.

This quaint dialogue is the concluding article in the book. Alciatus had it from an unknown author, hid away for ages. The book is given to the American Institute by Alanson Nash, Esq., of New-York, one of the Members of the Institute, on condition of their publishing, in their Annual Transactions, the account and drawings of the Liburna, and of the ships freighted with wheat from Egypt, and the female tribute-bearers of Africa.

SONG SUNG IN 'GOD'S ACRE,'

ON HEARING A WOOD-THRUSH SINGING THERE.

BY 'THE PLEASANT BARD.'

THE wind blows fresh from out the west,
The leaves are green and wavy,
For June the maples sweet has drest
So bonnily and bravely.
The herds come lowing to the fold,
For day is in the gloaming:
Unloose, O Care! thy canker hold.
And with the airs be roaming!

All Nature smiles: she may rejoice:
O'er me the clouds seem lying;
A sombre sadness breaks my voice
And turns my song to sighing.

Gill, (Mass.), June 14, 1857.

Oh! were I like yon guileless thrush,
Without a theme for sorrow!
Peace comes with evening round his bush,
And gladness with his morrow.

He has, dear bird! no buried past,
Its restless ghosts surviving,
With voices like the desert blast
Around the lost uprising.
With prophet ken he may not view
The Future's page of sorrow;
Peace falls with evening and the dew,
And gladness wakes her morrow.

S I L K E B O R G :

A PICTURE OF DANISH SCENERY.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS C. ANDERSEN.

THROUGH the woods and across the fields we drive into a pleasant homestead ; then out again, and we are upon the highest point in Denmark, upon the Himmelberge. Covered with heath and broom, it slopes away in gentle undulations down to the great Binnensee and to the Inulsee, whose tranquil waters are cut through by the largest of Denmark's rivers, the Gertenau, uniting lake to lake, and here for miles away, between forest and heath, flowing onward toward Silkeborg.

Beneath us, upon the opposite shore of the Inulsee, lies Dünersvold, the scene of the legend of Laven's castle.

Superstition still sees the glitter of gold and copper vessels beneath the clear water ; the boatman believes he hears the ring of metal when he strikes his staff upon the ground. Long ago, when Jutland consisted of numerous petty kingdoms, a king ruled here, whose fair-haired daughter one night eloped with another king. Bearing her before him upon his steed, he dashed boldly across the heath, buffeting the frowns of the night storm. Pursuers and pursued with equal haste, sought to reach the boundary oak, where the forester's house, near Silkeborg, now stands. The ford in the stream, where, hard pressed, he sank with the maiden, is, to this day, called by the people, the 'King's Deep.' We follow the chase in the legend, when from the Himmelberge we suffer the eye to range over lake and forest toward the north-west, until it rest upon the red roofs of the little town of Silkeborg. Here is our route.

We cross the Yoke Auring, as the peasant calls this mountain, and which we have already seen from the Himmelberge, rearing its heath-brown summit above the forest. In long reaches, and above the highest tree, like a towering rampart, the work of Cyclopean hands, rises the 'Yoke,' whose loftiest crest has but the breadth of a wagon-track. From here, away between the tree-tops, we see heath, moor, and a solitary field of buck-wheat, sprinkling with red and white blossoms the sandy soil. A rustic seat of birchen boughs invites repose, where, by the prospect that opens before us, we are transported to those picturesque regions of Scottish scenery around Loch Catharine and Loch Lomond.

What solitude ! what earnest reality ! The bright sun-light, in its changes, may indeed enliven the scene ; yet, like the mourner's face when he smiles, it loses nothing of its impressive seriousness.

What stillness — no sound in nature ! As if one had lost the sense of hearing ; while yet so acute the flutter of the gnat's wing is heard.

Here night lowers deep and mysterious ! In the forest over-head is heard the cry of the horned owl ; below, a whistling in the reed-brakes, it is the howl of the otter, the sweetwater-lake dog, that, wounded by the solitary hunter, attempts to swim to the opposite shore. There we

hear the death-cry of the king-eagle perishing in unequal conflict. Not many years since, a huge pike was discovered in the stream, to whose back, with firmly imbedded talons, clung an eagle; both, thus closely united, floated a lifeless mass upon the waves.

From the 'Yoke' we descend through the forest and over the sandy soil, where the drift sand, in its gyrations, has covered the heath flowers. We come now to the quaking moor, where coal-black storks build their nests in trees, as a Parian race condemned to the marshes and abhorred by the white storks. Farther still our road lies through the wood. Black heath hills rear themselves like islands amid the billowy forest sea. Here we discover tracts, as if cut from *that Black Forest* so world-renowned by the 'Village Tales.' Dry branches that have fallen to the ground, mingled with heath and leaves, crack beneath the wheels that here beat a fresh path. We encounter objects of deeper interest: ancient pit-falls of the days when the wild boar invited the chase; old people are still living who relate, how in their childhood howling wolves roamed through these forests. Here we see giant graves, or cairns encircled by slender birches, the seeds of which, driven hither by wind and weather, have germinated, and now luxuriate upon these sepulchres of antiquity.

Forest tracts, unbroken by road or foot-path, encircle deep lakes. Upon one of these is seen a small floating island, shaded by a solitary tree that bends low upon it. Hither and thither it drifts, the sport of the wind. They tell us that a stranger once came to this dark, still water: deeply impressed with its melancholy character, he returned to seek death in its unfathomable depths.

Woodland solitude, here is thine abode! Here where the eagle builds her nest; here where the wood-doves coo; where the partridge springs whirring from the heath-broom.

Truly has it been said, this region has but a needy soil; oh! yes, needy in all that man would force from it; but in its own vegetation, how rich, luxuriant, majestic! That primitive plant of the forest, the fern, shoots upward to the height of man, with its fine green plume-like leaves; whortleberries, raspberries, spring in superabundance from the earth; here grows the sombre juniper, reminding one of Italy's cypress; and the christhorn, summer and winter clothed with prickly, glossy evergreen leaves.

In the west the forest ceases, it lacks protection against the winds. Trunks and branches incline toward the east, and each tree seems pruned as if with a knife; the wood degenerates to bush, which finally disappears in the melancholy earth. Every thing seems rolled together by the wind, boughs and twigs inextricably interlaced, and covered with white petrified moss.

We look down into a long, deep heath valley. There stands a solitary clay hut, thatched with broom, above which a wreath of smoke is curling, betokening human existence. Superstition relates to us, that in the 'Deep Vale,' the name by which this region is known, there stands a large square stone, bearing an inscription which no one has yet deciphered; that beneath this stone lies as much gold and silver as would cover a full-grown man — treasure to ransom a captive king.

Two women who once passed through this valley, saw the stone, but could not read the inscription ; and when they had returned with others, the magic emblem was no longer found. Subsequent to this, a peasant seeking his horse that had strayed into this sequestered nook, discovered the stone and laid his halter upon it, when lo ! it sank before his eyes. At some future period, however, such is the popular belief, when the Danish King shall have become a prisoner, the stone will be found, the inscription read, the treasure raised, and the sovereign redeemed.

Tracing now our route toward Silkeborg, which we shall soon reach, let us linger a moment upon this spot in the wood. A narrow foot-path guides us to a broad lake, whose deep blue waters, smiling tranquilly in the morning light, kindly invite our approach. Huge forest trunks, half concealed by thin dark masses of foliage, incline over the banks like green swelling clouds, and in the clear water beneath we see the finny tribe sporting in sun-light. Groups of snow-white lilies repose like blooming islets upon its mirror surface ; and high above the forest, upon the arid heath, rises the sun-lit spire of the village church.

Toward the north the forest ceases upon the shores of the 'Long Lake,' through which flows the Gutenau ; and here, near its margin, is situate an ancient steward-tenement ; also a small house, for many years devoted to the purposes of eel-fishing — almost the only source of revenue derived from this river, where fish in great variety abound. These structures, then the only ones, belonged to the so-called *Reitergute*. The ground and lands throughout a broad circuit, remained wild and uncultivated ; a deep, sandy road, in winter almost impassable, led over them to districts in the west.

On a point of land where the river disembogues, are still to be seen the remains of red walls ; and not many years since were discovered here graves and the subterranean passages of an ancient structure. Here stood Silkeborg of the olden time, which has bequeathed a name to the present town and lands adjacent. The legend informs us that a certain bishop, Peter, who had determined to build a castle, was once traversing the 'Long Lake ;' the wind blew from his head the silken cap, and on the spot to which it drifted he ordered the construction of 'Silk Castle.' Silkeborg, Silk Castle, was built here. This fortress has been twice destroyed, once by lightning, and later by the Swedes, who left not one stone standing upon another. During the long interval that has elapsed since the occurrence of these events, but few strangers have ever visited these scenes, except such as were compelled to trace their dreary route obliquely across the country ; or sportsmen, who found here good duck and other shooting.

Here among the sand-hills, beneath spreading boughs of birch, or amid heath-broom, blazed the fires of the roaming gipsy. Tree, shrub, and every species of vegetation, were often swept away by the devastating element, and this kind of incendiarism became free to all. The wind chased the smoke and eddying flame-surges before it ; the solitary bush blazed up, and farther and farther spread the wild conflagration, until the moor or barren sand set bounds to its fury.

But few of Denmark's people were acquainted with the fairest region in the heart of their country ; and still fewer in the great, the

has struggled in vain against the fine sand that whistled through the air by the wind, towers fathoms high above wood and moor.

Associated with this region, is one of the most recent of popular legends. It is the story of an immense treasure that lies concealed here, and Peer Golddigger has squandered his entire fortune in his endeavors to discover it. He, indeed, dreamed where it should be found — on the spot where a tree, thirty yards high, was so covered with drift-sand, that only a 'pipe-stem' of it was visible. It was in the year 1780, we are informed, that this Peer, a Holsteiner, who, at Weile, had homestead and castle, came and dug and dug, until he was buried as a parish pauper. But the treasure that a mighty lord of Silkeborg has buried here, *must* nevertheless be discovered. Meanwhile there burns above it a flame that no drift-sand can ever extinguish.

The attempted barrier against these sand-clouds by planting, trees struggling here and there for an existence, as well as the recently constructed highway, awaken thoughts on civilization and human industry. But solitude and impressive silence brood over the extended landscape, and here too, as in mountain regions, the clouds sometimes lower upon it as they sweep across to the forest curtain. Here no warbler sings, and seldom is a vehicle seen upon the solitary road.

From this, we turn back to the stream. Suddenly we behold energy and life; the factory lies beneath us, and a splendid bridge spans the river to the open, friendly town of Silkeborg. It greets us with its pack of barking dogs and the ringing blast of the postillion's horn. When at sun-set the returning flocks move leisurely along, the plaintive notes of the shepherd-boy's shalm are heard; but the whole landscape glows charmingly in the rosy light of even.

Yes! upon the stream, in the forest, upon the lake, and beyond, where the rich mineral waters from bubbling springs trickle down the face of the cliff — what infinite variety! — what beauty! — what fulness!

And now the broad highway of the *heath* — limited *heath* — leads directly across it.

Come hither on a warm summer day, when the sun-rays burn upon the dark brown plain, then will *Fata Morgana* display her magic power, as in the desert wilds of Sahara. Far away toward the horizon, you fancy yourself gazing upon the mirror-surface of the ocean — an open gulf with wood-crowned islands. The groves — solitary trees, all are faithfully imaged in the water, so true, so real; yet is the whole but deception. What you were gazing at is only dry, arid *heath*; the same for centuries — only *heath*.

They tell us that thousands of years ago, mighty forests stood here; conflagration and western storms have destroyed them — no one knows! That these mountains, valleys, lands, were once the ocean-bed, elevated by subterranean fires — no one knows! They point out to us the peat-moors, how they seem elevated upon the mountain-slopes. Cairns that link the present to a by-gone age — to us, the days of yore — cover the heroes of antiquity. Their names are unknown: they sleep in oblivion.

Song and legend alone acquaint us with the former existence of deep, clear lakes, that have been converted into growing moors. The *virgin*

three hundred men earn their daily bread : here is actual life. It is pleasant and instructive to enter this living hot-house, to watch progressive developments ; how the rags are purified, washed, cut into shreds, then gushing forth as snow-white pulp, to be gradually changed into broad sheets, which, finally becoming cool and quiescent, furnish us with a beautiful white paper. However superior the specimens of this article, displayed by England and France at the London Exhibition, this paper has competed with them and gained the premium. Even from yellow straw the industrious proprietor has acquired the art of extracting materials for paper-making, and we have been astonished at the results of the transition.

Let us leave now the factory and town for a moment to the residence of the owner, a charming villa, liberally provided with English comforts, its garden-plot extending down to the river and lake, fresh and blooming upon the site of the old castle. A beautiful greensward covers the sandy soil, and during the season, is adorned with roses in rich profusion. In the rear of the conservatory are large purple clusters, pendent from their leafy vines ; beyond is the lake, with its gleaming shores of white sand and heath, and the solitary house of the ferry-man, whose light skiff, with a few strokes of the oar, saves the traveller a *detour* of two miles by land, which he would be compelled to make to gain the opposite margin. From thence we must go to the mountain summit, Hvindingedal, that we may embrace at a glance the bird's-eye perspective of the entire uplands, from the Himmelberge as far as the 'Long Lake,' where the red roofs of Silkeborg gleam at intervals between the tree-tops. In the midst of the garden there remains standing an ancient lime-tree, that might have shaded the gateway of the castle. Alders and willows afford protection against storms from the north and west. On the opposite shore of the lake the waving reeds seem sporting with the ripples, that wash too fragments of red walls, relics of the ancient fortress. A huge boulder, hewn with some pretension to architectural taste, belonging perhaps to a former archway, now lies upon a stone-heap, near which bloom Alpine exotics in rich luxuriance.

Beyond the garden-plot, laden flat-boats traverse the long route by water to Randers. A tedious journey — a road without variety. Beauty and sublimity in nature on the Gutenau, are found only between Silkeborg and Himmelberge. How charming to glide in skiff or sail-boat beneath drooping boughs of birch and alder ! As if torn loose from the shore, trees grow here and there in the stream, overshadowing islands of the blooming lotus. How delightful to steer from lake to lake, or in the twilight of even — in the starry night — to glide by torch-light along the dark shores of heath and woodland !

Denmark's river Gutenau, how beautiful art thou still ! and most beautiful here before the old steward-lodge and 'eel-fishery,' stretching away, adorned with flower-isles gently undulating. With thee, as with the mountain-path, thy course has been cut through heights abrupt, to provide a new broad highway between forest and drift-sand.

But a half-hour's ramble conducts us to where human ingenuity

has struggled in vain against the fine sand that whistled through the air by the wind, towers fathoms high above wood and moor.

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sailed upon the dark water, and lost a golden ring ; for this was the lake proscribed, when from the bottom suddenly rolled upward the black mud ; in a moment the lake was moor !

Upon the shores of that solitary islet, the river washes the crumbling ruins of a castle, perhaps of the time when Viking returned from his expedition to the English and Norwegian coasts, to his home on the Gutenuau ; or it may be a fortress of more recent date, when the Swedes occupied the country, when our Polish allies, and Calmucks, and Turks, stormed and raged, and hung the priests of the people to oaks by their long beards.

The spirit of oblivion, mightier than the storms of the Western Ocean that bow the forest without destroying, has extinguished forever the remembrance.

How immeasurable the void, for contemplation !

But soon will the iron car, like a fuming dragon, dispel the gloom of the lonely heath, as with roar and shriek it dashes impetuously onward ; and thousands will come and gaze upon these glories in nature ; poets will paint the scenes in verse, while Silkeborg rises and blooms — will *spin silk*, when the iron net-work shall have traversed the land.

S A B B A T H A T S E A .

BY J. SWETT.

CALMLY o'er the sleeping ocean
Comes the dawn of Sabbath day ;
Clouds that raged in wild commotion,
Glide like distant sails away :
Voices of the Sabbath morning
Still the tumult of the sea,
As the mild tones of the SAVIOUR
Calmed the waves of Galilee.

It is evening, and in ocean
Sinks the fiery sun to rest,
As a weary child at twilight
Seeks a loving mother's breast.
No sweet vesper bells are pealing
O'er the sea in mellow chime :
Spirit notes of holier feeling
Whisper prayers of evening-time.

Starry isles of light come drifting
From the dark depths of the sky,
And the Southern Cross is lifting
Up its emblem grand on high.
Gazing on that holy symbol,
Earth-worn spirits soar away,
Seeking rest awhile in Heaven
With the dying Sabbath day.

Steamship Golden Gate, May, 1857.

D E G - G U B - M U H :

A MODERN STORY, IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

I HAVE lately bought at public auction, one of those quaint old houses that belong neither to the present generation or style, nor yet is it very ancient, for nothing is *old* in this country but the everlasting hills and their belongings. But my house was built by, and has been inhabited by those who have stories to tell of ancestors and deeds of olden time and in the olden world; and many a curious relic and memento of those far-off-times has been handed down from father to son, or rather from one occupant to another, (for strange to say, the succession have all been strangers,) and at last has been left to go with the house.

The house itself is spacious and comfortable enough for me, but has many curious nooks and crannies, sliding panels, and out-of-the-way cupboards and drawers, enough to make the fortune of an antiquary or story-teller; and so much so, that I have got the hunting mania; and almost any dull, rainy day, when I am not allowed to go abroad, you may see me creeping and climbing around these out-of-the-way places, sounding all the panels and hollow wainscoting with my buffer, and trying every nail and screw-head to be found; and although I labor many days in vain, I do not fail in the end to get a rich reward for my perseverance.

It is true I am a quiet man, am easily pleased, do not love a crowd, nor naturally seek the face of a stranger; beside, I am an invalid; and though somewhat advanced in years, am by no means as old as Methuselah was reputed to be — oh! no; yet I have the garrulousness of old age, and love to tell what I see and hear; and when I find my audience tire of hearing, I then, some sun-shiny day, when it is too bright for exploring, after my daily walk sit down by my eastern window and tell my story again on paper for my distant friends to read, for I have friends that I never saw or heard of: I am at peace with every body, and therefore friend to all.

I have a little daughter, (or rather *we* have, for I am not alone in the world, nor ever can be, while she and her mother can soothe my pains and bring the sun-shine of life to our home,) just big enough to look over my pen as I write, by standing on tiptoe, who, for short, I call Fritz, or Fritz. She is the companion of all my searches, and the unwearied listener to all my tales.

But to return to my house and its former occupants. I never knew but one of them, and that was a good step back in life, when I was a wild boy in my youngest teens. I think she must have been an invalid, for I never saw her out of this room, and generally sitting by this window, as I now do, overlooking the church and its silent city, shaded with the yew, cypress, and willow. Yet she was always cheerful, always entered into our little plans and sports with a readiness that gave

us all ease in her presence. But she had one peculiarity, to solve which I have puzzled my poor brain many a time, with no success. Whenever I or any one entered her room, she would look up at us with such an intent, puzzled, almost painful look, that it was evident her mind was away in the dim past, or the dreamy mazes of the future, and that the object before her was in some way connected with that state, whether future or past, and her mind was seeking, hoping to find some long-sought hope realized. It was evidently by a great effort that she recalled herself to living realities, but when she was aroused and knew you and the present, none was more lovely, easy, or companionable.

Such was she when I was called to roam in foreign lands. And when I returned, with pallor on my cheek, and the gray harvest of hairs that the autumn of life had showered on my head, her place knew her no more! And I know *as yet* nothing more of her, only an unmarked mound in yonder church-yard, shaded by that drooping elm, just where the shadow of the cross on the spire strikes the ground from the morning sun, is said to be her grave. Green is the turf over her, and green is her memory in our hearts.

N.B. — The KNICKERBOCKER is the only Magazine that will contain this highly interesting story, for as it is *copy-righted*, it will not appear in any other. So you must subscribe for the Magazine, pay for it, and read it too, if you wish to be gratified; and if in the course of six months you do not find the conclusion of the above story, you may think either my house is haunted, I have got a personal audience, or have retired from literary labor; and *then* turn to the heading of the story and read it backward.

OLD TROWBRIDGE.

'ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.'

I.

Pass the flowing bowl along,
Christen it with merry song:
He that quaffs it with a sigh,
With the dead men let him lie.

II.

We are wearied, comrades mine;
Quaff the glass of sparkling wine
Till with fire the pulses thrill,
Pass along the goblet still.

III.

Let us live while yet we may;
Drink the mid-night into day:

Feather River, (Cal.)

Fill the bowl with blushing wine;
Drink to days of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

IV.

Drink to lips that ours have pressed,
Pledge the maidens we love best:
Sing the songs that loved ones sung
In the days when we were young.

V.

Raise the merry song on high
As the swift-winged moments fly.
Drink the mid-night into day:
Let us live while yet we may.

J. S.

THE SWORD OF ETHAN ALLEN.

At East-Manville, on Grand River, some twenty miles below Grand Rapids, Michigan, lives a family by the name of HOPKINS, and here, in the possession of an aged lady, niece of Gen. ETHAN ALLEN, is his sword. Aware, says our informant, who saw it two years since, that the leaders of the revolutionary struggle were often selected for their weight and mettle, as well as other military accomplishments, we were not surprised to find their arms of a similar kind. The sword in question was without ornament, and might be a hundred years old by its appearance; very heavy, with an iron hilt, on which is engraved in rude characters, as if cut by a jack-knife, the name of 'ETHAN ALLEN;' the blade long, straight, and single-edged — a veritable 'Damascus blade.' Though the strong rust-spots were proof that a long term of peace is uncongenial to weapons of war, this relic of the olden time seemed to possess, in pent-up silence, all the fire that flashed from its surface when waving in triumph over the gates of Ticonderoga. One of our company intimated to the owner that if fifty dollars would be any object, he would like to present the sword to his father, who was an intimate friend and adviser of the GENERAL, with the assurance that it should descend as an heir-loom of much value through successive generations. She, casting a glance at the huge logs of which the house was built, with a flash of the eye, said to be peculiar to the GENERAL and his family, quietly remarked: 'There are some things in this house that money will not buy — *this is one of them.*'

I.

THE sword of ALLEN! hear, ye braves!
Ye cohorts of the mighty dead,
Wake from the slumber of your graves,
To see it circling o'er your head,
As erst it flashed in days of yore:
Bathed to the hilt in foeman's gore.

II.

That blade of battle, keen and straight,
Rust-spotted by the touch of time,
Cut through the fetters forged by fate,
To bind the brave of every clime;
Ticonderoga's gates gave way,
As blazed that sabre's meteor ray.

III.

That sword of freedom, single edged,
With iron hilt and hero-graved,
Transcends earth's diadems, all pledged.
The bravest of the brave, *it braved*:
The freest of the free, *it freed*:
And fame eternal crowned the deed.

IV.

Sword, take thy rest: thy work is done:
The warrior's hero-goal is won.
Some things there be, gold cannot buy:
Brave Allen's sword of victory!
Yes, relic of the olden time,
Thou 'rt sheathed in glory, lone, sublime.

Kalamasoo, (Mich.)

VOL. L.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SOUTHERN TIER.

NUMBER THREE.

IN resuming these reminiscences, it is proposed to devote a brief space to some of our adopted citizens, who have 'cast their lot' among us, whose warm and generous impulses, so characteristic of the natives of the Emerald Isle, have much to do with the appreciation in which they are held by the early settlers. Most of them possess a fund of genuine, original humor, which I think is peculiar to their race.

The manner in which they sometimes avail themselves of this trait, to escape a dilemma, will appear in what follows.

During the construction of the New-York and Erie Railroad, an Irishman named Burke, secured the contract for the building of that portion of the road between Elmira and Seely Creek, a distance of about three miles. He once requested the writer to go with him to Seely Creek, where he was then preparing the stone for the abutments of the bridge to be erected over that stream. His object, he said, was to make me acquainted with his foreman, who was a temperance-man, who had taken the pledge in Ireland, and received a medal from Father Mathew, which he wore suspended to a blue ribbon around his neck. I accompanied him accordingly, and on arriving at the scene of labor, to his surprise as well as my own, we found him very tipsy. In reply to Burke's expression of astonishment at his condition, Jemmy said, that when distributing the accustomed *jigger* (for so he termed the measure of whiskey) among the laborers in the morning, he had been tempted by curiosity to swallow one of them himself, and it had made him 'as drunk as a baste.' We offered to assist him to his shanty, which was near by, but he persisted in 'steering his own ship,' which was effected by a system of *tacking* (which we call laying worm-fence) by which he travelled at least three times over the ground. Arrived at the door of the shanty, we found his wife standing there, who saw at once the plight of poor Jemmy, with her arms akimbo, looking daggers at her husband, and favoring us with an occasional glance. Her first salutation was: 'So, Mr. Farrell, it's very much fatigued you are, considering the *length of the road* you have travelled!' This was probably ten rods in a straight line. Jemmy, with a wink, and a look of infinite humor, replied: 'Troth, Bridget, it's not the *length* of the road, but the *breadth of it*, that has been the death of me.' I never saw a person so quickly disarmed as Bridget was, by his quiet reply. Laying aside the look of defiance with which she met us, with a face beaming with smiles, she said: 'Come in, Jemmy, I will take care of you till you get the better of it.' She assisted us in getting off his boots and laying him on the bed, where, in great glee, he described the wonderful effect the drinking of the '*jigger*' had produced upon him; assuring his wife of his perfect satisfaction with the result of his 'search

after knowledge, under difficulties ;' that he had no desire to repeat the experiment, and that it would enable him, in his exhortations to his fellows, to describe with more feeling than before, its baneful effects upon the human system.

One of these Irish patriots has resided in Chemung county for several years, and may well be included in the list of our oddities. Shortly after his settlement here, he called at the office of the writer, to prepare his papers for naturalization as a citizen. He then entered into a detail of his early history and studies, having once made some preparation for the ministry in the 'ould countrie.' It was on Saturday, and he was directed to call at the house of the narrator on Monday morning, so as to insure attention to his application immediately after opening the court. He called at the office, and my partner sent him to my residence, which the judge of the court made his home, while holding the circuit. He rapped at the gate, some thirty feet from the outer door. I stood near the door and observing his approach, said : ' Good morning, Mr. O'Driscoll.' ' Sure,' said he, ' I am that same ; but how should you know me ? ' (While at the office, on Saturday, he held his conversation with my partner, and had not particularly noticed me.) I replied : ' I can tell an O'Driscoll as far as I can see him ; you are the nephew of Father O'Driscoll, parish priest, in the County Monaghan. Walk in, and make yourself at home.' ' Well,' said he, ' that is wonderful, but Mr. Washington Miller said you was a very smart man.' He came in, his papers were finished, and soon after he took the oath as a citizen. On leaving the court-house, he informed me that his brother had preceded him to this country, had settled at Rondout, where he had married a Dutch girl, who had considerable property ; that he had recently died, without issue, leaving a will, by which he had devised all his possessions to his wife. He was desirous of instituting proceedings to set aside the will, and claim the property as heir-at-law. I informed him that the will would probably be sustained, unless he could show that his brother was incompetent to execute it at the time, or acted under some improper influence ; that our courts generally sustained such instruments, if the testator's intentions were clearly manifested, and incompetency not fully made out. ' Sure,' said he, ' is not this a pretty land of liberty, where a man can do as he pleases with his dirty acres, utterly regardless of his own kith and kin ? '

About the time the Know-Nothing party had its rise, Dennis was much troubled about it, and asked me what they meant. I simply remarked, that they seemed to be down upon the Irish and other foreigners.

He asked me where *I* was born. I answered in Pennsylvania. ' Were you consulted about it ? ' said he. I replied : ' No ! ' ' Neither was I consulted as to my place of birth,' he remarked. ' It happened in Ireland ; and when arrived at the *full stature of a man*, I selected America as my residence, *of my own free will*. You came into this country because you could not help yourself ; *I came of my own choice* : you came in, *naked and penniless* ; I came *well clothed, wid a pocket full of sovereigns* ; and damme if I do n't think myself the better man

of the two.' The argument seemed irresistible, and I confess it went far to dispel my Know-Nothing propensities.

Dennis was a decided Democrat, and had been appointed a lock-tender on the Chemung Canal, under Democratic rule. A political change occurred, but he was retained, as it is supposed, through the influence of Mr. Yates, of Elmira. His warm gratitude toward his benefactor, as well as his literary qualifications, are exhibited in the following letter to that gentleman. Its authenticity is undoubted, and the original can be produced.

South-Summit Lock, Dec. 27, 1851.

'MY DEAR MR. YATES: It would give me the warmest glow of enthusiasm, and the most pleasing emotions of the soul, to know how you, Mrs. Yates, and the rest of the family are at present; for since we had the ceremony of an introduction, when fate made us first acquainted, and am glad fortune preserved the acquaintance, for I appreciate refined sensibility. From all I have learned, let me assure you, I consider you worthy of my highest esteem and trust; if you were longer acquainted with my history, you may arrive at the same conclusion with regard to myself, though poverty restrains my advances at present. But, however, I infinitely thank my American friends and fellow-citizens for all I have got. Mr. Yates, I most assuredly tell you, I feel proud that the exquisite symmetry of your physical mould, your profound gumption, good qualifications, energy of execution, and high order of talent, your fascinating disposition and your generosity in your social relations, has given you a superior standing and a popular position in society as a leading spirit and as an exemplar of Christian ethics.

'And as to your mechanical art — nay, had I been as bright and as piquant a writer as the celebrated Demosthenes, prince of orators, that could sit upon a tripod and deliver oracles — with all my eloquence, refined erudition, and extraordinary abilities, I could not eulogize your merit as a connoisseur in art, and as a mechanical genius in clock and watch-repairing and other branches in your line of business, as you are worthy of. Therefore, I think it is no exaggeration for me to give you the monument of your fame; for what could be more demonstrative to me than to see the difficult jobs you have completed for myself; so my honest conviction is, that I need not mention that. That clock of mine, I have sent to you to be repaired, will tell the precise time of day more regular than the sun will in his revolution, if it will only be repaired by you, or by Mr. Francis Collingwood, that has learned of you.

'Sir, if it were needed, I could go into consecutive series about your civic virtue, worth and great acquirements, and would recount a bright page in your history by describing of your art, science, wisdom, and bright scintillations of wit, as swift as the wings of thought to my satisfaction as you deserve, with a more graphic and able pen, but as it is not incidentally exigent or required, accept the assurances of my personal regard and best wishes for your success. As a requital for your meritorious principles, I will now conclude with informing you, myself and my wife and family are all well, and with wishing you the bless-

ings and happiness of manifold years. With cordial and long-cherished sentiments of respect and esteem, I remain yours,

‘DENNIS O’DRISCOLL.’

Whether it is the influence of the air of our hills, or our valleys, that gives the impetus to the precocious intellect within our borders, I know not; but it does not seem confined to the foreign element in our midst. Take as specimens of *native mind*, the following :

Some twenty years ago, a church stood upon the bank of the Chemung River, in the town of Southport. It had been built by contributions from several religious denominations who occupied it in turn. Difficulties, however, sprang up among them as to its occupancy, and during the heat of the controversy, the building was destroyed by fire. A young pedagogue of the neighborhood sent the following description of the catastrophe to a neighboring print :

‘FIRE. — Between twelve and one o’clock on Sunday morning, the twenty-ninth April last, the Presbyterian Church in the town of Southport was consumed by fire. The situation of this building, dedicated to the service of God, was delightful, and the prospect from it was grand and majestic. It stood on the margin of the Chemung River, in the town of Southport, about two miles below the village of Elmira, amidst the tombs of departed friends and relatives, and surrounded with all the solemnities of a grave-yard. Such a situation, so so retired, so beautiful, so sublime, devoted to the service of God, ought to have escaped the rude grasp of the mid-night incendiary. But alas ! not the sacred temples of God, consecrated to the purpose of sacred devotion, are exempt from invasion and the mid-night torch. This building, in such a place, was doomed a prey to the mid-night incendiary. The torch was applied and the horrid conflagration streamed to heaven. The noble edifice fell in one undistinguished mass of ruin, and its ashes now mingle with those of the dead. The cattle arose and fled affrighted to the inmost recesses of the grove. The distant mariner surveyed the flaming meteor afar, which illuminated his way down the deep waters of the Susquehannah ; and the angry spirits of the deep mournfully howled to the mid-night blast.’

During the political campaign in which Mr. Van Buren was re-nominated for the Presidency, one of our country editors ‘flung the banner’ of Van Buren ‘to the breeze,’ and in the most glowing terms announced the fact to his readers. The entire article is too long to extract ; it concludes thus, after enumerating his public services : ‘His acts are before the American people ; his principles are spread out to the gaze of an admiring world ; his claims on the American people, we need not write them ; to write his history, we must write the history of the republic ; to mention his talents, we must write his eulogy. Martin Van Buren is characterized by patriotic devotion ; unsurpassed in honesty of purpose ; of unassailable integrity ; unequalled in constancy and firmness of resolution ; distinguished for intelligence and strength of mind ; deeply versed in the knowledge of man ; extensively acquainted with the various interests of his country ; simple and republican in his habits ; regarding every upright man as his equal and brother ; soaring above

local prejudices ; regarding all parts of this extended republic as his home, dear to him as the life he has spent for its advancement ; more sensitively recoiling from the breath of corruption than from the approach of a deadly plague. His name already trembles upon the poet's lyre ; and the vestal lamp has lit up his moral virtues, never more to be extinguished. Matrons and sires sing his praises with admiring pleasure. The accomplished daughters of Columbia grasp their harps from the willow and strain the tuneful chords of harmony to his patriotic deeds. His fame is as broad as the universe, firm as the adamantine rocks of our country, and enduring as the magnet of the pole.' Call you this 'a benighted region' ?

M.

D E P R O F U N D I S .

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

BROWN were the leaves softly falling: the leaves of my heart too were fading ; Then, with my ear bending earthward, I heard the low voice of our Mother : 'Child! I have looked on thy sadness; too oft have I heard thy complaining ; Sighs are thy breath, and long sorrow hath given thy countenance paleness. Listen, poor tired complainer, for thou shalt find life in my counsel :

There is no friendship in this life complete as the friendship thou seekest ; Fame cannot satisfy ; pleasure, thy heart is too noble to ask for ; Beauty, though fleeting, is heavenly — reverence thou, but not worship ; Love is oft selfish — at best, it can never content thy whole being ; Power is dangerous ever, to others and him who shall wield it ; Hermit-life still would be farther from that thou wert born to accomplish. Dreamer! give over thy dreaming! Let henceforth an aim that is worthy Gather thy powers, and chain them to some giant mastering soul-thought : Strive for the good of thy brethren. The poor and the feeble need succor, Ignorance frowns dark and dreary, on every side hindering progress, Spirit needs guidance : be, therefore, thy aim to deliver from darkness, Lift up the grovelling mind, and encourage the sinking endeavor ; Take thou the hand of thy neighbor — then with him press earnestly upward ; Make him unselfish, and nourish in him the germ of sweet charity ; Show him the beauty in nature, in poetry, painting, and music ; Teach him the wonders of purity ; fit him for holiest duties : Higher than all, be thy striving to lead by thy blameless example. Then shall thy friendship be Heaven's, thy fame a most just self-approval, Goodness thy pleasure — true holiness ever shall be to thee beauty ; Love, if not earthly yet heavenly, shall not too long be denied thee : Strong in thy power to act kindly — resting upon thine ambition : Peace, the thrice-gentle attendant, not ever shall grieve or desert thee.

Then, when the powers of *this* life are drooped to the mortal last weakness — When from the angel-oped cell thy pure spirit is almost delivered, Come! and all lovingly softened, lo! I will bestow thee a pillow : Here, on my breast, lay thy head ; and, low soothing thy painless soft sighing, Soon will I waft thy freed soul to a new rest in a haven eternal.

June 12, 1856.

T H E C O T T O N J E N N Y :

A TALE OF LEIGH, IN LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

On the afternoon of a spring day, in the year 17 —, the lithe figure of a girl of eleven years stood on the door-step of a house in the town of Leigh, in Lancashire, England. The buzz of childish voices issued from an adjacent room; but they lacked something of young life's hilarity, and with their tones there mingled frequently those of a woman; shrill, harsh, and discordant to the listener's ear. Whenever that voice was heard, the girl's forehead contracted as in pain, and her eye-lids closed with an expression of great weariness over her blue and mournful eyes. As she sat there, her glance fell upon the figure of a man, who came rapidly down the narrow and crooked street, and then all expression of sorrow or fatigue disappeared from her countenance; the faint color of her cheek deepened, her lips grew gay in the glad welcome of her heart, which was framed into an exclamation of girlish delight as the man, who was her father, stopped before her. In his bearing there was ordinarily nothing which betokened him to be in any degree superior to or unlike the majority of the class of artisans to whom he belonged in Leigh. On this afternoon his cheek was flushed to a feverish glow, and in the usually heavy, listless expression of his eyes there was a certain nervous light, born either of some new grievance or new hope met during the labors of the day; for that very morning he had gone forth with the dawn of light, carrying to his toil that dogged expression of submission to his destiny which you are wont to behold on the face of over-worked men as in the early day they leave the night's brief respite from their never-ceasing daily drudgery, the ever constant and pressing remembrance that for him rest is starvation.

Now, for almost the first time in her life, the girl met with no response to her words of endearment, while even the hand which she laid affectionately on the coarse sleeve of his jacket was shaken off, as he turned back his impatient eye toward one who had followed him, with a more laggard step, but also, like himself, laden with many tools and blocks of wood.

'Tell your mother to give ye your supper, all of ye; I am too busy for mine to-night.' And without another word, Thomas Cartwright and his companion clambered up the rickety steps which led to the loft above, and deposited their burthen upon the floor already strewn with an accumulation of blocks of wood and shavings. The sun-set rays still shed sufficient light through the window in the roof to enable the two men to enter at once busily upon their labor, the construction of an ingenious yet simple mechanical article, the consummation of which had been now for many days the all-absorbing topic of Thomas Cartwright's thoughts, but which, from his utter inability through the extremity of

his poverty to furnish the trifling necessary expense attendant on his final completion of his work, he had from day to day deferred ; at last, however, he had met with one willing to aid him, less sore pressed than himself, and greedy after the great gain and triumphant success which he so confidently anticipated. Between these two men who sat there through that night at work, there was a vivid contrast : the one, Thomas Cartwright, a tall, spare man, of plain presence and almost homely features, but for the transient smile of some blessed hidden thought that came every now and then, like a transient gleam of sun-shine, filling the earnest gray eyes, mellowing the rugged pallor of a face grown into such through long years of want and well-nigh despair ; and those hidden thoughts ! Let us go back twelve years, a mere episode in some men's lives, an eternity in others ; then there was, many miles from Lancashire, a thatched roof, covering more true joy and serene peace than could have been found under that of any palace in all England. The robin sang cheerily on the hawthorn blossoms that hedged its white-washed walls, as morning after morning Thomas Cartwright sat down in the early summer day to the frugal breakfast, which his gray old father blessed and his sweet wife made a banquet with her presence ; and a second presence there, second only to him, to the young mother — gathering butter-cups on the green plat before his door, and clapping a pair of chubby hands in infantile joy when he came home at night ; this is the olden time to which we wander back. Oh ! often, often, Thomas Cartwright, have you wished the years following close upon those days stricken from out the calendar of your time ; often have you wished the green sod which you laid upon that wife's breast some friendly hands had piled high upon your own and your motherless daughter's. You should have staid there on the ground, consecrated by so much happiness : the memories which lacerated you then with regret would have softened with the lapse of time into treasured reminiscences of what had once been your own. But wisdom comes too often late ; in the crowded heart of thriving, noisy Leigh you sought oblivion of olden memories. Ah ! did they not haunt you with more poignancy, poignancy ten-fold more bitter when she whom you took in your dead Jenny's place to care for her child, filled your home with noisy upbraidings of your indulgence of the lonely little one, and petulant repinings for the increase of care, and deprivation of many comforts which came with the children which were more to you now like fortune's curses than Heaven's blessings. Salt tears you have dropped over your first-born's desolate childhood ; and she has grown up to a premarriage womanhood with all that is left to her barren youth of childhood's joyousness centring in her love for you. All night Thomas Cartwright gilded the hours, which were flying hopefully on, with the thought of what he should now be able to do for his daughter Jenny ; he saw her released from the bondage of her step-mother's petty tyranny, growing into a blooming maiden in the healthful country home where she had been born ; and anon the blooming maiden grew into the sweet type of her who had blessed his own young manhood, making glad another heart like his ; and while Thomas Cartwright dreamed thus over his busy toil, his companion's brilliant black eye,

kindling and flashing, betrayed too the restless fancies that were awake within his breast. What Thomas lacked of symmetry of form and feature, this man, James Landsmeire, possessed; neither toil nor want had blanched his cheek or dimmed his eye; Nature had been prodigal to him in his perfect physical development; but the smile which played at rare intervals on his lip, gave a colder expression to his features than when in perfect repose; there was no merriment to be caught, no contagious enjoyment to be born of his laugh. This night he stepped from out his coarse artisan clothing into the habiliments of a gentleman, and the past was to him a blank, the future teeming with ambitious personal aggrandizement. He could scarce recall himself to the actuality of the present as Thomas Cartwright pronounced his labor at an end, and in the first gray dawn of the summer morning christened it (in the fulness of his love for the pallid little sleeper below stairs) after her, the 'Cotton Jenny.' Gifted with much mechanical genius, Thomas Cartwright lacked a certain confidence in himself which was requisite for his ultimate success; he could overcome all personal obstacles in the completion of his work, but the mere courage which was wanting to bring it into deserved and successful notice, he had not at his command. There are some men who appear always to better advantage in borrowed light, and such a one was James Landsmeire. He had no hesitancy in at once bringing before his employer the great head of the largest manufacturing establishment in Leigh, this simple yet cunning mechanical triumph which was to produce economy in manufacturing labor. He had mastered Thomas Cartwright's secret with his willing coagency in furnishing the trifling expense which the master mind could not command; and bold and sanguine he was to produce it to his employer as the fruit of their co-labor. That was the agreement to which the two men had bound themselves, an equal division of the profits. Alas! for Thomas Cartwright's confidence, faith alone made it an inviolable one; nothing but his childish yet glorious trustfulness in his fellow-man remained to make it binding with James Landsmeire.

They were not mistaken in their anticipations: it was tested and accepted by the owner first of the principal mills in Leigh, finally throughout all the manufacturing district: James Landsmeire at once, with adroit villany, excluded Thomas Cartwright from all participation in the success in which his production of the cotton jenny had resulted. He proclaimed himself its sole originator and rightful claimant, and his fortune was made. Thomas Cartwright he declared to have merely assisted him in its completion, and clamored loudly against the injustice of his seeking to wrest from or divide with him the profits which had accrued to him: for a time, however, his adversary wrestled despairingly with him for the hope which he was doomed to see dissipated in the injustice with which he found himself treated, until the increase of domestic care and the apparent utter hopelessness of his efforts filled him with the apathy of despair, and he eventually succumbed to the despoiler.

In the mean time James Landsmeire prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations; soon he rose to overseer of the factory, and in, it seemed to his old fellow-laborers an incredible short time, to a co-

partnership in the rich company of manufacturers in Leigh; but their love never followed him into the new sphere in which he moved; they hated him for the self-aggrandizement which grew out of their own privations; and if their curses failed to reach him, so was his life barren of much love.

CHAPTER SECOND.

'THE LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.'

The voice which fell on the old man's ear was sweet in its intonations and full of a pure heart's tender trust and reverence, and worn and weary as he was by life's long struggles, Thomas Cartwright himself folded his hands in meek resignation to the hope of his grand-child expressed in the beautiful words of David.

Of the bloom of maidenhood, crowned by wifely grace, over which he had dreamed years before in the lonesome night for his daughter Jenny, he had witnessed the shadow only.

A malignant epidemic, which had thinned the households of Leigh, had stricken down the noisy, quarrelsome mother of his younger children, and in quick succession they followed her, while the eldest, seemingly the frailest of them all, went unscathed. Rest came to the worn man then in the time of respite from his daily toil, hours during which, unharassed, he could caress the girl growing into the woman, without that bloom which he had pictured when hope had dowered her with a simple prosperity, but sweet as many a pallid flower that springs in the shadow of the way-side. The gloom of penury left his home, for a heart-light from affection lent a daily ministration to his comfort, and Jenny at his fire-side made it one of peace.

The people of Leigh had cursed him as the co-worker of James Landsmeire when the success of the cotton jenny with its economy in labor had deprived so many of them of employment; but when they beheld the arrogant prosperity of the one, and the humble resignation of the other to the wrong which had been done him, the bitterness of their ill-will, at first wreaked unsparingly upon him, gradually softened into pity and commiseration.

They stood aloof from him in the days of the pestilence and left his family unaided to battle against the suffering of disease and the want of employment which he temporarily suffered with the rest. And Thomas Cartwright suffered more through their alienation and a sense of the want which he had unwittingly brought upon them than he did from his own.

On the day when the final success of the cotton jenny was made known to his fellow-laborers, and his connection with James Landsmeire in its conception, they had besieged him with their curses and upbraidings; then the bitterness of despair was at his heart as the mob of artisans swayed to-and-fro in a dense crowd about his house, and he went forth from his home to answer them only by his entreaties to them to depart. But this had all passed by, Jenny had been wooed and won as a wife, and her child it was that sat beside him this early summer morning chanting from the psalmist in reply to his regret at the part-

ing between them which the old man knew was close at hand. The turf had grown green many springs on Jenny's breast, but she lived even a sweeter, dearer life over again to Thomas Cartwright in her child. It seemed to him always that his second Jenny was but a living embodiment of her dead mother's spirit, a spirit which had been a beautiful combination of strength and purity. With her mother's lithe figure, her blue eyes a hundred times more radiant in their liquid light, luxuriant chestnut hair, and the most charming features, combined with an expression of rare beauty and joyousness, Jenny Meads was the loveliest girl in all Leigh.

For more than a year back the increasing infirmities of the grandfather had so crippled his physical strength that he had become entirely dependent on his son-in-law, who by the same austere labor to which the old man's life had been devoted, just managed to provide for their subsistence. To the noxious atmosphere of the factories while he could provide her with food, John Meads would not confine his child; he had kept her fair cheeks thus far unpaled by its confinement; he would keep her yet longer.

But the evil day which they both dreaded alike, John and himself, Thomas saw was not far distant; more than once Jenny, with a subdued expression as she looked upon the hoard of wan operatives which swept by their door daily, had expressed her conviction of her duty to join her father in his labor for their necessary provision, and now that he was failing so rapidly, he foresaw, when left alone, the girl's sense of what she felt to be her duty would overcome her reluctance. He could not bear to think of her smooth brow knit with the weariness of factory-hours, her bright hair soiled with the dust of her labors, her cheek growing daily more wan as he had seen others grow before her.

'What will you do without me to care for; or should John be taken away, to care for you, my Jenny?' said the old man sorrowfully; and Jenny chanted hopefully and trustfully:

'The LORD is my Shepherd.'

She stood then in the open door-way, where she had placed her grandfather's arm-chair; and with his white hair smooth above his furrowed temples, his neatly-mended, well-brushed coat, sat Thomas Cartwright, his dim eyes moist with a gathering tear, gazing on her face. As he gazed, all at once she blushed deeply, and courtesied timidly to a gentleman riding by, who had saluted her with the most profound civility, bending from his carriage. But the girl's agitation was nothing to that of Thomas Cartwright's; a glow such as for years had not warmed the cold gray hue of his withered face burnt angrily in his cheek; indignation darted from his kindling eye, and his voice was shaken with strange anger.

'How dare he,' he said, 'how dare he, James Landsmeire's son, mock you thus?'

'Hush! dear, dear, grand-papa, hush! he is coming toward us; he is coming to see you,' she whispered entreatingly and much agitated, as she beheld the young man get out of the carriage a few rods down the street, and approach the house.

'And what can he want of me, that he comes here? — little good, I

wot,' he rejoined, just as the object of his emotion stepped upon the threshold, and with another courteous salutation, inquired for John Meads.

'Earning his own and his child's bread, by the sweat of his brow, as where else should he be?' answered the agitated old man, with a passionate intonation and angry countenance, such as Jenny had never before witnessed.

The young gentleman looked hard into those wrathful features, at first touched by the rudeness which he encountered, with something of indignation; but finally subdued by the recollection of his apparent great age and infirmities, and yet more mollified by the girl's appealing glance, he answered mildly:

'And to make this to John Meads an easier task, is the object of my visit. I thought so early in the day, to have found him not yet abroad.'

'And wherefore should you take this sudden interest in the wants of my son?' queried the old man, with a new suspicion, and fixing a penetrating glance on his handsome face; while, unnoticed, the girl dropped her head with a tell-tale blush, on her bosom, and the stranger paused in momentary embarrassment, but quickly recovering himself, and raising his eye with a clear, frank gaze, to the scrutiny of his questioner, he answered:

'Because I know him to be an upright, honest man, in trouble, and — and will you hear me, Sir; I have learned something of your history, and, Thomas Cartwright, I blush for my inheritance; these are hard words for a son to speak, but they are due you.' He stopped, with the color burning hot in his eloquent face, and looked steadily into his hearer's face: he was sorely moved; the wrong which he had endured smarted afresh in his breast; he closed his eyes as if to shut out the sight of his enemy's son, but a chord within vibrated to the words which had been spoken; after a brief struggle, he held out his hand:

'There is truth in your eyes, boy, you — for your sake Thomas Cartwright takes back the curse with which he burdened your father's prosperity.' And now a mild light glowed in the old man's eyes, it spread over his whole face in a general smile; but for this, the boy had never been bold enough to have done what he did: he took the girl's trembling hand within his own, and drawing her gently forward, he said:

'Your goodness emboldens me to confess to you that which I have already done to your grand-daughter — my affection for her, which I beseech you to sanction by your approval; I had not dared to have asked it of you yet, but your kindness has emboldened me to seek to hallow it by your blessing.'

'No, no, boy; you know not what you ask; you would bring sorrow only on my child. No, no; James Landsmeire would only shame Thomas Cartwright's grand-child by his refusal; go — go, make us not miserable, rob us not of our sole comfort,' he replied, in an earnest, agitated voice.

'Will you not give me any hope? You will not refuse me if I gain his,' he entreated. Vain, however, were his prayers; he could not

wring the faintest encouragement from Thomas Cartwright; it was James Landsmeire's son only, now, that petitioned him for the love of the child of her whose youth had been made one of miserable deprivation through his father's treachery to himself, and worn her out with want, which, but for him, it had been in his power to relieve.

The heart of youth is not easily despondent. Harry Landsmeire was full of confidence in his ultimate success. Sure in Jenny's love and trust, what other obstacles could he not surmount? Jenny's love — a love which had sprung up in the chance interviews which they had had from childhood up to the present period, until late rare intercourse, such as chance meetings in the busy streets, or the pleasant city suburbs, where Jenny had loved to wander, looking in wistfully at the gay gardens, affluent in their floral treasures, rare paradises to her girlish eyes, but not half so lovely as the wild hare-bells and primroses which Harry Landsmeire had gathered on the hill-side and the woodland, to which of late Jenny's footsteps had been beguiled to long walks in the untrammelled freedom which had been ever accorded her. Harry had never intimated to her the policy of secrecy in regard to the sweet hopes and aspirations which he had awakened in her heart, but instinctively Jenny knew that friendship with Harry Landsmeire would be interdicted, by her grand-father, at least; and without really intending to deceive him or her father, she yet delayed, from time to time, its announcement. Of his home, Harry spoke only of its indulgences, which Jenny should eventually share with him; but very little of his father's love; only about his mother's memory, who was dead, did there seem to hang any of that tenderness which linked Jenny Meads and her father in closest communion. Often had Harry wished his mother living, to know his sweet Jenny, and cherish her with him: but never of James Landsmeire; and now, with her grand-father's words, the dim fear of him which had vaguely haunted her all along, grew at once into an insurmountable barrier to her future happiness. Despair filled her heart with Harry's absence, and hastening to her little room, she gave way to a flood of tears; despondent, hopeless she wept, until the passing hours recalling her to herself, she bathed her swollen eyes and went about the preparation of the mid-day repast.

The old man still sat in the open door-way, his head drooped a little lower than usual, and his glance wandered from the page of the Bible lying on his knee, occasionally toward Jenny, as she moved languidly about her task. About the hour of John Meads' return, Thomas Cartwright saw that the men who were pouring in crowds homeward to their dinner, were all talking more or less earnestly together, and many were portioning off in little groups at the corners of the streets, with lowering, excited countenances. Soon John Meads came in, and threw himself into a seat, with a disheartened, troubled countenance. It was the old story of factory oppression, operatives' forced endurance; some new petty grievance, which trifling as it was seemingly, was to accrue greatly to the rich owner's benefit, greatly to the artisan's discomfort. James Landsmeire's name was chiefly connected with its execution. He had grown to be a powerful man in Leigh, but there were those

who remembered when he had been one amid them, and any fresh exaction came harder from him; notwithstanding his prosperity, he was the most unpopular man in all Lancashire.

Late in life he had married one far removed in position from his younger associates, but a gentle, womanly creature, whom his enemies said had ultimately died of disappointment, chilled by the complete void of the domestic happiness, upon which one constituted like her could alone exist. Harry was her only child, and in him centred all the human tenderness which James Landsmeire had ever been known to possess; but pride in his son was quite as predominant as affection. His mother had come of a good though impoverished family, and his own fortune was ample; therefore he looked forward to Harry's alliance with one equally well dowered with himself, as the legitimate continuation of the successful ambitious projects to which he had devoted his life.

Little he dreamed of that which had transpired that day in the home of Thomas Cartwright, the man whom he of all men hated most, for the very wrong which he had done him.

The opprobrium with which he knew the morning's fresh trespass on his operatives had invested him, had reached his ear and unusually irritated him, in the very hour when Harry, with the headlong impetuosity of youth which had never been checked by bitter disappointment, laid before him his plans and wishes for the future. The very audacity of his proposal struck James Landsmeire dumb in the onset, and gave the young man the opportunity to eloquently urge his suit: but all his eloquence availed him nothing; James Landsmeire was invulnerable on this point; he gave vent to nothing of the passionate anger which filled his heart, and its very suppression made him appear yet more immovable. Harry saw that he might beat his life out in futile attempts to break down the stubborn will that raised itself a barrier between him and his love. The passion burnt itself quickly out in his own breast, and settled into a determination just as stubborn as his opposer's; will met will, both iron-like. He would leave home forever; he would marry her whom he loved, if he wedded himself forever to the life which those very operatives led, whom his father was goading that day to desperation.

They were walking to-and-fro in the spacious grounds which surrounded their home, and the day was going down in a mellow light that came only dimly through the forest-trees that fringed the dense hawthorn-hedge, which shut them out from the streets in the suburbs of Leigh; James Landsmeire as secure in the athletic vigor of his age as the fiery youth whom he was goading to desperation. And thus they parted — parted for Eternity! Harry had just gained the terrace leading to the house, when he turned to look back, with a faint hope that he would not be permitted to go. No; James Landsmeire was passing on steadily in the opposite direction; no lingering farewell turned wistfully after him who was leaving him, perhaps forever, and the son turned bitterly away: a crashing sound — an awful echoing reverberation arrested his steps, and he saw the black smoke rising dense from the distant walk; with a wild shout he sprang back, and ran rapidly until

he gained the spot where had passed that retreating form : it lay still upon the turf, fallen over from the gravelled walk ; shot dead in his own grounds, without a passing prayer to God for mercy, there lay James Landsmeire ; and no human being but he who did the awful deed, ever knew who avenged on him the operatives of Leigh.

Far from thence, in a distant part of Lancashire, remote from its black remembrances, months afterward, Harry Landsmeire reared him a pleasant home : by his fire-side faded out the last days of Thomas Cartwright, looking on the days of Jenny, dowered with the wifely joy and bloom which he had pictured her mother's portion those by-gone hours in Leigh.

T O O U R A B S E N T L O V E D O N E .

BY MRS. FRED PALMER

TUNE: '*Do they miss me at Home?*'

I.

YES, we miss thee at home, yes — we miss thee
 At morning, at noon-tide, at eve ;
 Still Memory encircles around thee,
 And yet she more closely doth cleave ;
 Yea, we miss thee, my love, oh ! we miss thee,
 When the 'good morning' kiss passes round,
 And the heart and the lip in sweet meeting
 In Love's early greetings abound.

II.

And oh ! what tender emotion
 We miss 'mid our worshipping throng,
 At our morning and evening devotion,
 Thy voice in our family song :
 And as oft round the Throne we are kneeling,
 And mingle in concert of prayer,
 Fond memory is ever revealing
 A long-cherished loved one not there.

III.

But we'll not weave a garland of sadness :
 Oh ! fain would we circle thy heart
 With the hope-speaking rainbow of gladness :
 And though our home-circle may part,
 We will sing of a home of reünion,
 'Sweet home,' where life's partings are o'er,
 Where in holy and blissful communion,
 We shall miss thee, our loved one, no more.

New-York, April, 1857.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Mutiny on Salt Water — Picton's Persuaders — The Mic-Mac Camp — Indian Church-warden and Broker — Interior of a Wigwam — A Madonna — A Digression — Malcolm discharged An Indian Bargain — The Inn Parlor — Over the Bay — A Gigantic Dumb Waiter — Erebus — Newfoundland Coaster — Parting with Picton — On the Return.

PICTON drew off his mackintosh. 'Now, Sir,' said he to Malcolm, as he rose from his seat in the boat, his head gracefully inclined toward his starboard shirt-collar, his eyes pointed at the person addressed, and his two tolerably large fists, arrayed in order of battle within a few brief inches of the delinquent's features, 'did I understand you to say that you had some idea of taking this gentleman and myself to the other side of the bay?' There was a boy in our boat — a fair-haired, blue-eyed representative of Nova Scotia; a sea-boy, with a dash of salt-water in his ruddy cheeks, who had modestly refrained from taking part in the dispute.

'Come, now,' said he to Malcolm, 'pull away, and let us get the gentlemen up to the camp,' and he knit his boy brow with determination, as if he meant to have it settled according to contract.

'Yes,' said Picton, nodding at the boy, 'and if he do n't ——'

'I'm pullin', an't I,' quoth the descendant of King Duncan, suiting the action to the word; 'I'm a-pewlin,' and here his oar missed the water, and over he tumbled with a great splash in the bottom of the boat. 'I'm a pewlin,' he whined, as he regained his seat and the oar, 'and all I want is to hae my honest airnins.'

'Then pull away,' said Picton, as he resumed his seat in the stern-sheets.

'Ay,' quoth the Scotchman, 'I know the Mic-Macs weel, and thae squaws too; deil a one o' 'em but knows Malcolm ——'

'Pull away,' said the boy.

'They are guid-lookin', thae squaws, and I'm a batchelter; and I tell ye when I tak ye tull em — for I know the hail o' em — if ye are gentlemen, ye'll pay me my honest airnins.'

'And I tell you,' answered Picton, his fist clenched, his eye flashing again, and his indignant nostrils expressing a degree of anger language could not express; 'I tell you, if you do not carry us to the Mic-Mac camp without further words, I'll pay you your honest earnings before you get there: I'll punch that Scotch head of yours till it looks like a photograph!'

This threat had its effect: in a few minutes our boat ran bows-on up the clear pebbled beach before the Mic-Mac camp.

It was a little cluster of birch-bark wigwams, pitched upon a carpet

of greensward, just at the edge of one of the loveliest harbors in the world. The fog rolled away like the whiff of vapor from a pipe, and melted out of sight. Before us were the blue and violet waters, tinged with the hues of sun-set, the rounded, swelling, curving shores opposite, dotted with cottages; the long, sweeping, creamy beaches, the distant shipping, and, beyond, the great waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Nearer at hand were 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,' the tender green light seen in vistas of firs and spruces, the thin smoke curling up from the wigwams, the birch-bark canoes, the black, bright eyes of the children, the sallow faces of the men, and the pretty squaws, arrayed in blue, broad-cloth frocks and leggins, and modesty, and moccasins.

'Now, here we are,' said Malcolm triumphantly, 'and wha d' ye think o' the Mic-Macs? Deil a wan o' the yellow deevils but knows Malcolm, an I'll introjewe ye to the hail o' em.'

'Stop, Sir,' said Picton sternly, 'we want none of your company. You can take your boat back,' (here I nodded affirmatively,) 'and we'll walk home.' It was quite a picture, that of our oarsman, upon this summons to depart. He had just laid his hand upon the shoulder of a fat, good-natured looking squaw, to commence the introjewing; one foot rested on the bottom of an overturned canoe, in an attitude of command; his old battered tarpaulin hat, his Guernsey shirt, and salt-mackerel trowsers, finely relieved against the violet-tinted water; but oh! how chop-fallen were those rugged features under that old tarpaulin!

The scene had its effect; I am sure Picton and myself would gladly have paid the quadruple sum on the spot — after all, it was but a trifle — for we both drew forth a sovereign at the same moment.

Unfortunately Malcolm had no change; not a 'bawbee.' 'Then,' said we, 'go back, and we'll pay you on our return.'

'And,' said Malcolm, in an unearthly whine that might have been heard all over the camp, 'd' ye get me here to take advantage o' me, and no pay me my honest airnins?'

'What the devil to do with this fellow, short of giving him a drubbing, I do not know,' said Picton. 'Here, you, give us change for a sovereign, or take yourself off and wait at the hotel till we get back again.'

'I canna change a sovereign, I tell ye —'

'Then be off with you, and wait till we come back.'

'Wad ye send me away without my honest airnins?' he uttered, with a whine like the bleat of a bagpipe.

Picton drew a little closer to Malcolm, with one fist carefully doubled up and put in ambush behind his back. But the boy interposed — 'Perhaps the chief could change the sovereign.'

'Oh! ay,' quoth Malcolm, who had given an uneasy look at Picton as he stepped toward him; 'Oh! ay; I'se tak ye tull 'im; and without further ado he stepped off briskly toward the centre of the camp, and we followed in his wake. When our file-leader reached the wigwam of the chief, he went down on hands and knees, lifted up a little curtain or blanket in front of the low door of the tent, crawled in head first, and we followed close upon his heels.

As soon as the eye became accustomed to the dim and uncertain light of the interior, we began to examine the curious and simple architecture of this human bee-hive. A circle of poles, say about ten feet in diameter at the base, and tied together to an apex at the top, covered with the thin bark of the birch-tree, except a space above to let out the smoke, was all the protection these people had against the elements in summer or winter. The floor, of course, was the primitive soil of Cape Breton; in the centre of the tent a few sticks were smouldering away over a little pile of ashes: the thin smoke lifted itself up in folds of blue vapor until it stole forth into the evening air from the opening in the roof. Through this aperture the light — the only light of the tent — came down upon the group below: the old chief with his great silver cross and medal and snow-white hair; the young and beautiful squaw with her pappoose at the breast, like a Madonna by Murillo; Malcolm's battered tarpaulin and Guernsey shirt; and the two unpicturesque objects of the party — Pieton and myself. Around the central fire a broad, green border of fragrant hemlock twigs, extending to the skirts of the tent, was raised a few inches from the ground. Upon this couch we sat, and opened our business with the aged Sagamore.

Old Indian was very courteous; he drew forth a bag of clinking dollars, for strange as it may seem, he was a church-warden: the Mic-Macs being all Catholics, the chief holds the silver keys of St. Peter. But venerable and pious as he appeared, with his silver cross and silver hair, the old fellow was something too of a broker! He demanded a fair rate of commission — eight per cent premium on every dollar! Even this would not answer our purpose; it was as difficult to make change with the old church-warden as with Malcolm: there was no money in the camp except hard silver dollars.

I trust the reader will not find fault with the writer for dwelling upon these minute particulars. In this itinerary of the trip to the Acadian land, I have endeavored to portray, as faithfully as may be, the salient features of the country, and particularly those contrasts visible in the settlements; the jealous preservation of those dear, old, splendid prejudices, that separate tribe from tribe, clan from clan, sect from sect, race from race. I wish the reader to see and know the country as it is, not for the purpose of arousing his prejudices against a neighboring people, but rather with the intent of showing to what result these prejudices tend, in order that he may correct his own. A mere aggregation of tribes is not a great people. Take the human species in a state of sectionalism, and it does not make much difference whether in the shape of the Indian, proud of the blue and red stripes on his face, or the Scotchman, proud of the blue and red stripes on his plaid, the inferiority of the human animal, with his tribal sheep-mark on him, is evident enough to any person of enlarged understanding. Therefore I have been minute and faithful in describing the species McGibbet and Malcolm, and in contrasting them with the hardy fisherman of Louisburgh, the Mic-Macs of Sydney, the Negroes of Deer's Castle, the Acadians of Chizzetcook, and as we shall see anon with other

sectional specimens, just as they present their kaleidoscopic hues in the local settlements of this colony.

No change for a sovereign !

We went forth from the wigwam on all fours, and it was only by another promise of a sound drubbing that Malcolm was finally persuaded to drop off and leave us. We found him, however, at the inn-door on our return, in the cool of the evening, quiet as a lamb.

As we walked through the Mic-Mac camp we met our semi-civilized friend with the lozenge eyes, and I made a contract with him for a brief voyage on le Bras d'Or. But alas ! Indian will sometimes take a lesson from his white comrades ! Mic-Mac's charge at first was one pound for a trip of twenty-four miles on the 'Arm of Gold ;' cheap enough. But before we left the camp it was two pounds. That I agreed to pay. Then there was a portage of three miles, over which the canoe had to be carried. ' Well ? ' ' And it would take two men to paddle. ' ' Well ? ' ' And then the canoe had to be paddled back. ' ' Well ? ' ' And then carried over the portage again. ' ' Well ? ' ' And so it would be four pounds ! ' Here the negotiations were broken off ; how much more it would cost I did not ascertain. The rate of progression was too rapid for further inquiry.

So we walked home again amid the fragrant resinous trees, until we gained the high road, and so by pretty cottages, and lawns, and picket fences ; sometimes meeting groups of wandering damsels with their young and happy lovers ; sometimes two's and three's of horse-women, in habits, hats, and feathers ; now catching a glimpse of the broad, blue harbor ; now looking down a green lane, bordered with turf and copse ; until we reached our comfortable quarters at Mrs. Hearn's, where the pretty chambermaid, with drooping eyes, welcomed us in a voice whose music was sweeter than the tea-bell she held in her hand.

Aboriginal certainly is the camp of the Mic-Macs. Change the costumes of the Indians themselves and you need no more ; the rest is in its pristine state. The birch-bark wigwams ; the canoes that lined the beach ; the paddles, the utensils ; the bows and arrows ; the parti-colored baskets, are independent of, are earlier than our arts and manufactures. So far as these people are concerned, the colonial government has been mild and considerate. Although there are game-laws in the Province, yet Mic-Mac has a privilege no white man can possess. At all seasons he may hunt a fish ; he may stick his *aishkun* in the salmon as it runneth up the rivers to spawn, and shoot the partridge on its nest, if he please, without fine and imprisonment. Some may think it better to preserve the game than to preserve the Indian ; but some think otherwise. For my part, when the question is between the man and the salmon, I am content to forego fish.

It is just a year since I was seated in that cosy inn-parlor at Sydney, and how strangely it all comes back again : the little window overlooking the harbor, the lights on the twinkling waters ; the old-fashioned house-clock in the corner of the room ; the bright brass andirons ; the cut paper chimney-apron ; the old sofa ; the cheerful lamp, and the well-polished table. And I remember too, the happy, tranquil feeling

of lying in the snow-white sheets at night, and talking with Picton of our over-land journey from Louisburgh; of McGibbet and Malcolm; and then we branched out on the great subject of Indian rights, and Indian wrongs; of squaws and papposes; of wigwams and canoes, until at last I dropped off in a doze, and heard only a repetition of Mic-Mac — Mic-Mac — Mic-Mac — Mic — Mac — Mic — Mac ! To this day I am unable to say whether the sound I heard came from Picton, or the great house-clock in the corner.

Bright and early next morning we arose for an expedition across the bay to North-Sydney and the coal-mines. A fresh breakfast in a sunny room, a brisk walk to the breezy, grass-grown parapets, that defend the harbor; a thought of the first expedition to lay down the telegraph line between the old and new hemispheres, for here lie the coils of sub-marine cable, as they were left after the stormy essay of the steamer 'James Adger,' a year before — what a theme for a poet !

'PERHAPS in this neglected spot is laid
Some spark, now dormant, of electric fire :
News, that the board of brokers might have swayed,
Or broke the banks that trembled with the wire.'

And we take an airy seat on the poop-deck of the little English steamer, and are wafted across the harbor, five miles, to a small sea-port, where coal-schutes and railways run out over the wharfs, and coasters, both fore-and-aft and square-rigged, are gathered in profusion. A glass of English ale at a right salt-sea tavern, a bay-horse, and two-wheeled 'jumper' for the road, and away we roll toward the mines. Now up hill and down ; now passing another Mic-Mac camp on the green margin of the beach ; now by trim gardens without flowers ; now getting nearer to the mines, which we know by the increasing blackness of the road ; until at last we bowl past rows of dingy tenements of brick, with miners' wives and children clustered about them like funereal flowers ; until we see the forges and jets of steam, and davits uplifted in the air ; and hear the rattle of the iron trucks and the rush of the coal as it runs through the schutes into the rail-cars on the road beneath. We tie our pony beside a cinder-heap, and mount a ladder to the level of the huge platform above the shaft. A constant supply of small hand-cars come up with demoniac groans and shrieks from the bowels of the earth through the shaft. These are instantly seized by the laborers and run over an iron floor to the schute, where they are caught in titanic trammels, and overturned into harsh thunder. Meanwhile the demon car-bringer has sunk again on its errand ; the suspending rope wheeling down with dizzy swiftness. As one car-bearer descends, another rises to the surface with its twin wheel-vessels of coal. 'Would you like to go down ?' 'How far down ?' 'Sixty fathoms.' Three hundred and sixty feet ! Think of being suspended by a thread from a height twice that of Trinity's spire, and whirled into such a depth by steam ! We crawled into the little iron box, just large enough to allow us to sit up with our heads against the top ; both ends of our parachute being open, the operator presses down a bar, and instantly the earth and sky disappear, and we are wrapt in utter darkness. Oh ! how sickening is this sinking feeling ! Down — down — down ! What

a gigantic dumb-waiter ! Down, down, a hot gust of vapor — a stifling sensation — a concussion upon the iron floor at the foot of the shaft ; a multitude of twinkling lamps, of fiends, of grimy faces, and no bodies — and we are in a coal mine.

There was a black funereal seat for visitors, sculptured out of the coal, just beyond the shaft, and to this we were led by the carbonadoed fiends. My heart beat violently. I do not know how it went with Picton, but we were both silent as mice. Oh ! for a glimpse of the blue sky and waving trees above us, and a long breath of fresh air !

As soon as the stifling sensation passed away, we breathed more freely, and the lungs became accustomed to the subterranean atmosphere. In the gloom we could see the smutted features only, of miners moving about, and to heighten the Dantesque reality, new and strange sounds, from different parts of the enormous cavern, came pouring toward the common centre — the shaft of the coal-pit.

These were the laden cars on the tram-ways, drawn by invisible horses, from the distant works in the mine, rolling and reverberating through the infernal aisles of this devil's cathedral. One could scarcely help recalling the old grand-father of Maud's Lord-lover :

' ——— lately died,
Gone to a *blackier pit*, for whom
Grimy nakedness, dragging his trucks,
And laying his trams, in a *poisoned gloom*
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turned into gold
To a grandson, first of his noble line.'

Intermingled with these sounds were others, the jar and clash of gateways, the dripping and splashing of water, the rolling thunder of the ascending and descending iron parachutes in the shaft, the trampling of horses, the distant treport of powder-blasts, and the shrill jargon of human speakers, near yet only partially visible.

'Is it a clear day over-head ?' said the black bust of one of the miners, with a lamp in its *hat* !

Just think of it ! We had only been divorced from the aerial blue of a June sky a minute before. Our very horse was so high above us that we could distinguish him only by the aid of a telescope — that is, if the solid ribs of the globe were not between us and him.

As soon as we became accustomed to the place, we moved off after the foreman of the mine. We walked through the miry tram-ways under the low, black arches, now stepping aside to let an invisible horse and car, 'grating harsh thunder,' pass us in the murky darkness ; now through a door-way, momentarily closed to keep the foul and clear airs separate, until we came to the great furnace of the mine that draws all the noxious vapors off from this nest of Beelzebub. Then we went to the stable where countless horses are stalled — horses that never see the light of day again, or if they do, are struck blind by the apparition ; now in wider galleries, and new explorations, where we beheld the busy miners, twinkling like the distant lights of a city, and hear the thunder-burst, as the blast explodes in the murky chasms. At last,

tired, oppressed, and sickened with the vast and horrible prison, for such it seems, we retrace our steps, and once more enter the iron parachute. A touch of the magic lever, and again we fly away ; but now upward, upward to the glorious blue sky and air of mother earth. A miner with his lamp accompanies us. By its dim light we see how rapidly we spin through the shaft. Our car clashes again at the top, and as we step forth into the clear sunshine, we thank God for such a bright and beautiful world up stairs !

‘Do you know,’ said I, ‘Picton, what we would do if we had such a devil’s pit as that in the States ?’

‘Well ?’ answered the traveller, interrogatively.

‘We would make niggers work it.’

‘I dare say,’ replied Picton, dryly and satirically ; ‘but, Sir, I am proud to say that our government does not tolerate barbarity ; to consign an inoffensive fellow-creature to such horrible labor, merely because he is black, is at variance with the well-known humanity of the whole British nation, Sir.’

‘But those miners, Picton, were black as the devil himself.’

‘The miners,’ replied Picton, with impressive gravity, ‘are black, but not negroes.’

‘Nothing but mere white people, Picton ?’

‘Eh ?’ said the traveller.

‘Only white people, and therefore we need not waste one grain of sympathy over a whole pit full of them.’

‘Why not ?’

‘Because they are not niggers : what is the use of wasting sympathy upon a rat-hole full of white British subjects ?’

‘I tell you what it is,’ said Picton, ‘you are getting personal.’

‘Not at all, my good friend ; I am only talking of British subjects in the abstract ; you understand — this is always the way with talking philanthropists, and it reminds me of a story : in the course of my travels, I once met with a queer couple — representatives of your nation and mine. The Yankee was a tall compound of skin and whale-bone ; the Englishman a small, wiry animal, with red hair, and eyes like a ferret. Yankee bent over him like an elm over a scrub oak. So far as the divine influence of the grape was concerned they were about equal. ‘I tell you what it is, Johnny Bull,’ said the altitudinous one, ‘There’s one thing I want you to remember as a gen’ral prinpsle : you can take any one Yankee, (laying the fore-finger of his right hand on the thumb of his left,) and put him before any two Englishmen, (carrying his right fore-finger to the first and second fingers of his left hand,) and he’ll whip ’em both.’

‘Ye think so, d’ye ?’ said the ferret-eyed.

‘Yes, Sir ; you can bet your life on that, as a gen’ral prinpsle. Take any one Yankee, (thumb,) and any two live Englishmen, (two fingers,) and he can whip ’em so quick you would n’t have time to say Ba-laam !’

‘Ye think so, d’ye ?’ said the ferret-eyed, getting restive.

‘Yes, Sir ; I know it ; you can bet your life on it.’

‘ ‘ Well, Sir,’ replied the little fellow, squaring his yards, ‘ you are a Yankee, and I ’m an Englishman — only *one* Englishman — suppose you try me ? ’

‘ Oh ! look here, Johnny Bull,’ replied the altitudinous, drooping over him, ‘ I did n’t mean any thing personal ; I only meant it as an abstract thing — as a gen’ral prinsple : take any two Englishmen, (two fingers,) and any one Yankee, (thumb,) and he ’ll whip ’em quicker ’n you can say ‘ scat ! ’ I mean, of course, as a gen’ral prinsple. ’

We were now rolling past the dingy tenements again. Squalid-looking, care-worn women, grimy children :

‘ To me there ’s something touching, I confess,
In the grave look of early thoughtfulness,
Seen often in some little childish face,
Among the poor ; ’

But these children’s faces are not such. A child’s face — God bless it ! should always have a little sunshine in its glance ; but these are mere staring faces, without expression, that make you shudder and feel sad. Miners by birth ; human moles fitted to burrow in darkness for a life-time. Is it worth living for ? No wonder those swart laborers underground are so grim and taciturn ; no wonder there was not a face lighted up by those smoky lamps in the pit, that had one line of human sympathy left in its rigidly engraved features !

But we must have coal, and we must have cotton. The whole plantations of the South barely supply the press with paper ; and the messenger of intelligence, the steam-ship, but for coal could not perform its glorious mission. What is to be done, Picton ? If every man is willing to give up his morning paper, wear a linen shirt, cross the ocean in a clipper-ship, and burn wood in an open fire-place, something might be done.

As Picton’s steamer (probably fog-bound) had not yet arrived in Sydney, nor had the ‘ Balaklava,’ the Traveller determined to take a Newfoundland brigantine for St. John’s, from which port there are vessels to all parts of the world. After leaving horse and jumper with the inn-keeper, we took a small boat to one of the many queer-looking, high-pooed crafts in the harbor, and very soon found ourselves in a tiny cabin, paneled with maple, in which the captain and some of the men were busy over a pan of savory *lobscouse*, a salt-sea dish of great reputation and flavor. Picton soon made his agreement with the captain for a four days’ sail (or more) across to the neighboring Province, and his luggage was to be on board the next morning. Once more we sailed over the bay of Sydney, and regained the pleasant shelter of our inn, and after a pensive segar parted for the night. I had engaged passage in a stage for a long ride, by the Bras d’Or Lake. At two o’clock in the morning (daylight) I left Picton, with a hearty hand-shake of farewell. Then I turned my face homeward, by the way of the Bras d’Or, Canseau, Halifax, Windsor, the Gaspereau, Grand-pré, and the Basin of Minas. Now for the Acadien Land and Home, sweet Home !

S O N G .

BY ROBERT PHELPS.

TUNE: 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.'

I.

My bonnie lassie 's far awa',
 And life wi' me drags sair and weary,
 Nae lightsome joy is in it a',
 Till I again maun see my deary.
 The gay birds sing on ilka tree,
 The brook gaes onward, dancin', singiu':
 Each sang o' Nature 's fu' o' glee,
 But a' my heart wi' grief is ringin'.

Over hill and over dale,
 And o'er the muir sae dark and dreary,
 My weary soul gaes greeting sair
 For ane I lo'e, my ain, my deary.

II.

I count na' weeks, I count na' days,
 I count na' hours sae dark and dreary:
 I only count my ain heart-beats,
 Till I again maun see my deary.
 She 's fair as ony simmer flower,
 Her voice as sweet as winds at even:
 Her merry laugh 's a joy to me,
 And aye her e'e 's a glimpse o' Heaven.

Over hill and over dale,
 And o'er the muir sae dark and dreary,
 My weary soul gaes greeting sair
 For ane I lo'e, my ain, my deary.

III.

Her very step, sae light and free,
 Her merry sang sae blithe and cheery;
 Her every look is dear to me
 When absence parts me from my deary.
 Though time may dim those een sae bright,
 And a' youth's gowden chords may sever,
 To me, through life, till death's dark night,
 She 'll aye be young and dear as ever.

Over hill and over dale
 And o'er the muir sae dark and dreary,
 My weary soul gaes greeting sair
 For ane I lo'e, my ain, my deary.

Alexandria, Rapides Parish, (La.) June, 1837.

ing the possessor of this property? What was the meaning of that half-wakeful dream of old Mary, about some body coming into her kitchen, and then going up into the bed-room, where he met with the dead Richard Danbrey standing by the curtained bed; and whose portrait he would have struck, that portrait painted in the old pastoral style, with sheep grazing, and Emily, the wife shepherdess with him, both happy in the simple eclogueism of the painter's work.

As I was upon the point of withdrawing from the scene, I raised my eyes once more toward the crag on which the Indian kept his watch, but in vain I sought his figure in its place. It was gone. I indicated this absence of the sentinel to Sampson, and my only answer was:

'Benny's seen him.'

Then Sampson commenced in earnest his return to the Hut, and for that purpose we wheeled upon our path. In doing so, we were obliged to pass exactly over the spot where I had seen Colonel Blackford turn so suddenly with uplifted arm, and had heard him utter that prompt announcement, 'Ready.' I could not but stop exactly where he had stood, and scan the immediate features of the locality; and as I did so, the same vague sentiment of former presence returned upon me, and I could now almost believe that I had witnessed the fatal duel between Colonel Blackford and Richard Danbrey, for I could but know that it was he who had fallen; nor was I surprised when Sampson, in his simple language, explained to me a singular circumstance of the meeting that probably determined the fate of the unfortunate Richard. Indeed when I alit from my horse, with an almost morbid curiosity, and measured the distance and listened to the negro's description, I almost expected to find the tall blade of grass by which Blackford had sighted on his antagonist, and by whose intervening linear interposition he had been enabled to secure a deliberate aim. But that stem of grass had withered long ago, and in its place grew other stems, as around the whole circumstance had doubtless sprung other thoughts and conjectures, giving place to those that brought the combatants together, and which had separated them so fatally.

'Massa,' exclaimed Sampson, looking up suddenly, and pointing in the direction of the river, 'yonder comes Benny Brown, and he's working hard to come quick.'

I looked as Sampson's finger indicated, and for some time I could distinguish nothing save the gently-moving boughs and the huge forms of some heavy clouds that had commenced to pile themselves up against the sky with an ominous expression of an autumn storm.

At length I saw an object advancing across the river, and which I at once made out to be Benny in his canoe, that thing as inevitable in aboriginal economy as the dog, the pipe, or the copper complexion itself. The stream, as well as the forest, is the domain of the child of Nature, and from both he derives the means of his existence and the sources of his savage pleasures. Down the stream the canoe was glancing, needing only the poising weight of the Indian to steady it in its rapid course. The grounds lay flat along the margin of the stream, and I could see the trees that dotted the cow-pasture below the 'Hut,'

old hand and held it firmly in my grasp, I found that she was moved by some powerful emotion, and tears honestly and undisguisedly stood upon her cheeks.

The negro weeps easily, for the negro feels easily; for troubled with no ambition, or contest for supremacy, to him is reserved the simple privilege of sorrowing over trifles and sharing in the smallest sympathies; and I was not surprised, after what the priest had told me, to find the good old woman giving way to feelings, that while I did not completely understand them, I at least knew were of importance in her mind. 'What is it, Mary, that makes you cry?' said I abruptly, for again with the negro you must have no preface.

She looked steadily at me, and said: 'Is young Massa sure now he's coming back again? Sure now you aint scared at them ghosts in the old tower, where you slept the first night you come?'

'As certain of coming back, Mary, almost as I am that I am going away this morning; and when I do come back I shan't use the room in the tower, but take the one down stairs next to the old parlor. But do you really want me to come back so much that you are sad at the thought at my being prevented coming back?'

'Deed I is. Some body must buy de old place, and it's great deal better for a gentleman to buy it dan dese poor white trash that's going round buying de old farms when de white folks is all dead or gone somewhere else. I did fear that Colonel Blackford was comin' back again to settle here. He'd just as leave buy dis old place as look at it. He aint got de right feelings any way, young Massa.'

'Do n't talk foolish, old woman,' interrupted Sampson; 'Colonel Blackford aint been heard of now for good many years, and praps he's dead and buried fore now. Young Massa's got his mind fixed on de place, and he's gwine to have it; and Colonel Blackford aint no whar round, and can't have it no how.'

I stood totally uninformed of the meaning of this new difficulty. Who was this dreaded Colonel Blackford? and how was he associated with the fears of this old and faithful friend of the Hut and its associations? No time now for questioning; and independent of the want of time, I had a natural repugnance to discover any thing by interrogating these humble dependents, who, whether right or wrong, might feel obliged to give me answers to questions that in the end might involve personal confidences into which I could possibly have no right to intrude; so fearing a revelation, I rather forbore than urged a continuation of the topic, that to my mind, involved matters of so much delicacy; for from Mary's manner, and indeed from Sampson's too, I could not fail to draw the conclusion, that in some way or another Colonel Blackford was identified with the history of the Danbreys. There is a homely wisdom of more importance than we are apt to imagine in withholding your family secrets from your servants; but far more important is it to refrain from asking them to divulge the knowledge they have obtained by accident of association with their superiors. It should never be done designedly, though it is impossible under certain circumstances not to become possessed of facts through their connivance. By indulging the propensity of investigation through their agency, you make spies of them,

honorable according to the system of such contests, as it might be, was still a deed that plunged his benefactress into a life-long sorrow, and there was nothing left to the Indian's gratitude, but the Indian's vengeance.

Few were the words that passed between us, as we paused after the arrival of the Indian, and it was but a short distance now to the Hut, toward which we directed our steps.

The Indian and old Sampson walked behind, while I led the way, retracing our way back to the path. Again we passed the scene of the fatal combat, and as we did so the Indian paused and examined the place, and as I turned to study this strange character, half-savage and half-tame, he abruptly left the beaten path, and with his eyes lifted from the ground, struck into the woods in a direction directly opposite to that where I had last seen the figure of Colonel Blackford. Sampson simply looked, first at the Indian, and then at me, and without comment we renewed our course, and soon the pleasant home smiled on me through the opening wood, and though the sky had now become largely over-spread with the symptoms of the threatening storm, a glory more glorious, from the dark domes of the back-ground, wrapt the half-enchanted spot. We approached the Hut from the west, and when we reached the porch, I gave the reins to the attendant Sampson; and with a shade of sadness upon my mind, indeed, with a sentiment of apprehension, I entered the hall.



ALONE IN THE TURRET.

I cannot explain the motive, after I had looked into the kitchen, from which old Mary was absent, that induced me to mount straightway to the turret room. It may have been that I was anxious to look from that old window at the coming storm, or it may have been

grounds of a mansion, and through a vista I could see the river sweeping gracefully among the walnuts and sycamores that grew along its banks. The moment I came upon this particular scene I was impressed with the idea of its familiarity. Running back, no matter how many years, I could fix no date to this acquaintance. Passing through space and counting the past by centuries, the farther I went back the distincter to my mind was the fact that this spot with all its minor spots was perfectly and completely known to me. It is true that only once before in this span called present life had I been there, and that was when, two nights previous, I had undoubtedly passed it, blundering in the dimness of the night. Why had not this weird feeling come over me then? That question I could not then and I cannot answer now. At that moment, when I saw it bathed in the full sun-light, I could, it so seemed to me, and it was only seeming, have gone over it in perfect safety, blindfolded, avoiding that rock and this tree, and keeping away from this and that clump of bushes or fall of bank. On the right was a noble rock that appeared to have uprisen from a ridge hidden beneath the accumulated soil, and over it stood trees whose shadows spotted the mosses upon its flinty surface. The pathway led directly around the projecting point of this gray old boulder and farther on were clumps of trees, and then, as I said before, was the river, and through another opening as we advanced farther on our way, I could see the huge barrier of granite that overhung the rapids.

Sampson was in advance a few paces, and when we reached the gateway as it were to this scene, that to my memory was so well known, he stopped suddenly, and putting his hand upon my bridle, arrested the progress of my horse. The old man seemed overcome by a species of awe, and in a deep voice, different from his usual tone, he said as he pointed to the path beneath his feet: 'Massa, this is a bloody road.' I must confess that for the moment I looked toward the beaten sod, expecting to see a literal illustration of the remark. After he had secured my momentary attention he moved onward, but with a slow and apprehensive step, as if he really expected some foe to spring up from among the ferns and smite him to the earth. I followed in the same manner, without the physical apprehension, but still with a mysterious sentiment of awe, in which was mingled the dim past and the singular present. Just as we turned the angle of the rock we both were startled by the figure of a man walking from us, but in the same path we were pursuing. Though his back was toward us, I could see that he held his head down, and stepped as if he was measuring a distance or looking for some object in his road. He evidently had not noticed our approach. Before I could recover the surprise into which the sudden appearance of the stranger had thrown me, he turned abruptly, with his right hand elevated in the air, and suddenly as he turned he exclaimed as if answering a question: '*Ready!*' As he spoke, his eye took in the group that was advancing toward him, a slight shade of embarrassment passed across his face — and what a face it was! — and without a word of salutation or a farther look of inquiry, he passed rapidly up the pathway and turning afterward into the wood, entirely disappeared.

'Mary was right, any how!' exclaimed Sampson. 'That was him, really, Massa.'

'Who, in the name of HEAVEN, Sampson?'

Without answering me, the old negro turned away, and appeared engaged in a sort of pantomimic act of astronomy. Puzzled at his movements, and annoyed at his silence, I was about speaking with some warmth, when he again addressed me:

'Massa, your eyes is younger than mine; see what that is on the big rock by the rapids.'

I looked, and there I could distinctly see the figure of a man. He was perched upon the very brink of the cliff, and as he stood in the broad light of the clear sky, I saw that it was Benny Brown, *Oga-kanin*, the Indian! I told Sampson the result of my observation, and he simply said:

'Benny is on the watch.'

CHAPTER FOURTH.

YES, there was Benny Brown, the Indian, perched upon one of those lofty crags that frowned down upon the rapids, and where my baptized rock was situated. The position of the Indian was such that he could embrace an extended view of lowland locality, and now I recalled what Sampson had told me on our walk of the previous morning, relative to Benny's keeping his watch on that rock for some vague purpose. The mystery was gradually clearing off, and I obtained a dim glimpse of something, that among many other somethings, had given me no little perplexity.

And now, when Sampson pointed the old man out to me, a gleam of almost malignant joy pervaded the negro's face, and I could see a sudden clenching of the hands, as if a powerful nervous sensation had taken possession of him; and so evident were these exhibitions, combined with the sudden appearance and singular actions of the individual who had intercepted and then vanished from our path, that I could not but demand of Sampson what this whole affair meant. The fact is, I was getting heartily tired of all these queer doings and unexplained movements, and so I called my sable companion to my horse's side, and said:

'My good friend, will you be kind enough to let me a little into all this matter? First tell me who this Colonel Blackford is, and what he was doing when we came up with him; and then tell me why that venerable and worthy Indian feels himself called upon to air himself on yonder comfortable rock.'

'What o'clock is it, Massa?' asked Sampson, without taking immediate notice of my questions.

I told him, and awaited with more than Indian patience the more than negro delay of my rather annoying source of intelligence.

'If Massa wants to hear all about who Colonel Blackford is, and all about old Benny's sitting up dere on de rock, like a chicken-hawk watching de hen-coops, young Massa neber will get to where he's going to-night. Come back to de Hut, Massa; 'deed Massa'd better come

grounds of a mansion, and through a vista I could see the river sweeping gracefully among the walnuts and sycamores that grew along its banks. The moment I came upon this particular scene I was impressed with the idea of its familiarity. Running back, no matter how many years, I could fix no date to this acquaintance. Passing through space and counting the past by centuries, the farther I went back the distincter to my mind was the fact that this spot with all its minor spots was perfectly and completely known to me. It is true that only once before in this span called present life had I been there, and that was when, two nights previous, I had undoubtedly passed it, blundering in the dimness of the night. Why had not this weird feeling come over me then? That question I could not then and I cannot answer now. At that moment, when I saw it bathed in the full sun-light, I could, it so seemed to me, and it was only seeming, have gone over it in perfect safety, blindfolded, avoiding that rock and this tree, and keeping away from this and that clump of bushes or fall of bank. On the right was a noble rock that appeared to have uprisen from a ridge hidden beneath the accumulated soil, and over it stood trees whose shadows spotted the mosses upon its flinty surface. The pathway led directly around the projecting point of this gray old boulder and farther on were clumps of trees, and then, as I said before, was the river, and through another opening as we advanced farther on our way, I could see the huge barrier of granite that overhung the rapids.

Sampson was in advance a few paces, and when we reached the gateway as it were to this scene, that to my memory was so well known, he stopped suddenly, and putting his hand upon my bridle, arrested the progress of my horse. The old man seemed overcome by a species of awe, and in a deep voice, different from his usual tone, he said as he pointed to the path beneath his feet: 'Massa, this is a bloody road.' I must confess that for the moment I looked toward the beaten sod, expecting to see a literal illustration of the remark. After he had secured my momentary attention he moved onward, but with a slow and apprehensive step, as if he really expected some foe to spring up from among the ferns and smite him to the earth. I followed in the same manner, without the physical apprehension, but still with a mysterious sentiment of awe, in which was mingled the dim past and the singular present. Just as we turned the angle of the rock we both were startled by the figure of a man walking from us, but in the same path we were pursuing. Though his back was toward us, I could see that he held his head down, and stepped as if he was measuring a distance or looking for some object in his road. He evidently had not noticed our approach. Before I could recover the surprise into which the sudden appearance of the stranger had thrown me, he turned abruptly, with his right hand elevated in the air, and suddenly as he turned he exclaimed as if answering a question: '*Ready!*' As he spoke, his eye took in the group that was advancing toward him, a slight shade of embarrassment passed across his face—and what a face it was!—and without a word of salutation or a farther look of inquiry, he passed rapidly up the pathway and turning afterward into the wood, entirely disappeared.

a gigantic dumb-waiter ! Down, down, a hot gust of vapor — a stifling sensation — a concussion upon the iron floor at the foot of the shaft ; a multitude of twinkling lamps, of fiends, of grimy faces, and no bodies — and we are in a coal mine.

There was a black funereal seat for visitors, sculptured out of the coal, just beyond the shaft, and to this we were led by the carbonadoed fiends. My heart beat violently. I do not know how it went with Picton, but we were both silent as mice. Oh ! for a glimpse of the blue sky and waving trees above us, and a long breath of fresh air !

As soon as the stifling sensation passed away, we breathed more freely, and the lungs became accustomed to the subterranean atmosphere. In the gloom we could see the smutted features only, of miners moving about, and to heighten the Dantesque reality, new and strange sounds, from different parts of the enormous cavern, came pouring toward the common centre — the shaft of the coal-pit.

These were the laden cars on the tram-ways, drawn by invisible horses, from the distant works in the mine, rolling and reverberating through the infernal aisles of this devil's cathedral. One could scarcely help recalling the old grand-father of Maud's Lord-lover :

' ——— lately died,
Gone to a *blacker pit*, for whom
Grimy nakedness, dragging his trucks,
And laying his trams, in a *poisoned gloom*
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turned into gold
To a grandson, first of his noble line.'

Intermingled with these sounds were others, the jar and clash of gateways, the dripping and splashing of water, the rolling thunder of the ascending and descending iron parachutes in the shaft, the trampling of horses, the distant treport of powder-blasts, and the shrill jargon of human speakers, near yet only partially visible.

'Is it a clear day over-head ?' said the black bust of one of the miners, with a lamp in its *hat* !

Just think of it ! We had only been divorced from the aerial blue of a June sky a minute before. Our very horse was so high above us that we could distinguish him only by the aid of a telescope — that is, if the solid ribs of the globe were not between us and him.

As soon as we became accustomed to the place, we moved off after the foreman of the mine. We walked through the miry tram-ways under the low, black arches, now stepping aside to let an invisible horse and car, 'grating harsh thunder,' pass us in the murky darkness ; now through a door-way, momentarily closed to keep the foul and clear airs separate, until we came to the great furnace of the mine that draws all the noxious vapors off from this nest of Beelzebub. Then we went to the stable where countless horses are stalled — horses that never see the light of day again, or if they do, are struck blind by the apparition ; now in wider galleries, and new explorations, where we beheld the busy miners, twinkling like the distant lights of a city, and hear the thunder-burst, as the blast explodes in the murky chasms. At last,

tired, oppressed, and sickened with the vast and horrible prison, for such it seems, we retrace our steps, and once more enter the iron parachute. A touch of the magic lever, and again we fly away ; but now upward, upward to the glorious blue sky and air of mother earth. A miner with his lamp accompanies us. By its dim light we see how rapidly we spin through the shaft. Our car clashes again at the top, and as we step forth into the clear sunshine, we thank God for such a bright and beautiful world up stairs !

‘Do you know,’ said I, ‘Picton, what we would do if we had such a devil’s pit as that in the States ?’

‘Well ?’ answered the traveller, interrogatively.

‘We would make niggers work it.’

‘I dare say,’ replied Picton, dryly and satirically ; ‘but, Sir, I am proud to say that our government does not tolerate barbarity ; to consign an inoffensive fellow-creature to such horrible labor, merely because he is black, is at variance with the well-known humanity of the whole British nation, Sir.’

‘But those miners, Picton, were black as the devil himself.’

‘The miners,’ replied Picton, with impressive gravity, ‘are black, but not negroes.’

‘Nothing but mere white people, Picton ?’

‘Eh ?’ said the traveller.

‘Only white people, and therefore we need not waste one grain of sympathy over a whole pit full of them.’

‘Why not ?’

‘Because they are not niggers : what is the use of wasting sympathy upon a rat-hole full of white British subjects ?’

‘I tell you what it is,’ said Picton, ‘you are getting personal.’

‘Not at all, my good friend ; I am only talking of British subjects in the abstract ; you understand — this is always the way with talking philanthropists, and it reminds me of a story : in the course of my travels, I once met with a queer couple — representatives of your nation and mine. The Yankee was a tall compound of skin and whale-bone ; the Englishman a small, wiry animal, with red hair, and eyes like a ferret. Yankee bent over him like an elm over a scrub oak. So far as the divine influence of the grape was concerned they were about equal. ‘I tell you what it is, Johnny Bull,’ said the altitudinous one, ‘There’s one thing I want you to remember as a gen’ral prinple : you can take any one Yankee, (laying the fore-finger of his right hand on the thumb of his left,) and put him before any two Englishmen, (carrying his right fore-finger to the first and second fingers of his left hand,) and he’ll whip ’em both.’

‘‘Ye think so, d’ye ?’ said the ferret-eyed.

‘‘Yes, Sir ; you can bet your life on that, as a gen’ral prinple. Take any one Yankee, (thumb,) and any two live Englishmen, (two fingers,) and he can whip ’em so quick you would n’t have time to say Ba-laam !’

‘‘Ye think so, d’ye ?’ said the ferret-eyed, getting restive.

‘‘Yes, Sir ; I *know it* ; you can bet your life on it.’

ing the possessor of this property? What was the meaning of that half-wakeful dream of old Mary, about some body coming into her kitchen, and then going up into the bed-room, where he met with the dead Richard Danbrey standing by the curtained bed; and whose portrait he would have struck, that portrait painted in the old pastoral style, with sheep grazing, and Emily, the wife shepherdess with him, both happy in the simple eclogueism of the painter's work.

As I was upon the point of withdrawing from the scene, I raised my eyes once more toward the crag on which the Indian kept his watch, but in vain I sought his figure in its place. It was gone. I indicated this absence of the sentinel to Sampson, and my only answer was:

'Benny's seen him.'

Then Sampson commenced in earnest his return to the Hut, and for that purpose we wheeled upon our path. In doing so, we were obliged to pass exactly over the spot where I had seen Colonel Blackford turn so suddenly with uplifted arm, and had heard him utter that prompt announcement, 'Ready.' I could not but stop exactly where he had stood, and scan the immediate features of the locality; and as I did so, the same vague sentiment of former presence returned upon me, and I could now almost believe that I had witnessed the fatal duel between Colonel Blackford and Richard Danbrey, for I could but know that it was he who had fallen; nor was I surprised when Sampson, in his simple language, explained to me a singular circumstance of the meeting that probably determined the fate of the unfortunate Richard. Indeed when I alit from my horse, with an almost morbid curiosity, and measured the distance and listened to the negro's description, I almost expected to find the tall blade of grass by which Blackford had sighted on his antagonist, and by whose intervening linear interposition he had been enabled to secure a deliberate aim. But that stem of grass had withered long ago, and in its place grew other stems, as around the whole circumstance had doubtless sprung other thoughts and conjectures, giving place to those that brought the combatants together, and which had separated them so fatally.

'Massa,' exclaimed Sampson, looking up suddenly, and pointing in the direction of the river, 'yonder comes Benny Brown, and he's working hard to come quick.'

I looked as Sampson's finger indicated, and for some time I could distinguish nothing save the gently-moving boughs and the huge forms of some heavy clouds that had commenced to pile themselves up against the sky with an ominous expression of an autumn storm.

At length I saw an object advancing across the river, and which I at once made out to be Benny in his canoe, that thing as inevitable in aboriginal economy as the dog, the pipe, or the copper complexion itself. The stream, as well as the forest, is the domain of the child of Nature, and from both he derives the means of his existence and the sources of his savage pleasures. Down the stream the canoe was glancing, needing only the poising weight of the Indian to steady it in its rapid course. The grounds lay flat along the margin of the stream, and I could see the trees that dotted the cow-pasture below the 'Hut,'

though the Hut itself was out of view. Thus it was that we held the Indian under our eyes almost from the moment that he launched his boat near the foot of the rapids, where I now understood from Sampson he was in the habit of keeping it, for the convenience of his piscatory occupations. After he had been borne upon his course for some distance by the force of the rapids, it became necessary for him to use the paddle, which he did with dexterous skill, and almost as swift as the arrow of a chief flew the bark, driven by the muscular arm of Oga-ka-nin, over the bosom of the river. While I was observing in silence the movements of the Indian, a deep thunder-peal broke from the dark mass of vapor that had by this time scaled the zenith. The boat at that instant was lost behind a group of trees, and Sampson led on in the direction where we had lost sight of it. This course led us out of the path by which we had come and by which we were proposing to return, and though there were no traces of a road, I felt certain that Sampson would not attempt to lead me where I could not follow. His object was to intercept the Indian, and now that some leading thought occupied the old man's mind, he pushed forward with energy. We had proceeded some distance, without either of us speaking, when suddenly my companion stopped, and pointing to a clump of trees that stood some fifty yards from us, muttered, rather to himself than to me :

'I wonder now if that old Markie is there too?'

'You mean your friend Mike, the carpenter, don't you?'

'Yes, Massa. They hunts together sometimes, but I aint certain 'bout Benny's letting Mike go along with him this time.' But while he spoke, the Indian himself came out of the clump of trees, and with his rifle in his hand, advanced to meet us. His dress was the same as that which I have described before, and the same tranquil look was there, though I thought I could detect in the firmly compressed mouth, some indication of a task to be fulfilled, or some strong desire to be gratified.

He came directly up to me, and stopped; and as he did so, I bent over from my saddle and offered him my hand.

'Your boat, Benny, is swift.'

'It is swift when the arm is strong and the heart is stronger,' and he looked at Sampson with an expression of inquiry, and Sampson answered it by pointing toward the place where we had met Colonel Blackford.

That Colonel Blackford was the cause of the Indian's visit, was apparent, but I was determined to prevent, if possible, any personal attack, by the Indian, upon him. The old grudge had not died out in Oga-ka-nin's breast, nor had the old gratitude left the memory of the suffering Benny, when in the time long past, in the time when the tempest had strewn the forest and the fields with the deep, dangerous snow, Richard Danbrey's wife, the Emily of the good priest's prayers, bore to him aid, and ministered to his sufferings, when he was all alone on the bleak mountain-side. That watch upon the far over-looking rock was for the slayer of the man that the ministering woman of mercy had so loved, and the wrong done by the deed of the duel, fair and

honorable according to the system of such contests, as it might be, was still a deed that plunged his benefactress into a life-long sorrow, and there was nothing left to the Indian's gratitude, but the Indian's vengeance.

Few were the words that passed between us, as we paused after the arrival of the Indian, and it was but a short distance now to the Hut, toward which we directed our steps.

The Indian and old Sampson walked behind, while I led the way, retracing our way back to the path. Again we passed the scene of the fatal combat, and as we did so the Indian paused and examined the place, and as I turned to study this strange character, half-savage and half-tame, he abruptly left the beaten path, and with his eyes lifted from the ground, struck into the woods in a direction directly opposite to that where I had last seen the figure of Colonel Blackford. Sampson simply looked, first at the Indian, and then at me, and without comment we renewed our course, and soon the pleasant home smiled on me through the opening wood, and though the sky had now become largely over-spread with the symptoms of the threatening storm, a glory more glorious, from the dark domes of the back-ground, wrapt the half-enchanted spot. We approached the Hut from the west, and when we reached the porch, I gave the reins to the attendant Sampson; and with a shade of sadness upon my mind, indeed, with a sentiment of apprehension, I entered the hall.



ALONE IN THE TURRET.

I cannot explain the motive, after I had looked into the kitchen, from which old Mary was absent, that induced me to mount straightway to the turret room. It may have been that I was anxious to look from that old window at the coming storm, or it may have been

a desire to see that portrait of Richard Danbrey, at which the phantom of Mary's dream had struck with his angry fist ; at all events, I ascended the steps, with no heavy or hurried step, but rather with a feeling that it was wrong to break the deep repose that pervaded the whole house.

I reached the door of the sleeping-room and opened it. She did not turn, or even move, but kept her head upon her hand, sitting like a sculptured woman, in the broad beam of sun-light that through a riven cloud, fell like something from the throne of Light, upon that silent scene.

V A Q U E R O L I F E .

BY J. SWETT.

I.

OUR herds of cattle in freedom roam
Amid the hills of our sunny home ;
Our pasture-placers with wealth untold
Are treasures richer than mines of gold :
We rest in the shade of olive-trees,
Where blue figs rustle in evening breeze ;
For Nature with bounteous hand hath blest
The herdsman's land in the golden west.

II.

No white-winged vessel is half so free
As the herdsman coursing his prairie-see,
When he gives the rein to his fiery steed,
Or startles the herds in a wild stampede :
They crowd and thunder along the plain —
The speed of terror is wild but vain ;
The lasso falls, with a sudden bound
The bellowing bull rolls on the ground.

III.

When ocean-waters have quenched the sun,
And the wild pursuit of the day is done,
We give the hours to mirth and dance
In the señorita's love-lit glance ;
Whose flashing eyes in archness deep,
Awaken passion and banish sleep,
Till beauty changes the night to day,
And music chases the stars away.

Valley of San José, (Cal.)

O U R B O A R D E R S .

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

It is a rainy evening. Pat ! pat ! the great drops come against the window ; and the streets look deserted and cheerless. I've been standing here for the last half-hour pitying the solitary pedestrians who have ventured out into the storm, and watching the lights in the great house over the way. There !—they have closed the shutters now, and I can imagine a happy family circle around the table, pleasantly chatting away the evening. Oh ! dear ! I wish I was there too ; but no — I am a stranger, and might spoil the charmed circle ; and as I have no home but this tiresome boarding-house, I'll stand here and dream of one.

Do you like rainy evenings, dear reader ? I do, sometimes ; for a shower of past old memories comes falling around my heart, just as the rain-drops fall upon the roof, and I love to sit alone and call the old feelings back again. Then sometimes I love a quiet talk too with some good, sensible friend. Let's go and sit down on the sofa in the other room for a little while. It is more retired, and not so light as it is here ; and I can always talk better in the shade. There, now we are almost alone, for those people are all too busy to notice us, and we can have a cozy time all to ourselves ; beside, we have a nice quiet post of observation through the folding-doors.

But I was going to tell you something about 'Our Boarders,' and I can introduce you to some of them personally, as most of them are at home to-night. I have been here nearly a year, and some of these faces I have seen every day. Many others have come and gone ; and some strange life-dramas have been acted in this very room. I have sat on the sofa here many an evening, and watched them going on.

Do you see that gentleman in the farther corner, by the window, looking so lonely and forlorn ? That is Mr. Brown. I used to feel sorry for him when I first came here, because no one seemed to care any thing about him ; and it seemed so dreadful to me not to be loved at all. When he came into the parlor in the evening, every one drew instinctively farther away, and even little Carrie Perkins retreated from his caresses ; and there was a pout on her little red lip as she turned around at the door, and said : 'I do n't like you, Mr. Brown.' He is a very positive character too, and always says '*I*' very emphatically ; and when he points his fore-finger at you, and with a decided toss of the head, and a significant compression of the lip, says, '*I* think so,' the argument is conclusive, and you have no more to say ; at least I never wish to say any thing more. But he is usually silent and moody, and as I said before, I could n't help feeling sorry for him, as he sat evening after evening alone in his quiet corner, while the others were all laughing and chatting merrily around him. He is called a very sensible man, however — is connected with a large busi-

ness establishment down-town, and is really quite intelligent ; but he is so thoroughly selfish, that people never waste their sympathy on him very long, and as they grow accustomed to his moody ways, seldom trouble themselves much about him. But more of him anon.

That tall gentleman, with such a heavy beard, is Mr. Montfort, a Southerner, and a millionaire. There was quite a sensation in the house when he came, because no one knew any thing about him, and it was a long time before we could even find out whether he was married or not ; but at last it was ascertained that he was a widower ; so the mysterious conjectures and surmises ceased. But the gossips were by no means content to leave him undisturbed. They married him off successively to every young lady in the house to whom he ever addressed half-a-dozen words, and at last were all very much surprised when he took a fancy to marry Mrs. Perkins — that lady with the large, dark eyes, who is sitting at the piano. She was an interesting widow, and lost a beautiful little girl here a few months ago. He was very kind to her in her affliction, and as 'pity is akin to love,' it seems that he ended by loving her in good earnest. They have been travelling ever since they were married, and are only stopping here a short time before leaving the city for their Southern home. She is a fine musician, and an accomplished lady, beside possessing a very lovely character, chastened and elevated by repeated afflictions.

Little Carrie Perkins was a great pet of mine ; indeed she was the sun-beam of the house. She was only three years old, but she had a strangely mature way of talking sometimes, that made her seem very interesting. Every night I went regularly to her room for a good-night kiss ; and I shall never forget how sweetly she used to look in her little night-dress, as she knelt down by her mother's side and said, 'Our FATHER,' nor how reverently she used to fold her little hands at the close, and say : 'Good night, dear God, and please take good care of little Carrie.'

'Why, Carrie,' said her mother, the first time she added this to her prayer, 'you should n't talk to God so.'

'Should n't I ?' said the little prattler ; 'I love God, and why should n't I say good-night to Him before I go to sleep, just as I do to you and Aunt Annie ?'

Her mother smiled thoughtfully, but only replied by kissing her, and always after that, she repeated her simple good-night petition.

I used to sing to her sometimes until she was asleep, then kissing her little dimpled cheek, I would steal softly from the room, feeling as if an angel had folded its wings for a moment about my heart.

I was with her most of the time while she was sick, and the last words she ever spoke were, 'Sing, please sing, 'Let me go,' and while I tremulously sung the little melody she always loved so well, she went to sleep, and never woke again.

Oh ! how lonely it was here after Carrie was gone. How we missed the childish prattle, and the merry laugh that used to ring like sweet music through the house. It seemed so solemn and deserted here, so gloomy, just as if some bright light had gone out. I can't keep the tears back now when I think of it. I believe even Mr. Brown forgot

himself, and felt sorry for a moment. But I must not dwell so long upon such sad things.

That fat, over-dressed lady, just coming in is Mrs. Mills. She was once a sewing-girl, but married a rich husband, and is perpetually talking about genteel families, and attempting to put on stylish airs. She is a sort of mischief-maker general in the house, and finds a very convenient satellite in that giggling Miss Eversole, who is flirting with that milk-and-water-looking fop, on the other sofa. I could never endure either of them since they made such a fuss because little Carrie Perkins was sick in the house; just as if she could have helped it, the dear little child! To be sure they tried to make it up after she died; but it was too late — no one has ever liked them since. Then they interfered so much with Mary Ellet. But I forget that you do n't know who Mary Ellet was, because it seems as if every one must know her. She was an orphan, and had just lost her only brother when she came here, a little while after I did, to be with her aunt, Mrs. Perkins. She had been quite ill too, and looked so delicate and pale, just like a pure white lily. Then she had very sad eyes, and such a sweet child-like face, with bright, sunny curls floating all around it. She was very frail and slight, so that Bridget, the Irish girl, always called her the 'wee thing in No. 14.'

She looked so sad and lonely that I loved her at once, and it seems that Mr. Brown did too, for he immediately requested an introduction, began to draw his chair into the family circle, and exerted himself to the utmost to be agreeable — that is, to Mary. Then he often proposed a game of whist in the evening, invariably selecting Mary for his partner. Indeed gloomy, morose Mr. Brown was very suddenly transformed, and acted as such people often do when they really fall in love — very far from sensibly; for Mary had scarcely been in the house a week when he proposed a life-partnership. Of course she was taken quite by surprise, and really felt badly; but she could not love such a man any more than the blue-eyed violet could rest its little head for warmth upon the cold bosom of the iceberg; and as gently as possible she told him so. Mr. Brown in his turn was surprised that his will was not supreme, but concluding that 'faint heart never won fair lady,' he resolutely persisted in his officious attentions, to Mary's extreme annoyance. Every time she came into the parlor he walked straight toward her and commenced conversation, or if she was conversing with any one else, he would lay down his book or paper, and fix his keen, glittering eye upon her until she was often obliged to leave the room. I felt sorry for her because it really made her very unhappy; but although she had grown to dislike Mr. Brown excessively, she expressed it so very gently, that he either could not or would not understand it.

When the hot weather came on, she went into the country for a few weeks, declaring that she would never return to this place so long as Mr. Brown remained. After she went away he grew more morose than ever; indeed he scarcely spoke at all, unless it was to indulge in some bitter tirade against the world in general.

At last the city became intolerable to him, and he went away on a business tour. He was gone so long that we began to congratulate

ourselves that he had found another boarding-place ; so I wrote to Mary early in the fall, and she came back again. But she had scarcely been here a week, when one evening the door opened, and in walked Mr. Brown with a queer, triumphant sort of smile on his face, and resumed his old seat near Mary. His presence seemed to cast a chill over our merry little circle, and after a few words of civility, Mary excused herself, and went to her own room.

The next morning a bouquet of rare flowers was left at her door, together with a small box containing an elegant diamond ring, and a slip of paper, on which was written : ' Dear Mary.' There was no doubt as to the donor, although no clue was left by which his name could be ascertained. Mary was in despair. She could not retain the gift, yet was at a loss how to return it.

I have forgotten to mention that there was a young lawyer in the house who had always been a great admirer of Mary, although he had a very quiet, unobtrusive way of expressing it. Mr. Alton, unlike most lawyers, was rather bashful and not very well versed in the ways of the world ; but he was very thoughtful in his attentions to his friends, and he had saved Mary from many an annoyance by some slight and unobserved manœuvre. After some hesitation, she concluded to confide to him her present dilemma, and trust him to devise some means for identifying her anonymous friend.

It so happened that Mr. Alton had seen the boy who left the gift, and as he walked down street at the same time, observed that he stopped at Mr. Brown's place of business. He had also a book in his possession belonging to Mr. Brown, on the title-page of which his name was written in the same hand with the simple words on the slip of paper accompanying the ring. This placed the matter beyond doubt ; and to relieve Mary of embarrassment, Mr. Alton kindly offered to return it with any message she wished to send.

Mr. Brown was very angry, and denied all knowledge of it, until, finding that denial was useless, he turned to Mr. Alton as he quietly laid down the package after delivering Mary's message, and shaking his fist threateningly, muttered in a low, determined voice : ' You'll pay for this, Sir.'

' As you please,' calmly returned Mr. Alton, and left the store.

Mary felt very grateful for this kindness, and after that never seemed weary of talking about Mr. Alton. ' He seemed so much like a brother,' she said. ' Of course she could never love him ; he was not at all her ideal of a lover, with his retiring, student-like ways ; but then his sympathy was so pleasant.' I was amused sometimes at her earnestness in trying to convince me that she did n't love him.

Mr. Brown was more intolerable than ever ; indeed he seemed to take delight in annoying her with his intrusive attentions, because he could n't help seeing that they troubled her ; but whenever Mr. Alton came into the room, his countenance always darkened, although he never otherwise noticed his presence.

One evening, not long after the little affair about the ring, Mary came into my room, and drawing up a little foot-stool, leaned her head in my lap, and began to cry. I put my arm around her, but said nothing for a few moments, until she had relieved herself in tears, then

inquired what was the matter, although I was quite sure that I knew.

At last she composed herself enough to tell me that Mr. Alton had told her he loved her, and that almost before she knew it she had promised to marry him. 'She was afraid she had done wrong, for she did n't know as she really loved him enough ; but she was so lonely, and he had been so kind ; then Mr. Brown troubled her so much that she was afraid of him, and indeed she did n't know what else to do ; but some how she did n't feel so happy as she thought she should.'

I talked to her as encouragingly as I could, although I really felt sorry that she had been quite so hasty ; but she had one of those confiding, loving natures that must cling to something, and seldom stop long to criticise those they love ; so I thought that after all she might be very happy.

But even Mary, universally as she was beloved, did not escape criticism.

'I do think it is ridiculous the way that Mary Ellett goes on,' said Mrs. Mills, coming into my room one morning in a great fluster ; 'she's a heartless little flirt, and that's all I've got to say about it. When she came here there was nobody like Mr. Brown, and now it is perfectly outrageous the way she treats him, I declare it is. Just think too of her going around with that insignificant Mr. Alton, whom no one knows any thing about. I wonder her aunt does not tell her better. It's a great injury to her, as I was telling Miss Eversole just now, and some body ought to make it a duty to tell her so. Why don't you talk to her, she has so much confidence in you.'

'Because I consider Miss Ellett quite competent to manage her own affairs,' I replied quietly ; 'beside, I have seen nothing in her conduct to which I could object. It certainly is no great fault to refuse to marry a man she cannot love, and she is quite excusable for not loving Mr. Brown.'

'Well, people think differently,' she returned. 'For my part, I think a young lady in her situation very foolish to refuse such a man as Mr. Brown just for a little fancy. He is wealthy, you know, and from a very genteel family. But I see it's of no use talking to you,' and with this she sailed majestically out of the room to repeat her complaint to the next neighbor.

Miss Eversole told Mary how 'people talked,' and it nearly killed the poor child to be judged so harshly. Her aunt was going away too, and she would soon be quite alone ; beside, Mr. Brown had declared that Mr. Alton should never go to the bridal altar with Mary Ellett alive, and this troubled her more than all the rest. Indeed she really made herself sick thinking about it, and it was thought best that the engagement should be a short one, as Mr. Alton was about to start for his new home at the West ; so one morning they went to church and were very quietly married, and went away. It was very unexpected to the family ; and when it was announced at the tea-table, Mr. Brown's countenance grew dark as a thunder-cloud, but finding that she was beyond his reach, he relapsed into his old moodiness again, and has scarcely spoken civilly to any one in the house since.

It has only been a little while since Mary went away, and I have

only heard from her once, but she wrote very cheerfully — said that she was perfectly happy, and wondered if Mr. Brown had found any one else to tease and annoy, now she was gone.

I have been very lonely since she left, as there are many strangers in the house, and some how I can't make it seem home-like any more. I do n't come into the parlor much of late; it wearies me, this constant mingling with superficial life, and I go away to my little room in the fourth story and think and dream. They tell me it is wrong to dream so much, but I do n't think it is, if I dream of holy and beautiful things.

Sometimes they send for me in the evening to make out a game of whist, or a quadrille, and I go down and laugh and dance for a little while; but after all, it never makes me very happy, every thing is so cold and artificial that it tires me. Sometimes I go to see Miss Ellis, because she looks so very sad, and it seems as if she needed to be cheered up. She has had some trouble, I do n't know exactly what, but an affair of the heart, I believe, and it makes me feel sorry to see her so melancholy and drooping-like. When I am with her I try to talk cheerfully, and it makes me feel happier for a little while.

Then I go to Miss Miller's room sometimes. She is a lady of character and very good too; indeed, so extremely good, that she makes me feel my inferiority all the time by way of contrast. She is very sensible too, and very intellectual, and gives me such excellent advice that I like to talk with her, although to be sure I do n't always follow the advice. But some how, she is too good to love, and seems just like something bright and cold that I may look at and admire, but cannot reach. Sometimes I wish she would let me put my arms around her neck and love her, but then it makes me laugh the next moment to think how ridiculous it would be to indulge such a weakness before dear, dignified Miss Miller.

When I go to the table I usually talk with Mr. Lester, because he amuses me so with his queer speeches. He says the oddest things in such a very droll way that he always makes me laugh, although I never remember a word when he is gone.

Occasionally some good kind friend takes me to the opera, and for a week afterward the scenes are all before me, and the music rings in my ears and thrills my heart; then life settles back into its old monotony again, just as the water grows still when the waves around the fallen pebble have circled away.

But I have spun out a long story without intending it, for they have all left the parlors and we are quite alone. The lights are already extinguished in the other room, and the lamp burns very dimly here. Strange weird figures flit before me in the darkness, some bright and others sad, like the shades of those whose destinies the iron hand of Fate has shaped within these walls; not Fate either, perhaps I should have said the kind hand of Providence. But the chills are creeping over me as if the folds of the dark mantle of solemn night were falling around my heart. The music of the pattering rain grows sad and dirge-like, and wailing voices come with the sighing wind. The silence within grows oppressive, and I must away to my little attic-room, and shake off these strange, gloomy fancies. Pleasant dreams, dear reader, and a kind good night.

A L A N D - M A R K .

DEDICATED TO LOUISE.

TWENTY-ONE! twenty-one!
 Ah! my heart is growing young:
 It is blooming full to-day
 With the sweets of youngest May,
 And no more my spirit weaves
 Round her forehead the sere leaves
 Of the autumn late and sad,
 The dead garlands that she had
 For her coronals when her fears
 Were all too young for such sad tears.

Twenty-one! twenty-one!
 God forgive the dirge I sung,
 In the younger days gone by,
 When I chose to drop my eye
 From the heavens, broad and blue,
 With God's love-smile breaking through,
 To the thorns beneath my feet,
 That I watered with my tears,
 Never nursing the green spears
 Of soft grass that tried to grow
 Twixt the thorns I cherished so:
 Now I think whene'er my foot
 Quivers on some hidden thorn,
 That the spot in which I stand
 Once was planted by God's hand
 Thick as it could be with flowers,
 Sweetest, rarest, brightest flowers:
 But I in my sickly wo,
 Rather have the thistles grow:
 So I crushed the young buds low,
 And God let the thistles grow.

Twenty-one! twenty-one!
 HEAVEN marked the way I've come,
 Marked it through His pleasant places,
 Lit it bright with angel-faces,
 Led me here. Dear GOD! I stand
 Leaning 'gainst THY loving hand,
 Looking backward,
 Looking onward —
 Oh! the beauty of the land!

Twenty-one! twenty-one!
 Is the journey almost done?
 Will HE call me from the battle
 While I am so fresh and young?
 Will HE hush me from my singing
 This glad song but just begun?
 Will HE break the dewy garland
 That sweet love has round me flung?
 Will they cut upon the marble:
 'Aged Twenty-one' ?
 CHRIST my LORD, THY will be done.

JENNY MARSH PARKER.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TEXT LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, Author of 'Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia;' 'The Old House by the River;' 'Later Years,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 498. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE knew what we were to expect when we opened this volume. That the author would visit the Holy Land with the observant eye of a painter, the deep feeling of a long-cherished sympathy, and the fervor of a Christian heart, we well knew: nor have we been in the least degree disappointed in either of these characteristics. The book is full of them; and what we especially admire in Mr. PRIME is, that *when* he feels, he is not afraid or ashamed to show his emotion. His is no dry detail of the mere *facts* of travel: he invests every thing which he describes with a new interest: for the reader sees what he sees, and as it were through his eyes; and he transfers, with equal felicity, his own emotions and feelings to the hearts of his readers. It is this feature which makes the volume before us one of the best upon the Holy Land which we have ever encountered. We shall justify our high estimate of the work by a few extracts. In the following, our author will be found approaching the 'Sacred City:'

'We paused a little while again in the valley of Elah, and gathered a few pebbles in the dry bed of the brook where DAVID found his weapons with which to meet the giant of the Philistines, and then, every thing that was behind and around us faded in interest as we began to realize that from the summit of the hill before us our weary eyes would rest on the walls of Jerusalem.

'We pressed our horses rapidly up the steep hill, by a zig-zag path, which in our haste we sometimes cut across, and thereby nearly broke our own and our horses' necks in several instances. There was a party of Latin nuns, on sleek and beautiful horses, riding slowly before us. We passed them at a rattling gallop, and hastened on, up the rough path, now over masses of loose, rolling stones, on which our horses could with difficulty find footing for a half-mile, and as a cold wind swept over the bleak and desolate hills wrapped our cloaks around us, and drew our hoods closely over our faces. The appearance of every thing was desolate in the extreme. For many miles, we had seen no evidences of human existence. Wild rocks were everywhere, ragged and fierce in their utter barrenness, and hill and valley were alike apparently cursed with the curse of God.

'At length there was a short space where the road admitted of a gallop, our horses plunging over the stones and finding footing as none but Syrian horses could, and here S—, and WHITELY, and myself pressed forward, as swiftly as the zig-zag path, winding around rocks, and turning short to the right or to the left, or often even in an acute angle backward, would permit. Reaching the summit of the ascent, we beheld a

distant view of desolate mountains, lit in the rays of the setting sun, with dark, wild gorges between them, all tending downward to a deep valley, wherein we knew must lie the Dead Sea. But we could not yet see the city of our desires.

'A few steps forward, our worn-out horses stumbling rather than galloping over the rocky path, and a hill, crowned with a mosk and minaret, was before us in the distance, which my heart knew by instinct was the Mountain of the Ascension. I raised myself in my stirrups, and, turning to MIRIAM, shouted, 'The Mount of Olives!' and waved my hand toward it — and then, as I looked again, before me, in all their glory and majesty, I beheld, magnificent in the light of the setting sun, the walls of Jerusalem.

'I had thought of that moment for years, in waking and in sleeping dreams. I had asked myself a hundred times: 'What will you do when your weary eyes rest on these holy walls?' Sometimes I thought I should cry out aloud as did pilgrims of old times, and sometimes that I should kneel down on the road as did the valiant men who marched with GODFREY and with RICHARD. But I did neither.

'My horse stopped in the road, as if he knew that all our haste had been for this, and I murmured to myself, 'Deus vult,' and my eyes filled with tears, and through them I gazed at the battlements and the towers and minarets of the city. One by one the party rode up, and each in succession paused.

'There were our Mohammedan servants, a Latin monk who had joined us a little way back, two Armenians, and a Jew in our *cortège*, beside ourselves, who were Protestants — and all alike gazed with overflowing eyes on that spot, toward which the longing hearts of so many millions of the human race turn daily with devout affection. We spoke no word aloud. One rushing wave of thought swept over all our souls.

'I stood in the road, my hand on my horse's neck, and with my dim eyes sought to trace the outlines of the holy places which I had long before fixed in my mind, but the fast-flowing tears forbade my succeeding. The more I gazed, the more I could not see; and at length, gathering close around my face the folds of my coufee, I sprang into the saddle, and led the advance toward the gates of the city.'

The subjoined passage is a forcible example of the emotional feeling of which we have spoken. It is the writer's first morning in Jerusalem:

'THE first morning in Jerusalem was a time forever to be remembered. When the sun came up above the Mount of Olives, I was standing on the eastern side of the city, without the walls, on the brow of the valley of Jehoshaphat, looking down into its gloomy depths and up to the hill that was hallowed by the last footsteps of CHRIST.

'I could not sleep. It was vain to think of it or attempt it. Broken snatches of slumber, dreamy and restless at the best, but mostly broad awake thoughts, fancies, feelings, and memories occupied the entire night. Weary and exhausted as I was by the previous day's travel, I could not compose my mind sufficiently to take the rest I actually required.

'It was but a little after the break of day that I strolled down to the gate of ST. STEPHEN, (so called now, though formerly known as the gate of the Lady MARY, because of its leading to the VIRGIN's tomb,) and finding it open already, passed out among the Moslem graves that cover the hill of Moriah, outside the walls, and sitting down on one of them, waited in silence the coming of the sun. And it came.

'I had seen the dawn come over the forest of the Delaware country, in the sublime winter mornings,

'WHEN last night's snow hangs lightly on the trees,
And all the cedars and the pines are white
With the new glory.'

I had seen the morning come up over the prairies of Minnesota, calm and majestic along the far horizon. I had seen it in golden glory on the sea, in soft splendor in Italy, in rich effulgence over the Libyan desert.

'But I never saw such a morning as that before nor shall I ever see another such in this cold world.

'At first there was a flush, a faint but beautiful light like a halo, above the holy mountain. Right there-away lay Bethany, and I could think it the radiance of the bursting tomb of MARTHA's brother. But the flush became a gleam, a glow, an opening heaven of deep, strong light that did not dazzle nor bewilder. I looked into it and was lost in it, as one is lost that gazes into the deep loving eyes of the woman he worships. It seemed as if I had but to wish and I should be away in the atmosphere that was so glorious. Strong cords of desire seemed drawing me thither. I even rose to my feet and leaned forward over the carved turban on a Mussulman's tomb. I breathed strong, full inspirations, as if I could breathe in that glory.

'All this while, deep in the gloom of the valley between me and the Mount of Ascension lay the Hebrew dead of all the centuries, quiet, calm, solemn in their slumber. The glory did not reach down to their low graves; yet I thought almost aloud,

that if that radiance could but once touch those stones, heavy as they were, the dead would spring to life, even the doubly dead who lie in that valley of tombs.

'Alas! for the dead whose grave the morning radiance from the mountain of the Lord's ascension will never reach! Alas! for the sealed lips of earth that will never be kissed to opening by those rays!

'Then came the round sun; it seemed but an instant after the morning-star had sunk into the blue, and then the full sun-light poured across the hills of Judea, on the battlements of Jerusalem.

'Then once more I bowed my head. It is no shame to have wept in Palestine. I wept when I saw Jerusalem, I wept when I lay in the star-light at Bethlehem, I wept on the blessed shores of Galilee. My hand was no less firm on the rein, my finger did not tremble on the trigger of my pistol when I rode with it in my right hand along the shore of the blue sea. My eye was not dimmed by those tears, nor my heart in aught weakened. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land.'

Let us follow our author to the Garden of Gethsemane, and witness the effect which its remembered sacred scenes had upon his mind:

'It was on the very foot of the Mount of Olives, yet elevated some thirty or forty feet, perhaps more, above the brook Kedron. We passed around it, to the rear or mountain side, and found a low door in the wall, at which we knocked.

'It opened, and a Latin monk, habited in the dark robe of the Franciscans, bade us enter, and bowing our heads very low, as all must do perforce, and as all should do on entering a spot like this, we stepped within the hallowed inclosure of Gethsemane.

'It is a simple garden, laid out in beds, bordered with lavender, among the old olive-trees. An arbor or trellis-work on one side supports a large vine of the *passiflora*. In the walls are marked fourteen stations for prayer. It was silent, and we were alone. The good father vanished to his cell in the corner, as if aware that we desired no guide to tell us the story that has thrilled the heart of man in every land and age—the saddest and sublimest story on all the rolls of eternity.

'Verily he was right. The whispering leaves of the olive-trees told us the story; the winds that swept over the lofty battlements of Mount Moriah, three hundred feet above us, told the story; the blue, far sky above the Mount of Olives, the sky *He* clove with His departing glory, and that shut Him away from His disciples and our longing gaze, told the story; the heavy beating of our hearts—slow, solemn beating—we could hear them in the stillness of the garden, told the story of the bloody passion, and the agony that made the crown of thorns and piercing nails as nothing afterward.

'In the blue sky far up above us a solitary eagle floated on the air above the deserted shrines of the temple of the Lord, and on the sides of Moriah, among the Moslem graves, some women, dressed in white, sat by the tombs and wept. But no voice of human grief or human joy reached the deep valley to disturb the profound stillness of the garden of the Passion. The olives on the mountain waved their flashing branches in the gentle breeze, but those within the inclosure scarcely moved. The lavender, that bloomed with the utmost profusion, made the atmosphere heavy with perfume, as we sat down on the ground and endeavored to realize the mid-night scene of the agony and the betrayal.

'I NEED not say that the garden of Gethsemane was a favorite spot with me during my stay in Jerusalem, and that scarcely a day passed without finding me seated under the old olive-trees within its inclosure. Here over and again, I read the accounts of that memorable night, and of the suffering of the MAN our God. Here I saw the declining sun go down behind the battlements of Moriah, and here not infrequently the round moon, coming up over the holy summit of Olivet, silvered the leaves of the old trees, and shed that radiance on the spot in which, best of all, I could realize the scene that so thrills the hearts of Christian men.

'Did the moon shine on that last night of the life of the Lord before the sacrifice? Did the full moon, in whose light young maidens love to hear the words of young love, behold that love which would not put away the cup of agony, though countless angels stood ready to seize the chalice and dash it down to hell?

'I never thought of it before. In all the scenes of all the centuries that I have imagined the moon beholding, and of which I have striven sometimes to gather some intelligence in those cold calm rays, I never before imagined that on that still orb, in the blue sky of Judea, the tear-dimmed eyes of the Lord gazed through the rustling leaves of Gethsemane.

'O friend of mine! in your old home by the distant Hudson, where in grand nights of western moon-shine, or still, calm star-light, we have sat together on the rocks and asked the hosts of heaven to tell us stories of the Chaldeans that worshipped them on plains of Orient; O friend! look out on the sky to-night, the holy sky, the radiant sky

whose azure might befit the floors of heaven, and know, of a verity, beyond a doubt, beyond a peradventure, that on those stars, those very shining groups, on white Capella, flaming Sirius, on the brow of Orion, and the cold star of the pole, the weary eyes of the houseless wanderer who was yet a God, rested in childhood above the ancient Nile, or when as a boy He climbed the hills of Nazareth, or when in those cold Syrian nights He walked the long way from Galilee, or when He slept in the dewy air of Olivet with the stones of the hill-side for a pillow to Him who had no other on which to lay His head.

'Never again tell me it is childish to love the moon-light and the stars. Sole objects in all the universe on which I may look with perfect confidence that He looked on them, yea, and with a longing for the heaven beyond them, which He knew as His home, and which I but doubtingly dare call mine, I will gaze on them in all the nights of my wanderings on earth, and sleep quiet sleep when you shall lay me where they will shine on my covering.'

With these extracts, and the preceding remarks, we take our leave of 'Tent Life in the Holy Land;' simply adding, that it is exceedingly well-executed, and liberally illustrated with engravings and small vignettes.

BACON'S ESSAYS: with Annotations by RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. From the Second London Edition, Revised. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

• ONE OF BACON'S great merits as a writer, was the power to suggest farther remarks and reflections, to '*set the reader a-thinking* upon whatever subject he had in hand.' 'He is,' says our annotator, 'and especially in his essays, one of the most suggestive authors that ever wrote. His 'Antitheta on Commonplaces,' appended to the present volume, 'is a compendious and clear mode of bringing before the mind the most important points in any question, to place in parallel columns, as BACON has done, whatever can be plausibly urged, fairly or unfairly, on opposite sides; and then you are in the condition of a judge who has to decide some cause, after hearing all the pleadings.' These essays retain all their old popularity, as relating chiefly to the concerns of every-day-life, and which, as he himself expresses it, 'come home to men's business and bosoms.' Bishop WHATELY speaks only too modestly of his own part in this volume. FRAZER'S Magazine, in closing a notice of the work, says: 'We have given but an imperfect idea of Archbishop WHATELY'S Annotations — of their range, their cogency, their wisdom, their experience, their practical instruction, their wit, their eloquence. The extracts we have quoted are like a sheaf of wheat brought from a field of a hundred acres.' The '*London Quarterly*,' among other things, says in a very able critical review:

'Or all the productions in the English language, BACON'S Essays contain the most matter in the fewest words. He intended them to be as 'grains of salt, which should rather give an appetite than offend with satiety;' and never was the intention of an author more fully attained. There were none, he says, of his works which had been equally 'current' in his own time; and he expressed his belief that they would find no less favor with posterity, and 'last as long as books and letters endured.' Thus far his proud anticipation has been verified. They have been held to be oracles of subtle wisdom by the profoundest intellects which have flourished since, and few in any department have risen to the rank of authorities with mankind who had not themselves been accustomed to sit at the feet of BACON. His own account of the scope of his Essays is, that 'they handled those things wherein both men's lives and persons are most con-

versant,' while in the selection of his materials he 'endeavored to make them not vulgar, but of a nature whereof much should be found in experience, and little in books; so as they should be neither repetitions nor fancies.' This is the cause of their great success. The reflections which he offers upon these topics of universal concern are not obvious truisms, nor hackneyed maxims, nor airy speculations, but acute and novel deductions drawn from actual life, by a vast and penetrating genius, intimately conversant with the court, the council-table, the parliament, the bar; with all ranks and classes of persons; with the multitudinous forms of human nature and pursuits. The progress of events has not rendered them obsolete: their continuous currency through two centuries and a half has not rendered them common-place.'

We commend the acute and sarcastic criticism, in the preface of our annotator, upon that school of modern philosophers, who have accustomed their disciples to admire, as a style sublimely philosophical, what may best be described as a certain haze of words, imperfectly understood, through which some seemingly original ideas, scarcely distinguishable in their outlines, 'loom' as it were on the view, in a kind of dusky magnificence, that greatly exaggerates their real dimensions. Their writings have the startling effect of the magic-lantern: children delight in it, but grown people soon get tired of it. Illustrative extracts are given, which remind the reader of the 'Dichotomy' and 'Trichotomy' passages, recently quoted in these pages.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR, of America, England, and Scotland. By WILLIAM E. BURTON, Comedian. Parts Three and Four: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, APPLETONS' Building, Broadway.

This work advances by regular stages of approach, and over an evidently well-surveyed field. The variety of theme and style which it will present, when completed, will be one of its most marked features. Part Three opens with a portrait of HOLMES, although there is nothing from his effective pen in it. Among the pieces we are glad to re-recognize, are THOMAS SINGULARITY'S 'Odds and Ends;' 'PETE FEATHERTON,' by JAMES HALL; Col. WILLIAM L. STONE'S 'Night of Peril;' with some half a dozen other favorites, which, however, we have neither time nor space to mention. We pass to a story told by the elder MATHEWS, to a group of convulsed auditors, in the cabin of an American steamer, while he was in this country. It is to be understood that he had been playing a very subordinate part in a play in which GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was the 'bright resplendent star.'

'AFTER the farce, I tarried, as you Yankees say, a considerable time at the theatre, rather choosing to linger among the almost expiring dipped candles of the dressing-rooms, than to seek, through mist and mud, my lofty but comfortable abode in Mrs. BURNS' garret; but the property-man gave me my cue to depart, by putting out the lights; and I was slowly mounting to my bed, when, as I passed the room of the great man, I saw him, (the door being open,) sitting with a jug before him, indulging after the labors of the evening. I was stealing by, and had already one foot on the flight of stairs which led to my exalted apartment, when I was arrested by a loud, high-pitched voice, crying: 'Come hither, young man.' I could scarcely believe my senses; I hesitated. 'Come in,' was repeated. I advanced. 'Shut the door, and sit down.' I obeyed. He assumed an air of courtesy, and calling upon Mistress BURNS for another tumbler, filled for himself and me. 'You will be so kind, my good Mistress BURNS, as to bring another pitcher of whiskey-punch, in honor of our young friend.' 'To be sure and I will, Mr. COOKE.' The punch was brought, and a hot supper, an unusual

luxury then to me. After supper, the veteran, quite refreshed and at ease, chatted incessantly of plays and players — lashing some, commending others — while I, delighted to be thus honored, listened and laughed; thus playing, naturally and sincerely, the part of a most agreeable companion. After the third jug of punch, I was sufficiently inspired to ask a few questions, and even to praise the acting of the veteran.

“To use your own words, as I have often before done,” said MATHEWS, addressing himself to the biographer, “one jug of whiskey-punch followed the other,” and COOKS began to advise his young companion how to conduct himself on the real and on the mimic scene of life. “You are young, and want a friend to guide you. Talent you have; but talent without prudence is worthless, and may be pernicious. Take my word for it, there is nothing can place a man at the head of his profession but industry and sobriety. Mistress BURNS! — shun ebriety as you would shun destruction. Mistress BURNS! another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress BURNS.”

“O Mister COOKS —

“You make it so good, Mistress BURNS; another jug.”

“Yes, Mister COOKS.”

“In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is the bane of hundreds; villainous company — low company leads to drinking, and the precious time is lost which should have been employed in gaining that knowledge which alone can make men respectable. Ah! thank you, Mistress BURNS: this has the true Hibernian smack!”

“You may say that, Mister COOKS.”

“It is needless to remind the reader that with the aid of MATHEWS’ powers of imitation, sometimes called ventriloquism in this humbugging world, all this and much more would be extremely pleasant, and the more especially, as the company had repeated supplies of the same inspiring beverage from the steward, and almost as good, certainly as strong, as that of Mistress BURNS.

“MATHEWS went on to describe the progress of COOKE’S intoxication, during which, his protests against drunkenness became stronger with each glass. He then undertook to instruct the tyro in the histrionic art, and especially in the manner of exhibiting the passions. Here it would be vain to endeavor to follow MATHEWS: COOKE’S grimaces and voice — while his physical powers, under the government of whiskey, rebelled at every effort against the intention of the lecturer — were depicted by the mimic in a manner beyond the conception of even those who have seen the public exhibition of his talents. Here all was unrestrained ‘gig’ and fun, and the painting truly *en amore*, and glowing from heart and glass.

“It must be remembered,” continued Mr. MATHEWS, “that I was but a boy, and COOKS in the full vigor of manhood, with strength of limb and voice Herculean. I had the highest reverence for his talents, and literally stood in awe of him; so that when he made his horrible faces, and called upon me to name the passion he had depicted, I was truly frightened — overwhelmed with the dread of offending him, and utterly at a loss to distinguish one grimace from another, except as one was *more* and another *most* savage and disgusting.

“Now, Sir — observe — what’s that?”

“Revenge —

“Revenge, you booby! Pity! pity!”

“Then, after making another hideous contortion of countenance, he cries:

“What is that, Sir?”

“Very fine, Sir; very fine indeed.”

“But *what* is it, Sir?”

“Forced to answer, and utterly unable to guess the meaning of the distorted face which he then again thrust before me, I stammered out:

“Anger, Sir.”

“Anger!”

“Yes, Sir; anger, to be sure.”

“To be sure you are a blockhead! Look again — Sir, look again. It’s fear, Sir — fear. You play! — *you* a player!”

“MATHEWS then exhibited the face of COOKS, as he distorted it to express the tender passion — a composition of Satanic malignity and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr — and imitating COOKS’ discordant voice, cried:

“There, Sir; that’s love.”

“This,” continued MATHEWS, “was more than I could bear; even my fears could not restrain my laughter: I roared. He stared at first, but immediately assuming a most furious aspect, he cried: ‘What do you laugh at, Sir? Is GEORGE FRANKLIN COOKS to be made a laughing-stock for a booby? What, Sir?’”

The cuts in these numbers are numerous, and for the most part well engraved: a trifle less of exaggeration, however, we think would greatly improve this important feature of the work.

and traditions which, in this Protestant nation, are regarded with terror, disgust, and derision. I conceive that this is altogether a mistake. The truth seems to me to amount to this: that the Roman Catholic Church has had the good sense to turn to account, and assimilate to itself, and inform with its own peculiar doctrines, a deep-seated principle in our human nature — a law of life, which we Protestants have had the folly to repudiate. We admire and reverence the beautiful old cathedrals which our Roman Catholic ancestors built and endowed. If we have not inherited them, we have, at least, appropriated them and made them ours; we worship God in them, we say our prayers in them after our own hearts. Can we not also appropriate and turn to account some of the institutions they have left us — inform them with a spirit more consonant with our national character and the requirements of the age, and dedicate them anew to good and holy purposes? What prevents us from using Sisters of Charity, as well as fine old cathedrals and colleges, for pious ends, and as a means of social benefit? Are we as stern, as narrow-minded, as deficient in real, loving faith as were our puritanical forefathers, when they not only defaced and desecrated, but would gladly, if they could, have levelled to the earth and utterly annihilated those monuments of human genius and human devotion? Luckily they stand in their beauty, to elevate the minds and hearts of us, the descendants of those who built and dedicated them, and who boast that we have reformed, not destroyed the Church of Christ! — and let me say that these institutions of female charity, to which I have referred — institutions which had their source in the deep heart of humanity, and in the teaching of a religion of love — let me say that these are better and more beautiful and more durable than edifices of stone reared by men's hands, and worthy to be preserved and turned to pious uses, though we can well dispense with some of those ornaments and appendages which speak to us no more.

This volume, we think, among the public-spirited and the humane, 'the friends of the sorrowing and the sick,' will prove as useful and influential in America as it has in England. Admirably printed, of course: see the names of the publishers.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF PERTH-AMBOY, AND THE ADJOINING COUNTRY, with Sketches of Men and Events in New-Jersey, during the Provincial Era. By WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD. In one Volume: pp. 428. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS work, which is well printed, and illustrated with several good maps and engravings, is by the author of 'East-Jersey under the Proprietary Governments,' editor of 'Papers of Governor LEWIS MORRIS,' etc., tasks of which he acquitted himself with signal ability. Mr. WHITEHEAD, who writes with ease, spirit, and directness, well sets forth his purpose, in his brief introduction: 'On a promontory of commanding height, overlooking the broad bay formed by the junction of the Raritan River with Arthur Kill Sound, and dividing their respective waters, stands Perth-Amboy. Although the prominent position it once occupied among the towns and cities of the land, has long been lost, yet there are associations connected with it as the former seat of government and the place of residence of many of the most eminent citizens of New-Jersey in other days, which must ever render its history worthy the consideration of the people of the State.' The author therefore presents to his fellow-Jersey men these memorials of the past, which he has so laboriously collected, with evident love of his theme. The illustration of the early history of Perth Amboy and the adjoining country, is not, however, the only purpose of the volume. It serves as the thread on which is strung much miscellaneous matter bearing upon the

obscurely worked out, and the secrets kept in reserve so long, to explain the complications of the situations, are scarcely worth the waiting for. There is an unusual number, too, of DICKENS's imbecile folks hovering about everywhere. But, with all this, the interest never flags. The old perennial stream of humor and sentiment runs through every page, refreshing and brightening even the dreariest spots. No one prodigious and commanding personage, like MICAWBER, or CUTTLE, or PECKSWIFF, is revealed to us — the principal figure in it Father DORRITT, being a painful one; but there are several lesser lights of very pleasant aspect. FANKS is a fine specimen of the little steam-tug; MRABLES is a jolly good common-place; DOYON and OLENNAM are noble fellows; HENRY GOWAN is exquisitely limned, much better than his own portraits; RIGAUD is a tolerable villain; and Little DORRITT, we have no doubt, will be considered a pearl, though we cannot ourselves confess to much admiration of her thus far. On the whole, the characterizations are not generally so striking as we are accustomed to find in DICKENS. The tints are less fleshy and vigorous than he is wont to use. Many scenes, however, are in the highest degree effective — as the interview of Mrs. GOWAN and Mrs. MERDLE, for instance, where the two fashionable hypocrites, knowing each other's hypocrisy, and knowing that the other knows it, yet keep up the deceit; or the reception of JOHN CHIVERS by old DORRITT, during his splendor in London, when he half shakes the head off of his former admirer, and then sends a hundred pounds to the old prison associates. But the signal merit of the book is the tremendous satire which it inflicts upon two things — the wretched fragments of family pride, and the woful imbecilities and frigidities of aristocratic rule. DICKENS has scarcely written a book which does not bring some character or some phase into range which is in itself an overwhelming banter of some abuse; and he has been true to this trait of his genius in *LITTLE DORRITT*. The BARNACLE family, meaning the whole tribe of official leeches — and the Circumlocution Office — meaning that department of government which laboriously contrives how not to do it — are among those happy creations which pass into the general mind and cling till death to their objects. No Englishman hereafter will be able to look into the face of any of his hereditary legislators without thinking of Mr. TITZ BARNACLE, or Lord DECIMUS BARNACLE; and nobody will ever have any thing to do with government anywhere without confounding it with the Circumlocution Office.

As we shall take an early occasion to present an article upon '*The Writings of Charles Dickens*,' by one of the first scholars and critics of our country, we forbear further comment 'at this present.'

SISTERS OF CHARITY, CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT: AND THE COMMUNION OF LABOR.
By Mrs. JAMESON. In one Volume: pp. 302. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

A SECOND edition of this little work was called for within the short period of a month; and we confess that we are not at all surprised at the circumstance. Mrs. JAMESON is right in modestly assuming, because she could not avoid the conclusion, that she 'has struck upon a chord of feeling in the public mind, tuned and ready to vibrate to the most unpractised touch.' 'There exists,' she adds, farther on, 'at the core of our social condition a great mistake to be corrected, and a great want to be supplied: men and women must learn to understand each other, and work together for the common good, before any amount of permanent moral and religious progress can be effected. In short, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, we need SISTERS OF CHARITY everywhere.' We simply call attention to this excellent work, having no space wherein appropriately to review it, and scarcely sufficient for the admission of the following extract. Mrs. JAMESON is adverting to the institutions of charitable women in the Roman Catholic Church, and showing the immense results of a well-organized system of work for women:

'I know that many well-meaning, ignorant people in this country entertain the idea that the existence of communities of women, trained and organized to help in social work from the sentiment of devotion, is especially a Roman Catholic institution, belonging peculiarly to that Church, and necessarily implying the existence of nuns and nunneries, veils and vows, forced celibacy and seclusion, and all the other inventions

and traditions which, in this Protestant nation, are regarded with terror, disgust, and derision. I conceive that this is altogether a mistake. The truth seems to me to amount to this : that the Roman Catholic Church has had the good sense to turn to account, and assimilate to itself, and inform with its own peculiar doctrines, a deep-seated principle in our human nature — a law of life, which we Protestants have had the folly to repudiate. We admire and reverence the beautiful old cathedrals which our Roman Catholic ancestors built and endowed. If we have not inherited them, we have, at least, appropriated them and made them ours ; we worship God in them, we say our prayers in them after our own hearts. Can we not also appropriate and turn to account some of the institutions they have left us — inform them with a spirit more consonant with our national character and the requirements of the age, and dedicate them anew to good and holy purposes ? What prevents us from using Sisters of Charity, as well as fine old cathedrals and colleges, for pious ends, and as a means of social benefit ? Are we as stern, as narrow-minded, as deficient in real, loving faith as were our puritanical forefathers, when they not only defaced and desecrated, but would gladly, if they could, have levelled to the earth and utterly annihilated those monuments of human genius and human devotion ? Luckily they stand in their beauty, to elevate the minds and hearts of us, the descendants of those who built and dedicated them, and who boast that we have reformed, not destroyed the Church of CHURCH ! — and let me say that these institutions of female charity, to which I have referred — institutions which had their source in the deep heart of humanity, and in the teaching of a religion of love — let me say that these are better and more beautiful and more durable than edifices of stone reared by men's hands, and worthy to be preserved and turned to pious uses, though we can well dispense with some of those ornaments and appendages which speak to us no more.

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general history of the State, accumulated while engaged in the preparation of other works. Our author makes no attempt to clothe with the importance of history, these desultory gleanings from the fields of the past: 'collected, as the items have been, during brief periods, which, amid many cares and under the pressure of various pursuits, have now and then been presented, they have been allowed to retain in most instances the form in which they were at first arranged; no attempt being made, by skilfulness of combination, to supply any deficiencies in their interest or value. To bind together the scattered sheaves, however, has been a recreation rather than a task.' So we inferred: and glad are we that our author left his materials 'in the form in which they were first arranged.' In style, they are doubtless all the fresher and better for it: and he is so careful and reliable an historian, that his facts will not be doubted. His arrangement, too, is judicious and clear: 'The Settlement,' 'The City,' and 'The Citizens,' are first given: then we have the 'Resident Governors,' Religious Denominations,' 'Public Buildings and Places,' and 'Travelling Facilities.' There is also a chapter on 'Miscellaneous Topics,' and another upon 'Events during the Revolution,' which are equal in interest to any others in the volume. Two similar chapters upon the ancient adjoining towns of Woodbury and Piscataway close the volume. There are twenty-three illustrations, large and small, including, with many sketches of public edifices, several authentic portraits.

The frontispiece is a portrait of WILLIAM FRANKLIN, Dr. FRANKLIN'S SON, as Governor of New-Jersey. Beside being a remarkably handsome young man, he had a solidity of judgment not often to be met with in one of his years. He was the companion and assistant of his father in his various scientific philosophical pursuits, who was at the same time 'his friend, his brother, his intimate and easy companion.' He studied law in the Middle Temple, London; travelled profitably with his father through England, Scotland, Flanders, and Holland, and had bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts at Oxford. In 1762 he was appointed, through the influence of Lord BURE, and 'without solicitation on the part of his father,' Governor of New-Jersey. The portrait of another Governor of ancient New-Jersey, BURNET, reminds us of old JACK REEVE, as a beadle, in one of his plays; a most singular face. The first painter, and the first collection of paintings in this country, according to DUNLAP, were planted at Perth-Amboy, in the year 1715. The painter's name was JOHN WATSON: and judging from the portrait of himself *by* himself, we must infer that his course, after painting this picture, must have been '*upward and onward*.' He left a son, who inherited his property: 'So soon as it came into his possession, he started off in search of a wife; and although a short, red-haired man, of very unprepossessing appearance, with no mental qualifications to counterbalance those outward defects, his travels were not in vain. He returned to Amboy, bringing with him a very amiable and interesting woman as his wife, whom he had encountered at Westchester, New-York.' But we must pause. The work is neatly and appropriately dedicated to the 'Members of the New-Jersey Historical Society.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LATE REV. DR. LANSING. — '*The Faithful Preacher*,' is the most appropriate title to '*A Discourse Commemorative of the Late Dirck C. Lansing, D.D.*,' by JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, just issued, in a handsome pamphlet, by Messrs. CALKINS AND STILES, Number 348 Broadway. How THOUGHT goes back on the wings of Memory, as we look upon the portrait which accompanies this pamphlet! Dr. LANSING was the first really *live* preacher that we ever heard. Very crowded was the meeting-house 'of our boyhood,' when it was known that Dr. LANSING of Auburn was to 'exchange' with good old hum-drum parson W —, our 'stated minister.' He was one of the most electrically-eloquent preachers we ever heard, BASCOM alone excepted. Every thing *spoke*: his long, slender finger; the graceful sweep of his arm; the flash of his black eye; the winning tones of his voice; all combined to rivet the attention and compel the admiration of his hearers. He read a psalm or hymn with more effect than any minister whom we ever heard. Sometimes, in giving out a hymn, he would pause, turn the book upon its face on the pulpit-cushion, and comment upon what he had read — often in the most touching and feeling manner. Well do we remember his pausing in this way, at the following verse of a hymn which he was reading:

'WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the PRINCE of Glory died,
All earthly gain I count but dross,
And pour contempt on all my pride!'

His remarks upon this beautiful verse, although brief, almost constituted a sermon. They were replete with tenderness and deep feeling. His psalms and hymns were always selected with remarkable adaptation to the subjects of his sermons. On one occasion we recollect his turning over his book, and repeating the subjoined verse:

'But oh! their end, their dreadful end!
THE sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below!'

This heralded the character of his discourse: it was after the Rev. Mr. FINNEY had visited Auburn, and infused into the pastor something of his own

spirit and style of preaching at the time. The hymn was sang to a fugue tune, (was it old 'Russia?') which was very solemn and impressive. When the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met yearly in Philadelphia, Dr. LANSING was almost always a delegate: and we generally made it a point to visit W. G. C. on that occasion. It was a delight to renew our boyhood's remembrances in hearing again that well-known voice, and marking again those eloquent gestures, in which Dr. LANSING was only excelled by HENRY CLAY. It was on one of these occasions that a hymn, written by W. G. C., was sung by five thousand Sunday-school children at once, in WASHINGTON Square. It was a proud moment for the writer, when he heard those innocent voices sending up to Heaven, in one blended aspiration, the burthen of his lines. The last two verses were as follow:

'We have met, and time is flying,
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring:
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh, unclouded years,
Turn to HIM whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace can calm our fears.

'He will aid us, though existence,
With its sorrows sting the breast,
Gleaming in the onward distance,
FAITH will mark the Land of Rest.
There, mid day-beams round HIM playing,
We our FATHER's face shall see,
And shall hear HIM gently saying:
'Little children, come to ME!'

Dr. LANSING's cordial praise of these lines upon the spot, and their execution by so many children in that beautiful square, on one of the loveliest of early summer days, was one of the writer's most cherished memories during life. In the excellent discourse before us — which is very full upon the long ministry of this kind, affectionate, eloquent man — we find the subjoined characteristic passage from his unpublished semi-centennial discourse, describing his first conversion at Yale College:

'I WELL remember the very spot in the College-yard where the light of hope suddenly beamed upon my soul. It was not like JACOB's ladder, with the angels of God ascending and descending on it, but like a vast shaft or column of light which seemed to pierce the heavens, and open upon my vision the mercy-seat of the LAMB of GOD. Let it not be understood that I had a real sight of these things; but such was the change, and such the transport, that it seemed as if the very heavens above me were opened to my vision. That hopeful birth-place of my soul is deeply graven on my memory; and I never since have visited my *Alma Mater* without repairing to that very spot, and recalling as far as possible the melting emotions of that moment which determined my whole course in life and my eternal destiny.'

'BLESSED old man!' exclaims his sorrowing brother, 'thou art gone where thy youth shall be perpetual, and thy joy immortal! The visions of faith that were vouchsafed to thee on earth, were the prophecy and the prelude of thy vision unsealed in heaven. Thou hast thyself climbed up that shaft of light, even to the throne. There faith already yields to knowledge, hope to rapture; and that love which even here surcharged thy soul, there floweth within and around thee with all the fulness of God.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We read a brief scribblement the other night before a hundred friends or so, at the '*Knickerbocker Hall*' of our neighbor Captain FOLGER, upon '*American Pathos and Humor*.' Let us show you how we bored 'em. There is one thing, reader, where you have the advantage: you can skip even what is here, but they had to sit it all out:

Humor and Pathos, so far as I have observed, are much more nearly and much more generally united in the same person, and especially in the same popular author, (in WASHINGTON IRVING, our neighbor over the river, for example, the chief and preëminent peer of them all,) DICKENS, THACKERAY, and the rest. But I am speaking of *American Humor*: and it has always appeared to me, that while 'on the other side,' they *elaborate* amusing sketches — make a trade of *book-making*, in which a large portion is mere fun, or burlesque, we greatly exceed them in *mingling* humor with the highest pathos. You take a Down-Easter's *insinuation*, you take a Hoosier's *statement*, or a Nor'-Westerner's *denunciation*, and in nine cases out of ten you will have something to *remember*. It is so of the peculiar humor of those regions: it is short generally, and always explicit and direct.

One thing we must not omit to say in passing; and that is, that a mere 'funny man' is our very great detestation. A man who is always on a 'cold scent' after a joke; who is always straining after a pun; who never realizes that after all, much of innocent enjoyment as may be secured 'within the limits of *becoming mirth*, still

'Life is real — life is earnest:'

a man who can't see this, we have no hesitation to say, is one of the greatest bores in the infinite region of Boredom.

Next to him, in the line of bore-succession, is, on the other hand, the man who can't appreciate *any* humor; can't take a joke; don't know the first use of one. Like the man spoken of by SYDNEY SMITH, who said to a solemn Scotchman, speaking of another 'serious' Scotchman, whom he had met a little time before at a London dinner-party:

'Why, Sir, your friend seems incapable of appreciating humor: I doubt whether he would take a joke, if you were to shoot it at him out of a cannon!'

'Why, Sir,' replied the other; 'how could one shoot a joke out of a cannon? I never saw such a thing in all my life, as a joke being shot from a cannon!'

I come now to two examples of humor and of pathos, which have always struck me as the most perfect examples in their kind. I shall quote these two brief specimens from '*A Legend of Sleepy Hollow*,' by WASHINGTON IRVING, and from the '*Widow and her Son*,' by the same writer. Think not the less of either, I beg of you, because you have read them before. They are so good, that if you have, you will be glad to hear them again. Such fine classics of American literature are sometimes, and too often, thrown into the shade by the popular writers of the day who may enjoy, perhaps, an immortality of ten years' duration; while these will live as long as man is the only laughing animal in the world, and there is a human heart to sympathize with human sorrow.

You all remember the story of ICHABOD CRANE, the school-master of Sleepy Hollow. You remember his forlorn face, his great green eyes, his long, lank, lingering and lost love for KATHINA VAN TASSEL, the plump and lovely daughter of old BALTUS VAN TASSEL. Well, here we find him about to visit her at her father's

house, where there is a merry-making, or quilting frolic. ICHABOD 'lets out school' early, and prepares for the party :

'THE gallant ICHABOD now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name, HANS VON RIPPER, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should in the true spirit of romantic story give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken plough-horse, that had out-lived almost every thing but viciousness. He was gaunt and shaggy, with an ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs. One eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had in fact been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric VON RIPPER, who was a furious rider, and had infused very probably some of his own spirit into the animal; for old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the county. ICHABOD was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like a grasshopper's; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hands, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of ICHABOD and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of HANS VON RIPPER; and it was, altogether, such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad day-light.'

You will all remember what a delightful time he had at old BALTUS's that night — dancing with KATRINE, as if he had been St. VITUS himself — not a fibre idle — his loosely-hung frame in full motion; the admiration of the darkeys, whose shining faces peered over one another from the doors on the outside. Our next extract, it does not require to say, describes the burial of the son of a poor widow, which 'ceremony' Mr. IRVING saw at a country church in England :

'PREPARATIONS were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel: which at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to wake the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation: 'Nay, now — nay, now — don't take it so sorely to heart.' She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

'As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when on some accidental obstruction there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

'I could see no more, my heart swelled into my throat, my eyes filled with tears: I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed. When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe, pleasures to beguile, a world to divert and dissipate their grief. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound; their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure; their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe; the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy; the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

'There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood: that soft-

ens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency : who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land : but has thought on the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

'The next Sunday I was at the village church: when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

'She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: A black ribbon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of grief was worth them all.'

There is a species of light, and we might almost say, *Verbal Comic Literature*, in which many of our writers may be said to excel. Many years ago, when Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM, with her daughter LAVINIA, were travelling on the Continent; vulgar and ignorant, and exposing the fact in every letter which the old lady wrote to the London *John Bull* newspaper, those epistles were thought wonderful examples of satire; but our blessed old Mrs. PARTINGTON, of Boston is, to our conception, altogether a better specimen of that type of character; for who can say that Mrs. PARTINGTON is ever vulgar? Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM is always pretentious; Dame PARTINGTON never. The former makes quite as many mistakes, but they are not in kind: she sees the statue of 'HENRY CARTER' on one of the bridges in Paris, and wonders whether he is any relation to the CARTERS of Portsmouth, in England: she is in Rome, and 'hears *Tedium* sung, (and tedious enough it was, she adds,) and she 'saw the Vacuum where the POPE keeps his Bulls.' But good Dame PARTINGTON only sends 'IKE' to his Bible; tells him to read the *Parigle* of the *Probable* Son; or if he do n't want to do that, to go to any church where religion is *dispensed* with. Of these lighter writers of *Verbal Comic Literature*, if we may so term it, DOW JR.'s *white* Patent Sermons and JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL'S *colored* discourses, were marked examples. The first were never too long, but they were sometimes too broad—a defect, however, that was from time to time amended; while the latter were always full of humor, and 'nigger all over.' Our comic poetry need not fear a comparison with that of any country: HALLECK and HOLMES, and GEO. H. CLARKE, and SAXE, and our friend FREDERICK COZZENS, can answer at once for the present day: let us call up a gentle spirit from the past, who you will see had some fun about him, although his heart and his verse overflowed with tenderness and deep feeling. The lines we are going to cite are very brief. They are from the pen of JOHN G. C. BRAINARD, who died many years since, and are entitled '*The Sea Captain*.' They record the fact of a large square building being carried from the banks of Thames river, near Norwich, Conn., and borne far out by the tide into Long-Island Sound, where she was fallen in with by a schooner from Charleston, S. C.:

'SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,
And muttered of his hardships: 'I have been
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer: I have sailed

In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge
 Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
 Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel
 O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas;
 And often in my cold and mid-night watch,
 Have heard the warning voice of the lee-shore
 Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen
 The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows:
 And, when they made the deep boil like a pot,
 Have swung into its vortex; and I know
 To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
 And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart;
 But never yet upon the stormy wave,
 Or where the river mixes with the main,
 Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
 In all my rough experience of harm,
 Met I — a Methodist Meeting-House!

'Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
 Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern!
 It comes in such a 'questionable shape,'
 I cannot even *speak* it! Up jib, Joser,
 And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford Point,
 Long-beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
 Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest*!
 And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
 That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
 Riding at anchor, by a Meeting-House.'

There was a peculiar species of *American Newspaper Literature*, much more current years ago than now, which, in its inception in the '*Charcoal Sketches*' of the late JOSEPH C. NEAL, of Philadelphia, was extremely amusing: I mean the detailed pictures of 'hard cases' found by the city watchmen at night, and brought before the City Council in the morning, as DOGBERRY says, to 'be examined.' Take a single passage in the life of '*Peter Brush*,' the victim of politics:

'SEATED upon the curb, with his feet across the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-stone, and like JULIET on the balcony, leaned his head upon his hand — a hand that would perhaps have been the better of a covering, though none would have been rash enough to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He was in a dilapidated condition; out at elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of office, out of spirits, and out in the street; an 'out and outer' in every respect, and as *outré* a mortal as ever the eye of man did rest upon. For sometime, Mr. BRUSH's reflections had been silent. Following HAMLET's advice, he 'gave them an understanding, but no tongue;' and he relieved himself at intervals by spitting forlornly into the kennel. At length, suffering his locked hands to fall between his knees, and heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:

'A long time ago, my ma used to put on her specks and say 'PETER, my son, put not your trust in princes;' and from that day to this I have n't done any thing of the kind, because none on 'em ever wanted to borry nothing of me; and I never see a prince or a king — but one or two, and they had been rotated out of office — to borry nothing of them. Princes! pooh! — Put not your trust in politicianers — them's my sentiments. You might just as well try to hold an eel by the tail. I do n't care which side they're on, for I've tried both, and I know. Put not your trust in politicianers, or you'll get a hyst.'

'Ten years ago it came into my head that things were n't going on right; so I pretty nearly gave myself up tee-totally to the good of the republic, and left the shop to look out for itself. I was brimful of patriotism, and so uneasy in my mind for the salvation of freedom, I could n't work. I tried to guess which side was going to win, and I stuck to it like wax; sometimes I was a-one side, sometimes I was a-t'other, and sometimes I straddled till the election was over, and came up jist in time to jine the hurrah. It was good I was after; and what good could I do if I was n't on the 'lected side? But, after all, it was never a bit of use. Whenever the battle was over, no matter what side was sharing out the loaves and the fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be hanged if they did n't cram all they could into their own mouths, put their arms over some, and grab at all the rest with their paws, and say: 'Go away, white man, you an't capable.' Capable! what's the reason I an't capable? I've got as extensive a throat as any of 'em, and I could swallow the loaves and fishes without choking, if each loaf was as big as a grind-stone and each fish as big as a sturgeon. Give PETER a chance, and leave

him alone for that. Then, another time when I called: 'I want some spoils,' says I; 'a small bucketful of spoils. Whichever side gets in, shares the spoils, do n't they?' So they first grinned, and then they ups and tells me that virtue like mine was its own reward, and that spoils might spoil me. But it was *no* spoils that spoiled me, and *no* loaf and fish that starved me; I'm sp'ilt because I could n't get either. Put not your trust in politicians, I say it again. Both sides used me jist alike. Here I've been serving my country, more or less, these ten years, like a patriot—going to town meetings, hurraing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes—blocking the windows, getting licked fifty times, and having more black eyes and bloody noses than you could shake a stick at, all for the common good, and for the purity of our illegal rights; and all for what? Why, for nix. If any good has come of it, the country has put it into her own pocket, and swindled me out of my arnings. I can't get no office! Republics is ungrateful! It was n't *reward* I was after. I scorns the base insinivation. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do but to take care of the public, and I've only got half; nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful, I'm blasted if they an't. This is the way old sogers is served! Well, well: live and learn—live and learn! The world's not what a man takes it for before he finds it out. Whiskers grows sooner than what experience does. Genus and patriotism an't got no chance—an't got narry look.'

The next and only quotation which I shall ask of your patience to listen to, is one far removed from the humorous. I read it to you, because, although it is only an extract, it will bring consolation to many a bereaved heart: and beside, perhaps some one who hears me may be able to inform me who is the author. It is not in GRISWOLD'S 'Poets and Poetry of America,' although it has been said to be by an American writer. It is entitled '*Lines to a Mother and her Dying Infant*:'

'Thou weepest, childless mother;
Ay, weep, 't will ease thine heart:
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one:
'T is hard from him to part!

'T is hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once glad some with his mirth.

'To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

'To feel (half-conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

'And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight.

'Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles!

'Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling;
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

'But thou wilt then, fond mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing,
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

'Thou 'lt say: 'My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go:
And yet for thee, I know
'T was better to depart.

God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried:
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

I look around and see
The evil ways of men:
And O, beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?'

Ladies and Gentlemen, my task is finished. My predecessors upon this platform were prepared with carefully-written and previously-delivered lectures: while I have been hurried in my piece-meal effort by the exacting duties of a periodical which has not even yet appeared before the public.

And hereabout we paused, made our obeisance, and retired; having been scared about half to death. - - - Horry-torry! — what is the matter with 'PETER PROTEUS,' the historian of Cedar-Keys, and the biographer of the 'Eight-Hundred Dollar' Colored Orator of Jamaica? Surely he is losing his temper. What! — can't 'a-bear' to see the light-hearted 'boys' go out a-target-shooting? What harm do they do? And might n't they not be doing something worse, if they were not engaged in 'prize'-getting, and keeping up an esprit-de-corps among themselves? 'Marry now, tell us that, and unyoke.' Any how, hear PETER on '*Playing Soldier*:'

'Who does not remember the admiration with which, in the days of his childhood, he beheld the captain of a 'soger company' walking backward in front of his men? The remarkable manner by which he managed to keep step to the music, although his progress was exactly reversed from the usual method of advancing; or, in other words, as he was 'advancing backward'? Who does not remember his delight at the shining muskets, the flowing plumes, the burnished musical instruments, the bright brass that nearly covered every man — private as well as officer — and the music itself; but in particular, the base-drum? Who, I say, does not remember all this? And who will deny that the parading of troops was an event in days gone by, that made an impression upon the youthful brain similar to that caused by a thump upon the crown of the cranium, (which gives a vision of stars,) only pleasanter, by far, and more lasting?

'But those days have gone by. The 'progressiveness of the age' has shown itself as much in the affairs of the civic-military as in any thing else. The target excursions and other parades of volunteer companies were managed quite differently then from what they are now. Then they were events in the city's history; now they are more than daily, almost hourly occurrences. In target-shooting then there was but one prize, and the best shot took that. They have improved upon this of late years; for on such occasions, at the present day, there are almost, if not quite, as many prizes awarded as there are members in a company. I remember once reading in a New-York newspaper, the following paragraph:

'THE first annual parade of the volunteer company, C — Guard,' under command of Captain D —, came off on Saturday. They numbered some forty muskets, and made an appearance that attracted the universal attention of the ladies at the windows, men at their business, and passengers in the streets, while marching to the Hoboken Ferry. They had a fine 'day's shooting' at POLLOCK'S Grounds, and wound up with a magnificent dinner at FLORENCE'S Hotel. The following is

A LIST OF THE PRIZES.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Suit of Clothes. | 6. Set of Silver Spoons. |
| 2. Case of COLT'S Pistols. | 7. \$10 Gold Piece. |
| 3. Gentleman's Toilet Case. | 8. \$10 Gold Piece. |
| 4. \$20 Gold Piece. | 9. \$5 Gold Piece. |
| 5. \$15 in Gold. | 10. Splendid Wreath. |

'Here is a list of prizes, including, beside, 'several orders for hats!' And these 'several orders for hats' amounted, I presume, to about thirty, which just covers the whole 'forty muskets.' The 'magnificent dinner at FLORENCE'S Hotel,' appears to have been thrown in, without being shot for. And think of those 'forty muskets,' making 'an appearance that attracted the universal attention of ladies at the windows, men at their business, and passengers in the streets, while marching to the Hoboken Ferry!' Lucky muskets! One is surprised at their ever going off under such circumstances. What is meant by 'the *universal* attention of ladies at

the windows,' it is not easy to conjecture, to be sure; nor can I imagine how 'men at their business' could be attracted at all, much less 'universally;' for if they were looking at the soldiers, as we all used to do in the days of our puerility, they were certainly not 'at their business.'

'A martial spirit among a free people is highly commendable; and I by no means wish it to be understood that I would, for one moment, lend my voice to cry down the system of making soldiers of good citizens, to be ready for those unforeseen emergencies that must sometimes occur; but the style of 'playing soldier,' now so common in the large cities of our country, is boyish and absurd, and should not be countenanced by respectable journals. Paragraphs like the one above quoted, find their way into the columns of various newspapers, being written for that purpose by some of the grown children engaged in the sport of make-believe war. It is time to stop such squib-fustian, which, by the way, is not confined to the target-excursions of volunteer companies. There are other matters that might occupy the same space in a paper to the advantage of both the proprietor and subscriber; certainly of the latter.

'It is not surprising that any thing of the make-believe order should give us great delight in the days of our childhood; but it is hard to fancy *men* taking pleasure in such sports. Why not 'play horse,' as well as soldier? Is it at all creditable to human nature that men cannot behold the dazzling of tinsel and feathers, without making boys of themselves? Do such reflect for one moment what they are doing, as they strut through the thoroughfares of a city, regardless of mud and omnibuses? how many of all those looking at them are their real admirers? — and how many think they would be much better employed at their labors, whatever they might be? Beside others addicted to the same vanity, their admirers are composed of children, and descendants of the African race; the latter of whom generally keep up an agreeable whistling accompaniment to the musicians, and otherwise amuse themselves by yelling at a *confrère* of theirs who is usually employed to carry the target, and who is, in fact, the only really considerate individual in the whole company, for what he does is done for a livelihood. I should like very much to have a little talk with those people whose warlike demonstrations do not extend beyond a march of a day, a sail in a steamer, or a ride in a rail-car to practise target-shooting. I should not say aught against the necessary drills of a soldier; but this is a vanity carried to so great an extent now, that the services rendered by a portion of the militia of a State are forgotten and lost sight of, in consequence of the grandiloquent strains used in the public prints to describe how the Something-or-other 'Guards,' 'Cadets,' 'Grays,' or 'Blues' appeared as they passed up or down the streets. The real duties performed by the military of one or two States, on certain occasions, during the last few years, have been but little spoken of; while day after day special notice is given of such military companies as add to the confusion and turmoil of a dirty and misgoverned city, by their drums and their meaningless manoeuvres.'

What will querulous 'PETER' think, when we tell him that we have more than once contributed to the prizes of a target-company composed of young and intelligent printers; and we can't say that we ever knew or ever heard of any harm arising from their parade, their practise, or the cheerful, temperate repast with which they closed the 'exercises' of the day. Extravagant prizes, undue expenditure, of course, are quite different matters. Seriously, however: we have little patience with these crokers against innocent amuse-

ments. The HARPERS are considered to be intelligent men ; perhaps, on the whole, quite as intelligent, and with as much experience, as Mr. 'PETER' himself, who combs his hair of a morning, and comes down town through some street or other, the seventh-hundred-thousandth of the great population of Gotham. What is *his* voice among so many of a 'different way of thinking?' Mr. RAYMOND, of the '*Times*' daily journal, has a '*TIMES* Guard,' who go a-target shooting. Of course, his men who do this are 'fools,' and are 'despised' by the 'lookers-on.' The TRIBUNE has a similar corps of 'fools' and 'despised' men ; but they thrive on it, some how. We commend our friend 'PETER' to a prudent husbandry of his invective, or a better subject for mere scolding, without grace of wit or delicacy of satire. Can it be possible that the signature of the historian of '*Cedar-Keys*,' and the '*Eight-Hundred Dollar Fellow*' is usurped in this case? Certainly the hand-writing seems not to be the same. - - - The '*West-shore Railroad*,' from Piermont to New-York, by way of Hoboken, will ere long be a 'fixed fact.' The Company is organized ; the necessary amount subscribed ; the permanent officers and directors chosen ; the first instalment paid in ; and the surveyors, engineers, and men at work. To those who are at all familiar with the west-shore of the Hudson, from DOBBS' Ferry to Piermont, and thence north to Rockland Lake, it would be superfluous to say any thing in commendation of the scenery : the fine views of the Hudson and its eastern border ; the points of surpassing beauty ; the climate, or other characteristics of the region. But to others, and especially to those who desire to know where, within an hour of the city, they can find sites for first-class residences, which have all the requisites of taste and health, it may be interesting to know some particulars concerning this, now the only primitive and unoccupied region within twenty miles of the great metropolis. The road is designed only for passenger traffic, and the local business of the inhabitants along the line. The route, after crossing the Bergen Ridge, is nearly level. There are no draw-bridges or other obstacles to be encountered, and the necessary amount of grading is so small, that a short period only is necessary for the construction. The geological formation of Piermont and its vicinity is in all respects in its favor. It is free from limestone ; the alluvion is generally dry ; the hills consist of sand or gravel ; the water is pure ; the soil naturally excellent, and adapted to trees and every kind of culture. The topography is diversified and picturesque in a degree nowhere surpassed. The ridges which overlook the Hudson command also extended and various inland views. Insulated elevations, abrupt eminences, gentle slopes, bluffs, and ravines, diversify both sides of the valley of the Sparkill, and that of the east branch of the Hackensack ; while the view to the east, including Sing-Sing, Tarrytown, Irvington, etc., at certain points overlooks West-Chester, Long-Island Sound, and parts of Long-Island. In Piermont and its near vicinity there are a goodly number and variety of sites at different elevations, from fifty to four hundred feet above the Hudson, which are easily accessible, and every way eligible for first-class residences ; and which, though wholly out of the way of the business part of the village, are within half a mile to a mile of intended stations on

the new rail-road. From the higher elevations the road westerly to the rail-road has an easy grade. The common roads in this region are generally good. The drives to Nyack, to Rockland Lake, to Bluveltville, Old Tappan, and farther south, are extremely diversified and pleasant. The healthfulness of the region is proverbial. There are no local causes of insalubrity. The natural formation, the soil, the water and the air, combine to exclude agues, bilious complaints, and all other local diseases and epidemics. We have deemed it a service to the public to call attention to the localities we have described. Those who may desire places, will, we are confident, feel well repaid for the trouble of 'examining for themselves.' Those who wish to build, will but have time enough for that before the rail-way will be in use. The materials for building, whether of brick, red or gray sand-stone, trap-rock, or wood, are locally abundant, or as easily and cheaply attainable as at any other place. And now, 'to conclude,' speedy completion and abundant success to the *West-shore Rail-road!* No more fear of ice-bound rivers; no more 'going round the Horn' to reach the metropolis; no more wistful looking across the Tappan Zee, to see people reading the New-York papers at eight o'clock on winter-mornings, which you can't obtain till eight in the evening! The 'West-shore Rail-road' will run through one of the loveliest regions of country in the State. It is classic ground almost the entire distance. WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters at Tappan; ANDRÉ's prison, and the place of his execution and burial; the ancient and beautiful village of Scrallenburgh, with other localities famous in the revolution, alternate throughout nearly the whole distance. - - - We shall be glad to hear often from the '*Slow Young Man*,' who favors us with his '*Meditations upon the Days of the Years of Methuselah*.' He has struck a pleasant 'vein,' and we hope he will 'work it' with care:

'How many men are there who have ever taken into their minds the full meaning of those nine hundred sixty and nine years which measure the life of the 'Oldest Inhabitant'? Figures of arithmetic are empty symbols: we measure time by deeds. One summer's life in busy, fruitful lands, seems longer to man's heart than centuries at the frozen pole. Yet, though history records nothing of the labors of METHUSELAH, we know that his hours did not 'slumber nor sleep.' They were the same winged messengers that out-run cashless debtors, and cut short lovers' dreams. They were the same swift-stepping elves, O faded Beauty! whose forked feet trod thy dimples into wrinkles. The TIME that waited so long on METHUSELAH, was the same striding skeleton that swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New-England Primer. His fields were mowed less frequently than now, but they yielded heavier crops. 'For there were giants in those days.'

'We have measured the age of METHUSELAH only by the sun-dial. Let us take the coil of the life, the nine hundred sixty and nine years of his pilgrimage, and roll it out from this present, over a past which history has lighted. It stretches back beyond the landing of the Pilgrims; beyond the brightness of the Reformation, into the dim twilight of the Middle Ages; back beyond the new birth of a continent; beyond Agincourt, and Cressy, and Hastings, and over the graves of twenty-five generations, to the very childhood of the English people! WILLIAM the Conqueror, if he should rise at this day to confound the ambitious names which claim to have 'come over' with him, would be younger, by one hundred years, than METHUSELAH was when he died!

'So long was the life of the ELDEST MAN; nine blank and voiceless centuries! Where were his hands and thoughts employed through all that wilderness of years? He might have builded high as heaven, or pierced to earth's void centre. Though he were the most indolent of mortals, we may at least be certain of *this* fact, that he ate three meals a day. At a moderate rate of computation, then, he must have consumed eight thousand head of oxen, and washed them down with sixty thousand gallons of some kind of fluid. The *et ceteras* it is impossible to calculate. O ye mathematical philanthropists! who delight in casting up the terrible sum-total of our favorite peccadilloes of diet, what a field is open here for your investigations. Supposing this 'Oldest Inhabitant' to have smoked twice a day during his life! He would have puffed away seven thousand three hundred and twenty-one boxes of segars; the cost of which, at wholesale, would furnish every heathen in Patagonia with a pair of new boots! If he had been a tea-drinker, he would have absorbed enough of that beverage to have kept the fingers and tongues of all the sewing-circles in Yankeedom in active operation for one hundred years! If he had indulged in chalk and slate pencils, according to the daily average of young ladies at boarding-school, he would have destroyed a quantity of building material sufficient to construct a commodious tenement for some houseless Hottentot!

'We must not attempt to measure the age of METHUSELAH by a modern standard. At that same cup of life which the hot haste of this generation drains to its dregs, in three-score years, he sipped away calmly for centuries. He was a slow liver. These nine hundred and sixty-nine years were not spent in a brief paradise of youth, and a dreary waste of dotage. They made up one symmetrical life, equally divided between the seven ages of man. Stand back, 'YOUNG AMERICA,' whose embryo sinews ache to mingle in the great world's strife, and consider for a moment the childhood of METHUSELAH. That venerable man must have been subject to maternal restraints for no less than ninety years! He could not have sought the bonds of wedlock in unseemly haste, for LAMECH, his eldest son, and his heir, was born in the one hundred and eighty-seventh year of his father's pilgrimage. Modern love is but a powder-flash; hot, swift, self-consuming. The love of shepherds on the Assyrian plains grew as the tiny fountain grows, from brooklet into broader stream, till, swelling wide with slow increase, it bursts into the boundless sea. Mr. METHUSELAH lived, loved and — waited. He could well afford to wait ten times as long as JACOB for the RACHEL of his hopes, for the rose-tints in her cheek were fast colors, and among antediluvian ladies there were no old maids of less than three centuries.

'We travel through life as modern fashionables make the grand tour; tasting samples of fruit and wine; catching brief glimpses of blue Alps and broad rivers, and promenading a moment before the master-pieces of RAPHAEL and TITIAN. But those primeval patriarchs strolled through the world sublimely oblivious of the flight of time; in the green pastures and beside the still waters, reposing with infinite delight, and treading the dark valleys of sorrow with unspeakable calm. For them the boundless riches of Nature, half lost to the careless eye, were not poured out in vain. They drank deep draughts of beauty, not only from cloud-wrapt mountains and crimson sun-sets and summer seas, but from things which die unseen beneath the tread of hurrying feet. And every one who gives time to the study of Nature, finds on the earth an Eden still worthy of immortals: redolent of infinite perfume, murmuring with ceaseless melody, laden with ambrosial sweets.

'In the enjoyment of such simple and tireless pleasures, the youth and the manhood of METHUSELAH must have glided away like a dream. At length the summit

of his life was reached, and he trod down slowly to the tomb. Nine times the century plant had blossomed since his birth, and a new bud was crimsoning with the blood of summers, whose bursting he should not behold. The dark, destroying angels had long swept past him in their ceaseless rounds as the hungry sand-billows of the desert fly from the sacred fect of Sphynx. But now that the pride of his brow and the greatness of his strength had departed, they gathered like ravens that follow the fainting foot-steps of the warrior wounded unto death. Yet, to that dark and silent river he went down slowly and calmly as the setting sun, gazing with golden smiles far up to the zenith of his noon, and back to the gates of his morning.

'And all the days of METHUSELAH were nine hundred sixty and nine years, and he died.'

Were his 'years' our years? - - - WHEN DONALD MACLEOD repaired to Saint Louis, to take the editorial helm of the '*Saint Louis Sunday Leader*,' we said to ourselves, '*There will be a good paper.*' We were right. We have, from some cause or other, seen as yet but three numbers of this journal; but we have seen enough to convince us, that the '*Sunday Leader*' will prove to be one of the best conducted news and literary sheets of the West. The editorials are distinguished by their vigor and force of style; and the selected portions present an unwonted variety, and are made with unexceptionable taste. Moreover, there is another feature of good editorship, which is apparent at a glance; and that is, the *merit of omission*, a merit too often lost sight of by newspaper-editors. There is as much merit, almost, in omitting what should *not* appear, as there is in printing what cannot fail to amuse or gratify the fancy and taste of all. Mr. MACLEOD understands this perfectly, and 'acts accordingly.' The '*Leader*' has our cordial good-wishes for its wide extension among thousands of good paying subscribers, east and west, north and south. - - - '*Audi alteram partem*' is not only our motto but our practice: we therefore present the following letter from Judge KEEN, of Florida, as a simple matter of justice.

'In the far-off regions of the 'sunny South,' where 'Summer first unfolds her robes, and there the longest tarries;' where the peninsula stretches its arm from the land of flowers into the Mexican Gulf, lies a beautiful little island, not far removed from the main-land shore, which but a few years since was under the dominion of the still unconquered Seminole, when the voice of civilization had not as yet given it 'a habitation and a name.' This little island has been visited but by few travellers, and except by those engaged in the late savage conflict of arms, is but little known beyond those of its own and neighboring States. The beauty and healthfulness of its position, and its local bearing upon a large extent of agricultural and commercial resources, have nevertheless attracted attention. Here no noisome exhalations taint the purity of the atmosphere, no pestilence visits its shores. During the raging epidemics, which have brought sorrow and desolation to the homes of other places along the coast, none has ever set its mark on this favored spot. The invigorating breezes of the sea give purity and elasticity to the air, and temper the summer's noon-tide heat, and the cooling land-breeze soothes with genial and refreshing influence the hours of rest. Health asks no benefit from change of place, and pride and luxury only tax the purse for the costly summer tour, or fashion's migratory follies.

'Here, too, the *bon vivant* and the epicure may revel in the luxuries which the surrounding waters have provided with a lavish hand; oysters which would cast into the shade the famed bivalves of the Chesapeake; fish of almost every variety, and of every season; green turtle of the most tempting flavor, fresh, plump, and fat from their native element; and the wild game of the neighboring forests and waters, sea-fowl,

land-fowl, and quadruped afford sport, and recreation, and luxuries for the table in unlimited abundance and variety.

'Those who have visited the island on business or pleasure — and their number has increased since the establishment of the Gulf Line of Mail Steam-ships — have duly appreciated the attractions here presented. Others, too, have been here on professional duties, and, with but rare exceptions, have betokened a sense of their gratification, and of the unassuming courtesy, intelligence, and hospitality of the principal members of its population.

'Intelligent persons, who have thus favorably spoken of the place, have also regarded its prospective advancement as a business mart, founded on ample resources of the country, and the advantages of its interior navigation as beyond any possibility of question from fact or analogy. And the great rail-road, now in the course of rapid construction, and to be completed within the *coming year and a half*, will not, it is thought by persons of ordinary sagacity, essentially diminish the favorable prospects of those who have lots to sell 'as low as five hundred dollars.'

'Though the track of the savage is scarcely yet erased from the soil which constitutes its extended resources, a beginning has been made. A steam mail-line extends communication two hundred miles into the interior of a fertile country, and along the coast, bringing its products of sugar, cotton, molasses, etc., for exportation; and the custom-house books of the port exhibit exports of nearly \$200,000 a year, for the few years of its incipient business existence, under the difficulties and struggles incident to a new and but partially developed country.

'This island is one of the group of the Cedar Keys, and known as Atseena-Otie, its aboriginal name, characteristically given to it by the Indians from the quantity of cedar which covered it, and which was cut and used by the army for building purposes, while in their occupation as a military depot.

'Having premised this brief statement of facts, it doubtless will occur to you, that they have reference to an article in the Editor's Table of the June number of the KNICKERBOCKER, with the signature of PETER PROTEUS.

'So, then, this witty writer has visited Atseena-Otie, and though his historical researches and sharp-witted investigations could not discover that any cedar ever grew on the island, or his sagacity penetrate the great secret of its name, the rage of his *cosoethes scribendi* was not to be restrained by ordinary obstacles, or the necessity of facts upon which to dilate.

'Fiction constitutes the principal element of some minds, and can set 'the poet's eye with a fine frenzy rolling,' when the aliment of sober truth would be distasteful to the perverted imagination.

'If I am not greatly mistaken in the identity of this Mr. PETER, the gentlemanly associates with whom he has been temporarily placed in an honorable position, will scarcely think he has 'rendered unto CÆSAR the things that are CÆSAR's, or evinced an honorable or gentlemanly return for the hospitalities extended to him at the hands of those he would hold up to ridicule.

'But *is* this the PETER, the PETER PROTEUS, whom his renowned sire empowered with the gift of prophecy, and change of shape and name? Or is it not rather that other renowned PETER, 'Peter, the pumpkin-eater,' who has essayed to raise his own pumpkins? Whether so or not, certainly they are 'some pumpkins!' And whether the production of the warm and generous South, or of the more genial *Arctic* regions of the frigid zone, he may find it expedient, like his great prototype, to deny his identity, and change his form; or in other, and more vulgar phrase, swallow his own pumpkins! He will find, too, in his experience, that the Carpathian Sea will not furnish an example of mythological experiment for the good people of the Mexican Gulf. But whether he be PETER or PAUL, PROTEUS or *Hippocrates*, the people of Florida are certainly under great obligations to his genius for the complimentary and eulogistic eloquence with which he speaks of 'Floridian progress' of 'one mile a year;' for the self-complacent wit and humor with which he holds up to ridicule their institutions, their interests, and their individual citizens, and especially for his very careful regard for that old-fashioned cardinal virtue called truth!

'When wit, however sparkling, becomes offensive by wanton indulgence, it should be guarded by this same old-fashioned panoply. When it falsely assails public or private interests, or individuals, neither the elegance of its disguise nor the flippancy of its style, will save its author from the recoil of merited contempt. If PROTEUS could have borrowed from his brother ANGUS one only of his hundred eyes, he could have scarcely mistaken for *two hundred and fifty oysters* as many bales of Sea-Island cotton, or for a 'half-bushel of lime' a cargo of sugar and molasses; nor have racked his brain to trace the origin of a Judge to an 'army sutler,' or of a landed proprietor to that of a 'squatter!'

'Alas! it needed not the sound of an ancient lyre to act upon the modern visual organs, nor the mythological power of transformation to reproduce an Io's mystic fate, or the more signal and enlarging effect upon the indicators of the hearing faculty!

'In conclusion, allow me to express my profound admiration for the gifted author of PROTEUS, and in return for his laudable efforts in our behalf, assure him that at the next meeting of the newly organized Historical Society of Florida, his name shall be presented as an honorary member, with a vote of thanks for his valuable contributions to its objects.

JUDGE KEEN.'

Pro and con, 'and there an end.' - - - BY-AND-BY, it seems to us, if rail-road and car improvements continue to advance at their present rate, 'all the world and his wife' will be a-travelling, instead of staying at home a *part* of the time, and 'attending to business.' We were thinking of this the other day, as we were journeying toward Binghamton, in one of the New-York and Erie Rail-road Company's new and improved cars, built upon the principle of Mr. MACCALLUM, SEYMOUR, and HAWLEY's bridges, under the superintendence of Mr. H. RICE, Master of Engines and Cars at Piermont. These cars are literally luxurious parlors. You step into one, and this thought will strike you at once. The long cars are sixty-five feet in length, including the platform, and eleven feet wide; and here seventy-four passengers, with 'ample room and verge enough,' can sit upon luxuriously-cushioned seats of velvet, three feet and ten inches wide. One scarcely knows which most to admire, the beauty and polish of the wood-work of the cars, or the richness and good taste of the upholstery. These cars are constructed with all the latest improvements of the day. First and foremost, they are furnished with Messrs. FOOT AND HAY's '*Patent Ventilator*,' one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most effective inventions of the kind, we ever saw. Doubtless, in time, they will be on all the cars of every prominent rail-road in the country. We profess not to be able to describe it, simple though it be: * only this we can say, that flowing water, stream-

* THE following, however, is a description 'in little' of the *modus operandi*: The improvement consists in a large longitudinal air-chamber under the car, with grated openings to let air in through the floor. Transversely across this air-chamber is a reservoir of water, with a pump on one side of the car, driven by the wheels, to raise it to the top, so that it can fall back through a passage on the other side. Air is admitted on the top of the car, by the rapid motion of which it is forced down along with the falling water into the air-chamber beneath. The water in its fall is thus converted into a shower, and the air is not only deprived of its dust, but perfectly cooled, and on the hottest day renders the car perfectly agreeable. The side-windows may be partially opened, but the draft is all outward, and no dust enters. It is an admirable invention, and should be generally applied. Every rail-road in the country can be supplied with this apparatus for the comparatively small sum of two hundred and fifty dollars a car: a sum saved to the wearing apparel of passengers in a single trip, to say nothing of the invisible but delicious 'motor' of coolness.

ing behind a glass door in the centre of the side of the car, and open ornamental iron register-grates in the floor, keep every part of it as cool and as free from dust, as if you sat in your own parlor. There was no more dust when we arrived at our long journey's end for the night, than when we set out. The spacious seats, as arrangeable for comfort and change of position as an improved 'easy-chair,' are made after the 'reclining' patent of C. P. BAILEY. We should have mentioned that in each car is a superb 'Lady's Saloon,' which will gain the warm admiration of our friends of the 'opposite sex.' We were shown other important improvements, not so likely to attract attention at first sight perhaps, but equally valuable: such as the patent draw-heads; STEVENS' patent brake, KIMBALL AND RICE's patent brake-connections, improved axle-boxes, etc. Touching all these, we can only speak of the combined result — the smoothest-running cars we ever sat in in our life. As we 'expanded' in one of these luxurious cars, rolling at a high rate of speed on a broad gauge, past scenery which, for its variety of the sublime and beautiful, is not surpassed in the Union, we could not help remarking to Mr. RAMSDALL, the President, and Mr. RIDDLE, an officer of one of the 'Divisions,' *'This is indeed the Poetry of Rail-road Travelling!'* And really and truly it *was*. - - - We doubt if we deceive ourselves in believing that we detest *cant*, of all kinds; but the cant of a pseudo-philanthropy is our utter aversion. We quote a little specimen in this kind from a versified communication, entitled '*The Wood-Sawyer*,' sent us last winter, but which we shall doubtless transfer to the 'Balaam-box,' unnoticed, if we do not express a few thoughts in relation to it now:

'SILENTLY the snow is falling,
Softly falling on the earth:
Falling on an aged sawyer,
Sawing for a rich man's hearth.

'Flake on flake is wafting downward:
Each would seem a tiny dove,
Lighting on the earth in silence,
Emblem of the rest above.

'Clinging to the aged sawyer,
Mantling him with fleecy gown,
Wreathing him an icy halo:
'Tis his only earthly crown!

'Forty winters has he labored —
Sawing, sawing, in the cold:
Like his coat of many patches,
He has long been growing old.

'Gazing from the massive window,
Lazily the rich man stands:
And he never thinks of asking
Sawyer in to warm his hands!

'Grudgingly he pays his dollar;
To his blazing hearth he goes:
Carelessly he leaves the Sawyer
To the biting frost and snows.

'Something like a shadow passes
O'er the poor old sawyer's brow;
And he wonders, if hereafter
Times will be as hard as now!

'Wonders, if in yonder Heaven,
Whence those endless snow-flakes start,
There is any nook or corner,
Half so cold as rich man's heart.'

'Half so cold as rich man's heart!' 'Twaddle and bosh!' There are scores upon scores of rich men in this metropolis, who have hearts as warm as ever beat in the bosom of the poorest man that 'ever trod shoe-leather' — or went bare-foot, for that matter. The affectation of 'fashionable philanthropy' in the foregoing is as transparent as crystal: the feeling it displays is evidently pumped up. We would wager 'a ducat to a beggarly denier' that the writer would 'feel' any where but in his pocket for the 'poor wood-sawyer.' 'It's not at all in our way!' - - - The following has been accidentally omitted from, or crowded out of, two successive numbers of THE KNICKERBOCKER: The recent death of GEORGE W. HASKINS, of Buffalo, one of

the editors of the '*Express*' daily journal of that city, has excited a melancholy interest in the minds of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr HASKINS was an able and a ready writer, possessed of varied information, acquired both by study and by extensive travels over his own country. He was greatly and deservedly esteemed by a wide circle of friends. He was at one time connected with the old '*Spirit of the Times*' in this city, and subsequently with the editorial department of the *Buffalo Courier*, our friend SEAVER's flourishing daily. Mr. HASKINS leaves a widow and two children to mourn his sudden and untimely death. We proffer them our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement, which none can *know* or *feel* like themselves. - - - CONSIDERING the years in which this Magazine has been printed by Mr. JOHN A. GRAY — and they are many — it will not now be deemed inappropriate or inopportune for us to say something in relation to his connection with us as printer of the KNICKERBOCKER. For fourteen years we sat side by side with WILLIAM OSBORN, reading proofs, and, with him, directing the mechanical arrangement of our beloved MAGA: but at length he died, and was laid in the ground with many tears; for he was a good printer, a good man, and a good Christian. Looking around for his successor, a fortunate choice was made in the selection of Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, whose establishment was then in Cliff-street, a little *above* opposite to the *old* buildings of the BROTHERS HARPER. Our transfer thither, at the first, was painful. Where was our old printer? — where the old compositors, who had 'set up' so many hundreds of pages of our manuscript? We were among strangers; but we soon found ourselves at home. The establishment of Mr. GRAY, even at that time, was extensive. Piles of paper from the mills encumbered the side-walks; presses were rumbling and rattling over the whole of the double six-story building; and composing-rooms, with long crossing vistas of compositors at their cases, was even then a 'sight to see.' One day we asked for Mr. GRAY. He came in a moment; our business was short, and he left. This, then, was Mr. GRAY; the man we had seen, now with pencil in his lips, and a slip of paper in his hand, taking account of printed and pressed sheets in the ware-room, piled to the ceiling; now looking at cards rolling from a rotary press, bright in gold and vermilion; now glancing at a sheet of which one hundred thousand copies must be ready by night-fall — this was Mr. GRAY; cool, self-possessed, and everywhere, and *always overseeing*. He was ubiquitous. While reading our proof one day, we looked out of the window upon Jacob-street. Stone pillars, iron girders, excavations! 'What is all this?' 'A new and extensive building: it runs almost from street to street.' Day by day it arose under our eyes, with its lofty iron columns, until at last it shut out the street itself from view, and rose above the building in which we read and wrote. Then came the sound of the saw, the chisel, the hammer, and the plane: the smell of paint was 'all abroad' in the air; huge fragments of Titan machinery gathered about the doors; and down in a wide vault, men in scores, with paper caps and begrimed overalls, and arms, and hands, were at work, and we used to pause and watch them, as we were retiring from our labors at the office. And when all this was complete, and we saw scores of iron printing-presses putting up in the building; saw 'case' after

'case' carried in, and boxes of new type encumbering the floor, then for the first time were we made aware that this immense establishment was also *Gray's Printing-Office*. It is not often that you find, as an adjunct of a printing-office, however complete, a *Stereotype Foundry*; yet Mr. GRAY can boast of one of the best and most extensive in the city; one that is capable of turning out as many and as good plates as any similar establishment in America. We mention this for the especial benefit of publishers; and as a matter of sincere gratitude for the care which has been bestowed upon these pages, we may add, that in Mr. JONATHAN S. GREEN, Mr. GRAY may claim to possess one of the very best proof-readers in this metropolis. We would trust a ms. of a thousand pages in his hands for stereotyping, with perfect confidence in its final correctness as a printed book. Mr. GREEN is a born proof-reader; and he 'has not lived in vain.' We confess, from our long connection with the establishment, that we felt a kind of personal pride in its vast extent and completeness—unequalled, we know, on this side of the water, and not excelled, we firmly believe, by any similar establishment in the world. As we watch the huge engine, quietly doing its great work, moving noiselessly, but with such beautiful regularity that we never tire of looking at its bright array of wheels and shafts, and pistons; printing thirty periodicals and religious journals, books in fabulous editions, cards, hand-bills, etc., all at the same moment; we say, when we watch all this, we are reminded of the Proprietor of the establishment himself. Now you shall see him standing in one department a moment, conversing, perhaps, with the editors of two religious journals; the next, mounted beside the driver of one of his delivery wagons, in a rain-storm, with an India-rubber blanket drawn up around him; for he is going to see that the huge order of business cards and circulars which are to go by the next train are not left behind. Coming in again, you find him making a calculation for a book, or estimating the cost of twenty thousand business circulars or hand-bills; and yet always the same—calm, cool, collected. His advertisement, to which we call the attention of our readers, as in itself well worthy of perusal, 'tells the whole story'; only it is even too modestly set forth. *In all respects*, the establishment is *complete*. What we wished especially to dwell upon was the *minute personal supervision* which Mr. GRAY exercises over every department of his vast establishment. This silent, watchful assiduity, at all hours, (for Mr. GRAY asks none of his workmen to be before *him* at their duty,) is the surest guarantee that every thing in the way of printing submitted to his hands will be well and promptly executed. But we must pause. We have felt that we owed it to Mr. GRAY to say what we have here set down; for all our readers can testify with what justice he has earned *our* 'good word,' by the manner in which he has for years executed this Magazine: and we are glad to see that all our contemporaries, for whom he prints, yield him similar praise. - - - We are neither 'a prophet, nor the son of a prophet;' yet we cannot help felicitating ourselves upon the fact, that before our friend, Mr. HALLETT, President of the '*Nautilus Submarine Company*,' repaired to England with his great invention, we predicted its complete success. When Mr. HALLETT puts his hand to the plough, he looks

not back. Late London journals devote large space to an account of experiments with the 'Nautilus' in the VICTORIA Docks, on the Thames. They were witnessed not only by baronets, lords, city dignitaries, etc., in great numbers, but by very many of the first engineers in England, including Mr. ROBERT STEPHENSON, the very first scientific engineer in Great Britain. At a repast given by the 'Nautilus' Company to their distinguished guests, after the experiments, Mr. STEPHENSON pronounced the highest eulogiums upon the invention. In the course of his remarks, which were frequently interrupted with 'Hear, hear,' and 'loud cheers,' he said:

'THERE are distinct classes of mechanical genius; one distinguished for extreme ingenuity in minute details, applicable to many processes of the highest value in civilized society; but I think the highest class of mechanical talent and genius is brought to bear in completing those mechanical contrivances that may be called rough and ready machines. Every mechanic in this room will fully appreciate what I mean. I consider this one of such rough and ready machines, and I must say that the Nautilus Diving-bell appears to me to combine the highest class of mechanical skill with that high class of ingenuity in detail to which I have referred. I must frankly say that, from the beginning to the end, I have never witnessed a piece of mechanism so perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it was designed as the Nautilus Diving-bell and Pump. Gentlemen, with the toast I have proposed, you must permit me to couple the names of Mr. HALLETT and Major SEARS, to whom, I consider, we are indebted for introducing this remarkable result of mechanical ingenuity and genius. Before I conclude, I think it right I should give you the substance of a statement made in reference to the working of this machine, by the engineer of the VICTORIA Docks. It appears that great difficulty had been experienced, under the old method, of replacing the heavy iron roller plates for the outer dock gates. The Nautilus was applied to this work, and I have no doubt the meeting will be surprised to learn the fact that an amount of work which had previously occupied a period of three weeks and four days, was performed by the Nautilus in two days and two hours, with the same number of men employed daily.'

The toast to Messrs. HALLETT and SEARS was received with a hearty 'three-times-three.' Mr. HALLETT responded with equal modesty and good taste. Major SEARS in his reply, remarked: 'I can scarcely express the feeling of pride with which I have listened to the opinion expressed by Mr. STEPHENSON, the greatest of all engineers — the chief of chiefs — the man whose reputation is boundless; for who in any quarter of the globe does not know of his preëminence? I would rather have heard the words of approval which fell from him to-day than from any other man living.' Thus has 'The Nautilus' spread its sail to favoring gales in England, and it will soon appear in other waters. - - - We fancy we recognize in the hand-writing of the 'Scene on the Missouri River,' our old correspondent, the recorder of the amusing 'sayings and doings' of 'Uncle REUBEN!' Is it not so? or have we missed it *this* time? However, it 'makes no difference.'

'ALL the world went to California, you know, and the 'rest of mankind' are now going to Kansas. I lately travelled up the Missouri River. The boat was crowded to suffocation. Look at the cabin at mid-night! — cheek by jowl and point to toe they lie; a heterogeneous mass of mattresses, men and boots. There was 'lots of fun.' CHARLEY MCGILL was on board. He is well known throughout a large section as a splendid violinist, and a 'broth of a boy' for a joke.

'At Providence a 'greeny' came on the boat, and CHARLIE soon found out that 'greeny' had a fiddle, by which he was accustomed to 'discourse most excellent music' at country dances. MCGILL was in for fun at once, and seating himself near the forward stove, and near the verdant, he displayed all his talent as a mimic, in pulling out the most countrified 'Arkansas Traveller' and 'Zip Coon' you ever heard. It was too much for the new-comer, and soon he was on the tapis with his fiddle. CHARLEY played 'horrid second' to several of the most execrable tunes

imaginable; tunes played most ludicrously. C—— was soon requested by his partner to 'play us something, and I'll go second.'

'Then came a little twisting of the screws, a little premonitory flourishing, and followed 'STRAKOSCH's Yankee Doodle' with variations. 'GREENY' sawed a kind of accompaniment to the plain 'Yankee,' but when it came to the 'Doodle' he was 'up a stump,' and turned away when the piece was completed, saying: 'What confounded foolin' is *that*? You go a-jerkin' and a-twistin' like mad. You'll never larn to play, young man, till you git to goin' slower. Ef I s'posed you could n't a-played, I would n't of axed you. Some folks's presumptions is surprising, that's a fact. No wonder these people's a-laffin. Go slow, young man; git a good fiddle, and keep a-tryin', and mebby you'll larn!'

'With this good advice, he left, amid the shouts of the by-standers.'

Is 'Uncle REUBEN' dead and gone? - - - RECOVERING recently from an exceedingly severe bilious attack, the natural subsequent weakness was so greatly allayed by the use of '*Rexford's Bitters*,' in a glass of Imperial Pale Sherry before meals, that we cannot resist the inclination most heartily to commend this preparation to the public. There is small need of this, we are well aware, so far as the proprietor of the same is concerned, as its sale is increasing, in town and country, beyond all precedent. These bitters are what they claim to be, carminative, tonic, stomachic, anti-dyspeptic, and deliciously aromatic. They are purely vegetable, and contain no cathartic ingredients whatever. Their merits as a *preventive* of agues and bilious diseases are as remarkable as their actual curative properties. One never need to 'lose his appetite' with a bottle of these bitters in the house:

'THE maker's name is L. M. REXFORD,
Who does much good, though he find no text for 't:
He lives in Binghamton, County Broome,
And for many such *Trout-men* there an't no room.'

Moreover, Mr. FREDERIC S. COZZENS, Number 73 Warren-street, is the sole agent for our city. - - - We shall mention no names in connection with the subjoined note. We shall simply say that it is entirely veritable. The 'negotiation' spoken of, we think explains itself:

'DEAR SIR: Old wagons are like old clothes, they don't sell well. A man had an umbrella that was the worse for wear. He could n't get rid of it: he hung it in front of his store, with a shilling fastened to it. A traveller stopped, took the shilling, and was going away without the umbrella. The owner rushed out, exclaiming: 'My friend, you can't have that shilling unless you take the umbrella!' The traveller shook his head and returned the shilling.

'I have *seen* the wagon, and have no desire to own it. I think you may get rid of it by the course above indicated. With the most charitable feeling toward the wagon and yourself, I remain truly yours,' etc.

A *slightly* cool 'declension!' - - - We reach home from a *Week's Fishing in Some of the Lakes of 'John Brown's Tract'*, with a distinguished and most pleasant party, just in time to say, that life and health permitting, our readers shall hear 'all about it' in our next number: in which issue, also, we shall endeavor to redeem numerous omissions, which we have not present space even to specify.

Great Rail-Road Celebration.

OPENING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAIL-ROAD FROM CINCINNATI TO ST. LOUIS.

L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq. :

MY DEAR SIR: If I were to take passage on one of the night-boats running on the Hudson River, and on awaking at Albany next morning should attempt to write a description of the scenery on the banks of the River, I should not be much more at a loss than I am in making a sketch of my hasty trip to Cincinnati, St. Louis, and the great West on the occasion of the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road, though nearly all that can be said on the subject will have been written and read long before our pages are issued. Yet such an occasion, the commemoration of an event of such magnitude will bear some repetition, and one who has had the privilege of witnessing and enjoying such scenes is bound to give his impressions of the same.

This, the most extensive rail-road excursion ever given in this or any other country, was given by the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road, on its completion from Cincinnati to St. Louis; by the Baltimore and Ohio Road, now extended to Parkersburg in Virginia; and by the Marietta and Cincinnati Rail-road, just finished, which completes the direct connection between Cincinnati and Baltimore. I wished particularly to have gone over the Baltimore and Ohio Road, for I had heard much of the stability of the work, and the splendid scenery in crossing the Alleghanies, but I could not leave in time, and was therefore obliged to go by the Pennsylvania Central to Pittsburgh.

June the first was an unpleasant, close, rainy evening, as at six p.m. I took the Jersey City ferry-boat to go to Philadelphia. On board the boat I met Col. RUSSELL SMITH, of Yonkers, also an excursionist, and who was my fellow-traveller to Cincinnati. The rain made the trees and grass green and beautiful as we journeyed in the evening twilight which lasted till we got opposite Princeton. We reached Philadelphia about ten p.m., in a pouring rain, and after a hasty lunch, we took the cars for Pittsburgh.

Our ride from Philadelphia to Harrisburg was any thing but agreeable, the cars being crowded and proper ventilation prevented by the rain. The morning was clear and beautiful, and we had a glimpse of Pennsylvania's capital as we passed the city. We soon crossed the Susquehanna and stopped at Altona, where we found an excellent breakfast. Soon after leaving this place we began the ascent of the Alleghany Mountains, which is one of the greatest feats of rail-road engineering I had ever seen. Our train was taken up these steep grades by two locomotives which we could ever and anon see as they rounded the short curves, panting and screaming as they rushed with but slightly diminished speed up these great barriers of nature. It was a sight to see, as in the freshness of that beautiful morning our train would, like some monstrous fiery serpent, wind around the mountain tops. Some of the curves are extremely short, and nothing could be more picturesque than the beautiful vistas continually opening to our view. I believe we are always exhilarated and feel a new life within us on the mountain summit.

The descent did not interest us so much, the road being nearly straight and less picturesque. We arrived in Pittsburgh in time to take the cars of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Road to Crestline, where we changed and took the Little Miami and Xenia Rail-road from Columbus to Cincinnati, where we arrived about seven a.m.

I cannot give any proper description of the celebration in Cincinnati. I arrived completely exhausted by passing two sleepless nights in the cars. The day was beautiful, the city was adorned with flags through all the principal streets, the stores nearly all closed, and it seemed as if the citizens one and all gave themselves up to the entertainment of the throng who had not, nor could obtain any accommodation. The hotels were already overflowing, and I was happy in receiving an invitation to pass the night with Mr. G. L. DEMAREST, of the firm of H. W. DERBY & Co., who made me far more comfortable than I could have been at any hotel.

The Queen City has improved much since I saw it four years ago. Many elegant

stores have been erected, and the city much extended. The procession and display of the Cincinnati firemen, with their steam-engines, was one of the principal demonstrations of the day. The Cincinnati fire department has no equal in this country. They are paid by the city, and have a superintendent who maintains perfect order at a fire, and with their steam-engines they never in any ordinary circumstances allow a fire to spread from where it originated. This system is already felt in the reduction of insurance, as well as the greater security it gives to all.

General CASS made an eloquent and appropriate address from the front of the BURNETT House, which I am sorry to say could not be heard by one in twenty who thronged to see and hear the venerable statesman, who, like JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, seems determined to die with the harness on. All honor to the few that are left of the associates of JACKSON, ADAMS, CALHOUN, CLAY, WEBSTER, and others who served their country so long and so well. There were several other speeches in the afternoon and evening, which I was sorry not to have heard.

The morning of the fifth was cloudy and gave promise of a rainy day, which was abundantly fulfilled. The first train left at six A.M., and consisted of eleven passenger cars. The Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road has the broad gauge, and the cars are fine and roomy like those on the New-York and Erie. Soon after leaving Cincinnati, CHARLES GOULD, Esq., with the conductor, passed through the cars to see that all had excursion-tickets, the cars for this day being devoted solely to those invited. Mr. GOULD had taken great interest in this great excursion, and I was truly sorry when I learned at Vincennes that he was obliged to return to Cincinnati on account of illness. I had seen Mr. GOULD at the BURNETT House, where as soon as he made his appearance in the large hall, he was surrounded by a crowd of anxious inquirers, to whom he replied with that urbanity and politeness which are his distinguishing characteristics.

The first point of interest, after leaving Cincinnati, is North-Bend, the well-known residence of General HARRISON's family. We soon pass Lawrenceburgh and Aurora, and then the villages seem mostly new until we reach Vincennes, where we arrived about three P.M., and found an elegant dinner set, to which the tired, cold, and hungry guests did ample justice. It may be some were neither cold nor hungry, for I observed a great many bottles of LONGWORTH's wine, with eatables to match, carried into the rear cars. I did not know that the practice of carrying concealed weapons was so prevalent as I found it to be on this journey. I noticed a great many young men, and some older, frequently draw their pistols and fire into themselves and one another with a celerity and directness truly wonderful. I even saw some ladies engage in the sport.

Immediately after crossing the Wabash, we enter on the great prairies of Illinois, which extend entirely across the State. These vast plains on which in many places no tree or hill rises to obstruct the view, remind you of the ocean in its boundless magnificence, and you fancy yourself at sea. In many places there are islands of woods, and then you come to extensive groves which line the water-courses. Timber is so valuable, that many of these beautiful forests are fast disappearing.

The Ohio and Mississippi passes through a section of country almost entirely new, and the sun in all its course does not shine on a richer soil. There is no country more favorable for the construction of rail-roads, nor where they are more needed, for during the rainy season the roads across the prairies are almost impassable. The time between Cincinnati and St. Louis is now about sixteen hours, the distance three hundred and forty miles. As soon as the track has time to settle and the road is put in proper order, the running time will not exceed twelve hours, and may safely be done in less.

We did not reach the Father of Waters till near twelve o'clock P.M. The last part of our route was through illuminated villages, and hundreds of torches blazed in the night air as we neared the shore. Late as it was, the Mayor of St. Louis, with a committee of the citizens, were there to receive and to welcome us to the Mound City. An address was delivered by Mayor WEIMAR, which was responded to by Mayor PILCHER, of Louisville, Ky. As the city was full of strangers, the thoughtful committee had provided four fine steamers from St. Louis, where the guests should pass the night. On each of the boats a fine supper was prepared, after which we were all comfortably provided with berths.

I have a kind of filial reverence for the Mississippi. I lived on its banks and drank of its water four years. I have been borne in safety on its bosom thousands and thousands of miles from the mouth to Davenport in Iowa, surrounded by happy, smiling friends, some of whom still remain, and others are not. It was therefore with emotions of saddened pleasure that I stepped on board the elegant steamer *Illinois*, my hotel for the night.

The next morning after breakfast, the boats got under way, the *Baltimore* and *Reindeer* being lashed together, taking the lead, and the *Die Vernon* and *Illinois* following. In the clear light of that beautiful June morning, they sailed slowly up the turbid waves of the Mississippi, and from our decks we had a fine view of the city and the hundreds of steamers at the wharves. We sailed about five miles above the centre of the city, and then ran down about as far below with a slow motion, giving us a full view of the city. Returning, they came to at the wharf where the military and thousands of citizens welcomed us amid the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and every demonstration of joy.

While the procession was forming to proceed to the Fair grounds, a few miles from the city, I walked up to Fourth street, and when I reached that thoroughfare, I felt as if I was in New-York. In no other city had I ever seen such a crowd. For a while it seemed as if my progress was entirely checked, but by determined effort I reached my destination, deposited my baggage, and mounting on the top of an omnibus, was one of the party. The streets through which our long procession passed were densely thronged with people of all classes and conditions. From many a stately mansion the glittering eyes of youth and beauty smiled, perhaps a little mischievously, as she gracefully waved her handkerchief to the passing crowd. Surely no one ever saw St. Louis under a more favorable aspect than we did. If the President and all his cabinet had been with us, they could not have had a more cordial reception.

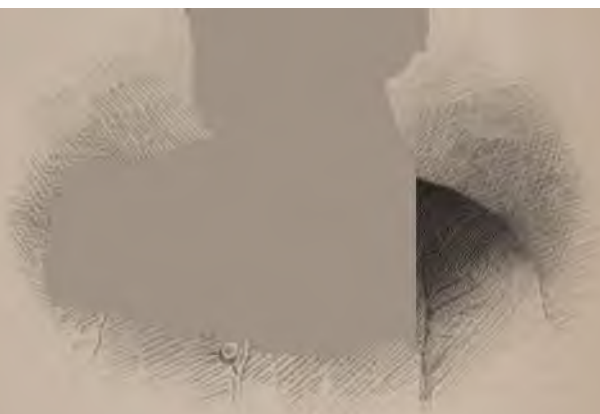
The Fair grounds embrace about fifty acres, in which is a beautiful grove of forest trees, and an amphitheatre three hundred feet in diameter, in which are erected seats to accommodate sixteen thousand people. It was built last year for the State Fair, and made ornamental and permanent. No other city in the Union could accommodate such an audience so comfortably and so well. Here we found a bountiful feast with all the varieties of the season spread, and after an eloquent speech by the Hon. EDWARD BATES, of St. Louis, the whole party sat down to dinner. I have no time to speak of the toasts and speeches after the repast or even to give the names of many distinguished persons present. Every thing passed off pleasantly, and by six P.M. all had gone to their homes. I found Mr. E. K. WOODWARD, who seeing I was unprovided for, kindly invited me to his house, where he soon made me entirely at home.

I might say a great deal of the hospitality of the citizens of St. Louis, never so taxed before. All the arrangements seemed to be perfect, and those who passed that gala day there will not soon forget it. I would gladly speak of many of the institutions of learning, the public buildings, dwellings, beautiful drives, etc. But the limits of this sketch are already exceeded, and I must only add, that on Monday morning I took the cars of the Terre Haute, Alton, and St. Louis road, which, under the direction of President CRAFT, has been very successful. I went over the beautiful prairies till I reached Mattoon, and there taking the cars of the Illinois Central, reached Chicago at ten P.M. After spending a day in this *fast* and changing city of the lakes, I came over the Michigan Central to Detroit, through Canada by the Great Western, to Buffalo, and then over the New-York Central and Hudson River Roads to New-York.

The country through which I passed in Illinois is mostly new. For miles and miles along these rail-roads, lies a soil as rich as any in the world, in which the plough has never entered. One cannot but think of the great future awaiting the Garden State, when these lands shall be the happy abodes of millions yet unborn, highly cultivated, and adorned with fruit trees and flowers of every variety. And still the rush is for the West, where the lands are no better, and the access to market not to be compared with Illinois. But the discussion of this matter would be more appropriate elsewhere.

Yours, very truly,

S. HUESTON.



2. Sept. 41

Yours cordially,
John G. Saxo
Jr



Very respectfully
Yours
J. P. Faxon

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. L. SEPTEMBER, 1857. No. 3.

A SEQUEL TO SAINT LEGER.

—
A NEW SERIES.
—

TEMPORAMUTANTUR.

Dim, dream-like forms ! your shadowy train
Around me gathers once again ;
The same as in life's morning hour,
Before my troubled gaze you passed ;
Oh ! this time shall I have the power —
Shall I essay to hold you fast ?
And do I feel my bosom thrill
True to that sweet delusion still ?
Still press ye forward ? Well, then, take
Dominion o'er me, as you rise
From cloud and mist ! — my heart you shake
With youthful thoughts and sympathies,
That, as by magic, wake beneath
The atmosphere you bid me breathe.

—
A CHAPTER EXPLANATORY.

THE author of Saint Leger, after a lapse of several years, returns to greet the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER with all the force and feeling of an old friendship. It is true, that since his earlier contributions, a largely-increased circulation has introduced new and unfamiliar faces. It is also true that many whom the author loved to meet, and whose presence encouraged and cheered his labors, are now numbered with the dead. Sorrowfully with respect to these, he takes up the plaint of the Poet:

'THEY do not hear the following lay,
Who listened to my earliest song,
The echoes of my heart were they:
But silent now, and sunk away,
Dispersed is all that friendly throng !'

No: the friendly throng is not *all* dispersed. The author believes that there are many who will return with cordial pressure the imaginary

grasp of his extended hand, and who will congratulate him, for his own sake, that he is again permitted to occupy his familiar place among them. Without further preface, he hastens to make some explanation for the five years' interruption of the 'Sequel to Saint Leger,' after several numbers of it had been printed in this Magazine.

A considerable portion of that period has been spent abroad, near or among the scenes which he now attempts to describe. During this same time there have been several alternations from one side of the Atlantic to the other, which always unfit one for quiet literary labor. Other good and sufficient reasons might be given for so long a delay, but they are personal in their character, and it would be obtrusive to present them.

To recall briefly the narrative to the mind of those who read the small portion which has been printed, and to enable those who have not done so, to go on with it understandingly, the author remarks that in the commencement of the 'Sequel' Saint Leger appears among the Bernese Alps of Switzerland, in an unfrequented part of the Grande-Scheidegg from one side of which rise the gigantic peaks of the Wetterhorn, and from the other, stretch along, in every direction, those vast chains extending link by link until they penetrate France, Hungary, Italy. Here we find Saint Leger in company with Macklorne. He had rejected his proposed purpose of self-indulgence. The world was before him, and its enjoyments within his grasp, but he turned aside. He gave up his anticipated journey into Spain, forgetful of the romantic passes of the Pyrenees, the sound of the guitar, and the tinkling of the muleteer's bell. The maidens of Andalusia were no more a pleasurable vision. The soft skins, and smooth waters, and delicious climate of the South, no longer attracted him. The 'Apennines,' the 'Arno,' 'Rome,' were no longer magic names for his ear. Macklorne was the key to this change of purpose; Robert Macklorne, whom he had just met for the first time. With him for a guide, Saint Leger had descended the Scheidegg, and passing into the valley of the Aar, came to the house of Herr Fluellen, whose only daughter, Josephine Fluellen, produced an irresistible impression on him. He thus speaks of her: 'She was tall, of a perfect figure, with large deep eyes of an indescribable color, whose expression was not on their surface, for one instantly felt it required more than a passing object to call it forth. She wore a simple dress of white muslin. As she descended from the *calèche* she threw off a round straw-hat, and I observed that her hair, which was of a rich brown, was parted from the forehead and braided with ribbon, and brought round and joined to the locks behind. Her face was lovely, and as I walked by her side along the path which led to the house, I whispered to myself the words of Macklorne: '*Who shall console you!*'" On a second interview he says: 'We walked along together. I cannot tell why it was, but I did feel pervading me a throng of happy sensations, circling from heart to brain, tumultuous and irresistible. As I turned half round to look on this magnificent creature, her eyes met mine. I suppose there was something in my look which betrayed the interest I felt, for in an instant the expression of her eyes changed, as if the soul had been summoned into them: they were as quickly averted,

and not a word was spoken by either. For me, I had no wish to speak. I do at this distance of time remember the ecstasy of that moment — the moment after our eyes met. At that very instant rose the moon above the Finister Aar Horn, and cast its rays upon the glistening *firmirs* and along the fearful chasms of the glacier, and across the green belt of verdure which surrounds them, and over the forests — deep, dark, interminable forests — and through the beautiful valleys, and across the gulfs, and torrents, and cataracts, and rocks, and precipices, and along the wild dashing streams, and over the still meadows with houses and gardens and pleasant walks. Upon all these shone the moon; a common matter enough, doubtless, yet just then and just there, as I was looking up and around, I was filled with awe: for an instant the earth appeared to revolve visibly, and a shudder passed across me. ‘The scene impresses you,’ said Josephine Fluellen gently. I turned and looked at her. No pencil can paint the deep enthusiasm which beamed in those fine eyes. ‘The scene impresses you,’ she repeated. . . . Having thus introduced the subject to the new reader, and with the hope that his old friends will not have absolutely forgotten his history, the author leaves Saint Leger to continue it in his own language.

CHAPTER FIRST.

— ‘στερρὸν γὰρ ἀνάγκη!’

‘Relentless is thy power, Necessity!’ — EURIP. — HÆC. 1277.

I WOULD dwell on this part of my history: the sojourn in the valley of the Aar. For while it betrays many of the inconsistencies of my nature, (may they not also be of yours,) I cannot forget how much, meanwhile, my character was strengthened, and my purposes defined. We can always look back on certain periods and feel that at such a time a change was wrought in us, pointing to a new life. And how many are there of whom it may be said: ‘They live’? Most of us have no linked life, no continuous existence. We are made up of excitements, labors, pleasurable sensations, sufferings, joys. He only who has a lasting purpose has a life. It is the purpose which groups together all the outer influences, disposing of them as things subservient. It connects the days, and the months, and the years of existence, into an interrupted whole. It preserves and sustains the *egomet*. Without it, how can one say, referring to time anterior, ‘I was’? how be assured that one shall be to-morrow what one is to-day? And as is the purpose so is the life: if the purpose be base, the life is base; if the purpose be holy, the life is true. Where, *hereafter*, all this shall tend, God the DISPOSER knows. But pause now, and ask yourself: ‘What are your sources of happiness and unhappiness? I do not refer to the ordinary demands and appliances of nature. Cold, and hunger, and thirst, require covering, and food, and water, and the requirement is lawful. Other appetites there are, which clamor for indulgence, while the senses demand objects of gratification, I suppose these to be held under con-

trol. But beyond these, what makes you happy, what is your highest pleasure, your chief felicity? Are you startled by the question? Do you shrink from what must follow? Yet you feel that there is to be a consummation. You are told that your coming state is prefigured by your present experience. Are you content that your future should be but the heightened picture of your present?

But to my history. In the near prospect of dissolution I go back to it; to speak of fruitful fields and fertile meadows: of picturesque valleys, silent and sequestered: of gray, feudal towers, toppling with the weight of centuries, and of the stream which in its course quietly sweeps — always sweeps — the cold foundations: of men and women in life and healthful, who inhabited these same fields and meadows and valleys, active, and full of cheerfulness and industry: and of gentler, softer creatures, with lovely forms, and rosy lips, and eyes that looked so deeply into mine, that the soul seemed to flow in with their gaze, until two beings, by the commingling, were but one. How often, in the long future, will young and happy hearts frequent these scenes, giving year by year the self-same tokens? The maiden's sigh; the lover's fond kiss; the last embrace, so many a time repeated; the smile, the tear, the sweet reproach, the fond expostulation; tell me, in the far, far reach of time, how oft are these to be enacted here? Art thou not inexorable, O Destiny! that bindest man to acts like these, over which the will has no control? The will, with all its power, its iron will, its fierce, ungovernable despotism, where is it now? A captive, a suppliant, weak and humiliated. But is not the recompense great? With what can one compare the ecstasy of that moment, when lips on which we have hung so long with rapture, murmur to us the words: 'I love'? Stay, stay, grant me but an instant's vision. Let me look at myself, absorbed as I *then* was. I do behold me. I see, I see. Oh! do not; it has changed; like a dissolving view it fades gradually away; and lo! the old act is replaced with its patchwork and its shifting scenes, and I am as I am wont to be. How long is this to last, and what change will the next world bring? We talk of the ruling passion strong in death. Will it not be strong *after* death? If yea, then what avails all our toilsome, self-righteous drudgery? What avails this starched precision, this formal self-denial, this untiring resistance and renunciation? Can we love where we hate — and hate where we love? Must not the truth out at last? Will not the fire which is smothered burn by-and-by the fiercer? FATHER of mercies, forgive me! I err. I am lost in the turbulence of passion. Bring me back to THEE, great Consolation! THOU ART GOD! Once more Faith triumphs. Once more I am at peace.

Charming was the life we led in that sweet valley; happy the hours which passed so calmly there. There were no excitements, no artificial scenes; no feverish pleasures, no factitious allurements to heat and to disturb the brain. If at times the heart beat fuller and quicker than at others, it sprang from a natural fervor produced by the scene or the occasion. At the house of Herr Fluellen things went on with uniformity and system: not by rigid rule, and dull, unmeaning

method, which produce feelings of constraint and disgust, but with that nice regard to order and propriety always evidenced by those who feel the value of existence. All were the happier for the delightful calm that reigned throughout the household. The Herr himself had his constant routine of occupation. On one day he would traverse the valley, and visiting the cottages, would inquire into the welfare of every member. If any were sick, they received attention; if any were rejoicing, they found a sympathizer. The suffering and the unfortunate were cared for; the well and the prosperous were made still happier by pleasant congratulations. The old were reminded of the many blessings with which they were surrounded; the young were admonished to filial duties, that they, too, might one day enjoy them. The lover and his sweet-heart were not forgotten or unheeded. They were addressed, not by any ill-timed joke or common-place witticism, so invariable on such occasions, yet so grating to the sense, but by simple, kindly words of encouragement and hope, which, expressed with heart-felt emphasis, seemed to strengthen the mutual affection that in the good man's presence, yet with down-cast eyes, was modestly avowed.

On these visits, Herr Fluellen did not confine his inquiries to the situation of the cottages. He carefully inspected the fields and the gardens, and made suggestions which should improve their condition. In a word, he busied himself with every thing which concerned these humble people, who had learned to regard him with love and reverence. On another day the school which he had established was visited, the progress of the pupils noted; the dull were encouraged, the idle admonished, and the diligent praised. The affairs of his own farm (for as I shall, by-and-by, explain, these people were not *tenants* of the Herr) also claimed close examination. The several products of the soil were carefully looked after, and the result compared with the culture of the previous year; every thing seemed to merit his observation, and nothing to escape it. After attending to these various duties, he occupied himself in reading from his well-selected library, or in agreeable conversation with his family. Madame Fluellen, as I have remarked, was in delicate health, yet she did much to second the plans of her husband. She, too, visited the same families, carrying with her consolation and happiness; and she was the sympathizer with many a feeling, and the confidant of many a tale which, even to the Herr, were topics absolutely sealed. In her own house she was gentle yet decisive; and while she regarded her husband almost as a superior being, she preserved that influence which should always belong to the sex, and is so necessary to them.

Josephine, too, had — but of her employments I will not now speak, preferring rather that they should manifest themselves as my story goes on.

Macklorne and I were no idlers. Sometimes we penetrated together the neighboring mountains, traversing one wild height after another, and enjoying a new prospect at almost every step. Sometimes we wandered for miles through the majestic forests, endeavoring to fancy an encounter with the *berggeist*, or 'spirits of the Alp,' in whose existence the inhabitants believe implicitly. But the happiest seasons

were those when, with Josephine and Annette, we made excursions in every direction, exploring objects of interest or curiosity. We visited many an old ruined chateau, and many a neglected chapel. We discovered many a wild vale and many an unfrequented path, where it is said the race of phantoms and fairies love to tread. At such times Macklorne invariably attended upon Annette; I accompanied Josephine Fluellen. Often we became separated during our walks, especially when we were proceeding to a well-known locality, and then Josephine and I learned to linger, without knowing that we did linger. At times, as we surveyed together an old ruin, or looked down on some beautiful prospect, something would be said, to which the other responded, as if the thoughts of both were just then as but one thought, and our eyes would meet, and I would be thrilled through every fibre of my heart as her soul *touched* mine. Frequently the *calèche* was put in requisition, and then the maidens would drive slowly along, while Macklorne and I walked by the side of the carriage, until, the way no longer passable, they dismounted, leaving it in charge of the servant, and we would proceed on together. On one occasion, when Annette was for some reason prevented from going out, Josephine and I made the excursion alone. We drove on for several miles until we came to Thun, which stands beautifully situated on both sides the Aar. Passing through the town, we entered the charming region beyond, which was covered with vines and trees of a rich foliage. As we proceeded, my companion suddenly exclaimed: 'What an exquisite picture!' I looked across the fields and beheld following the track of a small stream, a little valley that at one point inclined into a rich meadow, over which were dotted thickets of beech and oak; three or four water-falls came tumbling from the rocks which rose precipitately on one side, while farther up, the hills were black with forests of fir. Directly at the foot of the ascent stood a small church, apparently unfrequented, although a path led from it through the pasture to the main road.

'How enchanting! how picturesque!' repeated my companion; 'let us visit that old chapel and see if we can make any discovery.' We alighted, and leaving the *calèche*, walked across the meadow. There were no signs around of animated life, except that as we approached, some goats, which were browsing high up on the ledge above, stopped to look at us for a moment, and then quietly resumed their occupation. The noise made by the falling of several streams of water across the face of the huge rocks, as they dashed from point to point, and glided away to join the river, struck with a mournful echo against the old church, imparting a sense of loneliness to the scene. We both felt it, and both hesitated to push open the door of the edifice. It seemed to be altogether deserted. We approached the altar; the furniture still remained, although covered with dust and in a state of dilapidation, and around were several old drawings, representing different subjects, which once decorated the walls.

'How mournful,' said Josephine Fluellen, 'these marks of neglect and decay on consecrated ground! That the very emblems of our faith should be permitted to moulder and perish: is it not a melancholy

idea ? It is not long since holy offices were dispensed here, and the faithful minister, some humble devotee, here gathered his flock together. There was the chapel for secret prayer ; there the baptismal font, now broken. Hark ! how strangely the murmur of falling water sounds ! Why is it that a ruin always affects the mind with awe ?

'Is it not,' I replied, 'because, when comparing it with what it once was, we are afflicted with a sense that there is nothing permanent, and that all things are silently undergoing change ?'

'Perhaps so,' said Josephine, 'but to me it would seem rather because we behold that vacant and tenantless, which was intended to be used and frequented. This breeds an unnatural solitude, and we are terrified. But what could have occurred to make this spot deserted ?'

As she spoke I cast down my eyes, and perceiving among the stones of the pavement, where many of the dead had been interred, something that looked like two small folding-doors, I stooped down to open them. Josephine seized my arm. 'Do not,' said she, 'seek to penetrate farther. Some vault will be disclosed full of revolting sights, or a subterranean cavern, lined with horrors. Do not lift it.'

'Do you know,' said Josephine, in a subdued tone, as we walked slowly across the meadow, 'that to me Nature and Time seem at an eternal warfare : Time effacing and destroying, Nature producing and making new ? How many evidences of the contest do we behold around us !'

'Of what were you thinking ?'

'Of the mouldering chapel and the crumbling stone which guard the remains of those once active, now silent, and of the scene about us ; the verdure, the foliage, the cataract which leaps from rock to rock, the river, the valley, the everlasting hills, the round earth itself, which even now seems breaching at our feet. Thousand-voiced, do not all these hail the great PRODUCER and SUSTAINER ?'

'And our hearts ?'

'There, Nature preserves her freshness perpetual, if we are but true to her ; if we are not, our hearts grow old and earthly, and so Time, the destroyer, does his work, even in them.'

'You are a philosopher.'

'I am not. I can find no philosophy which pleases me ; and unless we are pleased, how can you expect us to be satisfied ?' continued my companion, suddenly changing her tone to a gay one. 'Nay, philosopher I am none.'

'A proper test. An abstraction will hardly please your sex, I know, and you are very frank to admit it.'

'And why should I *not* be frank ?'

'Surely ; why not ?'

'Only *your* sex dare not avow so honestly, fearing you may make yourselves ridiculous.'

'We have not that privilege.'

'No, indeed ; it is your province to be very wise, very profound, and very unmeaning.'

'And yours ?'

‘To be none of these.’

‘And are you then so easily understood? I ——’

‘Hallo, there! which way are you walking? Do you not see that in that direction you will never reach your *calèche*?’ cried a stentorian voice from a distance.

We both turned, and beheld Dr. Lindhorst standing in the road near our carriage, and perceived that we were indebted to him for the friendly caution. We immediately changed our course, and were presently close upon him.

‘Ah! I have made you hear me at last,’ cried Dr. Paul, as we came up. ‘It is strange that the sound did not reach you; it went precisely in the direction with the wind;’ and the Doctor saluted my companion affectionately, while he gave me a cordial greeting. ‘It is you, then, my little Josephine, who are pointing out objects of interest to our English friend. I suppose you have been across the meadow to view the situation of the strata in the hill which slopes so suddenly down. It is remarkably curious; full of different species of *chamites*, *ostracites*, *globosites*, *selenites*, *strombites*, and other similar petrifications. I am glad, Josephine, you remembered my direction, or you would scarcely have found them. I assure you, the locality affords the best specimens this side of Berne. The stream, which rises farther up, and pours through the cleft of the rock yonder, is a curious spectacle. Do you know there are persons so foolish as to contend that the cleft was produced by the continual trituration of the water? Now, I admit that water, or, indeed, any liquid, may, by continual *dropping*, wear away stone — *non vi, sed sæpe cadendo* — but *running* water is quite a different affair. It is very ridiculous to suppose that it produces any such wonders. The clefts and valleys are caused by great commotions in nature, and the streams, seeking their level, flow through these, wearing gradually a larger course and a wider channel. By-the-by, were you not intending to return to your carriage? You were going quite out of the way when I called you.’

‘By accident, we deviated from the path,’ said I.

‘Which is a thing,’ returned Dr. Paul, ‘I sometimes do myself when *solus*; but I can hardly understand how two should happen at the same time to make the same mistake; it is a coincidence, a singular coincidence. Now I think of it,’ continued the Doctor, ‘where are your specimens?’

‘To tell you the truth,’ said Josephine, ‘we did not ——’

‘Exactly, you thought best to make sure first of the locality. But this is always dangerous. You often lose an invaluable specimen by some person’s stepping in before your next visit. Did I not discover in the hill which rises above Innsingen, the celebrated *ostracite*, which weighs nearly twenty pounds, and which now adorns the cabinet of my friend, Dr. Wyttenbuch, at Berne? But thinking it would be safe for the next eight-and-forty hours, I clambered over the mountain, and when I came back — it pains me to think of it, although it was thirty years ago — that magnificent fossil was gone. My friend happened to be out the same day, took a similar route with myself, stumbled on my *ostracite*, and, being a more sensible man than I, secured the prize.

I never made a second mistake of that kind ; and let me impress it on both of you, always to take possession of what you find.'

'It seems to me,' said I, 'that your friend should have given up the ostracite to you, by virtue of first discovery.'

'There you wrong him and me,' replied Dr. Paul. 'Wytenbuch learned how matters stood, from Christoph Schuppach, to whom I mentioned my loss before I know who had occasioned it, and forthwith sent to my cabinet, with many apologies, the famous specimen, which I, as an honest man should, returned instanter to the owner. Let this, I repeat it, be a warning to you both.'

We had continued standing precisely in the same position during this conversation, and Dr. Paul showed no signs of quitting his post. I ventured, therefore, to ask him if he was going from or returning to Thun.

'Scarcely one or the other, my friend,' replied the Doctor. 'I was told that a bed of slate had been discovered at the foot of yonder hill, like that found in the lower part of the Niess ; which, by the way, is the last mountain of that high calcareous chain of which the Stockhorn, the Neunerer, and the Ganterish are the principal, and which joins close upon the Alps. Now, although I *knew* it was not so, yet, old fool that I am, I must needs throw away half-a-day in making sure of what I was positive about. You see I have answered your question, and I shall now consider my time happily redeemed by coming back to the subject of the tertiary deposits of your country, which was so abruptly broken off when we first met. You are fresh from the spot, and have doubtless made new and important discoveries. I wonder if any further remains of the anaplothenium have been found in the Isle of Wight. It is singular I should have found a tooth, and been unable to light on any other trace. But as to the tertiary deposits ; is there no possibility of connecting them with those of the continent ?'

Here Josephine Fluellen kindly came to my aid. 'My dear Doctor,' she cried, advancing to the naturalist, and laying her hand gracefully on his shoulder, 'I fear the subject must once more be interrupted. Herr Saint Leger is engaged ——'

'Quite right, entirely right, absolutely right,' interrupted the worthy man ; 'I understand you without your saying another syllable : you have other localities to visit, and I have already too long detained you. When you pay me a visit, which I hope will be very shortly, we will go over the whole ground. Now you must lose no more time. As for myself, since I am here, I will just go once more, and examine the *molasse*, at a little distance yonder, which contains the *glossopetræ*, though I admit they are but rarely to be found in it. Josephine, commend me to your excellent father. And now I think of it, when is Annette coming home ? Lina mourns her absence. She must come back ; say to her she must come back, the dear child, and comfort us all again.'

I fancied I could see a moisture in the eyes of that abstracted man ; and the thought of Annette seemed connected with some deeper feeling. 'And so,' I said to myself, 'there is no armor *quite* proof against human manifestations. Like the invulnerable panoply of Achilles, some little point is left for the archer, and the arrow is sure to find it.'

We got into our *calèche*, and leaving Dr. Lindhorst to make his visits in search of the *glossopetræ*, we drove pleasantly toward home. I could not but comment on the character of the worthy Doctor, and made several inquiries about him, of my companion; then I recalled her promise to give me an account of Annette, who interested me so much, and to whom Macklorné was so devoted. Josephine smiled; professed to be amused at my curiosity; was half-inclined to withhold her story, that (as I insisted) she might be more strongly importuned to tell it; then, with a smile and a look which sent a glow over my frame and a thrill through my soul, she proceeded:

‘Dr. Lindhorst has been an intimate friend of my father from the time they were both together at Heidelberg. The Doctor was born in Switzerland, and after finishing the study of medicine, came back to his native town to practise it. Before this, however, he had become enthusiastically attached to geology and its kindred sciences, botany and mineralogy, and, indeed, to all those pursuits which have a direct relation to nature and her operations. His father dying soon after, and leaving him a handsome patrimony, he had abundant opportunity to indulge in them, which he did, without, however, neglecting his profession. Indeed he soon acquired a reputation for being skilful and attentive, while every one spoke in terms of commendation of the young Doctor Paul. Suddenly there was a change. He declined any longer to visit the sick, excepting only the most poor and miserable. He absented himself for days and weeks in the mountains, pursuing his favorite objects with an unnatural enthusiasm. Then he left Thun for foreign countries, and was gone two or three years, and returned with an accumulation of various specimens in almost every department of natural science; with note-books, herbariums, cabinets, strange animals stuffed to resemble life, birds, fishes, petrifications; in short, the air, the water, and the earth had furnished their quota to satisfy his feverish zeal for acquisition. He was still a young man, scarce five-and-twenty, but he bore the appearance of a man at least forty years old —’

‘But the cause of this strange metamorphose?’

‘No one pretends to tell,’ continued Josephine. ‘There is a report (and my father, who, I am quite sure knows all, does not contradict it) that Paul Lindhorst was attached to a young girl who resided in the same town, and that his affection was returned. On one occasion, a detachment of French soldiers was quartered in Thun for a short time; and a sub-lieutenant, who had in some way been made acquainted with her, was smitten with the charms of the pretty Swiss. I suppose, like some of her sex, she had a spice of coquetry in her composition, and now, possessing two lovers, she had a good opportunity to practise it. Paul Lindhorst, however, was of too earnest a nature to bear this new conduct, from the dearest object of his heart, with composure; neither was it his disposition to suffer in silence. He remonstrated, and was laughed at; he showed signs of deep dejection, and these marks of a wounded spirit were treated with thoughtless levity or indifference; he became indignant, and they quarrelled. It is quite the old story: the girl, half in revenge, half from a fancied liking for her new lover,

married him ; soon the order for march came, and, by special permission, she was permitted to accompany her husband, as the regiment was to be quartered in France, and not to go on active service. Such,' continued Josephine Fluellen, 'is the story I have heard repeated, and to which was attributed the extraordinary change in the young physician. His devotion to his favorite pursuits continued to engross him ; he grew more abstracted, more laborious, more unremitting in his vocation. Again he visited foreign lands, and was gone another three years. Returning, he brought, in addition to his various collections, a little, bright-eyed, brown-haired child, a girl, some four years old ; and taking her to his house, which he still retained, he made arrangements for her accommodation there, by sending to Berne for a distant relative, a widow lady, who had but one child, also a little girl, about the age of the stranger. She accordingly took up her residence with Dr. Lindhorst, and assumed the charge of both the children, while the Doctor continued to pursue his labors, apparently much lighter of heart than before.'

'But the child ?'

'I was about to add that I learned from my father the following account of it. He told me (but I am sure this is not known to any out of our own family) that as Dr. Lindhorst was returning home after his second long absence, he entered a small village near Turin, just as a detachment of 'the Army of Italy' were leaving it. The rear presented the usual motley collection of baggage-wagons, disabled soldiers, sutlers, camp-women, and hangers-on of all sorts, who attend in the steps of a victorious troop. As Paul Lindhorst stopped to view the spectacle, and while the wild strains of music could be heard echoing and reëchoing as the columns defiled along the brow of a mountain which shut them out of his sight, the rear of the detachment came up and passed. At a short distance behind, a child, scarcely four years of age, without shoes or stockings, her hair streaming in the wind, and thinly clad, ran by as fast as her little feet could carry her, screaming in a tone of agony and terror : 'Wait for me, mamma !' 'Here I am, mamma !' 'Do not leave me, mamma !' 'Do wait for me, mamma !' Paul Lindhorst sprang forward, and, taking the child in his arms, he hastened to overtake the detachment, supposing that by some accident the little creature had been overlooked. On coming up, he inquired for the child's mother.'

'Bless me !' said one of the women, 'if there is not poor little Annette !'

'We can't take her ; that's positive,' cried another.

'How did she get here ?' exclaimed a third.

'Something must be done,' said a wounded soldier in a compassionate tone. 'Give her to me ; I will carry her in my arms.' And taking little Annette, who recognized in him an old acquaintance, he easily quieted her by saying her mamma would come very soon.

'The Doctor at length discovered that the poor child's mother had died in the village they were just leaving. He learned also that she was the wife of an officer who had been wounded some time before, and that she had made a long journey, just in time to see him breathe his

last, and had remained with the camp until her own death. Some charitable person, attracted by the sprightly appearance of the little girl, had volunteered the charge of it; and, the halt at an end, the detachment had marched on its victorious course. Paul Lindhorst felt a shock, like the last shock which separates soul from body. He had inquired and been told the name of the deceased officer; he buried his face in his hands, and wept. Little Annette had fallen asleep in the old soldier's arms, and the heavy military wagon lumbered slowly on its way. It was more than he could bear to give up the child into the hands of strangers — *her* child. Old scenes came back to his recollection. He forgot every resentment. He remembered but his first, his only love. He walked hastily after the wagon, and readily persuaded the old soldier to give the little girl to him. Then taking her in his arms while she still slept, he walked almost with a light heart into the village. Of course it was difficult at first to pacify the little creature; but kindness and devotion soon do their office, and all the love which she had had for her mother was transferred to her kind protector. She has always borne his name, and, I believe, is unacquainted with her history, at least with the more melancholy portions of it. Do not ask me any more questions. I know you want to speak of your friend Macklorne. I must not show you too much favor at one time; beside, we must visit Lina a few moments. I have quite neglected her of late.'

We were now driving into Thun. At the door of Dr. Paul, we were met by the maiden herself, a sprightly, good-natured, and very pretty young girl, who insisted that we should descend and partake of some refreshments, and see her new garden. Accordingly, we alighted, and were detained so long and so agreeably, that our ride home was by moon-light.

A drive by moon-light, and Josephine Fluellen my companion!

T O W . R . D E M P S T E R .

WRITTEN AFTER A DAY SPENT WITH HIM.

As one born out of the allotted time,
 Full late I know thee, gentle almoner
 Of living sweets; that canst so deftly stir
 The heart to pleasing sadness. Bless the clime
 That boasts a BURNS, and well may boast of thee,
 Thou fit interpreter of Scotia's bard:
 Touching such springs of happy tears, that he
 Himself should marvel as he weeping heard
 His own sweet strains, distilled to sweeter grace:
 As once a poet in another land.*
 Since I have, listening, seen that soul-lit face;
 Those eyes turned inward — pressed that kindly hand,
 I love so perfect work that HEAVEN hath done:
 Composer, singer, gentleman, in one.

JACQUES MAURICE.

* TENNYSON, on hearing Mr. DEMPSTER sing the 'May-Queen.'

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF VEGETATION. *

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SEE! what a boundless profusion, thousand-fold mixture of flowers,
 Scattered in endless confusion, gathered in clustering bowers:
 So many the names thou hearest with each its barbarian sound,
 That the listening ear is wearied, the eye turns away from the ground.
 All their forms resemble each other, every gay flow'ret you saw;
 The gay-colored throng, in collection, thus points to a mystical law,
 Thus points to a sacred enigma — oh! would I could give thee, O fairest!
 Happily give thee the word, whose meaning the key to it bearest.

Mark! from its earliest stages the plant, in progressive gradation,
 Holds in itself, as it moves, the power of ceaseless creation.
 From the seed the plant is unfolded soon as the nourishing Earth
 Loosens it, silently fertile, bedecking herself by its birth;
 And the light, with its sacred charms, the newly-born flow'ret receives,
 Its grateful and delicate frame repays with the fresh-budding leaves.

Slept simply the power in the seed, locked deep in its curious cell,
 Coiled up in itself, a foretype closed up in its folding shell,
 Germ of rootlet and colorless leaf, minutely perfect in shape,
 Thus guarded its slumbering life is, foreshadowed its perfect escape;
 To the gentle moisture intrusted up to the surface it springs,
 Upward it forces its way, and with newly-found vigor it flings
 Away the encompassing night: yet think how simple its form!
 Could you dream of its mission, beloved, the mission it is to perform?

Thus it is ever, my dearest, the plant marks the type of the child:
 Now to the plant a new impulse is given, and upwardly piled
 Joint upon joint it moves upward, renewing its primitive form,
 With thankfulness meeting the sun, with trembling shunning the storm.
 Yet, never remaining the same, it always renews its mutation,
 Strives ever at fulness of form, in destined, dependent gradation;
 Grows more expanded and notched; and now the soft-falling dew
 Cuts it more into points and divisions, bestowing its delicate hue.

All shapes which snugly concealed, unknown, unconsciously slept,
 Till, moved into life by its law, to the light have daintily crept.
 Thus it arrives at last, and perfect, looks forth to the sky
 In destined perfection and grace, arresting the wondering eye
 By its limitless colors and forms. Ah! surely this border is seeming
 Some fairy creation beheld in Poesy's fanciful dreaming.

* This article, which so beautifully describes the process of vegetation, and the natural laws which control it, does not, as the writer believes, appear in any of the ordinary editions of the writings of GOETHE. It was translated from the German by one of our best scholars; and his indorsement would be sufficient evidence of its authenticity. The writer believes that it is comparatively unknown to the readers of GOETHE, and that it is genuine. He has endeavored, as faithfully as he could, to present the idea in metrical language, slightly changing the words and the form of translation for that purpose. Z.

Now Nature, with more prudent hand, holds in her life-giving treasure:
 She narrows the cells and surrenders the sap in scantier measure.
 How instantly then, my beloved, its effect shows the delicate frame,
 Relaxing its out-pushing force, though the object is ever the same:
 For still it cares for the future, still seems to consider the hour
 When, though tender and leafless, the stalk will promise the beautiful flower.

What a wonderful form is seen next, in the continued creation,
 Chaining the wondering eye in gratefully pleased meditation;
 Like beside like in a circle, the whole disposed in due order,
 Shoot the diminutive leaves, giving wholeness at once to the border;
 Taking its proper position, the axil is pressed to the cup,
 And, let forth as the finishing work, the gay-colored crown presses up.

Thus is Nature revealed. The work how simple and grand!
 Member on member displayed, is upreared with Omnipotent hand.
 Fresh the wonder is always, seeing the slender frame; while,
 Garnished with many-shaped leaves, the bright flower waves on its stile.
 Ah! a new, fresh creation is announced by the beautiful thing.
 Yes! the gay-colored leaflet, bright as the butterfly's wing,
 Again, in its sudden contraction, feels the all-powerful HAND;
 And, in forms of most exquisite structure, change and change, as they stand

Side by side, graceful affianced, destined to meet and unite,
 One by the other in beauty, all decked in their coloring bright,
 Many, but each in its place: hymns float soft on the air,
 And a glorious incense exhaling, entwine with other the pair;
 Reaching and quickening all, their fragrance is scattered around:
 The Earth is rejoiced with their beauty, made proud of its offspring the ground.
 And now, with its separate life, swells proudly each little shoot,
 While veiled in its sheltering womb lies secret the germ of the fruit.
 As they sink to the earth, by one the seed of another is sown;
 And so the great whole, as the parts, lives with a life of its own.

Turn, my beloved, and look once more on the flowery profusion.
 See! how the assemblage no more perplexes the mind with confusion.
 How every plant the law of its being eternally teaches,
 Every gay flower with thy soul closer communion beseeches.
 Lo! thou shalt trace them wherever the smile of fair Nature tarries.
 Creeping lags the worm, but nimbly the butterfly hurries!

Ever, from its beginning the form of humanity changes;
 With artist-like sense, from the boy to the man ever it ranges.
 How out of the germ of acquaintance, need I, beloved! remind thee,
 Mild familiarity grew, when I came seeking to find thee;
 With strength, then, in my bosom, kind friendship pleaded the suit;
 And how love, last of all, to us both, yielded its blossom and fruit.

Think of the manifold shapes which Nature is ever revealing,
 One after the other evolved, and each addressed to the feeling;
 Striving to perfect fruition, of soul the highest communion,
 Similar views of things; that so, in harmonious union,
 Heart may, united with heart, sing to the HIGHEST their praises;
 And Piety breathe out her prayer as her eyes to Heaven she raises.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

On the day succeeding the events that I have just related, I wrote a long letter to my aunt, in which, after informing her of all that had befallen me up to the time of my being knighted, I went on to say : ' And so, dear aunty, as I find that the being considered the son of a general is of essential service to me in more ways than one, I think it best not to undeceive them ; and, indeed, I do not know how I well could do so now, without injuring my best friend, Fearless.

' My mess-mates are all fine fellows, and I already like them very much, although they *will* play tricks upon me. Last evening, for instance, Hart entreated me, almost with tears in his eyes, not to permit my boy, who, he said, was a lubber, (that is, no seaman,) to hang my hammock up for me, but to let *him* do it. At first, I rejected this proposal, as I did not wish to trouble him ; but afterward, upon his seconding it with an account of a midshipman once ' ' coming down by the run,' thereby breaking his neck in so frightful a manner, that the loblolly-boy, with all his skill, could never 'set it right again,' I thankfully acceded to it ; so he straightway made fast the lariards of my ' dream-bag ' with what he called a '*lazo escurridizo*, or Spanish hold-fast knot,' but which was, in sober earnest, nothing more nor less than a Yankee slippery hitch. So I had no sooner 'turned in' than I was 'turned out' upon the deck ; and with so much force, too, that but for my pillow falling directly under my head, I really think I should have dashed my brains out. As it was, I thought my hour had come, and began seriously to reflect upon the propriety of making my last will and testament. And this very morning I was made a precious fool of, to be sure ! The Captain, calling me into the cabin, said :

' Ask the officer of the watch how the hawse is, and let me know as quickly as possible, Sir ! '

' By this he meant, as I afterward learned, that I should ascertain whether the cables by which the ship was held to her anchors were clear of each other, or had become *twisted together* by the action of the tide in swinging the vessel round. Well, I went to the officer of the deck, and delivered my message, and was informed in return ' that there was a round-turn, and an elbow in the hawse ; ' whereupon I said to myself : ' A horse may possibly have a *round-turn* in him, for I don't well know what that is ; but I swear I never heard of one having an *elbow* before.' The more I thought the matter over in my mind, the more confident I felt of my being hoaxed, especially as the lieutenant being below, the charge of the deck was temporarily intrusted to a passed midshipman ; and so, like an ass, I went and made a frank statement of the dilemma in which I was placed to little Weasel, who, after grinning at me a few moments, exactly like one of those laughing hyenas we saw at the menagerie last Thanksgiving Day, politely told me that Maddox (the name of the passed midshipman) was '*fooling*'

me. 'However,' continued he, 'I have just been down to take a look at the horse, which is kept in the place 'where the sergeant of marines cut his throat,' and you may assure the captain of his well-being, for I saw him, with my own eyes, eat a peck of oats.' Happy in the possession of such good news concerning the *animal*, which I concluded belonged to the Captain, I rushed into the cabin, where beside the skipper, I found the first lieutenant and a half-dozen other officers, and cried out joyfully: 'He's perfectly well, Sir!'

'Perfectly well, Sir? Who, Sir?'

'Why, the horse, Sir, and' — here I stopped short, for there was an expression on the countenances of all around me which convinced me that something was wrong.

'The hawse *well*!' Why, what in the name of HEAVEN does the boy mean?' exclaimed the Captain, looking toward Mr. Garboard.

'He means it is clear, I presume, Sir.'

'No I do n't, Sir,' I blubbered out, driven to a state bordering on desperation. 'Mr. Maddox told me the horse had a round-turn and an elbow in him; but Mr. Weasel says he's perfectly well, for he saw him with his own eyes eat a peck of oats.'

'Amid the explosion of laughter which followed this report, I sneaked out of the cabin, having the extreme felicity of hearing Mr. Garboard say as I did so: 'I really believe that fellow, Jenkins, is a born fool.'

'But I am sure you must be weary of this lengthy scrawl; so I will e'en bring it to a close, with the assurance that I am, as ever, your dutiful and affectionate nephew,

JOHN.

'P.S.—I forgot to mention that you must give up all hopes of ever seeing me a Commodore; at least, under the present *regime*; for Jones tells me that being anxious to know the exact time when he might expect to 'fly a broad pennant' himself, he employed, at a very great expense, an eminent mathematician, of the name of Chauvenet, to cipher it all out for him by *Algebraic fractions*; and the result arrived at was, that according to the present rate of promotion, he would be entitled to that distinguished honor in two hundred and forty-eight years, five months, ten days, one hour, and twenty-eight minutes precisely, from the time of Chauvenet's commencing his calculation.

'There is one chance for me still, however, for Maddox says it is in serious contemplation at Washington, to lay one-third of our little navy 'upon the shelf;' so that some may go 'up, up, up,' and others go 'down, down, downy.' Won't it be glorious — *especially* for the *uppers*?

'I do hope, my dear aunt, that this *reform* (for by this name it is called) may happen during my novitiate; for, otherwise, who knows but that your poor nephew, who is (as Mr. Kreutzer used to say of him) a dreamy, good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, entirely too much given to the reading of quaint old books, and the study of foreign languages, may be one of the proscribed, and laid up in ordinary, like that worthless old hulk, the 'Experiment,' which you and I visited on the day the 'big-ship Pennsylvania' was launched; or, still worse, be cast adrift entirely, in the same manner that many a poor horse, who has been a

'good one' in his day, is turned out by his cruel master (when in consequence of age or infirmity, he can be of no farther use to him) either to starve to death, or to subsist upon the cold charity of the world.

'But I greatly fear I am growing pathetic, and must, therefore, cease writing at once; for I intend that my motto through life shall be the same as the little drummer's who wrote the letter to the corporal's wife, concluding with *Vive la joie, et vive la bagatelle*,' which is the French, dear aunty, for 'I go in strong for fun, and do n't mind kicking up a bit of a bobbery.' Good-by.'

Some months had glided smoothly away since the dispatch of this epistle, during which nothing had occurred to relieve the dull monotony of ship-life, when one morning, bright and early, the 'second cutter,' which had been sent ashore as a market-boat, was seen drifting by the 'Shenandoah,' half-full of water; and another boat being sent to tow her alongside of the ship, young Weasel was found lying senseless in the stern-sheets of it, with a deep cut over his left eye-brow.

When restored to consciousness, he stated that upon his reaching the Fulton-market slip, the coxswain of the boat requested him to permit the men to visit a grog-shop in the vicinity, for the purpose of 'warming themselves a little;' which request, as the weather was chilly, the wind being from the eastward, and he expected to be detained ashore some hours, he readily granted; so they all left the boat in high glee, save William Nelis and our friend, Peter Conway, whose turn it was 'to play boat-keepers.' A few minutes after this, Nelis leaped upon the wharf, and, to Weasel's surprise, his companion quickly threw a hammock and bag to him, which had been concealed, it seems, under the bow-grating; whereupon, knowing that one or both intended to desert the youngster sprang to his feet, and attempted to draw his sword; but ere he had got it half out of the scabbard, Conway laid him low with a boat-hook; and the first thing he was again sensible of was, his being in the steerage under the surgeon's hands. From the condition of the boat when picked up, it was evident that the rascals had intended drowning the boy-mid, as, before shoving her off from the wharf, they had removed the plug from a hole in the bottom of her, designed to let the water escape (while she was hoisted up) during a heavy fall of rain, or when being washed out.

As soon as this story got wind, it created, as may be well imagined, a tremendous sensation throughout the vessel; indeed, so great was it, that the crew in a body volunteered to go in search of the delinquents, promising faithfully 'to return to the ship, perfectly sober, within twenty-four hours.' Their services were not called into requisition, however, as the Captain deemed it sufficient to send two reefers ashore to inform the mayor of the city of what had occurred, and to claim the kindly offices of the police in ferreting out the would-be murderers. Toward evening the mids returned, and reported that with the assistance of four special constables they had scoured the locality commonly known as the 'Five Points,' throughout its length and breadth, without accomplishing their object. Of Nelis they could get no trace; but a man answering the description of Conway, had taken passage in a

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married him ; soon the order for march came, and, by special permission, she was permitted to accompany her husband, as the regiment was to be quartered in France, and not to go on active service. Such,' continued Josephine Fluellen, 'is the story I have heard repeated, and to which was attributed the extraordinary change in the young physician. His devotion to his favorite pursuits continued to engross him ; he grew more abstracted, more laborious, more unremitting in his vocation. Again he visited foreign lands, and was gone another three years. Returning, he brought, in addition to his various collections, a little, bright-eyed, brown-haired child, a girl, some four years old ; and taking her to his house, which he still retained, he made arrangements for her accommodation there, by sending to Berne for a distant relative, a widow lady, who had but one child, also a little girl, about the age of the stranger. She accordingly took up her residence with Dr. Lindhorst, and assumed the charge of both the children, while the Doctor continued to pursue his labors, apparently much lighter of heart than before.'

'But the child ?'

'I was about to add that I learned from my father the following account of it. He told me (but I am sure this is not known to any out of our own family) that as Dr. Lindhorst was returning home after his second long absence, he entered a small village near Turin, just as a detachment of 'the Army of Italy' were leaving it. The rear presented the usual motley collection of baggage-wagons, disabled soldiers, sutlers, camp-women, and hangers-on of all sorts, who attend in the steps of a victorious troop. As Paul Lindhorst stopped to view the spectacle, and while the wild strains of music could be heard echoing and reëchoing as the columns defiled along the brow of a mountain which shut them out of his sight, the rear of the detachment came up and passed. At a short distance behind, a child, scarcely four years of age, without shoes or stockings, her hair streaming in the wind, and thinly clad, ran by as fast as her little feet could carry her, screaming in a tone of agony and terror : 'Wait for me, mamma !' 'Here I am, mamma !' 'Do not leave me, mamma !' 'Do wait for me, mamma !' Paul Lindhorst sprang forward, and, taking the child in his arms, he hastened to overtake the detachment, supposing that by some accident the little creature had been overlooked. On coming up, he inquired for the child's mother.'

'Bless me !' said one of the women, 'if there is not poor little Annette !'

'We can't take her ; that's positive,' cried another.

'How did she get here ?' exclaimed a third.

'Something must be done,' said a wounded soldier in a compassionate tone. 'Give her to me ; I will carry her in my arms.' And taking little Annette, who recognized in him an old acquaintance, he easily quieted her by saying her mamma would come very soon.

The Doctor at length discovered that the poor child's mother had died in the village they were just leaving. He learned also that she was the wife of an officer who had been wounded some time before, and that she had made a long journey, just in time to see him breathe his

last, and had remained with the camp until her own death. Some charitable person, attracted by the sprightly appearance of the little girl, had volunteered the charge of it; and, the halt at an end, the detachment had marched on its victorious course. Paul Lindhorst felt a shock, like the last shock which separates soul from body. He had inquired and been told the name of the deceased officer; he buried his face in his hands, and wept. Little Annette had fallen asleep in the old soldier's arms, and the heavy military wagon lumbered slowly on its way. It was more than he could bear to give up the child into the hands of strangers — *her* child. Old scenes came back to his recollection. He forgot every resentment. He remembered but his first, his only love. He walked hastily after the wagon, and readily persuaded the old soldier to give the little girl to him. Then taking her in his arms while she still slept, he walked almost with a light heart into the village. Of course it was difficult at first to pacify the little creature; but kindness and devotion soon do their office, and all the love which she had had for her mother was transferred to her kind protector. She has always borne his name, and, I believe, is unacquainted with her history, at least with the more melancholy portions of it. Do not ask me any more questions. I know you want to speak of your friend Macklorne. I must not show you too much favor at one time; beside, we must visit Lina a few moments. I have quite neglected her of late.'

We were now driving into Thun. At the door of Dr. Paul, we were met by the maiden herself, a sprightly, good-natured, and very pretty young girl, who insisted that we should descend and partake of some refreshments, and see her new garden. Accordingly, we alighted, and were detained so long and so agreeably, that our ride home was by moon-light.

A drive by moon-light, and Josephine Fluellen my companion!

T O W . R . D E M P S T E R .

WRITTEN AFTER A DAY SPENT WITH HIM.

As one born out of the allotted time,
 Full late I know thee, gentle almoner
 Of living sweets; that canst so deftly stir
 The heart to pleasing sadness. Bless the clime
 That boasts a BURNS, and well may boast of thee,
 Thou fit interpreter of Scotia's bard:
 Touching such springs of happy tears, that he
 Himself should marvel as he weeping heard
 His own sweet strains, distilled to sweeter grace:
 As once a poet in another land.*
 Since I have, listening, seen that soul-lit face;
 Those eyes turned inward — pressed that kindly hand,
 I love so perfect work that HEAVEN hath done:
 Composer, singer, gentleman, in one.

JACQUES MAURICE.

* TENNYSON, on hearing Mr. DEMPSTER sing the 'May-Queen.'

method, which produce feelings of constraint and disgust, but with that nice regard to order and propriety always evidenced by those who feel the value of existence. All were the happier for the delightful calm that reigned throughout the household. The Herr himself had his constant routine of occupation. On one day he would traverse the valley, and visiting the cottages, would inquire into the welfare of every member. If any were sick, they received attention; if any were rejoicing, they found a sympathizer. The suffering and the unfortunate were cared for; the well and the prosperous were made still happier by pleasant congratulations. The old were reminded of the many blessings with which they were surrounded; the young were admonished to filial duties, that they, too, might one day enjoy them. The lover and his sweet-heart were not forgotten or unheeded. They were addressed, not by any ill-timed joke or common-place witticism, so invariable on such occasions, yet so grating to the sense, but by simple, kindly words of encouragement and hope, which, expressed with heart-felt emphasis, seemed to strengthen the mutual affection that in the good man's presence, yet with down-cast eyes, was modestly avowed.

On these visits, Herr Fluellen did not confine his inquiries to the situation of the cottages. He carefully inspected the fields and the gardens, and made suggestions which should improve their condition. In a word, he busied himself with every thing which concerned these humble people, who had learned to regard him with love and reverence. On another day the school which he had established was visited, the progress of the pupils noted; the dull were encouraged, the idle admonished, and the diligent praised. The affairs of his own farm (for as I shall, by-and-by, explain, these people were not *tenants* of the Herr) also claimed close examination. The several products of the soil were carefully looked after, and the result compared with the culture of the previous year; every thing seemed to merit his observation, and nothing to escape it. After attending to these various duties, he occupied himself in reading from his well-selected library, or in agreeable conversation with his family. Madame Fluellen, as I have remarked, was in delicate health, yet she did much to second the plans of her husband. She, too, visited the same families, carrying with her consolation and happiness; and she was the sympathizer with many a feeling, and the confidant of many a tale which, even to the Herr, were topics absolutely sealed. In her own house she was gentle yet decisive; and while she regarded her husband almost as a superior being, she preserved that influence which should always belong to the sex, and is so necessary to them.

Josephine, too, had — but of her employments I will not now speak, preferring rather that they should manifest themselves as my story goes on.

Macklorne and I were no idlers. Sometimes we penetrated together the neighboring mountains, traversing one wild height after another, and enjoying a new prospect at almost every step. Sometimes we wandered for miles through the majestic forests, endeavoring to fancy an encounter with the *berggeist*, or 'spirits of the Alp,' in whose existence the inhabitants believe implicitly. But the happiest seasons

Now Nature, with more prudent hand, holds in her life-giving treasure:
 She narrows the cells and surrenders the sap in scantier measure.
 How instantly then, my beloved, its effect shows the delicate frame,
 Relaxing its out-pushing force, though the object is ever the same:
 For still it cares for the future, still seems to consider the hour
 When, though tender and leafless, the stalk will promise the beautiful flower.

What a wonderful form is seen next, in the continued creation,
 Chaining the wondering eye in gratefully pleased meditation;
 Like beside like in a circle, the whole disposed in due order,
 Shoot the diminutive leaves, giving wholeness at once to the border;
 Taking its proper position, the axil is pressed to the cup,
 And, let forth as the finishing work, the gay-colored crown presses up.

Thus is Nature revealed. The work how simple and grand!
 Member on member displayed, is upreared with Omnipotent hand.
 Fresh the wonder is always, seeing the slender frame; while,
 Garnished with many-shaped leaves, the bright flower waves on its stile.
 Ah! a new, fresh creation is announced by the beautiful thing.
 Yes! the gay-colored leaflet, bright as the butterfly's wing,
 Again, in its sudden contraction, feels the all-powerful HAND;
 And, in forms of most exquisite structure, change and change, as they stand

Side by side, graceful affianced, destined to meet and unite,
 One by the other in beauty, all decked in their coloring bright,
 Many, but each in its place: hymns float soft on the air,
 And a glorious incense exhaling, entwine with other the pair;
 Reaching and quickening all, their fragrance is scattered around:
 The Earth is rejoiced with their beauty, made proud of its offspring the ground.
 And now, with its separate life, swells proudly each little shoot,
 While veiled in its sheltering womb lies secret the germ of the fruit.
 As they sink to the earth, by one the seed of another is sown;
 And so the great whole, as the parts, lives with a life of its own.

Turn, my beloved, and look once more on the flowery profusion.
 See! how the assemblage no more perplexes the mind with confusion.
 How every plant the law of its being eternally teaches,
 Every gay flower with thy soul closer communion beseeches.
 Lo! thou shalt trace them wherever the smile of fair Nature tarries.
 Creeping lags the worm, but nimbly the butterfly hurries!

Ever, from its beginning the form of humanity changes;
 With artist-like sense, from the boy to the man ever it ranges.
 How out of the germ of acquaintance, need I, beloved! remind thee,
 Mild familiarity grew, when I came seeking to find thee;
 With strength, then, in my bosom, kind friendship pleaded the suit;
 And how love, last of all, to us both, yielded its blossom and fruit.

Think of the manifold shapes which Nature is ever revealing,
 One after the other evolved, and each addressed to the feeling;
 Striving to perfect fruition, of soul the highest communion,
 Similar views of things; that so, in harmonious union,
 Heart may, united with heart, sing to the HIGHEST their praises;
 And Piety breathe out her prayer as her eyes to Heaven she raises.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

ON the day succeeding the events that I have just related, I wrote a long letter to my aunt, in which, after informing her of all that had befallen me up to the time of my being knighted, I went on to say : ' And so, dear aunty, as I find that the being considered the son of a general is of essential service to me in more ways than one, I think it best not to undeceive them ; and, indeed, I do not know how I well could do so now, without injuring my best friend, Fearless.

' My mess-mates are all fine fellows, and I already like them very much, although they *will* play tricks upon me. Last evening, for instance, Hart entreated me, almost with tears in his eyes, not to permit my boy, who, he said, was a lubber, (that is, no seaman,) to hang my hammock up for me, but to let *him* do it. At first, I rejected this proposal, as I did not wish to trouble him ; but afterward, upon his seconding it with an account of a midshipman once ' ' coming down by the run,' thereby breaking his neck in so frightful a manner, that the loblolly-boy, with all his skill, could never set it right again,' I thankfully acceded to it ; so he straightway made fast the laniards of my ' dream-bag ' with what he called a '*lazo escurridizo*, or Spanish hold-fast knot, but which was, in sober earnest, nothing more nor less than a Yankee slippery hitch. So I had no sooner 'turned in' than I was 'turned out' upon the deck ; and with so much force, too, that but for my pillow falling directly under my head, I really think I should have dashed my brains out. As it was, I thought my hour had come, and began seriously to reflect upon the propriety of making my last will and testament. And this very morning I was made a precious fool of, to be sure ! The Captain, calling me into the cabin, said :

' Ask the officer of the watch how the hawse is, and let me know as quickly as possible, Sir ! '

' By this he meant, as I afterward learned, that I should ascertain whether the cables by which the ship was held to her anchors were clear of each other, or had become *twisted together* by the action of the tide in swinging the vessel round. Well, I went to the officer of the deck, and delivered my message, and was informed in return ' that there was a round-turn, and an elbow in the hawse ; ' whereupon I said to myself : ' A horse may possibly have a *round-turn* in him, for I don't well know what that is ; but I swear I never heard of one having an *elbow* before.' The more I thought the matter over in my mind, the more confident I felt of my being hoaxed, especially as the lieutenant being below, the charge of the deck was temporarily intrusted to a passed midshipman ; and so, like an ass, I went and made a frank statement of the dilemma in which I was placed to little Weasel, who, after grinning at me a few moments, exactly like one of those laughing hyenas we saw at the menagerie last Thanksgiving Day, politely told me that Maddox (the name of the passed midshipman) was '*fooling*'

me. 'However,' continued he, 'I have just been down to take a look at the horse, which is kept in the place 'where the sergeant of marines cut his throat,' and you may assure the captain of his well-being, for I saw him, with my own eyes, eat a peck of oats.' Happy in the possession of such good news concerning the *animal*, which I concluded belonged to the Captain, I rushed into the cabin, where beside the skipper, I found the first lieutenant and a half-dozen other officers, and cried out joyfully: 'He's perfectly well, Sir!'

'Perfectly well, Sir? Who, Sir?'

'Why, the horse, Sir, and' — here I stopped short, for there was an expression on the countenances of all around me which convinced me that something was wrong.

'The horse *well*?' Why, what in the name of HEAVEN does the boy mean?' exclaimed the Captain, looking toward Mr. Garboard.

'He means it is clear, I presume, Sir.'

'No I don't, Sir,' I blubbered out, driven to a state bordering on desperation. 'Mr. Maddox told me the horse had a round-turn and an elbow in him; but Mr. Weasel says he's perfectly well, for he saw him with his own eyes eat a peck of oats.'

'Amid the explosion of laughter which followed this report, I sneaked out of the cabin, having the extreme felicity of hearing Mr. Garboard say as I did so: 'I really believe that fellow, Jenkins, is a born fool.'

'But I am sure you must be weary of this lengthy scrawl; so I will e'en bring it to a close, with the assurance that I am, as ever, your dutiful and affectionate nephew,

'JOHN.

'P.S.—I forgot to mention that you must give up all hopes of ever seeing me a Commodore; at least, under the present *regime*; for Jones tells me that being anxious to know the exact time when he might expect to 'fly a broad pennant' himself, he employed, at a very great expense, an eminent mathematician, of the name of Chauvenet, to cipher it all out for him by *Algebraic fractions*; and the result arrived at was, that according to the present rate of promotion, he would be entitled to that distinguished honor in two hundred and forty-eight years, five months, ten days, one hour, and twenty-eight minutes precisely, from the time of Chauvenet's commencing his calculation.

'There is one chance for me still, however, for Maddox says it is in serious contemplation at Washington, to lay one-third of our little navy 'upon the shelf;' so that some may go 'up, up, up,' and others go 'down, down, downy.' Won't it be glorious — *especially* for the *uppers*?

'I do hope, my dear aunt, that this *reform* (for by this name it is called) may happen during my novitiate; for, otherwise, who knows but that your poor nephew, who is (as Mr. Kreutzer used to say of him) a dreamy, good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, entirely too much given to the reading of quaint old books, and the study of foreign languages, may be one of the proscribed, and laid up in ordinary, like that worthless old hulk, the 'Experiment,' which you and I visited on the day the 'big-ship Pennsylvania' was launched; or, still worse, be cast adrift entirely, in the same manner that many a poor horse, who has been a

'good one' in his day, is turned out by his cruel master (when in consequence of age or infirmity, he can be of no farther use to him) either to starve to death, or to subsist upon the cold charity of the world.

'But I greatly fear I am growing pathetic, and must, therefore, cease writing at once; for I intend that my motto through life shall be the same as the little drummer's who wrote the letter to the corporal's wife, concluding with *Vive la joie, et vive la bagatelle*,' which is the French, dear aunty, for 'I go in strong for fun, and do n't mind kicking up a bit of a bobbery.' Good-by.'

Some months had glided smoothly away since the dispatch of this epistle, during which nothing had occurred to relieve the dull monotony of ship-life, when one morning, bright and early, the 'second cutter,' which had been sent ashore as a market-boat, was seen drifting by the 'Shenandoah,' half-full of water; and another boat being sent to tow her alongside of the ship, young Weasel was found lying senseless in the stern-sheets of it, with a deep cut over his left eye-brow.

When restored to consciousness, he stated that upon his reaching the Fulton-market slip, the coxswain of the boat requested him to permit the men to visit a grog-shop in the vicinity, for the purpose of 'warming themselves a little;' which request, as the weather was chilly, the wind being from the eastward, and he expected to be detained ashore some hours, he readily granted; so they all left the boat in high glee, save William Nelis and our friend, Peter Conway, whose turn it was 'to play boat-keepers.' A few minutes after this, Nelis leaped upon the wharf, and, to Weasel's surprise, his companion quickly threw a hammock and bag to him, which had been concealed, it seems, under the bow-grating; whereupon, knowing that one or both intended to desert the youngster sprang to his feet, and attempted to draw his sword; but ere he had got it half out of the scabbard, Conway laid him low with a boat-hook; and the first thing he was again sensible of was, his being in the steerage under the surgeon's hands. From the condition of the boat when picked up, it was evident that the rascals had intended drowning the boy-mid, as, before shoving her off from the wharf, they had removed the plug from a hole in the bottom of her, designed to let the water escape (while she was hoisted up) during a heavy fall of rain, or when being washed out.

As soon as this story got wind, it created, as may be well imagined, a tremendous sensation throughout the vessel; indeed, so great was it, that the crew in a body volunteered to go in search of the delinquents, promising faithfully 'to return to the ship, perfectly sober, within twenty-four hours.' Their services were not called into requisition, however, as the Captain deemed it sufficient to send two reefers ashore to inform the mayor of the city of what had occurred, and to claim the kindly offices of the police in ferreting out the would-be murderers. Toward evening the mids returned, and reported that with the assistance of four special constables they had scoured the locality commonly known as the 'Five Points,' throughout its length and breadth, without accomplishing their object. Of Nelis they could get no trace; but a man answering the description of Conway, had taken passage in a

We got into our *calèche*, and leaving Dr. Lindhorst to make his visits in search of the glossopetræ, we drove pleasantly toward home. I could not but comment on the character of the worthy Doctor, and made several inquiries about him, of my companion; then I recalled her promise to give me an account of Annette, who interested me so much, and to whom Macklorne was so devoted. Josephine smiled; professed to be amused at my curiosity; was half-inclined to withhold her story, that (as I insisted) she might be more strongly importuned to tell it; then, with a smile and a look which sent a glow over my frame and a thrill through my soul, she proceeded:

‘Dr. Lindhorst has been an intimate friend of my father from the time they were both together at Heidelberg. The Doctor was born in Switzerland, and after finishing the study of medicine, came back to his native town to practise it. Before this, however, he had become enthusiastically attached to geology and its kindred sciences, botany and mineralogy, and, indeed, to all those pursuits which have a direct relation to nature and her operations. His father dying soon after, and leaving him a handsome patrimony, he had abundant opportunity to indulge in them, which he did, without, however, neglecting his profession. Indeed he soon acquired a reputation for being skilful and attentive, while every one spoke in terms of commendation of the young Doctor Paul. Suddenly there was a change. He declined any longer to visit the sick, excepting only the most poor and miserable. He absented himself for days and weeks in the mountains, pursuing his favorite objects with an unnatural enthusiasm. Then he left Thun for foreign countries, and was gone two or three years, and returned with an accumulation of various specimens in almost every department of natural science; with note-books, herbariums, cabinets, strange animals stuffed to resemble life, birds, fishes, petrifications; in short, the air, the water, and the earth had furnished their quota to satisfy his feverish zeal for acquisition. He was still a young man, scarce five-and-twenty, but he bore the appearance of a man at least forty years old——’

‘But the cause of this strange metamorphose?’

‘No one pretends to tell,’ continued Josephine. ‘There is a report (and my father, who, I am quite sure knows all, does not contradict it) that Paul Lindhorst was attached to a young girl who resided in the same town, and that his affection was returned. On one occasion, a detachment of French soldiers was quartered in Thun for a short time; and a sub-lieutenant, who had in some way been made acquainted with her, was smitten with the charms of the pretty Swiss. I suppose, like some of her sex, she had a spice of coquetry in her composition, and now, possessing two lovers, she had a good opportunity to practise it. Paul Lindhorst, however, was of too earnest a nature to bear this new conduct, from the dearest object of his heart, with composure; neither was it his disposition to suffer in silence. He remonstrated, and was laughed at; he showed signs of deep dejection, and these marks of a wounded spirit were treated with thoughtless levity or indifference; he became indignant, and they quarrelled. It is quite the old story: the girl, half in revenge, half from a fancied liking for her new lover,

query he deigned no reply in words, but opening a carpet-bag which he held in his hand, he pulled the frock and trowsers out, and held them up to view; and, upon a close inspection, the initials P. C. were found stamped upon them. My comrade then gave an account of Conway's doings in New-York to Messrs. Arnold and Wilson, and immediately invited them to our room, where, after a long consultation, it was resolved: First: 'That the mail-stage which runs through C — be notified to call for Fearless and Jenkins on the morrow;' and secondly: 'That a bowl of hot whiskey-punch, with the requisite 'trimmings,' be forthwith ordered up to their room, and a night made of it.' In accordance with these wise resolutions, a bowl of punch *was* ordered up to our room, and a night *was* made of it; and, in consequence thereof, when the stage called for us at six the next morning, the Firm of Arnold and Company were carried to their beds, in No. Sixty, as drunk as lords; and Fearless and myself departed with shocking bad headaches; mine being caused by a want of rest, and his from an overplus of liquor. The fresh morning air, however, soon revived us; and by the time the sun rose, which it did in unclouded splendor, we were as gay as larks, and as merry as crickets. At nine o'clock we arrived at C —, which proved to be a picturesque-looking little manufacturing village, with a beautiful stream running through it, on the south side of which was situated a great barn of an inn, affording genteel entertainment for man and beast. Up to the door of this magnificent establishment our driver dashed in fine style, giving three terrific blasts with his tin horn as he 'drew up,' and 'laid down the lines.' Here was gathered the whole male population of the place, young and old; and on the faces of all were depicted excitement and anxiety, as they crowded in a body about the Jehu and inquired the news. 'Bad enough, I can tell you,' he responded; 'Dorr is to Chepachet with a thousand rag-amuffins at his heels, and there'll be thunder to pay and no mistake!' Taking no heed to these words of our 'whip,' and fondly imagining that the sight of our gay uniforms had assembled the multitude, Fearless and I elbowed our way into the inn, and politely requested Mrs. Sloekin, the landlady, who — her 'liege lord' being absent — was covered with the mantle of authority, to furnish us with a good room and a comfortable breakfast. The latter she set about providing at once; but the former she demurred accommodating us with, saying, 'I don't know as I can let you have one,' which surprised us not a little, as her house seemed capable of lodging all the inhabitants of the village. A snowy cloth, however, being laid upon a pine table in the back-parlor, and well covered with the good things of this life, we fell to, all unwashed and *untoileted* as we were, and eagerly commenced satisfying the cravings of hunger; our fair hostess the while presiding at the board. But in order that the reader may fully comprehend what followed, it will be necessary to take a glance at the political history of that day. As early as 1811, that portion of the people of Rhode-Island who were denied the right of franchise by the Colonial Charter, granted by Charles II., in the year 1663, (which continued to be, as is well known, the only written, fundamental law of the State after the Revolution,) petitioned the General Assembly in vain for a

change of the constitution in their favor. The question of suffrage once started, was not suffered to rest. Year by year it was agitated until in November, 1841, a Convention, called 'the People's Convention,' was held at Providence, and drew up a constitution for the State, which was given out to be voted upon in December of the same year. In January, 1840, the People's Convention again assembled, and declared that their constitution had been adopted by a majority of three thousand votes, and should be maintained *vi et armis*, if necessary. And in April an election was held for State officers in defiance of the constituted authorities; Thomas Wilson Dorr being elected Governor. And now, instead of testing the validity of their acts before the Supreme Court of the United States, or by sending their representatives to Congress, the Dorr party (as it was thenceforth called) prepared to take forcible possession of the public property. But King, the legitimate ruler of Rhode-Island, showed himself fully equal to the emergency. Dorr's first treasonable act was in May, when he attempted to seize the arsenal. His only piece of artillery, however, refusing to go off, he thought it best to go off himself; and well would it have been for him and his native State if, like some other patriots 'who leave their country for their country's good,' he had never been permitted to return to it. On Saturday, June twenty-fifth, however, he arrived at Chepachet with about a thousand *vauriens* — for all the respectable men of his party had now left him — which he was pleased to entitle his 'Spartan Band,' most probably from the fact of their thinking it all right and proper to rob hen-roosts and 'sich like,' provided they were not caught in *flagrante delicto*. On the same day, my companion and self arrived at C —, and martial law was proclaimed by the General Assembly throughout Rhode-Island; and so it seemed highly probable that there would be 'thunder to pay and no mistake,' as the driver had predicted.

'And so, Madam,' said Fearless, after disposing of his fifth roll and third cup of coffee, you really have not a room for us in this large mansion of yours! Is there, then a court sitting or an election held here to-day, that you are so full?'

'O Sir! the house is not full, but ——' here Mrs. Sloeskin, getting very red in the face, stammered and became confused.

'But what, Madam? Speak out plainly!' said my companion encouragingly.

'O LORDY me, Sir! I'm so dreadful afeard you're both on you Dorrites!'

'Dorrites!'

'Yes, Dorrites! Now a'nt you Dorrites, both on you? I'm so afeard you are; and if you *should* get up in the night, and set fire to the house — and Mr. Sloekin away too — O Lordy me! what would become of me and the children?'

'Dorrites! Set fire to the house! Why, one would suppose you took us for highwaymen, or a couple of Algerine pirates,' said my companion indignantly. 'In HEAVEN'S name, Madam, explain yourself; what *do* you mean?'

But no explanation followed; for wringing her hands, and muttering

to herself, * 'Algerine pirates ! Algerine pirates ! that's the way all of them talk. O LORDY me ! we'll all be murdered in our beds !' Mrs. Sloekin rose from the table, and darted from the room with the speed and flurry of a struck dolphin. In a few minutes, however, she rejoined us, accompanied by Elder Pierson and Brothers Davis and Allen ; who filled the offices respectively of carpenter, blacksmith, and post-master ; and who were at that time in the full exercise of the important functions of *selectmen* of the village.

'My friends,' drawled the Elder, who apparently labored under the impression that the nose was the organ of speech, 'these are very dangerous times, and it well becomes all the friends of law and order to be on the watch-towers. You will, therefore, pardon me, I am sure, my friends' — here he looked straight at Fearless and myself — 'if I take the liberty of asking you *where* you came from ? *where* you are going to ? and *what* your business is here ?'

'Why, confound your Yankee impudence,' said my companion, whose blood was now up : 'I have often heard of the excessive curiosity of you Yankees, but hang me if this is n't carrying the joke a little too far. Whence I came is best known to myself, and *there* I intend to return, as soon as I finish my business *here*, which I don't think proper to disclose to you or any one else ! Now are you satisfied ?'

'At least,' said Brother Davis, a little man, with weak eyes and a weak voice, 'you can let us know whether you are a Dorrite or a King's man !'

'Kings be damned !' cried Fearless furiously ; 'can't you see, you blockhead, that I wear the American eagle on my buttons ! By HEAVEN, Jenkins, I believe we have got into a mad-house,' he whispered to me aside.

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'You see, Mr. Jenkins,' she continued, after descanting a full half-hour on this interesting topic, 'I happen to know well what I am talking about, for I make all my brother's shirts at twenty-five cents each; and it is my custom whenever he requires a fresh lot, to purchase one for him, ready made in the latest style, to serve as a pattern. Now, when I was last in Bosting I bought him a shirt, and ——'

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In the morning when I awoke from a feverish sleep, which had been greatly disturbed by a vision of some dozens of old maids dancing in a circle around me, each dressed in *a* shirt *et preterea nihil*, hearing voices under my window, I arose and looked out; and lo and behold a curious and fearful spectacle presented itself! Brothers Davis and Allen, who the evening before had been as well as men could be, were now so lame that they could scarce hobble along, while Elder Pierson was actually on crutches. The village Crispin had his arm in a sling, and at least a score of other worthies were similarly afflicted. Taking it for granted that a grand battle had been fought during the night, I hurried on my clothes and rushed into the street to learn the particulars of it; but to my surprise and amazement, I was informed that the rival

forces had not yet exchanged a blow, but that rheumatism, that dreadful and insidious foe! had actually in one night, and that too, in the balmy month of June, placed *hors du combat* twenty-eight able-bodied men of the little village of C —, a place numbering in all not over five hundred souls. From this fact the reader may form a pretty fair judgment of the rigors of the climate of New-England. To the everlasting honor of the cripples be it narrated, that the only regret they expressed at their affliction was, that it deprived them of the honor of bearing arms in the service of their beloved Rhode-Island.

As my ship-mate and I rose from the breakfast-table about nine o'clock that morning, Mr. Sloekin, who had just got home, entered the parlor with his hat in his hand, and accosting Fearless, said gravely: 'My wife tells me, Kurnel, that you are a great warrior, and have served in more than twenty battles. Well, there are about twenty of us fellows here what are all fired full of fight, but darn me if there's one among us that can load a musket; so I thought I'd make bold to ask you to drill us a little.'

'With all my heart,' answered Fearless promptly, (although he knew no more of the manual exercise than a cat does of music.) 'Bring your squad into the little back-yard here, and I'll put them through in a jiffy.'

The recruits being drawn up, shoulder to shoulder, with their toes resting on a chalk-line which he had marked on the ground, Fearless, handling a musket himself and giving his soldiers ocular demonstration of the manner in which each *evolution* should be performed, ordered: 'Shoulder arms!'

'Middle your breechings!' Here every fellow inspected most carefully the set of his unmentionables.

'Take out your tompions!' At this order the whole command drew out their ramrods, in imitation of their commander, save one Obadiah Trippet, a worthless varlet, who said, with a snigger: 'I swow, Capting, I've been to three 'general trainings' and never heerd *that* order given afore, and I do n't believe it's right no how — now I tell *you*!'

This spark of rebellion, however, being quickly smothered by Sloekin's seizing the unbelieving Obadiah in great wrath by the coat-collar and kicking him right out of the ranks, Fearless continued:

'Cartridge!' 'Wad!' 'Ram home!'

'Round shot!' 'Wad!' 'Ram home!'

'Prick and prime!'

The execution of this mandate was delayed for a few minutes, until the military could be supplied with pins by the landlady.

'Ready!'

'Aim!'

'Stand by!'

'Fire!'

Then came a deafening report, and when the smoke cleared away, it was discovered that a large majority of the balls or 'round shot,' as Fearless called them, had passed through a piggery in a neighboring yard, killing outright the mother of an interesting family of nine porklings, and mortally wounding three of her offspring. Nothing daunted,

however, this brave army continued their *martialism* with unabated ardor; and when, after an hour's hard drilling, in which the 'small arms' and 'great-gun' exercise were thus ludicrously combined, Fearless dismissed them, with the flattering assurance that 'they were *equal to few, and superior to none.*' They marched off holding their heads very high up in the air indeed.

The rest of this day was passed by us mids in the same manner as the preceding one, and with a like fruitless result; but when evening came, we were pleasantly entertained in listening to the gossip of our landlady. Among other yarns she narrated this, concerning the parsimony of the inhabitants of a certain *small* village in Connecticut, where she had lately resided, which amused me *some*, as the Yankees say:

'You see,' said she, 'they was the dreadfullest, closest critters as ever was! Well, on last Christmas Day, a certain Deacon Perkins, who had been a-living away off among the benighted nations, preached to them; and a dreadful peowerful discourse was hisn, I can tell you. So when he come to tell of the awful wickedness of the heathen, the hull meetin'-house was filled with sobs and groans; and 'Squire Allen, who, folks said, was worth more than a million, was so moved by the good deacon's eloquence, that after preachin' time, he presented him with a bran new, shining five-dollar gold piece, and invited him hum to dinner in the bargain. Well now, would you believe it! Allen's relations held a meetin' next day, and declared he must be crazy to be '*squanderin' away his money so,*' and some on them made *deposits* before a magistrate that he was not of sound mind, and so they got a guardian appointed by the State to manage his affairs, and tucked the poor old man right in to the Insane Asylum, where he's ben ever since!'

Just as Mrs. Sloekin had concluded her story, the Fourth or Kent Brigade, about four hundred strong, marched through the village, headed by General Greene, and a finer body of men my eyes never rested upon. And here let me, John Jenkins, pause a moment in this most faithful narrative of my life and services, to pay my tribute of admiration to that spirit of gallantry which characterized the Rhode-Islanders during the whole course of what was popularly styled the Dorr War; for in my various peregrinations about C —, and afterward in Providence, I was much struck with it. In the ranks of the 'Law and Order' forces were to be seen many youths of fifteen and sixteen; and when marching out to attack Dorr in his entrenchments, (who every one supposed would make a desperate resistance,) the whole army moved off as cheerily as though parading on a gala-day. And Rhode-Island, like the mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her 'jewels,' may proudly point to her children; since she possesses more than one Perry, and not a few fair maidens, in whose persons are combined the beauty of Helen, and all the rare virtues of Lucretia!

Scarce was Monday's sun an hour high when Fearless, who had been out since day-light enjoying the freshness of the morning air, bounded into my room, crying out: 'I have tracked the rascal at last, Jenkins! He is at this very moment sitting on the bridge, little dreaming of our

sloop bound to Providence, Rhode-Island. All that night, and the next day until noon, a rigid search of New-York and Brooklyn was persisted in by large parties of officers; but in vain. It was then abandoned, and the Captain sending for Fearless, ordered him to get ready to start that afternoon for Rhode-Island in quest of Conway, giving him written instructions for his guidance; and as he was leaving the cabin, he called out after him: 'You may as well take Mr. Jenkins with you, for I remember that his father had a peculiar talent for apprehending deserters.' When my *camarada* communicated this piece of good news to me, I could have jumped out of my skin, as the saying is, with delight; and as he was as much overjoyed as myself, we lost no time in making our preparations for the journey. At two o'clock we had secured a state-room on board of the good steamer 'Massachusetts,' and at ten minutes past four were steaming past the 'Shenandoah,' on the poop-deck of which a *posse* of our brother-mids were assembled, who waved their handkerchiefs to us as we went by. Reaching Stonington a little after mid-night, we took cars thence to Providence, where we arrived at three in the morning: and, putting up at the 'Franklin House' went straightway to bed. About mid-day we arose, and breakfasted leisurely, (for Fearless said it was both undignified and ungentelemanly ever to be in a hurry about any thing;) after which we called upon the authorities, and asked their assistance in our search, which they readily granted; but all to no purpose, however, as not the slightest clue could be found as to the whereabouts of the fugitive. At five in the afternoon we had returned to the hotel, and were in the act of settling our bill at the bar, preparatory to returning to our vessel, when our attention was arrested by hearing a man near us say to another, with a band of black silk around his forehead, and a piece of adhesive plaster over the bridge of his nose: 'I heerd, Wilson, that the man who robbed you was a sailor; was that so?' Drawing near to the speaker, we were made partakers with him of the following thrilling narrative:

'I calculate, friend Arnold, you heerd about right. You see, my house is full twenty miles from Providence, and as I had an appointment to meet a Bosting merchant here at seven this morning, I kinder took time by the fore-lock like, by starting in my buggy at two; and a dreadful dark, lonesome ride I had of it, I swow! At day-break I was ascendin' a steep hill about a mile this side of the village of C —, and I was just on the pint of congratulating myself that I should have light for the rest of my travel, when a tarnation fellow, dressed in the garb of a mariner, sprang into my vehicle, and struck me over the head with a club; and the next thing I knew, I was lying in bed at the tavern in Natick, whither it appears my horse had carried me. The tavern-keeper, who is an old friend of mine, seeing my buggy at his door, and coming out to welcome me, found me stretched senseless in the bottom of it, stripped to the buff, with a sailor's blue frock and trowsers thrown over my head, which, as he sagely observed, was the part that least required covering.'

Observing that Mr. Wilson had finished the recital of his woes, Fearless asked him eagerly, if he had the seaman's rig with him; to which

query he deigned no reply in words, but opening a carpet-bag which he held in his hand, he pulled the frock and trowsers out, and held them up to view ; and, upon a close inspection, the initials P. C. were found stamped upon them. My comrade then gave an account of Conway's doings in New-York to Messrs. Arnold and Wilson, and immediately invited them to our room, where, after a long consultation, it was resolved : First : ' That the mail-stage which runs through C —— be notified to call for Fearless and Jenkins on the morrow ; ' and secondly : ' That a bowl of hot whiskey-punch, with the requisite ' trimmings, ' be forthwith ordered up to their room, and a night made of it. ' In accordance with these wise resolutions, a bowl of punch *was* ordered up to our room, and a night *was* made of it ; and, in consequence thereof, when the stage called for us at six the next morning, the Firm of Arnold and Company were carried to their beds, in No. Sixty, as drunk as lords ; and Fearless and myself departed with shocking bad headaches ; mine being caused by a want of rest, and his from an overplus of liquor. The fresh morning air, however, soon revived us ; and by the time the sun rose, which it did in unclouded splendor, we were as gay as larks, and as merry as crickets. At nine o'clock we arrived at C ——, which proved to be a picturesque-looking little manufacturing village, with a beautiful stream running through it, on the south side of which was situated a great barn of an inn, affording genteel entertainment for man and beast. Up to the door of this magnificent establishment our driver dashed in fine style, giving three terrific blasts with his tin horn as he ' drew up, ' and ' laid down the lines. ' Here was gathered the whole male population of the place, young and old ; and on the faces of all were depicted excitement and anxiety, as they crowded in a body about the Jehu and inquired the news. ' Bad enough, I can tell you, ' he responded ; ' Dorr is to Chepachet with a thousand rag-a-muffins at his heels, and there 'll be thunder to pay and no mistake ! ' Taking no heed to these words of our ' whip, ' and fondly imagining that the sight of our gay uniforms had assembled the multitude, Fearless and I elbowed our way into the inn, and politely requested Mrs. Sloekin, the landlady, who — her ' liege lord ' being absent — was covered with the mantle of authority, to furnish us with a good room and a comfortable breakfast. The latter she set about providing at once ; but the former she demurred accommodating us with, saying, ' I do n't know as I can let you have one, ' which surprised us not a little, as her house seemed capable of lodging all the inhabitants of the village. A snowy cloth, however, being laid upon a pine table in the back-parlor, and well covered with the good things of this life, we fell to, all unwashed and *untoileted* as we were, and eagerly commenced satisfying the cravings of hunger ; our fair hostess the while presiding at the board. But in order that the reader may fully comprehend what followed, it will be necessary to take a glance at the political history of that day. As early as 1811, that portion of the people of Rhode-Island who were denied the right of franchise by the Colonial Charter, granted by Charles II., in the year 1663, (which continued to be, as is well known, the only written, fundamental law of the State after the Revolution,) petitioned the General Assembly in vain for a

change of the constitution in their favor. The question of suffrage once started, was not suffered to rest. Year by year it was agitated until in November, 1841, a Convention, called 'the People's Convention,' was held at Providence, and drew up a constitution for the State, which was given out to be voted upon in December of the same year. In January, 1840, the People's Convention again assembled, and declared that their constitution had been adopted by a majority of three thousand votes, and should be maintained *vi et armis*, if necessary. And in April an election was held for State officers in defiance of the constituted authorities; Thomas Wilson Dorr being elected Governor. And now, instead of testing the validity of their acts before the Supreme Court of the United States, or by sending their representatives to Congress, the Dorr party (as it was thenceforth called) prepared to take forcible possession of the public property. But King, the legitimate ruler of Rhode-Island, showed himself fully equal to the emergency. Dorr's first treasonable act was in May, when he attempted to seize the arsenal. His only piece of artillery, however, refusing to go off, he thought it best to go off himself; and well would it have been for him and his native State if, like some other patriots 'who leave their country for their country's good,' he had never been permitted to return to it. On Saturday, June twenty-fifth, however, he arrived at Chepachet with about a thousand *vauriens* — for all the respectable men of his party had now left him — which he was pleased to entitle his 'Spartan Band,' most probably from the fact of their thinking it all right and proper to rob hen-roosts and 'sich like,' provided they were not caught in *flagrante delicto*. On the same day, my companion and self arrived at C —, and martial law was proclaimed by the General Assembly throughout Rhode-Island; and so it seemed highly probable that there would be 'thunder to pay and no mistake,' as the driver had predicted.

'And so, Madam,' said Fearless, after disposing of his fifth roll and third cup of coffee, you really have not a room for us in this large mansion of yours! Is there, then a court sitting or an election held here to-day, that you are so full?'

'O Sir! the house is not full, but ——' here Mrs. Sloeskin, getting very red in the face, stammered and became confused.

'But what, Madam? Speak out plainly!' said my companion encouragingly.

'O Lordy me, Sir! I'm so dreadful afeard you're both on you Dorrites!'

'Dorrites!'

'Yes, Dorrites! Now a'nt you Dorrites, both on you? I'm so afeard you are; and if you *should* get up in the night, and set fire to the house — and Mr. Sloekin away too — O Lordy me! what would become of me and the children?'

'Dorrites! Set fire to the house! Why, one would suppose you took us for highwaymen, or a couple of Algerine pirates,' said my companion indignantly. 'In HEAVEN's name, Madam, explain yourself; what *do* you mean?'

But no explanation followed; for wringing her hands, and muttering

to herself, * 'Algerine pirates ! Algerine pirates ! that's the way all of them talk. O LORDY me ! we 'll all be murdered in our beds !' Mrs. Sloekin rose from the table, and darted from the room with the speed and flurry of a struck dolphin. In a few minutes, however, she rejoined us, accompanied by Elder Pierson and Brothers Davis and Allen ; who filled the offices respectively of carpenter, blacksmith, and post-master ; and who were at that time in the full exercise of the important functions of *selectmen* of the village.

'My friends,' drawled the Elder, who apparently labored under the impression that the nose was the organ of speech, 'these are very dangerous times, and it well becomes all the friends of law and order to be on the watch-towers. You will, therefore, pardon me, I am sure, my friends' — here he looked straight at Fearless and myself — 'if I take the liberty of asking you *where* you came from ? *where* you are going to ? and *what* your business is here ?'

'Why, confound your Yankee impudence,' said my companion, whose blood was now up : 'I have often heard of the excessive curiosity of you Yankees, but hang me if this is n't carrying the joke a little too far. Whence I came is best known to myself, and *there* I intend to return, as soon as I finish my business *here*, which I do n't think proper to disclose to you or any one else ! Now are you satisfied ?'

'At least,' said Brother Davis, a little man, with weak eyes and a weak voice, 'you can let us know whether you are a Dorrite or a King's man !'

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At this remark Miss Holden sprang from her seat as if a pin had pricked her, and confronting her sister with an air of injured innocence, exclaimed: 'O sister Sally! how *can* you make such an assertion! I tell you I bought George *a* shirt!' Then turning to me she repeated slowly and emphatically, as one who felt that her character for veracity had been impugned: 'Mr. Jenkins, I *know*! I-bought-him-a-shirt!'

At this instant the clatter of a horse's hoofs smote our ears, followed quickly by the blast of a bugle; and rushing into the street, we were just in time to hear the rider, who had stopped in front of the tavern, read the Governor's proclamation calling upon 'all good people, not maimed or sick, between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, to take up arms in defence of the State.' He then distributed a number of printed copies of the proclamation to the crowd that gathered about him, and rode off *à toute bride* to summon other places to arms in like manner. The party now broke up in confusion. Husbands took leave of their wives; brothers of their sisters; and sweet-hearts of their lovers; and on all sides there was weeping and lamentation. But Miss Holden, true to herself in the midst of the uproar, called out to me, as I was taking my departure, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard over the whole village: 'Mr. Jenkins, I *know*! I-bought-him-a-shirt!'

In the morning when I awoke from a feverish sleep, which had been greatly disturbed by a vision of some dozens of old maids dancing in a circle around me, each dressed in *a shirt et preterea nihil*, hearing voices under my window, I arose and looked out; and lo and behold a curious and fearful spectacle presented itself! Brothers Davis and Allen, who the evening before had been as well as men could be, were now so lame that they could scarce hobble along, while Elder Pierson was actually on crutches. The village Crispin had his arm in a sling, and at least a score of other worthies were similarly afflicted. Taking it for granted that a grand battle had been fought during the night, I hurried on my clothes and rushed into the street to learn the particulars of it; but to my surprise and amazement, I was informed that the rival

forces had not yet exchanged a blow, but that rheumatism, that dreadful and insidious foe! had actually in one night, and that too, in the balmy month of June, placed *hors du combat* twenty-eight able-bodied men of the little village of C —, a place numbering in all not over five hundred souls. From this fact the reader may form a pretty fair judgment of the rigors of the climate of New-England. To the everlasting honor of the cripples be it narrated, that the only regret they expressed at their affliction was, that it deprived them of the honor of bearing arms in the service of their beloved Rhode-Island.

As my ship-mate and I rose from the breakfast-table about nine o'clock that morning, Mr. Sloekin, who had just got home, entered the parlor with his hat in his hand, and accosting Fearless, said gravely: 'My wife tells me, Kurnel, that you are a great warrior, and have served in more than twenty battles. Well, there are about twenty of us fellows here what are all fired full of fight, but darn me if there's one among us that can load a musket; so I thought I'd make bold to ask you to drill us a little.'

'With all my heart,' answered Fearless promptly, (although he knew no more of the manual exercise than a cat does of music.) 'Bring your squad into the little back-yard here, and I'll put them through in a jiffy.'

The recruits being drawn up, shoulder to shoulder, with their toes resting on a chalk-line which he had marked on the ground, Fearless, handling a musket himself and giving his soldiers ocular demonstration of the manner in which each *evolution* should be performed, ordered: 'Shoulder arms!'

'Middle your breechings!' Here every fellow inspected most carefully the set of his unmentionables.

'Take out your tompions!' At this order the whole command drew out their ramrods, in imitation of their commander, save one Obadiah Trippet, a worthless varlet, who said, with a snigger: 'I swow, Capting, I've been to three 'general trainings' and never heerd *that* order given afore, and I don't believe it's right no how — now I tell *you*!'

This spark of rebellion, however, being quickly smothered by Sloekin's seizing the unbelieving Obadiah in great wrath by the coat-collar and kicking him right out of the ranks, Fearless continued:

'Cartridge!' 'Wad!' 'Ram home!'

'Round shot!' 'Wad!' 'Ram home!'

'Prick and prime!'

The execution of this mandate was delayed for a few minutes, until the military could be supplied with pins by the landlady.

'Ready!'

'Aim!'

'Stand by!'

'Fire!'

Then came a deafening report, and when the smoke cleared away, it was discovered that a large majority of the balls or 'round shot,' as Fearless called them, had passed through a piggery in a neighboring yard, killing outright the mother of an interesting family of nine porklings, and mortally wounding three of her offspring. Nothing daunted,

however, this brave army continued their *martialism* with unabated ardor; and when, after an hour's hard drilling, in which the 'small arms' and 'great-gun' exercise were thus ludicrously combined, Fearless dismissed them, with the flattering assurance that 'they were equal to few, and superior to none.' They marched off holding their heads very high up in the air indeed.

The rest of this day was passed by us mids in the same manner as the preceding one, and with a like fruitless result; but when evening came, we were pleasantly entertained in listening to the gossip of our landlady. Among other yarns she narrated this, concerning the parsimony of the inhabitants of a certain *small* village in Connecticut, where she had lately resided, which amused me *some*, as the Yankees say:

'You see,' said she, 'they was the dreadfullest, closest critters as ever was! Well, on last Christmas Day, a certain Deacon Perkins, who had been a-living away off among the benighted nations, preached to them; and a dreadful peowerful discourse was hisn, I can tell you. So when he come to tell of the awful wickedness of the heathen, the hull meetin'-house was filled with sobs and groans; and 'Squire Allen, who, folks said, was worth more than a million, was so moved by the good deacon's eloquence, that after preachin' time, he presented him with a bran new, shining five-dollar gold piece, and invited him hum to dinner in the bargain. Well now, would you believe it! Allen's relations held a meetin' next day, and declared he must be crazy to be '*squanderin' away his money so*,' and some on them made *deposits* before a magistrate that he was not of sound mind, and so they got a guardian appointed by the State to manage his affairs, and tucked the poor old man right in to the Insane Asylum, where he's ben ever since!'

Just as Mrs. Sloekin had concluded her story, the Fourth or Kent Brigade, about four hundred strong, marched through the village, headed by General Greene, and a finer body of men my eyes never rested upon. And here let me, John Jenkins, pause a moment in this most faithful narrative of my life and services, to pay my tribute of admiration to that spirit of gallantry which characterized the Rhode-Islanders during the whole course of what was popularly styled the Dorr War; for in my various peregrinations about C —, and afterward in Providence, I was much struck with it. In the ranks of the 'Law and Order' forces were to be seen many youths of fifteen and sixteen; and when marching out to attack Dorr in his entrenchments, (who every one supposed would make a desperate resistance,) the whole army moved off as cheerily as though parading on a gala-day. And Rhode-Island, like the mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her 'jewels,' may proudly point to her children; since she possesses more than one Perry, and not a few fair maidens, in whose persons are combined the beauty of Helen, and all the rare virtues of Lucretia!

Scarce was Monday's sun an hour high when Fearless, who had been out since day-light enjoying the freshness of the morning air, bounded into my room, crying out: 'I have tracked the rascal at last, Jenkins! He is at this very moment sitting on the bridge, little dreaming of our

being so near him. Now, do you dress as quickly as possible; cross the river by the factories, and come upon him on the other side, while I look out for him on this, which will be attacking him in front and rear, as the soldiers say.'

As the reader may suppose, I suffered no 'grass to grow under my feet' in obeying these instructions; and in less than fifteen minutes from the time of their being issued, we were both at the scene of action. Starting up as I approached him, Conway was about running in the opposite direction, when the sight of my comrade, standing within a few paces of him, as immovable as a statue, and taking deliberate aim at him with a large ship's pistol, brought him to a stand.

'Come, Conway,' said Fearless quietly, 'all chance of escape is cut off from you now, and resistance would be worse than useless, as you see. You must return with us to the ship.'

'I'll have the life of one of you first!' yelled the desperado, as drawing a sheath-knife from his bosom, he sprang toward me, and seizing me by the throat, brandished it exultingly over my head. All the events of my past life were crowded into the next five or six seconds of my existence. I thought of my Aunt Polly, and of the many times that I had vexed and disobeyed her; and above all else, I regretted having once placed a pin in her seat, (which she, good soul, supposed had got there by accident,) at one of her evening prayer-meetings. This and similar iniquities came thick and fast upon me, until my hair rose up *en masse*; and I feel quite sure that my cap must have been elevated at least five inches above my *cabeza*.

'Die, boy!'

But at this instant Fearless, who had not altered his position in the least, nor indeed changed a muscle of his face, so far as I could observe, fired, and the descending arm of the villain fell powerless to his side. Quick as thought I grasped him in turn by the throat. But dashing me aside as if I were an infant, and hoarsely screaming, 'May the curse of God light on you both!' he sprang over the low railing of the bridge into the rippling waves beneath, and disappeared from view. In an instant, however, he rose to the surface and commenced swimming toward the shore. But the river, swollen by recent rains, was running at a fearful rate; and Conway, although an expert swimmer, soon found himself, with his broken arm, at the mercy of the current. For a few moments more, however, he struggled manfully with his enemy, when, his strength being exhausted, he threw his arms up toward heaven, as the waters closed over his head. Again he reappeared, and never shall I forget his agonized countenance, blanched by the terrors of death, as crying out piteously, 'Save me, save me, O my God!' he sank the second time.

During all this while, paralyzed with horror, I stood motionless on the bridge, with my eyes fixed steadily on the drowning wretch as if he were a basilisk; but not so Fearless, who, divesting himself of his clothing as he went, had from the first kept abreast of him on the right bank of the river, and now plunged into the stream to his rescue, while two villagers who had been fishing in a boat at a little distance, hastened to the assistance of both.

The heroic conduct of my mess-mate aroused me to a mortified sense of my own delinquency ; and I had commenced stripping with the intention of following his example, when the strong arm of Elder Pierson (who in his excitement had thrown aside his crutches) arrested me.

'Young man,' said he, 'you can render no service, and would but peril your own life by jumping into the river now. See! the Kurnel has already got that fellow!'

True enough Fearless had caught Conway by the hair of the head as he was sinking the third and last time, and now held him with his face out of water, apparently lifeless. A minute more, and both were in safety in the boat. The *medico* of the village being sent for, and the proper restoratives applied, Conway was soon brought to a state of consciousness ; after which the ball was extracted from his arm, and the limb itself (several of the bones of which were badly shattered) put in splints ; which operations being cleverly performed, he humbly declared himself quite comfortable.

About an hour after this, Fearless said to me : 'What did you think about, youngster, when you saw that knife glittering over your head?'

'My Aunt Polly,' I answered naively ; and then I told him of all that had passed in my mind, at which he laughed heartily awhile, and then placing an arm affectionately on my shoulder, he said very gravely : 'You have a good heart, youngster, I perceive ; and now let this be a warning to you, (although I do n't believe that affair of the pin was ever logged against you in the other world,) never in future to do that which in a moment of danger your conscience can reproach you with having done ; for a sailor, whose whole life is a warfare against the elements, is constantly placed in situations requiring the full exercise of all his nerve ; and 'conscience,' you know, 'makes cowards of us all.' Noble fellow! how oft in later years have I recalled to mind your words!

That afternoon we left C — for Providence, on our homeward journey, in a carry-all belonging to Brother Davis, and drawn by a bob-tail, sorrel mare, which had been familiarly known in those parts for the preceding twenty years as 'old Ginnie.'

Now old Ginnie, although 'a rum one to look at,' was *not*, unfortunately, 'a great one to go,' her maximum speed being a trifle less than three miles an hour ; so although we left our inn at three o'clock, we did not reach our place of destination until seven, when we had the extreme satisfaction of learning that we were just in time to be too late for the New-York train, and would have to remain at Providence until the next evening.

Our driver on this occasion was one James Foster, a cross-jack-eyed fellow, commonly called Particular Jim from the following circumstance in his history : One night in the winter of 1840, Mr. Russell, a lecturer on elocution, gave a lesson in reading in the school-house at C — to a large class of young ladies and gentlemen, among whom was our *particular* friend Jim. The plan pursued by Mr. Russell was to read aloud from Scott's '*Marmion*,' while his scholars recited the poem after him. They all got along very comfortably together, until they came to that passage where the irate Douglas pathetically beseeches his grooms to raise the draw-bridge, when the lecturer, wishing to call the

attention of his hearers to some of the beauties of it, suddenly paused in his reading; all the class as suddenly stopped reciting, all but the unfortunate James, who being (as he supposed) quite familiar with the 'pome,' and fully imbued with the spirit of it withal, roared out:

'Up with the bridge there, grooms, what warder ho!
Let the *particulars* fall!'

From that time forth he was known to all his kinsfolk and acquaintances as 'Particular Jim,' and by late advices from C —, I learn that he continues to be so designated by all the dwellers in that neighborhood up to this very hour.

Neither during our detention at Providence, nor on our journey *shipward*, did we meet with any incident worth narrating; and at sun-rise on Wednesday we were in the act of 'pushing off' in a Whitehall boat from Pier Number One, North-River, bound to the 'Shenandoah.'

On our way thither, Fearless observed to me: 'The frigate has 'unmoored' and hove in to a 'short stay' on the port cable, which is a sure sign that our stay here will be short, too.'

And such, indeed, proved to be the case, for upon our arrival aboard, Mr. Garboard informed us that we had 'but just saved our passage, every thing being in readiness for getting under way as soon as the tide served.'

After making our report to Captain Blazes we hurried below to the steerages, where we received the warm congratulations of our brother-mids on our success in capturing Conway, and a pressing invitation to relate to them our adventures on shore; and when we had done so, they informed us of all that had transpired on ship-board during our absence, winding up with: 'And so, boys, you see we are to take a special ambassador to Lisbon, to demand an apology from the Portuguese Government, for an insult offered to our flag, and as the diplomate selected for this service is said to be a perfect fire-eater, we are in for a fight, that's certain!'

This *awful* war-like news produced a great effect upon my mind at the time; but I have since found out that no American man-of-war, rating more than one gun, ever yet sailed from the United States that was not specially designed, in the opinion of a majority of her steerage officers, for the blowing up of some European city, or the capture of a British or French fleet.

That torment, Weasel, now approached me with a consequential swagger, and said: 'I tell you what it is, *youngster*, you had better not eat any thing to-day, for Father Neptune will want you to settle your account with him before you are forty-eight hours older, and the less you have in your stomach the easier it will be to *cast it up* for him,' which agreeable piece of information proved to be but too true, as the reader will find if he have the patience to peruse the next chapter. Before proceeding to it, however, I will take my leave of Conway, by mentioning, that after receiving fifty lashes with the *cats*, by sentence of a Court-Martial, he was dismissed from the service; and some six years ago one Peter Conway, mariner, whom, from the description given of him, I take to be *our* Peter, was hung in the State of New-Jersey, for murder.

A S O N G O F W E A R I N E S S .

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

COME to me, NIGHT! for I have prayed for thee.

The sweet day groweth pale,
And toward the sun-set portals sad and slow,
Her feet adown the mountains trembling go:

The white clouds sail
In dreamy beauty o'er a waveless deep,
As silent thoughts o'er human bosoms sweep.

Come to me, NIGHT! for I have prayed for thee.

I weary of the light;
'T is well for toil, 't is well for mortal strife:
But thou hast holier thoughts than these, O LIFE!
Come swiftly, NIGHT,
I watch to see from out the twilight gray,
Pale stars look down, like eyes of saints who pray.

Come to me, NIGHT! I watch, I wait for thee.

The wind's low thrilling call
Sounds like a voice that trembles with delight
At some rare thought of beauty or of might;
But over all
The restless tones of human sorrow creep:
Come gently, NIGHT, and fold their hearts in sleep.

I bless thee, NIGHT! for thou hast come to me.

The great Earth lieth dumb;
Her weary sons forget to toil and reap,
Only in dreams her mourners wail and weep,
And angels come
With gifts and grace for those whom HE has blest,
Who maketh HIS beloved sweetly rest.

I bless thee, NIGHT! for thou hast come to me.

Thy voice is in mine ear;
Thy words of benediction, soft and low,
From out the silence and the darkness flow:
And as I hear,
Still as the dew upon my weary heart,
Droppeth the peace thy gentle tones impart.

I bless thee, NIGHT! for thou hast come to me.

Now rock me on thy breast;
Sing me low slumbrous songs with dreamy flow,
Breathe from my soul this dust that staineth so,
And in my rest
May eyes I love in all my dreaming be:
I bless thee, NIGHT! for thou art blessing me.

A NONSENSICAL MUSICAL TALE.

'On! no, fulle soonere schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,
Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe.'

ÆMIL: THOMAS CHATTERTON.

MUSIC was afloat, now rolling in waves of sound against the glorious master-piece of Michael Angelo, now eddying round the deeply-recessed windows, the solemn notes of Allegri's *Miserere* filled to overflowing the lofty interior of the Sistine Chapel. Hidden by the railing which runs across the middle of the chapel, a young man was trying to learn the notes of the chant by ear and place them upon paper, but the task was too difficult, and he finally threw down his paper in despair and awaited impatiently the closing of the church. Soon the rehearsal was over, and mingling cautiously with the departing choir, he passed the sentinel at the door with safety, and hastening through the ante-room, he apparently awaited upon the Scala Regia the coming of some one. Among the last of the choir was a boy about fourteen years old, who, after seeing that there were no listeners near, joined the young man.

'Well, Giovanni,' said the latter, 'I have succeeded no better than at last night's rehearsal; we must try some more decisive means for getting possession of the manuscript of the *Miserere*.'

'I have scarcely a better report to make,' said Giovanni. 'I did manage to copy a few of the notes of the treble part which I sing, but they of course will not be of any service unless you have the other parts.'

'There are but three rehearsals more,' said the other; 'and as it is evidently impossible to accomplish any thing in this manner, to-morrow night I shall endeavor to gain admittance to the chapel, and break open the strong-box containing the manuscript.'

'Oh! we can easily do that,' said Giovanni, 'for the door opens from the inside without a key, and I can remain behind when the rest of the choir come out; so that if you will provide yourself with the necessary tools for breaking open the box, and come here about mid-night, I will let you in. But the only objection I have to the plan is, that it will be difficult to tell in which of the boxes the *Miserere* is kept, for Pedro sends us all out before he puts away the music; however, if you come early we shall have time enough to open them all, if we can find it in no other way.'

'Very well,' said the other, 'I will be here.'

And so bidding each other a cordial good night, they parted. The elder one, whose name was Edward Stafford, was a wealthy young Englishman, who, like many others with plenty of money and leisure, thought that Rome was the only place in the world to enjoy and thoroughly learn the fine arts, and accordingly came there for that purpose. If he had not attempted to excel in every thing, he might have stood a little higher than his fellow-men, which it was his main ambition to

do ; but while he was a dabbler in all the arts, from painting and music down to heraldry, he was a true student of none, and was rightly thought among his friends rather an ornamental than a useful man. This galled him, for although he used to argue, in order to hide his almost morbid love of praise, that 'All flesh is grass,' and that if one blade grows taller than the rest, all the little blades are instantly in commotion, and fall to cursing their father-reed and mother-dirt, because they too have not grown tall, and that therefore, in order to ensure the greatest amount of happiness to the mass, life ought to be like a well-mown lawn, presenting no inequalities to the eye ; still he knew in his own heart that one must, and ought to be, something or nothing. And he was right, for if we rest content with being acquainted with and imitating the master-pieces of art and science, there will be no more of them ; and let no man say, that because Raphael painted wonderful pictures, and Mozart composed wondrous music, we ought to be satisfied with their efforts, and therefore do nothing for ourselves ; for the only way to hasten the advent of that inevitable yet oft seemingly impossible 'perfection in all things,' is for us all to do our duty (which means to excel every one else) in the words of the Catechism, 'in that state of life to which it shall please God to call us.'

Soon after Stafford's arrival at Rome, he had been the means, at the expense of being severely wounded himself, of saving the life of young Giovanni Barberini from a gang of robbers in the vicinity of Rome. The gratitude of the boy and his family, which was one of the noblest of the city, knew no bounds, and having insisted upon his residing with them, he had, through their instrumentality, become acquainted with, 'loved and been loved by' Marie, the daughter of Count Riccoboni, who, although now an old man, seventy or eighty, had never learnt that there are things in this world which can never be learnt. Having wearied himself out, in spite of Maupertuis, by seeking to solve the 'Six Follies of Science,' he had now turned his attention to discovering the secret of using the ancient chromatic and enharmonic scales in music, and had studied Aristoxenes, Nichomachus, Plutarch, and many more of the classical writers on music, until he imagined that it would be possible to divide the modern semi-note into threes and fours, according to their theory. He had had made at the most celebrated manufactories a variety of instruments by which he attempted to demonstrate the practicability of his scheme, but the only result of his experiment was the bringing forth of such outlandish sounds, that the very cats upon the house-tops fled in terror. He had read in his favorite authors of the wonderful effects sometimes produced by music in their day, and finding the only modern instance of the kind to be the effect produced by Allegri's Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, he thought that the old maestro had learnt the secret of the ancient mode of music, and was therefore bent upon possessing a copy of the piece. There were only two copies of it, which were known to be extant beside that used in the Vatican, one belonging to the Emperor Leopold, the other to the King of Portugal. It was whispered that the famous Padre Martini possessed one, but no one dared to inquire concerning it, for 'excommunication for life' was the stern punishment to be inflicted upon any one convicted of pro-

curing a copy. These precautions would be deemed, and justly so, ridiculous and cruel, even among a people to whom music is rather a necessity than a luxury, and yet one who has heard the mysterious chant at Rome, or even on a gloomy Good-Friday afternoon in a country church of New-England, would be willing to pardon any man, pope or king, for wishing to reserve the use of it for their own gratification solely. Count Riccoboni had employed bribery, persuasion, and threats to no purpose, and was about putting his new hobby-horse back into the Augean stables of his brain, when he discovered the growing partiality of Stafford for his daughter. Knowing that whatever the English undertake they generally succeed in, when our hero asked him for the hand of Marie, he thought it was a good opportunity to make use of a new tool, and blandly acceded to his request, on condition that he should present him on the day of the marriage with a copy of the 'Miserere.' To this Edward readily consented, for knowing that Giovanni had, like many others of his class, entered the Pope's choir for the sake of training his voice, he relied upon getting access to the music through him, and as for dreading the consequences of such an act, there was too much northern obstinacy about him for that. Hitherto, however, as has been seen, they had done nothing, and as Stafford walked along that night to the palace of the Count, he was trying to think by what means he should shelter from the frightful punishment, if they were detected, his young accomplice, in whom he now felt an awakened interest, inasmuch as he was to peril life and limb for him, which being 'human nature,' as our inborn selfishness is called, needs no comment; we always like those friends best from whose friendship we derive most profit. But let us return to Giovanni, who stood looking over the balcony of the Scala Regia into the bright moon-light in which the towers and domes of the Eternal City so softly slept. And as he stood there, with the moon shining full on his glorious boyish beauty, no one who looked on him could blame Anacreon, Socrates, or any other of those old worthies for prizing the beauty of a boy above that of all other kinds, for in it not only is our present sense of pleasure in beauty gratified, but we have superadded to that the expectation of something better, the prescient feeling of the 'mysticum mysterium' of the future, which, after all, affords us greater enjoyment than any thing else in this life. His hair, of that yellowish-brown hue, always praised from the time of Virgil and Homer to that of Winckelmann and Walker, lay in silky waves upon his exquisitely-turned head, and in front was thrust back from a white brow, that ended in a nose that, sharply straight and magnificently formed, reminded one of the profile of the Angel Gabriel of Paul Delaroche. His bright blue eyes sparkled with fun, almost with sauciness, and yet there were deep places in them that showed intelligence, and let you look in upon the undefiled and incorruptible heart. The thin, haughty, mobile upper lip scarcely touched the almost voluptuously-full lower one, that rested upon a chin which, delicately moulded yet massive, bespoke firmness, resolution, and energy. 'Fourteen years old, virtuously inclined, beautiful in complexion, comely of stature,' as John Speed quaintly describes Etheldred the Unready, the young Roman boy need not have shunned comparison

with the 'Liparaean Hebrus' of Horace. At length, turning away, he walked slowly home, sober and thoughtful, for he, an inhabitant of the city, knew better than Stafford the risk they ran in thus defying the Pope's decree.

The next night, at the appointed time, Stafford knocked at the outer door of the chapel, when he was promptly admitted by Giovanni. The thieves — for what else shall we call them? — then crept on tip-toe over the bare floor of the ante-room, and after a little difficulty with the lock of the inner door, as there usually is with any church-door when you wish to open it quietly, they found themselves in the chapel. Quickly ascending to the choir, they soon discovered the half-dozen chests containing the music, and after opening one or two of them in vain, Edward, with a cry of joy, pulled out the long-coveted prize. Just as they were congratulating themselves and preparing to descend, horror! the door opened, and old Pietru, the conductor, walked in. Both gave themselves up for lost, and crouching behind the seats, prepared themselves for arrest, Giovanni by saying his prayers; Stafford, Englishman-like, by writing his will on his card and arranging sundry other little matters at home. Slowly the old man came on, while as each foot-step struck the ear, the listeners felt that another minute of life had departed from them. But what exultation revived them when, after coming to the choir, and as if from sheer force of habit, sitting for a moment in his chair, he returned to the body of the church without seeing them! Peeping from behind the screen, they saw him deposit his lantern in the aisle, and then open the gates of the altar-railing and that of the one running across the church. In the midst of their wonderment as to what he was about, he commenced 'marking off' the length of the chapel by the most prodigious strides. What with his bald and glistening head, bobbing up and down in the faint light of the lantern in a most peculiar manner, his arms performing a series of gymnastic exercises in order to assist the progress of his short legs, which were so stretched to their utmost tension that his gait assumed the appearance of that of a 'stifled' horse, the whole effect was so ludicrous that Giovanni could not control himself, but laughed outright. The old man heard him, and in an instant had given the alarm to the sentinels, who came rushing in from all parts of the Vatican. At the beginning of the *melée* Stafford had hidden himself behind one of the boxes, and Giovanni was just following his example when the foremost of the soldiers entered the choir. Finding the boy to be the only tenant of the place, they surrounded him; and upon his making no reply to their question as to what he was doing there, (which, alas! the boxes broken open, and the music lying in disordered heaps upon the floor; answered but too plainly,) they with a cruel blow struck him to the ground, and then carried him senseless to the Papal prison. After a few hours of confinement, an officer waited upon and informed him that, although from his being taken in the act of purloining the 'Miserere,' there was no doubt of his being worthy of excommunication, still, in consequence of his youth, his Holiness had decided that if he would acknowledge the purpose for which he desired it, or at whose instigation he had committed the act, he would mitigate the severity of the punishment.

When Giovanni answered that he would not betray his friend, the officer, as if expecting such a reply, beckoned to two men in the passage, and ordering them to follow him with the boy to the torture-room, led the way thither. It was a square, plain room; not a thing was allowed to break the uniformity of the bare white walls; for the inquisitors, with that subtlety in cruelty for which they were remarkable, knew what an alleviation of agony it is to watch the movements of any living thing, even though they be only those of a spider or a fly. They fastened him securely to a seat, and then put on the fearful, well-known 'iron boot.' Slowly the screw made closer the hellish embrace; now the cold iron touches the fair white flesh: another turn. O God! what horrid agony rushes over his whole frame—it has crushed a nerve! Tighter and tighter it grows, while great waves of anguish roll through his veins, and he sits with clenched hands and teeth gnashed together, vacantly wondering how many buttons there were in the aggregate on the garments of the two executioners; and striving in vain to count them, in order to take away his mind from the suffering. Soon the pain grew so intolerable that it broke down his self-command, and with sobs and piteous moans, he called: 'Mia Madre, Mia Madre!' my Mother, my Mother! the first cry of humanity, if they have ever known a mother's love; for unless we have been hardened in our hearts by the world—no matter how old we are—at the first coming of trouble we say to ourselves, 'Mother,' before we call even on HEAVEN. Even the torturers were moved by that fair young face, distorted with agony, and the eyes, fearful, imploring, yet desperate; like an animal surrounded with its enemies. Shriek after shriek rang through the low, small room, as he struggled with the cords that bound him; and the blood gushed from his mouth and ears, and his whole body assumed a livid tint, save where it was relieved by the swollen, purple veins, that seemed ready to burst at the finger-ends.

In the mean time, the Countess, Giovanni's mother, on finding that he did not return at the usual time from rehearsal, had sent all over the city for him, but no one had seen him. At length she heard that one of the choristers of the Sistine Chapel had been taken in the act of stealing some manuscript from the choir.

Although she felt that it was impossible that it could be Giovanni, she would leave no means untried to find him, and went to the Vatican. When she had stated her case to an officer, after consulting with a higher authority, he informed her that, 'although the Church acknowledged no one to have the power of demanding an interview with her prisoners, she might, during the day, be permitted to see the lad; and if he was her son, to take him away; as there could have been nothing more intended than a boyish frolic from one so high in station, and to whom the music would have been of no use; and, therefore, a night's confinement would be sufficient punishment.'

Hardly had the haughty lady drove from the door, before a message was dispatched to the torture-room, so to disguise the boy that he should not be recognized by his nearest friend. Thus Giovanni was only released from his place of torment to enter upon a still more terrible scene. After they had stripped him naked, they stained his skin with a dark-colored liquid, that made him resemble a native of Morocco

more than the fair Italian boy of yesterday. Then by an excruciating operation having completely changed his voice, they placed him, half-dying, half-delirious with pain, in the room appointed to receive visitors in. But in a moment what songs of joy and gladness the music of his mind began to sing? for he heard the well-known step of the horses, and recognized the voice of the old coachman; and in a few moments his mother stood before him. Scarcely glancing at the bleeding, squalid figure before her, the lady demanded to see the lad arrested the night before. Without a word, the officer pointed to Giovanni, who, bound by threats, and oaths extorted during torture, made no sign. Not dreaming for a moment, that her son and the one she saw could be the same, she turned toward the door; then, moved by pity, she turned back again — she started; there was something in the face she remembered. Gazing deep in each other's eyes, the spirit of the mother and the spirit of the son met for the last time in this world. Then Giovanni, mindless of all else, called her by name. The squeaking, unnatural voice broke the spell; and while he shrieked and screamed for her to stop, she went forth on her sad and endless search.

As the door closed upon his mother, the expression of Ugolino, in Fuseli's picture, came over the boy's face; horrible in its intensity in one so young. Then the light went out of his great beautiful eyes. He was dead!

PART SECOND.

'After busy labor comes victorious rest.' — THE BANNER OF HENRY V.
See Godwin's History: Book VI.

It was a bright and pleasant morning in May, A.D. 1770, that the famous boy-musician of Germany entered Rome. Hardly waiting for his patient father to change his disordered travelling-dress, he hurried to the Sistine Chapel to hear the Miserere. Let us leave him there, and return to Stafford.

Finding that the box behind which he had ensconced himself was open, he without forethought jumped in; and one of the soldiers happening to strike the lid, it fell, and the lock sprung, thus effectually shutting out all sounds from without. After waiting for what to him seemed many hours, he cautiously cut a hole with his knife, and having listened, and hearing nothing, he cut away the wood around the lock, and scrambled out. No one was in the church; so hurrying out, he arrived home without being detected.

The next morning he heard of the arrest of the boy at the chapel, and was just proceeding to the Vatican, prepared to intimidate the government by threats concerning what the Earl of Chatham would do, if his request was not granted; and thus procure the freedom of Giovanni: forgetting, Englishman fashion, that the name of Pitt did not possess as much power at Rome as it did at London, when he met the Countess returning from the Palace, who told him of the ill-success of her quest, and of the visit to the prisoner. At first he could hardly credit her story, that the prisoner was not her son; but on reflecting that Giovanni might have brought a comrade with him, and that at all events, if it were he, his mother would have recognized him, he settled it with himself that the boy had escaped, and had retired from the city until the matter should have grown old in the minds of men. Having thus

dismissed it from his mind, he turned toward the home of Marie, and finding the Count, her father, alone in the library, he gave him a detailed account of all his attempts to procure the music for him, and of their utter failure. Stafford had never imagined even for a moment, that the non-appearance of the music would interfere with his engagement; and thought that the Count was in joke when he informed him that he must either fulfil his promise or resign his daughter. But finding that he was in earnest, he tried in every possible way to overcome his resolution. In the midst of his alternately pleading and using arguments strong enough to knock down an Aquinas, Marie entered. In an instant, with a woman's tact, comprehending the whole matter, she 'tried the pathetic;' and holding each other's hands, the lovers went down on their knees in the most approved sterling comedy manner. This last appeal producing no effect, the maiden arose, and said:

'Music or no music, I marry Edward this week.'

'What!' cried her father, boiling over with rage, 'how dare you, you hemi-demi-semi-quaver of human nature, trifle with my will?'

'Mamma!' screamed she, by way of answer.

At the sound of 'Mamma' the Count paled visibly; he was high and mighty by himself, but there was one higher and mightier in the house. This one was the Countess, his second wife, who was so engrossed with the duties (?) of a fashionable woman, that she seldom interfered in any matters beyond them; but when she extended her sense of duty, generally conquered, as she herself thought and said, by 'strength of mind;' but it might have been more truly termed strength of tongue. But the Count's energies were equal to the crisis; and, though with blanched lips and trembling tongue, he said: 'If the Countess interferes at all in this matter, tell her I will perform a *concerto* with my new instruments.' This was the great piece of the offensive armor that the Count possessed. In a former conflict with his wife he had come off victorious by the use of it; for finding that he was being defeated, he went to the music-hall, and having by an ingenious arrangement of wires and pulleys so placed his instruments, that by striking the notes of one he could play upon all, he then and there composed and performed what he termed a grand *concerto*; and sent forth such sounds, that all the members of the feline tribe residing in and about the house, thought that one of their number was in trouble, and repairing to the door of the room, there sent forth such yells of sympathetic agony that the whole neighborhood was aroused; and the fearful concert was only stopped by the yielding of the Countess.

Marie remembered the incident, and knowing that her fashionable step-mother would not be likely, for her sake, to subject herself to so disagreeable an ordeal, she was not surprised to hear her refuse to have aught to do with the matter, when she was informed of it. Thus deprived of all help from that quarter, the lovers counselled with themselves, and decided upon an elopement.

As Stafford walked home, arranging in his head his plan for the ensuing night, he was startled to hear the notes of the wished-for 'Miserere' sung *sotto voce* by a bright-complexioned boy, about fourteen years of age. In an instant he was alongside of him, and inquired how he procured the music. At first the boy regarded him with distrust, but

when he explained his motives for the question, he told him that he had caught it by ear.

'Can you write it out?' inquired our hero.

'Oh! easily,' was the reply; 'and I will take it to-morrow, Good Friday, concealed in my hat, to the chapel, and correct it.'

'I will meet you at the door when you come out,' said Stafford, 'and receive it.'

At the appointed hour he was there, and as he received the manuscript he said: 'May I ask the name of one to whom I owe so great a boon?'

'John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,' replied the boy.

Stafford no longer wondered at the difficult musical feat, for he had heard of the celebrated child-artist, and having given him his address and promised to reward him, he hurried to the house of his inamorata.

In a few days, having first sent a handsome *douceur* to the Mozarts, father and son, they were married, and passed their time in quarrelling and being reconciled alternately, thus 'getting through' life as the generality of married people do.

In after-years, when the Countess Barberini was dead, and there was no danger of vengeance from so powerful a family, the story of Giovanni leaked out; but it made scarcely an impression upon their happiness: for, after all, the life or death of a boy, unless connected with them by family ties, or their own interest, is of but little consequence to adults; for beside the other cares and thoughts they have to occupy them, there is that jealousy which we all have, but which few will confess to, of those that are to succeed, perhaps excel us.

T H E R E A C H O F T H O U G H T .

The rain-drop that falls on a central wave
Of the ocean's restless tide,
Moves the billowy depths that forever rave
Round each lonely rock, in each sounding cave,
Embraced in its empire wide.

The arrow that's shot through the yielding air,
The beat of the ground-bird's wing,
Are felt where the cold polar ices glare,
And where sun-shine warms the savannahs fair,
That bloom in perpetual spring.

And the light of the faintest star that burns
In its God-appointed place,
Streams forth to the farthest globe that turns,
Nor the lightest wandering atom spurns
That floats through the depths of space.

So a thought, sent forth by an earnest soul,
Sweeps the grander realm of mind:
'Twill make itself felt through the sentient whole,
As onward the waves of its influence roll,
To brighten the hopes of mankind.

C. H. F.

R E T R I B U T I O N .

BY SARAH L. G. WHITTEBURY.

I.

I KNOW not why it is: I cannot tell
 Why thoughts and feelings known in other years
 Rush o'er me with a deep, impetuous swell,
 Flooding my spirit-life with strangling tears.

II.

Through many years, thy memory has come,
 Like fitful flashes from a troubled dream,
 And faded from me, as the twilight's hum
 Dies slowly, sadly in the Night's dark stream.

III.

But now, resistless, round my throbbing brain,
 A mystic finger winds Thought's slender wire,
 And turns it, powerless, to the Past again,
 Where smouldereth our heart-hopes' funeral pyre.

IV.

Our heart-hopes — thine and mine! How soon they died!
 And ne'er will others bloom upon their grave:
 The roses of our youth — divided wide,
 And drooping singly toward DEATH's silent wave!

V.

We loved! O what a world was in thy tone,
 As, on thy breast, I heard the trembling vow:
 We parted — death in life — alone, alone
 We live: what is the past, the *future*, now?

VI.

I've gone through long years since that last farewell,
 And crushed the thoughts of early grief and pain:
 I know not why it is: I cannot tell
 Why those dead heart-hopes now will come again.

VII.

I've heard full many a whispered vow since thine
 Was breathed so lowly, in the years gone by,
 Upon my blushing brow: no thrill from mine
 E'er answered back: the spring was dry.

VIII.

'Tis passing strange, the feeling-strife within,
 That came unbidden, and *will not* depart:
 The deep, resistless tide of what hath been,
 That rushes, through the years, around my heart.

Alexandria, (Virginia.)

P U N T A D E L O S R E Y E S .

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

In the spring of 1853, allured by the extravagant prices of vegetables in San-Francisco, and 'induced by hunger and request of friends,' I joined a party who were about making an essay in farming. In a few days our arrangements were completed, and we found ourselves standing out between the heads in the villainous little schooner 'Commerce,' made from a ship's long-boat; 'riz upon,' and destined for Punta de los Reyes, a prominent headland, which runs far out into the Pacific, about forty miles to the northward of San-Francisco. Our company consisted of my two friends: Mr. Nye, very agreeable and gentlemanly, but whose chief value on the present occasion was a modicum of agricultural lore, which distinguished him from the rest of the party; and Major de Laine, a warrior of dread renown, whose military experience, judging from his conversation, had been accumulating ever since the battle of Pharsalia. At any rate, his furious and unchristian expletives gave abundant evidence that he had been with the 'army in Flanders.' When he was in a passion, which was whenever he was awake, or when he was dreaming, he displayed a dry and petulant sort of humor; and he was distinguished for quoting school-boy Latin, and always meeting with comical mishaps and disasters. Then we had an aspiring and aspiring Cockney, a tremendously powerful fellow, who had formerly been a porter in 'Barclay and Perkins's immense brewery, and was generally known by the name of 'Tom Hyer'; with an Irishman, who had a fever, and who was so thorough an optimist that he pronounced it a 'favor'; and lastly, there were two intensely Yankee fishermen from Marblehead, and two 'Pikes.'

Our voyage was long and tedious, and our captain, from his utter indifference to the lapse of time, might have been one of the crew of the 'Half-Moon' herself. His name was Weeks, but before we had arrived at our promised land, we christened him 'Months.' On our way we were compelled, by stress of weather, to put into the little harbor of Bolinas, which was defended by a long and dangerous reef, and only remarkable for wrecks and wreckers. The Major and I took a walk into the country, and discovered an exquisite little stream, beautifully fringed with the graceful California laurel, and suggestive of trout.

'Well, Major,' said I, 'this is rather refreshing, after living so long in San-Francisco, with no trees visible but cross-trees.'

'Yes, it is well enough in its way; but it wants a bridge.'

We saw some very fine trout, and made an impromptu fishing-tackle with a pin and some twine, but were sorely at a loss for bait, although the Major upturned mountains of earth in his efforts to find some worms; and as a last resort, we tried some green peas, at which they rose readily, but strangely declined swallowing the tempting morsel. At this critical juncture appeared a man of dignified and gracious bearing, and most goodly presence, who accosted us in Spanish, and to whom we made known our dilemma. He immediately sent home one of his fol-

lowers for lines and beef, which he considered the only orthodox and legitimate style of bait. The old gentleman was right; the trout swallowed that species of refreshment, as he had predicted, *con mucho gusto*; and we soon had the pleasure of killing seventeen very respectable fish, which, by the way, formed a very seasonable addition to the *carte* of the 'Commerce.' The Major, of course, contrived to insert a hook deeply into his finger, at which he commenced a perfect tornado of oaths, in Spanish at first, out of deference to the new-comer, but he broke down signally before the vials of his wrath were half-poured out, and he was obliged to finish in the vernacular. We had some pleasant though rather laborious discourse, in a mixture of Spanish and English with our new friend, who was a landed proprietor, known to fame in those parts by the name of Don — something Carquillo. I may be excused for not remembering all the names, which were as long as the tail of a kite; but I recollect, among others, there were Jesus, Maria, and José; so that he comprised in himself a sort of holy family. He invited us to accompany him home, which we did with much pleasure, being somewhat curious to see the domestic arrangements of such a *magnifico*.

On approaching a native Californian residence, one is struck with the air of listlessness which pervades every thing; even the crows look pensive and languishing. The first thing visible is a perfect Golgotha formed by the *debris* of cattle, which are invariably slaughtered in front of the house in the most conspicuous place. The lawn is beautifully diversified with patches of raw hide, (*the sine qua non* upon a rancho,) staked out to dry, and there is generally a native cart in the fore-ground, the wheels of which are made of sections, sawed from the butt of a tree, and with holes nearly twice the diameter of the axle, which causes them to oscillate pleasantly, and if they are not sufficiently lubricated, to emit a soft and soothing melody. The house was a large one, of one story, built, of course, of 'adobes,' and white-washed. As it was an aristocratic mansion, it had a floor and glazed windows. We entered and beheld three damsels (there are always three in such cases) seated on the floor, with their 'continuations' mysteriously deposited somewhere out of sight. They were all rather pretty, with magnificent dark eyes and hair, and tolerably good figures; clad in the never-failing and graceful 'robosa,' and white dresses with innumerable flounces, by no means of immaculate purity, relieved by a gorgeous fringe of gold or silver lace. When they rose to welcome us, we discovered that they wore very pretty little shoes, but no stockings. We paid them some Grandisonian compliments, although somewhat concise, for our vocabulary was limited; and they in return, in the most flattering manner, offered us chairs, which are by no means common in such places; they are rather reserved for state occasions. They were engaged in sewing, in a very indolent, listless manner, but the enormous length of their stitches more than compensated their lack of energy. In fact, they got over more ground and made more flounces, 'their being, end, and aim,' than the most accomplished seamstress would have done. We saw their mother, chiefly remarkable for wrinkles, who bustled about intent on household affairs, with the care-worn and *mater dolorosa*

air befitting one who is constantly liable to culinary catastrophes and domestic disasters. The *madre* is always the only one upon a ranch who appears to have any thing to do.

The Don invited us to dinner, and we were regaled with that Californian staple—beef, fried in tallow, and scarcely any thing else. But the fascinating manner and exquisite courtesy of our noble host were worth more than a banquet of Lucullus; and the Major and I agreed that he was decidedly the 'first gentleman' of California. These old *rancheros* are the very incarnation of pride. They are proud of their descent from undoubted *Hidalgos*; proud of their long names; proud of their pure Castilian, (which, by the way, they do n't speak;) proud of their deportment, which would put Mr. Turveydrop to the blush; proud of their cattle and peons; in short, proud of every thing but their Yankee sons-in-law, in whom, in truth, they have very little cause of exultation; for they are very often unscrupulous adventurers, whose chief aim is to 'realize' upon the old man's substance. They find themselves every year growing poorer, by reason of the 'business talents' of 'Los Yankees.'

The señoritas partook of the repast with much apparent satisfaction; and I saw them alternately inserting their ivory into a large onion, with 'a grace beyond the reach of art.'

'Alas! for the romance of the dark-eyed Spanish maiden!' said I, afterward to the Major; 'was it on such a diet that the glowing forms of sunny Andalusia, and the love-inspiring nymphs of the golden Tagus, were nourished? Think you the maid of Saragossa ever dined upon beef fried in tallow, and raw onions?'

'No!' replied he; 'she probably varied her bill of fare with frijoles and garlic.'

At last a gloomy vision of our dirty and pulicose schooner obtruded itself; and we took leave of our new friends. The Don made us a very acceptable present of a huge piece of beef; and insisted upon furnishing us with horses, and attending us to the 'Commerce.' He was accompanied, as a matter of course, by his large retinue of peons and vaqueras; so that we had a 'tail' which would have excited the envy of a Gaelic chieftain. We bade him a cordial adieu, and once more stood out into the Pacific; and in process of time reached our destined port, late in the evening, just at the commencement of a south-east gale. We anchored under a frowning cliff, in the midst of a rapidly-rising sea, and violent rain; and then debated among ourselves, whether it were nobler to bear those ills we have—that is, the certainty of sleeping in the rain, upon the deck of the 'Commerce,' (for she had a cabin just large enough to inclose the captain and his man, by dint of skilful packing; and her hold was filled with our stores and implements,) or to fly to others that we knew not of: consisting of a *terra incognita*, of which we had only learned that there was some kind of a hut, built formerly by hunters. We finally determined to land; and took literally 'a leap in the dark,' by being tumbled ashore in a boiling surf, at the mouth of a most Acheronian 'gulch,' sans every thing, except a dog, who had the good taste to leave the 'Commerce,' and who made a few parting canine remarks, in the shape of a prolonged howl of disgust and contempt. We climbed the steep bank in

the most intense darkness, stumbling over innumerable elk-horns, the trophies of our predecessors, and at last found the house, the door of which stood hospitably open. We entered, and a most delightful state of things presented itself. The house had been built of boards, placed at long distances apart, and covered with canvas, and might once have been very comfortable; but at that time the canvas had all blown off, and for all habitable purposes it might as well have been a corn-crib with an open-work roof. The boards of the floor were so skilfully economized, that the apertures were precisely wide enough to let our feet through, and not quite wide enough to draw them out again; so that it was a regular man-trap. In addition to its other charming features, there had been a land-slide under one side; so that it now stood at the greatest angle at which a house can maintain itself.

In spite of these disadvantages, our *poco curante* party addressed themselves to sleep upon the inclined plane of the wet floor, lulled by 'the night-wind bewailing,' and that most magnificent of all music, the voice of the old Ocean in his wrath. In the morning we found, to our utter dismay, that the storm was still raging furiously; and for three days and nights the rain continued without a moment's cessation, with the most fearful gale I ever experienced. Our situation was sufficiently gloomy; for of course we were very wet, and without shelter; and as it was in March, we suffered intensely with the cold. To add to our discomfort, we had nothing whatever to eat; and the sea was running so high that all communication with the 'Commerce' was as impossible as if she were in Arcturus. We managed to keep up our spirits on the first day by telling our best stories, making weak and watery puns, and listening to the Major's blood-thirsty military romances, interspersed with very comical lamentations. 'Tom Hyer' had a very fine voice, and gave us some most dolorous ballads of the forty-verse species; mostly descriptions of the various adventures of convicts. The two 'Pikes' went to sleep, very fortunately, for they were least disagreeable in that state; while the gentlemen from Marblehead beguiled the rosy hours with a cheerful dissertation upon the comparative merits of codfish and mackerel. The day came to an end at last: we were excessively hungry, and disposed to cast longing glances at our poor dog, who returned them with interest. That night we were kept awake by cold and hunger, and began to form lively and well-defined impressions of a certain graminivorous beast, known to naturalists as the *elephant*. The next morning, as I lay listening to the storm, which seemed to have increased in fury, and naturally reluctant to leave my luxurious couch, an idea suddenly flashed across my mind; and I was amazed and confounded at my intolerable stupidity in not having thought of it before. It was the work of a few moments to rush out and secure some of the largest fragments of the canvas that had adorned our roof, and cut out large letters like a stencil-plate; the whole forming a concise inscription, or rather incision, as follows: 'Send — three — bottles — whiskey — bread — hammer — nails — barrel — head tight — overboard.' We waited patiently until Captain Weeks stuck his head out of his den to look at the weather, and then held up our canvas against the sky, so that it

was perfectly legible. The effect was soon apparent. Captain Weeks, with that noble generosity supposed to be innate in the breast of the Yankee Tar, sacrificed one of his water-casks, filled it as requested, and committed it to the deep; and in a short time we rescued it from the breakers, the Major narrowly escaping a watery grave in his wolfish eagerness. We were somewhat perplexed at first as to the means of getting at our treasure, but finally succeeded in starting the hoops with a large shell, and carried it into the mansion, where we proceeded to make a banquet worthy of the gods, washing it down with that species of nectar known as 'Monongahela.' Our next step was to tear up the boards of the floor and nail them upon the roof; and as this was not sufficient, we knocked off the lee-side of the house and applied it to the other three. By this means our situation was rendered much more comfortable, and our spirits began to revive. I must, however, except the Major, who was fast approaching a state of chronic despair. He thought of Jonah and his three '*Dies Iræ*,' and rather envied him his comfortable lodgings. But perfect happiness is seldom the lot of mortals, and our felicity was somewhat alloyed by the necessity of sleeping on the wet ground, and a very reasonable apprehension of another landslide; in which case warriors, Pikes, house, and all would infallibly have been precipitated to the bottom of the ravine, where by this time there was a very respectable torrent. During the rest of that day and the one following, we were chiefly occupied in eating and drinking, and growing dry, and speculating as to the time it would require for the 'Commerce' to get ashore. She was dragging perceptibly every hour. I was amused by watching our dog, who felt the need of exercise, and with all the artless confidence of youth trotted gallantly out into the storm. But the moment he emerged from under the shelter of the house, he was taken fairly off his feet by a furious gust, and carried half-way down the bank. He came back a sadder and a wiser dog, with his self-respect completely gone; and for several days he possessed 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.'

On the fourth morning, when we awoke, we found a change indeed. It was perfectly calm, and the surf had subsided into a mere playful curl. The sun was shining as he only can shine in California, after a rain, and the air was filled with incense from the wild thyme and other fragrant herbs. Very delightful was the glorious transition from our miserable den into the pure and genial sunshine. The effect was electrical upon every one; even the Major was thawed, and softened into an admission that the sun was an excellent institution. Our first look was at the 'Commerce.' We found she was still afloat, although she had dragged within fifty feet of the rocks. Her boat was already ashore with a load of stores and a stove, which we set up *al fresco*; and after enjoying a bounteous repast, it was resolved unanimously to devote that day to the purpose of recuperation. I started upon an exploring expedition; and in the first place, made the agreeable discovery that all the water we had been drinking since we landed had filtered through a couple of dead bullocks, which lay in the ravine above us. I proceeded to the extreme end of the point, which rose in a perpendicular wall of rock, to the height of six hundred feet, and sat me

down to enjoy the magnificent view. The atmosphere was so exquisitely pure that distance seemed to be absolutely of no consequence, and every thing was revealed with a distinctness almost startling. Point Reyes is in shape not unlike the end of Cape Cod, curving inward at the extremity, and forming a beautiful bay, discovered by Sir Francis Drake, and still known as Drake's Bay. The end of the point was of trap formation, singularly contorted and dislocated, giving evidence of its birth in the very agony of Nature. There was little that was interesting in the land view; the point gradually expanded into level plains, destitute of foliage, like most of the coast of California; although upon the mountains in the far back-ground was visible an occasional grove of pines, or the superb 'red-wood.' On the outside there was a desolate beach, with low sand-hills, and three white lines of breakers extending as far as the eye could reach. The great charm of the prospect was in the magnificent expanse of ocean stretched out around me. The Pacific wore its most sunny and smiling aspect: there was an immense, long ground-swell, with a surface of glassy smoothness, and the contrast between the glittering summit of the seas, and the ever-shifting, cool green shadows of the hollows, was very effective. In one direction yet lingered a dense bank of fog. From my elevated position I could look down upon its level surface, the effect of which, in the sun-light, was exquisitely beautiful, like a lake of molten silver with rainbows floating in it. Far to the westward lay the small cluster of rocks known as the 'Farallones,' over which, although twenty miles distant, I could distinctly see the surf breaking. The sea was studded with a fleet of vessels bound to San-Francisco; and I could occasionally see the spout or the 'flukes' of a whale. But every thing else was forgotten in regarding the terrific chaos of waters directly beneath me. The furious surges rushed madly on to destruction against the perpendicular wall with an appalling roar, and a force that shook the solid rock, dashing themselves into diamond-dust, which flew high into the air, flashing in the sun, and creating innumerable rainbows in its descent; while the smoke of their torment ascended forever. The screaming of myriads of sea-fowl swelled the mighty chorus, and the sea-lions lifted up their voice. In one spot the rock was inclined a little from the perpendicular, and the sea, as it broke against it, glanced upward in a body, descending again with a backward curl of infinite grace and beauty. There was a large arched rock off the end of the point, through which the sea was forced upward in a single jet to an immense height, forming a superb marine fountain. A savage reef extended for nearly half-a-mile, over which the breakers were dashing with every possible variety of form and motion. On the highest of the rocks immense numbers of sea-lions were basking in the sun. Occasionally some disorderly member of the community would create a disturbance, at which they all commenced a hideous bellowing, and at the same time a free fight, which lasted until they were all knocked overboard, when they would gravely begin their toilsome journey back again, only to repeat the performance. These marine gentry seemed to enjoy the glorious morning quite as fully as their betters. For my own part, I must confess I was perfectly torpid. After my long abstinence

I had made an enormous breakfast, and was in much the same condition as a gorged anaconda ; so I simply went to sleep in the long grass, with a confused dream of Arion coming ashore in the surf, bestriding two sea-lions, circus-wise, with a barrel of bread in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other.

In the afternoon, the Major and I took a walk along the inner shore, and found a magnificent beach, about four miles long, and at low tide nearly three hundred feet in breadth, perfectly level, and so hard that it was difficult to distinguish a horse's tracks. The surface was only varied by numerous fragments of wreck ; and three huge whales, which had been destroyed by the 'killers,' and drifted ashore. We found a prize of no small value, consisting of several cases of preserved meats, oysters, fruits, etc. We sat down, and devoured the contents of one of them with infinite delight, (the Major's countenance was perfectly radiant with joy,) and then crossed over to the outer shore, for the purpose of taking a bath. The surf had so far abated since morning that we could breast it with impunity, and we accordingly plunged in, and were speedily outside of the breakers. To my utter astonishment, the Major succeeded perfectly, without the slightest accident. I had expected to see him planted head downward in the sand, and was prepared to rescue him, and listen to a sweeping anathema against the whole Pacific, and creation generally. There was a strange sense of utter loneliness, and a feeling of sublimity — almost of awe — as we rode buoyantly over the long seas, which had perhaps been accumulating all the way from Japan. I expressed as much to my companion, who was wonderfully good-humored since we had found the preserves ; and, for once, he agreed with me, and manifested a great deal of pity for those narrow-minded individuals, who are satisfied with a bath in the contracted Atlantic. We returned to our humble abode, and finished the day by making a sort of side-hill table from fragments of wreck, around which we skilfully disposed our party, with the tallest men on the lowest side. That night we slept like Sybarites, upon real beds. The next morning we sent three men to the head-quarters of the *rancho*, about twelve miles distant, for oxen, which the proprietor had agreed to furnish. During their absence, we made a small yard or *corral*, fencing it with drift-wood from the beach, with a solid post at one side. At last our men returned with *vaqueras*, or cattle-drivers, to assist them ; bringing eighteen yoke of cattle, half of which were wild young steers, yoked for the first time, and the other half were *cabrestos*, or patriarchs of the herd, trained expressly for the purpose of keeping the fiery youths in order, and training them up in the way they should go. We yoked them alternately, so that each pair of wild cattle had one of the *cabrestos* before and another behind it, in order to keep them as near as possible in the path of rectitude. It is necessary in such cases, that the chains should be so long that the irreverent steers cannot conveniently kick the faces of their seniors. We attached them to the plough, and succeeded, after a severe struggle, in getting them into a line. The difficulty now was, to make them draw. Our party were utterly at a loss with cattle which ignored the shibboleth of 'Gee' and 'Haw,' and failed to respond to the names of 'Buck' and 'Bright'

Moreover, by an oversight, we had no whips, and were obliged to improvise something with which we could appeal to their feelings. The Major seized a horse's jaw-bone, which lay upon the ground, with the teeth in, which proved a most efficient 'ox-compeller,' although it contributed neither to their outward adornment, or inward delectation. 'Tom Hyer' sacrilegiously pulled up a fragment of an oar, which was placed as a grave-stone over one of the old hunters, buried near by; while the Pikes had already manufactured a Pike County whip, composed of a stick very much the shape of a hoe-handle, and a lash of braided raw-hide, twenty-five feet in length, and nearly an inch in diameter. In skilful hands this becomes a horrible instrument of torture, the lash taking out a strip of flesh at every blow. Mr. Nye grasped it, fired with a noble ambition, but he displayed much more ferocity than discretion; for the lash descended upon the devoted head of the Major, taking out the crown of his hat and eke his very small organ of veneration. He stood for a moment absolutely choking with rage, and then 'shot madly from his sphere,' with a volley of subterrene adjectives, which caused even the impassive old *cabrestos* to turn round and look at him. We told him that it was nothing but 'even-handed justice' for his cruel use of the jaw-bone, which by no means tended to allay his wrath. After uniting our energies in one last grand effort, we succeeded in making them move, although it was in every direction but the right one. Some would make a lateral jump, and others a perpendicular one; one contented himself with kicking, and another with sullenly lying down; some attempted to make a charge upon the drivers; and some retaliated by thrusting their horns into the cattle ahead: but none of them seemed to have the remotest idea of going straight forward. As a last resort, we tried the noble argument of twisting their tails; and accordingly each man addressed himself to this species of moral suasion, while the *vaqueros* made fast their *riatas*, or lassos, to the tails of the most refractory, passing them forward between their legs to the horses, thus taking them in tow. By this means we were only too successful; they broke into a furious gallop; and as California cattle are as rapid as lightning in their motions, it required no little agility to keep up with the plough, which instead of turning over the sod in its legitimate place, threw it eight or ten feet in a lateral direction. For a few moments we made admirable time. Very often the plough would be thrown out by 'tussocks,' or soap-root, and would take the ground again in the most unexpected places. But this state of things could not last; there was as little unanimity among them, as in a Tammany-Hall meeting, and they soon came to a stop, the team forming a large circle, with the leaders directly behind the plough-man, thus exposing him to an enemy in the rear, and rendering his position by no means a desirable one. The *cabrestos* were but little better than the others, for they were out of their sphere, and though gentle and tractable, they did not know precisely what to do. We managed by way of varying the scene, to kill one of the oxen. During some of their antics they contrived to get the 'bight' of a chain over the end of a yoke, and when the long team 'straightened out,' they brought it 'fore-and-aft,' instantly breaking the neck of the unfortunate beast.

His partner escaped a like fate by happening to be in a position at right angles with the line of the team. But this was of no consequence ; we wanted him for beef, and there were plenty more upon the ranch.

Our day's performance was by no means brilliant. We were excessively fatigued, and very glad when the night approached. Our labor was by no means ended, for there yet remained the very formidable operation of unyoking. The cabrestos were of course easily managed. We unhooked the chains from their yokes, having previously driven the whole team into the *corral*, thus leaving each yoke of wild cattle by itself. Two *vaqueros* then lassoed them, one by the horns and the other by the hind-legs. The horse, which was fast to the horns, then drew their heads close to the post, where they were firmly lashed ; while the other dragged their hind-legs from under them, and while they were thus *hors du combat*, we easily removed the yoke, taking care before they were set free to make each one fast to a *cabresto* by a stout thong of raw hide attached to their horns, which had a spike driven through the ends for the purpose. We now discovered the 'mission' of these Nestors of the herd. It was simply to give bail, or in other words, to enter into bonds for the appearance of their young friends in the morning. Were it not for this precaution, the frisky juveniles would fly to the uttermost parts of the ranch, disgusted with their first lesson in civilization. I was much amused in watching these *Arcades ambo*, and felt inclined to moralize upon the ill-assorted union. I could not help pitying the old patriarch, thus bound for better or worse to such a companion, for it certainly must have been a bore to be made a 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' in such a manner. He was, however, perfectly *nonchalant*, and like an artful wife, while apparently all compliance and submission, he managed to have his own way most effectually. He looked down upon the follies of his pupil with an air of calm superiority, occasionally when his ill-regulated mind led him into some extravagance, administering with his horn an admonitory and parental punch in the ribs. The fiery youth would get into a furious passion and attempt to retaliate, but he only wasted his time ; for his antagonist, after his long experience, cared very little for his artless attempts, and parried his thrusts with the utmost coolness. These *cabrestos* are sometimes so well trained that they will bring their partners up to the *corral* in the morning, *nolens volens*. We gave a glance at our field of operations, where the furrows looked like reporter's short-hand on a gigantic scale, or still more as if a battery of artillery had fired into the ground, and then went home somewhat dispirited.

The next day there was a decided improvement, and in a wonderfully short time our cattle were so well trained that we were enabled to work three ploughs, and to 'march into the bowels of the land,' at the rate of six acres per day. I found that driving oxen was one of the things I could not by any possibility learn. I could use our formidable whip with considerable dexterity, but the more I flogged them and talked Spanish to them, the more they would n't respect me ; so I gave it up in despair, and devoted my energies to holding the plough, at which I became very skilful, and covered myself with laurels and mud.

We occasionally introduced a fresh steer into the ranks ; but where we only had one at a time, they were easily managed. At one time

we had a peculiarly refractory one, who persisted in lying down in spite of our arguments. The rest of the team dragged him entirely round a 'land' a mile square, until at last, when one side of him was striped like a zebra by the lash, and the other looked very much in want of a bottle of hair invigorator, his bovine mind began to comprehend that the way of the transgressor is hard, and he decided to get up. He proved one of our most efficient cattle, and an ornament to society.

We felt very sensibly the want of a house, for our little den of ten feet square was by no means sufficient for our accommodation; and as we had plenty of tools, and thought we could find material upon the beach, I formed the bold design of building a *casa* suited to our requirements. The Major and another man were detailed to assist me, and we speedily erected a substantial frame of spars, and then made diligent search for something with which to cover it. Point Reyes extended so far out to sea, that every thing in the shape of waifs and strays was caught within the bay. About this time the steamers 'Tennessee' and 'S. S. Lewis' were lost not very far distant from us, and we looked eagerly for portions of the wreck. It was amusing to observe how soon the man is transformed into the wrecker in such cases. Our house presented a somewhat heterogeneous appearance, as may well be supposed. For instance, a very elegant satinwood door from a steamer's saloon might have been seen gracing the walls, in immediate proximity to a patch of raw hide, while the next course would perhaps be a slab of redwood. We found a large centre-board from some ill-fated coaster, which covered a considerable portion of one side. But our greatest prize was a superb piano-forte, which we found upon the beach, with the bottom broken out and the plate and strings gone. We immediately knocked it apart and transferred it to the sides of the house, while the legs which we found on another part of the beach, were useful and appropriate in making a frame for a grindstone. We found a fine American horse (drowned of course) attached to an excellent cart in perfect order, which had probably fallen overboard from the docks in San Francisco, and been carried out with the tide; and also a rocking-horse, which was of very little practical utility upon a cattle ranch. Among other things, there was a Hebrew Bible, part of the library of a clergyman, on its way from the States. If I recollect rightly, this was not very diligently perused by any one. Tom Hyer discovered what he called a 'merry-maid,' but which proved to be a very beautiful ship's figure-head, which we at once placed upon the house, in a niche so skillfully constructed that it was visible from the inside as well as the outside. We were enabled to furnish our house with several mattresses and pillows, and a number of wicker cradles. The latter we afterward used as feeding troughs for the cattle; a new method of cradling grain, of which we claim to be the sole inventors. We also found a ship's sky-light, which made us two admirable windows, with every thing but glass. At different times we collected boards enough to make a tolerable floor and a partition dividing the house into two apartments, so that we boasted a dormitory and a refectory. Our old abode was reserved for the purpose of storing grain. The house was finished at last; it was not exactly a 'palace of cold splendor,' but very cosy and comfortable. It was built upon a gentle eminence fronting toward

the bay, and the grand façade was very imposing. I must confess the style of architecture was a little peculiar; it would have broken the heart of Palladio, or Sir Christopher Wren; but I never could learn that either of those gentlemen were compelled to depend upon 'Flotsam and Jetsam' for their building materials. Mr. Nye was anxious to give it a name, and the Major perversely suggested 'Nihil.' But this was overruled as reflecting upon the architect; and we finally settled the difficulty by placing a magnificent pair of antlers upon the roof, and calling it 'Horncastle.'

The 'Commerce' arrived soon after, and that was indeed a memorable day in our calendar; for she brought us a ministering angel, in the shape of a 'lady cook.' We fitted an apartment for her in a style of extraordinary magnificence, and thenceforth 'order reigned in Warsaw.' We now lived a very quiet, monotonous life, toiling early and late in ploughing and planting, and only holding brief communion with the outer world by means of vessels which occasionally anchored in the bay. The 'Commerce' arrived at long intervals, bringing us creature-comforts and from fifteen to thirty days' later news from San-Francisco. Our only neighbor was a 'squatter' and a Pike of the pikiest description. (There may possibly be, even among your readers, some untutored minds, who do not understand the meaning of the term 'Pike.' It is a household word in San-Francisco, originally applied to Missourians from Pike County, but afterwards used as a generic term to designate individuals presenting a happy compound of verdancy and ruffianism. Most of those hirsute specimens noted for dusty habiliments and conspicuous boot-legs, and known as returned Californians, are admitted to this favored class.) His wife was a beautiful little pocket-edition of a woman, with an exquisite native grace and refinement, forming a singular contrast with her brute of a husband. She could not read or write, but she could ride like a centaur, and she possessed an accomplishment of which few ladies can boast, that of swinging in the saddle and picking up any thing from the ground without dismounting. The Major, who fell desperately in love, pronounced her a '*Dea Certe*,' and waxed enthusiastic about her 'personal pulchritude.' It is difficult to say what would have been the result of this conjunction between Mars and Venus, if a strongly-worded hint from *il marito*, into whose obnubilated brain a dim suspicion had slowly burrowed its way, had not cooled his passion with a ludicrous rapidity.

At last a sad disaster befel us; the 'Commerce' was wrecked, and our communication cut off. We soon discovered the truth of the aphorism, that 'commerce and agriculture go hand in hand,' for our supplies were entirely exhausted, and for six weeks we had nothing whatever to eat, excepting beef. There was plenty of game around us, but unfortunately we were out of powder. We could get no fish for want of a boat, and our last resource was some clams, which we discovered on a sandy point about four miles up the bay. Accordingly, one morning the Major and I took our cart and a yoke of oxen, and soon arrived at the spot and commenced digging. The clams were of enormous size, and evinced, like Falstaff, 'an alacrity in sinking.' I had captured one previously, and knew something of their habits; so that I watched the

Major's proceedings with some curiosity. He began to dig with great fury, stopping occasionally to wipe his reeking brows, and to express his wonder that the clam could dig faster than himself. When he had nearly succeeded in burying himself, I ventured to inquire as to the chances of success. He deigned me no reply; but I heard the rumbling sound of his polyglot profanity as he pursued the monster of the deep, and at length he triumphantly threw out a clam a trifle smaller than a chair bottom. We gazed for a few moments at 'his fair round belly,' and then sat down to make a little calculation, by which we discovered that it was possible, by severe and untiring labor for ten hours, to dig seven clams. Of course the journey of eight miles was an extra affair. This did n't pay — decidedly. However, we succeeded in getting three more, and then turned our faces homeward. There was a large flat rock on the beach, outside of which it was necessary to pass. At that time, the tide being very high, the water was about a foot deep at the end of the rock, and as the day happened to be extremely sultry, the cattle, pleased with the grateful coolness of the element, started boldly out to sea, swimming like Newfoundland dogs. This was a state of things most decidedly unlooked-for. Neither the Major nor I had the slightest desire to be transformed into an impromptu Neptune and Company; but what was to be done? Our old remedy, twisting their tails, would not apply to the present crisis; it was obviously of no use to put a drag on the wheels, and we had nothing which we could use for an anchor. But we were equal to the occasion. Fired with a sudden inspiration, we each seized a mighty clam and swam out to the heads of our amphibious oxen. By dint of skilfully smiting them upon the nose we succeeded in turning them landward, and at length reached the shore with our rich argosy. We boiled those clams all the next day, we fried them, we roasted them, and we stewed them, and finally succeeded in reducing them to the consistency of gutta-percha. They were too much, even for the '*duræ illia messorum*;' for all comestible purposes we might as well have cooked a Pike County boot. With many a sigh we were compelled to throw them away, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the gulls also frustrated in their efforts to make a dinner. Disappointed in his hopes of a molluscan banquet, the Major affected indifference, and spoke contemptuously of the whole race of clams, which he affirmed to be, at their best estate, nothing but a cheap imitation of oysters. He declared that sooner than make another attempt, he would go and dine upon an old ship's back-stay which lay on the beach.

One night a steamer, bound up the coast, anchored in the bay, compelled to seek shelter from a furious north-wester. The Captain came ashore, and we tendered him the hospitalities of Point Reyes, that is to say, we invited him to climb a very steep bank, to take a seat upon a couple of vertebrae from a huge whale instead of a chair, and to partake of some beef, 'rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,' and in return, begged of him powder and shot and all sorts of small stores, including a demijohn of something, which, to our great disappointment, proved not to be vinegar. At last they got the 'Commerce' afloat again, and we once more received our meat in due season.

H O M E R U I N S .

I.

A COLD November's gloomy day
Looked out from earth and sky ;
We went to see the loved old spot,
My sister dear and I,
Where once our father's house had stood,
Where our young feet had trod
When life seemed brighter than the flowers
Upon the verdant sod.

II.

A bleak north-eastern wind swept on
From out its icy cave,
As chilly as the winter's frost
At mid-night on a grave :
It cut me to the very heart,
Through marrow and through bone,
And found within, an atmosphere
As sunless as its own.

III.

For years had passed since I had stood
With *her*, there side by side ;
My gentle sister ! — when alone
We met Misfortune's tide :
And watched with loving hearts above
A head with silvered hair,
That lay in helpless feebleness
Beneath our guardian care.

IV.

Oh ! sad the change ! — the frost had left
Its impress all around ;
The frost of seasons, life, and time,
On head, and heart, and ground !
That silvered head had sunk to rest,
Our own were whitened now :
'Twas autumn in our memories,
And autumn on each brow.

V.

The stranger's foot had followed ours,
The stranger's hand our own,
The things we loved were there no more,
The path with weeds o'ergrown :
And from the acorns planted there
By our young, ardent hands,
One sturdy oak alone remained,
Of all the stately bands.

VI.

The willows we had planted, too,
From hedge were cut away ;
Wild juniper usurped the fields
Of once sweet-scented hay :
And where our father we had seen
Through his fresh clover pass,
The hungry cattle sought for food
Among the withered grass.

VII.

The fences all had disappeared,
Weeds o'er the mantle waved ;
Beneath the cellar's crumbling walls
The hearth-stone lay in-graved :
The cold winds whistled where had stood
The hall, and swung the door,
And dreary desolation frowned
Where *Home* was found no more !

VIII.

The bucket with its mossy mail,
That hung above the well,
Had passed like some sweet memory
Before Time's blighting spell :
The curb was gone ; the pearly draught
Was changed to ooze at last,
And frogs were croaking from its slime
A requiem for the past.

IX.

A little mound of cobble-stones,
And sticks of rotting wood,
Marked where the grove of choke-cherries
In rustling beauty stood.
All, all had passed ! — youth, friends, and home,
Trees, shrubbery, and flowers :
No souvenir of love remained
To answer back to ours !

X.

Old *TIGER*'s voice had long been dumb,
There were no songs of birds :
We too, were silent, for our hearts
Were far too full for words.
Tears from my sister's azure eyes
I saw unbidden start :
They answered to the hidden ones
Which lay upon my heart.

XI.

We turned as from an ocean beach,
Trode by our youth before,
Whence every track the waves of life
Had banished from the shore.
We saw the changing sand, and heard
The ocean's voice sublime,
And stood amid the crumbling wrecks
Of Youth, and Love, and Time !

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Home, Sweet Home — Farewell to Picton — A Ride by le Bras d'Or — Note and Query — The Rob-Roys of Cape Breton — Chapel-Island — St. Peter's — Enterprise — The Strait of Canseau — A Ride and a Bride — West-River — The Last Outpost of the Scotch Blue Noses — Jeangros — A Prisoner of the Foreign Legion — The Shubenacadie Chain — Dartmouth and the Hotel Waverley.

FAITH the strings begin to pull, and I am glad to be at the end of the loop. Now, John Ormond, touch up the horses for a spanking ride toward home, sweet home !

Our Cape Breton stage is not like the mammoth musk-melons on wheels with which we are familiar. It is a cosy, two-seated vehicle, a quiet little rockaway, although a mail-coach, in which I am the only passenger.

Now for a ride beside the Bras d'Or, and a fig for the Mic-Macs and their leathery, birch-bark canoes. What is an aboriginal paddle to the brisk motion of these steeds,

'That blow the morning from their nosterils'?

A word for '*Notes and Queries*' : Is not le Bras d'Or the patronymic of Labrador ? Why not ? That mysterious, geological coast is only four days' sail from this place ? Labrador ! with its auks and puffins ; its seals and sea-tigers ; its whales and walrusses ? Why not an offshoot of le Bras d'Or, its earlier brother in the family of discovery ? Mr. Trench, that admirable professor of living English ; the best writer on the subject ; the clearest, cleverest, most profound, since Horne Tooke, asserts that 'Canada' has no patronymic ! But every body knows that the Spaniards, excited by the discoveries of the French in these boreal regions, followed after them in search of gold. And when they found no trace of the precious metal in the frozen soil, uttered '*Aca nada*,' nothing here ; and this afterward became a by-word, and grew from mouth to mouth to be the geographical name of the vast territory ? *Aca nada* for Canada ; and why not le Bras d'Or for Labrador ? Drive on, John Ormond ! we will leave etymology to the pedants and enjoy the scenery.

I was sorry to part from Picton, but then what a relief it is to be out of the reach of the cannie Scots ? Last night, during our pleasant evening chat, Picton happened to speak of the general system of banking in England, when a stranger, a chance visitor, a well-spoken, ceevil mon, gaed us a twa-hours' discourse on the system of banking in Scotland ; wherein the superiority of the method adopted by his countrymen to wring the last drop of interest out of a shilling, was pertinaciously

and dogmatically argued, upon the great ground-work of 'the general and abstract preencepels of feenance !' Confound his pock-pits and high, Scotch-Presbyterian cheek-bones, what business had he to impose upon our good-nature with his thread-bare, abstract preencepels ! Confound him, and the rest of the oat-eaters in these settlements, they have ruined a taste which I had acquired with much labor for Scottish poetry ; I shall never see 'Burns' Works' again without a sickening shudder.

But never mind ! Drive on, John Ormond ; we shall soon be among another race of Scotsmen, the bold Highlandmen of romance ; the McGregors, and McPhersons, the Camerons, Grahams, and McDonalds, and as a century or so does does not alter the old-country prejudices of the people in these settlements, we will no doubt find them in their pristine habiliments ; in plaids and spleuchens ; brogues and buckles ; hose and bonnets ; with claymore, dirk, and target ; the white cockade and eagle feather, so beautiful in the Waverley Novels.

We soon left the pretty village of Sydney behind us, and were not long in gaining the margin of the Bras d'Or. This great lake, or rather arm of the sea, is about one hundred miles in length by its shore road ; but so wide is it, and so indented by broad bays and deep coves, that it is said a coasting journey around it is equal in extent to a voyage across the Atlantic. Beside the distant mountains that rise proudly from the remote shores, there are many noble islands in its expanse, and forest-covered peninsulas, bordered with beaches of glittering white pebbles. But over all this wide landscape there broods a spirit of primeval solitude ; not a sail broke the loneliness of the scene until we had advanced far upon our day's journey. For strange as it may seem, the Golden Arm is a very useless piece of water in this part of the world ; highly favored as it is by nature, land-locked, deep enough for vessels of all burden, easy of access on the gulf side, free from fogs, and only separated from the ocean at its other end by a narrow strip of land, about three-quarters of a mile wide ; abounding in timber, coal, and gypsum, and valuable for its fisheries, especially in winter, the Bras d'Or is yet undeveloped for want of that element which seems to be alien to the Colonies, namely, *enterprise*.

If I had formed some romantic ideas concerning the new and strange people we found on the road we were now travelling, the Highlandmen, the Rob-Roys and Vich Ian Vohrs of Nova Scotia, those ideas were soon dissipated. It is true we saw the Celts in their wild settlements, but without bag-pipes or pistols, sporrans or philabegs ; there was not even a solitary thistle to charm the eye ; and as for oats, there were at least *two Scotchmen to one oat* in this garden of exotics. I have a reasonable amount of respect for a Highlandman in full costume ; but for a carrot-headed, freckled, high-cheeked animal in a round hat and breeches, that cannot utter a word of English, I have no sympathy. One fellow of this complexion, without a hat, trotted beside our coach for several miles, grunting forth his infernal Gaelic to John Ormond, with a hah ? to every answer of the driver, that was really painful. When he disappeared in the woods his red head went out like a torch. But we had scarcely gone by the first Highlandman when another

darted out upon us from a by-path, and again broke the sabbath of the woods and waters; and then another followed, so that the morning ride by the Bras d'Or was fringed with Gaelic. Now I have heard many languages in my time, and know how to appreciate the luxurious Greek, the stately Latin, the mellifluous Chinese, the epithetical Slavick, the soft Italian, the rich Castilian, the sprightly French, sonorous German, and good old English, but candor compels me to say, that I do not think much of the Gaelic. The sound of the Gaelic is a sort of cross-cut between that of a saw-mill and a dog-fight. It is not pleasing to the ear.

Yet it was a stately ride, that by the Bras d'Or, in one's own coach as it were, traversing such old historic ground. For the very name, and its associations, carry one back to the earliest discoveries in America, carry one back behind Plymouth Rock to the earlier French adventurers in this hemisphere; yes, almost to the times of Richard Crookback, for on the neighboring shores, as the English claim, Cabot first landed, and named the place *Prima Vista*, in the days of Henry the Seventh, the 'Richmond' of history and tragedy.

Well, well, it is a lovely ride by the white-pebbled beach, and the wide stretch of wave between this shore and that. Now we roll along amidst primeval trees, not the evergreens of the sea-coast, but familiar growths of maple, beech, birch; and larches, juniper or hackmatack, imperishable for ship craft. Now we cross bridges, over sparkling brooks, alive with trout and salmon, and most surprising of all, pregnant with *water-power*. 'Surprising,' because no motive-power can be presented to the eye of a citizen of the young republic without the corresponding thought of—why do n't they use it? And why not, when Bras d'Or is so near, or the sea-coast either, and land at forty cents an acre, and trees as close set and as lofty as ever nature planted them? Of a certainty, there would be a thousand saw-mills screaming between this and Canseau if a drop of Yankee blood had ever fertilized this soil.

Well, well, perhaps it is well. But yet to ride through a hundred miles of denationalized, high-cheeked, red, or black-headed Highland-men, with illustrious names, in breeches and round hats, without pistols or feathers, is a sorry sight. Not one of these MacGregors can earn more than five shillings a day, currency, as a laborer. Not a digger on our canals but can do better than that; and with the chance of *rising*. But here there seems to be no rise. The Colonial system provides that every settler shall have a grant of about one hundred and twenty acres, in fee, and free. What then? the Government fosters and protects him. It sends out annually choice stocks of cattle, at a nominal price; it establishes a tariff of duties on foreign goods, so low that the revenue derived therefrom is not sufficient to pay the salaries of its officers. What then? The colonist is only a parasite with all these advantages. He is not an integral part of a nation; a citizen responsible for his franchise. He is but a colonial Mic-Mac, or Scotch-Mac; a mere sub-thoughted, irresponsible exotic, in a governmental cold grapery. By the great fore-finger of Tom Jefferson, I would rather be a citizen of the United States than *own* all the five-shilling Blue Noses between Sydney and Canseau!

As we roll along, up-hill and down, a startling flash of sun-light bursts forth from the dewy morning clouds, and touches lake, island, and promontory, with inexpressible beauty. Stop, John Ormond, or drive slowly; let us enjoy *dolce far niente*. To hang now in our curricule upon this wooded hill-top, overlooking the clear surface of the lake, with leafy island and peninsula dotted in its depths, in all its native grace, without a touch or trace of hand-work, far or near, save and except a single spot of sail in the far-off, is holy and sublime. Stop, John Ormond; I have seen Dr. Bellows' church in New-York, but this wonderful scene is more impressive than that extensive and variegated structure.

And there we rested, reverentially impressed with the week-day sabbath. We lingered long and lovingly upon our woody promontory, our cyrie among the spruces of Cape Breton.

'CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.'

But the mail-coach must move on; the spirit of the age is progress; life is only a pied jockey on a racer; and not unaptly they say, when a man dies, 'his race is run.' Amen! Drive on, John Ormond.

Down-hill go horses and mail-coach, and we are lost in a vast avenue of twinkling birches. For miles we ride within breast-high hedges of sunny shrubs, until we reach another promontory, where Bras d'Or again breaks forth, with bay, island, white beach, peninsula, and sparkling cove. And before us, bowered in trees, lies Chapel-Island, the Mic-Mac Mecca, with its Catholic Church and consecrated ground. Here at certain seasons the red men come to worship the white CHRIST. Here the Western descendants of Ishmael pitch their bark tents, and swing their barbaric censers before the Asiatic-born REDEEMER. 'They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before HIM.' That gathering must be a touching sermon to the heart of faith!

But we roll onward, and now are again in the clearings, among the log-cabins of the Highlandmen. Although every settler has his governmental farm, yet nearly the whole of it is still in forest-land. A log-hut and cleared acre-lot, with Flora McIvors grubbing, hoeing, or chopping, while their idle lords and masters trot beside the mail-coach to get the news, are the only results of the home patronage. At last we come to a gentle declivity, a bridge lies below us, a wider brook; we cross over to find a cosy inn and rosy landlord on the other side; and John Ormond lays down the ribbons, after a sixty-mile drive, to say: 'This is St. Peter's.'

Now so far as the old-fashioned inns of New-Scotland are concerned, I must say they make me ashamed of our own. Soap, sand, and water do not cost so much as carpets, curtains, and fly-blown mirrors; but still, to the jaded traveller, they have a more attractive aspect. We sit, that is, all the passengers in the stage, before a snow-white table without a cloth, in the inn-parlor, kitchen, laundry, and dining-room, all in one, just over against the end of the lake; and enjoy a

rasher of bacon and eggs with as much gusto as if we were in the midst of a palace of fresco. Ornamental eating has become with us a species of gaudy, ostentatious vulgarity; and a dining-room a sort of fool's Paradise. I never think of the little simple meal at St. Peter's now, without tenderness and respect.

Here we change — driver, stage, and horses. Still I am the only passenger. The new whip is a Yankee from the State of Maine; a tall, black-eyed, taciturn fellow, with gold rings in his ears. Now we pass the narrow strip of land that divides Bras d'Or from the ocean. It is only three-quarters of a mile wide between water and water, and look at Enterprise digging it out! By the bronze statue of De Witt Clinton, if there are not three of the five-shilling Rob-Roys at work, with two shovels, a horse, and one dirt-cart!

As we approach Canseau the landscape becomes flat and uninteresting; but distant ranges of mountains rise up against the evening sky, and as we travel on toward their bases they attract the eye more and more. Ear-rings is not very communicative. He does not know the names of any of them. Does not know how high they are, but has heard say they are the highest mountains in Nova Scotia. 'Are those the mountains of Canseau?' Yes, them's them. So with renewed anticipations we passengers ride on toward the strait 'of unrivalled beauty,' that travellers say 'surpasses any thing in America.'

And, indeed, Canseau can have my feeble testimony in confirmation. It is a grand marine highway, having high hills on the Cape Breton Island side, and lofty mountains on the other shore; a full, broad, mile-wide space between them; and reaching from end to end, fifteen miles, from the Atlantic to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As I took leave of Ear-rings, at Plaister Cove, and wrapped myself up in my cloak in the stern-sheets of the row-boat to cross the strait, the full Acadian moon, larger than any United States moon, rose out of her sea-fog, and touched mountain, height, and billow, with effulgence. It was a scene of Miltonic grandeur. After the ruined walls of Louisburgh, and the dark caverns of Sydney, comes Canseau, with its startling splendor! Truly this is a wonderful country.

Another night in a clean Nova-Scotian inn on the mountain-side, a deep sleep, and balmy awakening in the clear air. Yet some exceptions must be taken to the early sun in this latitude. To get up at two o'clock or four; to ride thirty or forty miles to breakfast, with a convalescent appetite, is painful. But yet, 'to him, who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language.' Admiration and convalescent hunger make a very good team in this beautiful country. You look out upon the unfathomable Gulf of St. Lawrence, and feel as if you were an unfathomable gulf yourself. You ride through lofty woods, with a tantalizing profusion of living edibles in your path; at every moment a cock-rabbit is saying his prayers before the horses; at every bosk and bole a squirrel stares at you with unwinking eyes, and Robin Yellow-bill hops, runs, and flies before the coach within reach of the driver's whip, *sans peur*! And this too is the land of Moose and Cariboo: here the hunters, on snow-

shoes, track the huge animals in the season ; and Moose and Cariboo, in the Halifax markets, are cheaper than beef with us. And to think this place is only a four days' journey from the metropolis, in the languid winter ! By the ashes of Nimrod, I will launch myself on a pair of snow-shoes, and shoot a Moose in the snow before I am twelve months older, as sure as these ponies carry us to breakfast !

'How far are we from breakfast, driver ?'

'Twenty miles,' quoth Jehu.

Now I had been anxious to get a sight of our ponies, for the sake of estimating their speed and endurance ; but at this time they were not in sight. For the coach we (three passengers) were in, was built like an omnibus-sleigh on wheels, with a high seat and 'dasher' in front, so that we could not see what it was that drew our ark, and therefore I climbed up in the driver's perch to overlook our motors. There were four of them ; little, shaggy, black ponies, with bunchy manes and fetlocks, not much larger than one-month calves. Yet they swept us along the road as rapidly as if they were full-sized horses, up-hill and down, without visible signs of fatigue. And now we passed through another French settlement, 'Tracadie,' and again the Norman kirtle and petticoat of the pastoral, black-eyed Evangelines hove in sight, and passed like a day-dream. And now we are in an English settlement, where we enjoy a substantial breakfast, and then ride through the primeval woods, with an occasional glimpse of the broad Gulf and its mountain scenery, until we come upon a pretty inland village, by name Antigonish.

And here, at our inn, we find a bridal party, and the pretty English landlady offers us wine and cake with hospitable welcome ; and a jovial time of it we have until we are summoned, by crack of whip, to ride over to West-River.

I must say that the natural prejudices we have against Nova Scotia are ill-placed, unjust, and groundless. The country itself is the great redeeming feature of the province, and a very large portion of it is uninfested by Scotchmen. Take for instance the road we are now travelling. For hours we bowl along a smooth turnpike, in the midst of a deep forest : although scarce a week has elapsed since these gigantic trees were leafless, yet the foliage has sprung forth as it were with a touch, and now the canopy of leaves about us, and overhead, is so dense as scarcely to afford a twinkle of light from the sun. Sometimes we ride by startling precipices and winding streams ; sometimes overlook an English settlement, with its rolling pasture-lands, bare of trees and rich in verdure. At last we approach the precincts of Northumberland Strait, and are cleverly carried into New-Glasgow. It is fast-day, and the shops are closed in Sabbath stillness ; but on the sign-boards of the village one reads the historic names of 'Ross' and 'Cameron ;' and 'Graham,' 'McGregor' and 'McDonald.' What a pleasant thing it must be to live in that village ! Here too I saw for the first time in the province a thistle ! But it was a silver-plated one, in the blue bonnet of a 'pothecary's boy.' A metallic effigy of the ORIGINAL PLANT, that had bloomed some generations ago in native

land. There was poetry in it, however, even on the brow of an incipient apothecary.

When we had put New-Glasgow behind us, we felt relieved, and rode along the marshes on the border of the strait that divides the Province from Prince Edward's Island, named in honor of his graceless highness the Duke of Kent; Edward, father of our Queen Victoria. Thence we came forth upon higher ground; the coal-mines of Pictou, and here is the great Pictou rail-way, six miles in length, from the mines to the town. Then by rolling hill and dale we come down to West-River, where John Frazer keeps the Twelve-Mile House. This inn is clean and commodious; only twelve miles from Pictou; and, reader, I would advise you, as twelve miles is but a short distance, to go to Pictou without stopping at West-River. If, however, you are a philosopher, as I am, and superior to petty annoyances; if you can brush your own boots, fill your own water-pitcher, and call yourself in the morning for the early stage; if you can submit to be peremptorily dunned for your bill before you get fairly into the house; expect to get nothing but what you have paid for beforehand; and then receive your little quota with humble thankfulness; if you can enjoy surly impertinence, go to West-River.

We left this last outpost of the Scotch settlements with regret. After all, there is a secret feeling of joy in contrasting one's self with such wretched, penurious, mis-made specimens of the human animal. And from this time henceforth I shall learn to prize my own language, and not be carried away by any catch-penny Scotch synonyms, such as the *lift* for the sky, and the *gloamin* for twilight. And as for *poortith could*, and *pauky chiel*, I leave them to those who can appreciate them:

'FAREWELL, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Cold and beggarly poor countrie;
If ever I cross thy border again,
The muckle dail maun carry me.'

So we came down to Truro, at the head of the Basin of Minas. And here I gained a seat on the stage-box, beside Jeangros, a French Canuck, one of the best whips in the province. Jeangros is a capital little driver, not a great, portly fellow, as his name would indicate, but a spare, small man; nevertheless, with an air of undaunted courage, as we had an opportunity of verifying before we reached Halifax. Jeangros touched up the leaders, and off we trotted from Truro into the pleasant road that leads to Halifax. It was at Truro that I saw some cedars; the first I had met with in the province. They were planted out in the court-yards of the town, as ornamental trees; just as we plant larches and spruces at home.

'If they are sheltered,' said Jeangros, 'they do very well, but our winters are almost too cold for them.'

So we go! at home we plant spruces and export cedars. I have already ridden through hundreds of miles of larch and spruce, that put to shame our domestic Edens; and here in Truro, I find the neglected cedar introduced into polite society, and our ornamental evergreens grubbed up and cast aside. But such is life.

And now by the Shubenacadie chain of lakes, we come again to our

starting point — Halifax. As we ride along, we are hailed by a tall police-officer, with a cocked pistol in either hand, and, 'I say, stop the stage!'

'What d'ye want?' quoth Jeangros, drawing up by the road-side.

'Government prisoner,' said the man with the cocked pistols.

'What the devil is government prisoner to me?' quoth Jeangros.

'I want to take him to Dartmouth,' said the tall policeman.

'Then take him there,' said our jolly driver, shaking up the leaders.

'Hold up,' shouted out the tall policeman, 'I will pay his fare.'

'Why did n't you say so, then?' replied Jeangros, full of the dignity of his position as driver of H. B. M. Mail-coach, before whose tin horn every thing must get out of the way.

So the man with the cocked pistols and his prisoner in leather handcuffs climbed up on the stage. There was a doubt which was the drunkenest, the officer or prisoner. We found out afterward, that the officer had conciliated his captive with drink, partly to keep him friendly in case of an attempted rescue, and partly to get him in such a state, that running away would be impracticable. And indeed there would have been a great race if the prisoner had attempted to escape. The prisoner too drunk to run away, and the officer too drunk to pursue.

The unfortunate captive and the officer were perched upon the top of the stage, among the luggage. We had scarcely got under way when one of the passengers shouted out: 'I say, uncock those pistols, will you?'

To this the policeman replied in the sweet dialect of Erin, 'That he'd be damned if he wad; for his prisoner might escape, or be rescued.'

At this there was a fierce altercation; on the one side, the passengers on the box protesting against riding in front of the muzzles of the policeman's 'barkers,' that were lying cocked on the roof of the stage; and on the other, by the officer, who had made good his position, and was disposed to maintain it, *vi et armis*! And quite unexpectedly the officer was fortified by an ally. The captive, who was a broth of a boy from the Green Island also, took up the quarrel, and offered to fight any body on the stage in defence of his friend, the officer's rights. It was a curious spectacle, the prisoner ready to do battle for the pistols that were loaded and cocked to shoot him! But has not Paddy made such blunders before? All at once Jeangros rose to his feet and said in a voice as clear and sharp through the tumult as an electric flash through a storm: 'UNCOCK THOSE PISTOLS, OR I'LL THROW YOU FROM THE TOP OF THE STAGE.'

There was a pause instantly, and we heard the sharp click of the cocks as the officer obeyed the little driver. It had a wonderful power of command, that sharp, clear voice — brief, decisive, authoritative.

It was not long, however, before the gentleman in the leather bracelets became noisy and abusive again; and we soon discovered that he was a historical personage, one of Crampton's jail-birds, a member of the far-famed Foreign Legion! This is quite interesting; to ride with a person that had played a part in the national drama, and interrupted the diplomatic relations of two powerful countries. Here he was, a prisoner in the claws of the British lion: that very engaging animal

had enticed him away, and now was about to dispose of him for life. It appears that when the recruits for the Crimea had been picked up in the streets and alleys of Columbia, and carried at an enormous expense to Halifax, they were engaged in the United States, so as not to invade the neutrality laws, as laborers, to work on the rail-road in Nova Scotia. This of course was only a cover, the real object being glory and the Malakoff. Many of these recruits were Irishmen, and of course not destitute of the mother-wit of the race. So when they were gathered in a body at the Province Building, and Sir John Gaspard le Marchant came down to review his levies, he entered into the work with great spirit and cheerfulness: 'Well, my men,' said he, 'you have come to enlist, eh, and serve her Majesty?'

'No,' said one of the boys, who had been appointed spokesman for the party; 'no, Sir, we did n't come to 'list at *all*, but'—with the devil's own slyness lurking in the corner of his eye—'we came to wurruk on the rail-road.'

Sir John Gaspard saw at once the thing was up, and politely told them that they might all go to Dante's Inferno.

Now it happened, while the peace of the world was in danger, on account of these vagabonds, that they were engaging themselves in gangs to build the great road, of which mention has been made heretofore, and were so employed for a time. On one piece of the road the ordinary five-shilling Highlanders were at work, and the new levies were placed upon another portion, some miles off—both gangs of men working toward each other. At last they came in contact, and the consequence was, a Scotch-and-Irish fight. Several of the natives were left for dead on the field of battle; and rewards of ten pounds a piece were posted up for various numbers of the Foreign Legion, by Sir John Gaspard. Our fellow-traveller was one of the ring-leaders in the riot, and would probably be an expense to government as long as he lived.

I could not help feeling thankful to Mr. Crampton for ridding us of such rascals; a more villainous face I never saw than that of our fellow-passenger. As we stopped at a road-side inn to change horses, the officer handed him a glass of brandy, to keep him in good spirits. The prisoner rose up, his wrists had been freed from the leather gyves, and lifting the glass high in the air, shouted out with the exultation of a fiend:

'Here's to the hinges of liberty—may they never want oil,
Nor an Orange-man's bones in a pot for to boil.'

And now we ride by the Shubenacadie chain of fresh-water lakes, and the eye never tires of these lovely features of Acadia. I must declare that, taken all in all, the scenery of the province is surpassingly beautiful. As you ride by these sparkling waters, through the bowery woods, there is a feeling as if you would like to pitch your tent, and camp out here, at least for the summer. At last, at night-fall we ride into Dartmouth, and see across the harbor the twinkling lights of dear, old, mouldy Halifax. We cross the ferry, and once more are at our former quarters in the Hotel Waverley.

W I L H E L M , M I N E .

THROUGH a lone, dark, loveless way,
Where my hopes encoffined lay,
And my life stretched bare and gray,

WILHELM, mine :

I at last have come to thee ;
Come to find thy love for me,

WILHELM, mine !

I was sinking, faint with wo,
When from thy heart's loving flow
Life to mine returned a-glow,

WILHELM, mine.

Can e'en DEATH be cold to me
Since I've felt this warmth from thee,

WILHELM, mine ?

Desert sands did not impede ;
Night nor danger check thy speed :
Sure thy strength for my great need,

WILHELM, mine.

But as time hides me from thee,
Will thy love still cling to me,

WILHELM, mine ?

To a pleasant land to see
Thy dear arms have carried me ;
Laid me 'neath a fruitful tree,

WILHELM, mine :

But thou canst not stay with me,
Only DEATH can give me thee,

WILHELM, mine !

Church-yard trees will o'er thee sweep
Many autumns, ere I sleep
By thy side, in grave so deep,

WILHELM, mine !

But I'll e'er be true to thee ;
Thou shalt see no stain in me,

WILHELM, mine.

I am waiting for the time
When in some far spirit-clime
My glad soul shall soar with thine,

WILHELM, mine.

Will that day be sweet to thee ?

Will thy spirit welcome me,

WILHELM, mine ?

When my soul from earth's unbound,
I'll not rest till thee I've found ;
Lowest depths my wing will sound,

WILHELM, mine.

If thou canst not rise to me,
I will sure descend to thee,

WILHELM, mine !

A V E R I T A B L E G H O S T .

‘SPEAK ! speak, thou fearful guest !
Why dost thou haunt me ?’

THERE is a quaint old tradition, one of the ghostly and supernatural order, which comes down to us from ancient times, tottering under its load of age, and replete with the superstitions of the past. Possessing sufficient of the characteristics of the genuine ghost-story to charm the excited fancy, and chain the willing credulity of the believer in the marvellous, it lays also some claim to the credence even of the skeptic. Other spectral tales verge too closely upon the improbable ; we listen to their recital with doubt, and scout at their credibility ; but this tradition commends itself so irresistibly to our belief, that we question not its truth, and find our skepticism regarding other ghosts shaken by the firmness of our faith in this indisputable one.

Far in the north of England, in a quiet ancient city, dating its foundation far back, to times previous to the Danish irruptions, and rich in those architectural relics of the olden time which are ever so dear to the antiquary, there stood, in a retired locality, a stout old castle, or tower, among a brotherhood of contemporary structures, large and small, some inhabitable and some in ruins, and looming up among them, like a patriarch among his flock, or a general in the midst of his staff. Here, in the sixteenth century, there met weekly, in a capacious and well-furnished turret-chamber, a jolly set of fellows, than whom the whole town, ay, even the whole broad shire, could not produce a jollier, who styled themselves the ‘*King’s Own Club*.’ They were an old institution : even the gray-haired citizens could not remember the time when this Club had not been considered venerable. So ancient was it, that its origin was involved in obscurity ; but it was maintained traditionally by the members that it was founded by no less a personage than the good King Henry Beaucherc, who gave it its name ; and that the

‘Dark carved oaken chair’

which was the President’s seat, was a gift from him, and had been graced by his royal presence, when organizing the Club. This tale of its origin was the secret of its vitality : with such a tradition to secure the devotion of the members, bind them together, and gratify their ambition as a body, no wonder that the Club lived and thrived through centuries, holding its head up proudly among contemporary institutions. Even the pleasing traditions preserved in the inimitable verse of Scott, of the nuns of Whitby’s Isle, and of St. Cuthbert’s Holy Daughters, which were so potent in securing the devotion of their respective believers, paled into insignificance compared with this one of the King’s Own Club. Each successive repetition bound them more firmly together : and the amateur member who heard it for the first time was

lost in wonder and astonishment at the condescension displayed by the good King Henry, in deigning to convene the honest burghers of the town, and organize them in person ; and so firmly did the tale fasten upon his imagination and belief, that he thanked his stars for his good fortune in living in that city, and having a membership in that Club.

But this was not all of the tradition : it had other claims upon the willing fancy and the steadfast devotion of the members. They who recollect the literary tastes of the King, as evinced in his surname of Beauclerc, or the Excellent Scholar, will be prepared to believe, with his disciples of this Club, that he founded it in one of his scholastic fits, as a literary institution, and considered it therefore as under his especial care ; that he confided to it that modified combination of the Saxon and Norman tongues, which, from its having been introduced by him, has ever since been reverently termed *the King's English* : and that, instructed by him in the new language, they carefully preserved it for many years, till its introduction into general use. Distinguished thus by an honorary mark of his especial confidence, the memory of this excellent and scholarly sovereign was ever kept green in the hearts of the members of the Club : so that, although after having performed their duties as a literary association for some time with commendable zeal, they fell, from the nature of the times, and the influence of surrounding events, into ways and actions which would have displeased their founder, yet they after a season would return, moved by their duty toward him, into the good old path. Bits of the original leaven thus continued to save them time after time ; until finally, successive stages of relapse and recovery seemed to establish for them a regular series of exercises, changing by decades of years. Now would they devote themselves for a time entirely to wassail and revelry : now would they revert to wilder acts, and scour the adjacent country under cover of the night, committing nameless deeds of mischief and devilry : then would they inaugurate a milder form of amusement and hilarity, and

* The feast of reason and the flow of soul *

produced such keen wit, and so many cutting jokes, that a Joe Miller would have died of envy. Finally would ensue a long period of literary matters, and the members would vie in endeavoring to retrieve the character of the Club : when such tomes of political, religious, and controversial essays, serious and humorous poems, biographies, histories and romances, and even occasional dramas, would accumulate in the closets of that old turret, as had never been seen or heard of throughout the realm.

In one of these seasons of Literary Reaction, when the members were particularly zealous and forward in the path marked out for them by the Beauclerc ; when in consequence of their friendly emulation in devotion to the muses, the Club listened each evening to a choice variety of literary papers, read by their authors, an event happened which made this period the most marked and prominent one in the history of the Club. Their presiding officer turned one evening as usual to assume his seat, when to his surprise and horror he saw seated there a ghastly spectral figure, clad in sepulchral robes, and apparently fresh from the

tomb. Hushed immediately to the stillness of death was the whole Club ; the members left their comfortable position by the glowing fire, and dispersed to seats around the hall ; even the President arrested his footsteps, and meekly took a seat with them ; and a look of horror, of vague, undefined fear, and of anxious inquiry was visible upon every face. Yet the exercises went on ; for the Ghost, their self-constituted President, seemingly understanding the affairs of the Club as well as those best versed in them, proceeded in regular order to call upon the members for their literary effusions. His horrid aspect chilling the blood in the veins, his air of command, and the keen, cutting glance from that fleshless face, frightened into submission ; they dared not decline ; and he, the Spectre, listened with evident interest. But though he paid strict attention, and oftentimes smiled a ghostly approval of some of their productions, yet oftener, far oftener, as some member was reading, would he fix upon him a fierce, ghastly look, as if he would rivet him with his gaze ; and the unfortunate member who was thus marked by his displeasure, though not daring to glance up, felt those terrific, burning eyes fixed intently upon him, and dropping the paper from his palsied fingers, would sink into his seat, quaking with fright ; and the chilly sensation of fear and awe cast over the whole Club by such a proceeding, would be but heightened by the spectral and unearthly tones of the shadowy President, as he called upon another member.

Another evening saw the same scene repeated, and another and another ; until finally the mysterious President was a fixed fact. And though but a frightful and repulsive guest, there was yet a fascination about him which drew the members thither irresistibly ; nor when appointed by him to any literary task, did they dare disobey ; but prompted by an inexplicable impulse, came forth only to be thus put down. Thus passed the winter ; not a member was there in the Club but had passed through that dreadful ordeal, and felt the mighty wrath of the Spectre ; and the King's Own Club, already well known in the north of England as a Literary Society, became now a by-word as the Haunted Club. Finally the fame of the spectral President reached London, and back from the metropolis came an absent member to investigate the matter. A tall, stalwart man, still young and vigorous, he had ever been their champion, and would be a fitting champion now to relieve them from the dreadful mystery : since being as yet unthralled by the Spectre, he could act boldly and fearlessly.

He accepted the task. The members once more assembled ; filled with anxiety and forebodings for the result, they stood quaking under the dreadful looks of the Ghost, when into the room marched their fearless and redoubtable champion. He felt none of their awe ; subjected to none of the diabolical spells of the intruder, his action was prompt and decided. He stepped up boldly, and confronted the spectral President with folded arms :

'What art thou ?' said he, 'Man or shade ? And if apparition, why dost thou haunt this inoffensive Club ?'

'Mortals !' shouted the Ghost ; and as his terrific tones resounded through the hall, extinguished were all the lights, the members sank

breathless to their seats, and even the bold champion fell upon his knees; 'Mortals! do you not know me? Confided to your especial care and protection, even you, the *King's Own Club*, have here been traitorously murdering me for the last four centuries! Is it not so? Ask the piles of papers which fill yonder closets, and their testimony shall convict you! *Why* do I haunt you? I am the GHOST OF THE KING'S ENGLISH!!'

HERE ends the known history of the King's Own Club; and who can doubt the truth of the tale? Does it not commend itself especially to our belief? And can reflection and consideration but serve to confirm our first impressions, and convince us, in spite of our doubts regarding spectres, of the authenticity of this Ghost, the probability, ay, even the certainty of the tale of his errand to the Haunted Club, and the justice of his cause?

Why should not the Ghost of a murdered language, slain by those who should have been its especial protectors, haunt the scene of its murder? If there be any foundation for the superstitious ghost-stories, which have in all ages been so prevalent, and had so many believers, (and is not the universality of this belief an argument in its favor?) then are there far better reasons for believing this one. If the ghost of a murdered man shall ever rise to confront his murderer, and awaken in him the pangs of conscience; if the evidence of an Oliver Wendell Holmes be accepted to the fact that a pig shall rest uneasy in his grave till he can wreak his vengeance on his cruel and blood-thirsty butcher; then in the name of all the ghosts at once, why expect the *King's English* to sleep peacefully in its bloody grave, nor ever arise to excite despair and horror in the breasts of its cruel murderers? Nay, consider the heinousness, the deep-dyed, sanguinary character of this murder. A *man* can suffer but once at the hand of man, and his ghost can have but one murder to avenge. A *cat* has nine lives, and consequently nine deaths — but only nine — and its ghost can have but nine murders to call it forth. But the KING'S ENGLISH! The deaths it already has suffered are countless; its murderers are Legion. Wherever the language is spoken — and poets have vied in chronicling in verse the universality of the Anglo-Saxon tongue — in whatever clime, under whatever sun, there are to be found the murderers of the King's English: there still goes on the bloody conjugation mentioned by Carlyle: 'I kill, thou killest, he kills; we kill, ye or you kill, they kill!' If then a man's ghost shall rise for one murder, and a cat's for nine, ask not the Ghost of the King's English, with its innumerable murderers, to rest quietly in its grave!

Consider, too, the magnitude of even one offence. To shed human blood is a great, a capital crime; but to shed the blood of a king, or of a person of royal birth, is the highest of all crimes. England had her regicides; and they were held in such execration that their lives were well-nigh worthless, and they were obliged to flee to America. Those, too, who have imbrued their hands in the blood of princes and princesses; is not their offense exalted in the scale of crime far above the

murder of a commoner? What then shall we say of him who murders the *King's English* — offspring of his own brain — darling of his mind and heart? Shall we not rank him next to the regicide, even among the prince-slayers?

Eminently proper was it that the Ghost should appear first to those most culpable wretches, the members of the King's Own Club, who from their favored position as well as their duty should have been its champions and avengers, but who were nevertheless its earliest known murderers. But since then the visitations of the Ghost have been more frequent and general. Its assassins have been everywhere confronted by it. They, like the regicides, sought, and like them found, an asylum in our own land. America, the chiefest of all the English colonial possessions, sheltered in both instances the greatest of England's criminals. Even before the regicides, came the linguicides hither; they came over in the 'Mayflower' itself: the souls of many of the Pilgrim Fathers were stained with this most universal crime; and the eye of the credulous, half-crazed believer in the marvellous might have seen, perched upon the prow of the gallant ship, the veritable spectre, a ghastly figure-head, the prophetic precursor of a train of literary monstrosities, maudlin productions, themselves but skeletons of the King's English! As, for instance, this:

'How evanescent and marine
Are thy chaotic uplands seen,
Oh! ever sublapsarian moon!
A thousand viaducts of light
Were not so spherically bright
Or ventilated half so soon.

'Methought I stood upon a cone
Of solid, allopathic stone,
And gazed athwart the breezy skies,
When lo! from yonder planisphere,
A vapid, atrabilious tear
Was shed by pantomimic eyes.

“Adieu! MIASMA,” cried a voice
In which ALEPPO might rejoice,
So perifocal were its tones;
'Adieu! MIASMA, think of me
Beyond the antinomian sea,
Which covers my pellucid bones!’

'Again, again, my bark is tost
Upon the raging holocaust
Of that acidulated sea;
And diapasons, pouring down,
With lunar caustic join, to drown
My transcendental epopee.'

What is such language more than a mere skeleton of English? Nay, does it not seem as if the author had garroted the dictionary and strangled the grammar, and that behind each sentence of his senseless production was to be seen a group of spectral imps, bobbing up and down, with gibes and grimaces, the ghosts of adverbs, nouns, and prepositions, sporting with the tenses and genders, and converting the language into the merest raving of madness and idiocy?

Thus runs the fancy, as we sit cogitating upon the tale of the Haunted

Club. Thus does it carry us over the whole field of the marvellous and supernatural, following ever the path of this avenging shade, and ever espousing its cause. In imagination we see it stalking up and down the land, seeking, oftentimes in vain, for its assassins, that it may confront and appal them, and by awakening in them the pangs of conscience, have some slight revenge. And when we reflect that this murder is committed in cold blood daily and hourly; that the murderers are legion; and that only because of the impossibility of its appearing to them all, do so many escape the terrible visitations of the spectre; we are led to wish that this impossibility were not; but that all these linguisticides, though they received not the full meed of their just deserts, might yet be confronted by the ghost of their victim, and made to feel in some measure the extent of their crime. What tales of the marvellous should we then have!—how would the supernatural reign supreme in the minds of all men!—what numbers of ghost-ridden wretches should we meet wherever we turned!—what haunted houses would there be in every town, on every street, in every neighborhood! No longer the ghosts of murdered mortals, slain by the sword or knife, would haunt them; but the ghosts of a murdered language, slain by the pen, would flourish phantom pens in their shadowy hands, and affright the assassins with their own weapons. ‘The pen is mightier than the sword!’ said Cardinal Richelieu. Mightier in murder it most assuredly is!

But not alone to its murderers does the assassinated language appear. The old Shakspearean story of Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, (so Fancy assures us,) has herein a practical exemplification. The Ghost must be revenged; and it selects its avengers, and appears to them. And as it has many murders to be avenged, so does it call upon many Hamlets. Yet they, who have the same motives for action as their great original, seem also possessed of the same irresolution and dreamy inactivity, and accomplish as little. Can we not recall many instances of literary characters, who, to the eye of fancy, have, like the princely Dane, woven a chain of events whose culmination has crushed them? In this light all the unfortunate literati seem but counterparts of Hamlet. How prominently in this character stands forth in the field of the imagination our own Edgar A. Poe! That dreamy, vacillating life, that spirit of melancholy, and that acute philosophic moralizing which pervade his writings; those furious charges into his coteremporaries, like the ravings and upbraidings of the Dane; and that final fall from the effects of his own weakness and indecision; do they not mark him a literary Hamlet; a chosen avenger of the King’s English, yet one who finished with his task still undone? And so the Ghost selects his avengers, and thus do they ever fail to accomplish the heavy task he imposes!

And what are we then, to this Spectre? While we sit in judgment upon the cases of others, with what judgment shall we judge ourselves? While Fancy conjures up for each and every one the several positions of murderer or avenger of the King’s English, what position shall we assign ourselves? Happy he whose is no worse lot than to be obliged to make, with the writer hereof, confession as follows:

‘O omnipresent Ghost! I too, have beheld thine unearthly features, and heard the rustling of thy sepulchral robes! Upon me do those

spiritual eyes oft glare from the most incongruous localities ! Yet, whether thou seekest me as a murderer, or as a chosen avenger, I know not. Perchance I too, in some unguarded moment, may have impaled thee upon my potent quill, and shed therefrom, instead of ink, thy best heart's blood ! But were it otherwise — could my imagination make me one of thy chosen Hamlets — then, though all the hesitating irresolution of the Dane were mine, I should most assuredly know with him *where* to strike in behalf of the cause committed to me !

Ay ! who of us would not know where to strike in behalf of *this* Ghost ? Who has not somewhere seen it, haunting the scene of its murder ; and seeing it there again, would not know that to be a fit spot for a beginning ? As it peered at us from behind the paragraphs we were perusing in the last novel, the sensation book of the day, or the favorite magazine article, we should know that there, even by that most popular author, had it been brutally assassinated. As it exhibited its livid features beneath the alliteration and tautology of the lawyer's brief, we should feel that even the guardians of other's rights were not themselves guiltless, but that, were Lindley Murray the Public Prosecutor, any Grand Jury would find a true bill against the offender, and even the advocate would confess, saying : 'I, too, have murdered the KING'S ENGLISH !' It would rise before us at the literary festival like a Banquo's ghost, and shaking its gory locks at some one or more of the assembled literati, mark them as its assassins. Ay, even in the pulpit we should see it as we have seen it, haunting the preacher ; at times filling his place completely, at others grinning over his shoulder ; and proclaiming him in one respect certainly a *ghostly* man. And last, though not least, it might be seen hovering around the smouldering ruins of a fire-destroyed printing-office, cutting up spectral antics, dancing ghostly hornpipes and exulting in triumphant revenge over the ashes of a murderous newspaper ; for of all the slayers of the language, those belonging to the editorial profession are the most relentless : depending upon their *cacoethes scribendi* for their daily bread, they come to be utterly unscrupulous, and cut the English throat without mercy. Daily and hourly the murder is committed ; and the linguicide editor (poor wretch ! most pitiable of mortals !) is daily and hourly haunted by the ghost of his victim. Depend upon it, the story of the Satanic connections of Faust, as the origin of the printer's devil, is but a scape-goat, invented to conceal the truth ; the true imp of the printing-office is the *Ghost of the King's English* ! As in fancy we watch its course, we see it dressed in fantastic style, sporting with the deadly weapons of its murder ; it rides upon the pen and mounts the paste-pot ; it fumbles over and disarranges the exchanges, and daubs its fleshless palms upon the roller ; it leans over the editor's shoulder and whispers black thoughts into his ear ; it haunts his sleep and shouts for 'copy !' then, in the silent watches of the night, breathes forth a sulphurous flame which consumes the whole establishment ; and as we see it sporting amid the ruins, and exulting over its partial revenge, imagination converts it into a restless spirit, seeking, like Hamlet the elder, an avenger ; nor can we close our ears while it seems to hiss into them his words :

'Murder most foul, strange, and unnatural !'

And even as we are mentally vowing to become its avengers, it disappears, with a gesture of command, as if selecting us for the task, and leaving us the same terrible legacy bequeathed to Hamlet :

‘Remember me! remember me!’

And is this revenge never to be accomplished? Is strict justice never to be done? Are all the Hamlets chosen by the Ghost to be but types of their great original—irresolute dreamers, achieving nothing? Is there to be never a hero among them who shall avenge the wrongs of this dreaded and importunate spectre, and give it peace, that it may lie quiet in its grave? This, difficult as the task really is, is not wholly impossible.

But there is in very truth much to be done first. The continual and increasing murders, whose commission still creates a demand for more Hamlets, must be stopped. The scribblers, the penny-a-liners, and the literary quacks, they who are constantly cutting the general English throat, stifling the grammar, and driving the dictionary mad, must be annihilated. The people, they who from defective education, narrow minds, or depraved tastes, are ever ready to patronize the literary quacks, and receive their weak, piling, and senseless productions as genuine literature, must be taught their error, and be shown what true literature is. The tide of wholesale murder of the English language must be staid; then, while its wrongs are all of the past and not of the present, they may perchance be avenged.

We, every body, are the ones to do this. We can help to break the charm by which the maudlin literati have bound the people to their support. We can throw aside our yellow-covered novels, our Waverley Magazines, and our senseless juvenile works; we can discountenance the ‘Laura Matilda’ poetry and the ‘free-and-easy’ prose, which but burlesque the King’s English, while their authors stab it to the heart. We can endeavor to educate the people into a love for the true, pure, and untrammelled Anglo-Saxon, with all its vigor of nobility and ring of the true metal.

If we cannot be the *Hamlets* who are to be charged by the ghost of the wronged language, with the accomplishment of a great revenge, we can be the *players*, who shall represent before its murderers the story of their misdeeds and crimes in so plain and true a light, that the trembling wretches shall rise in desperation and flee horror-stricken from the picture of their guilt. Then shall the field be cleared for *the* chosen Hamlet, he whose heroism and decision shall render him competent to the task of giving peace to the restless phantom.

And if it shall come to pass that the Ghost ever appear to us, arising like Banquo’s at the feast, shaking his gory locks, and seeming to charge *us* with the foul murder, we can boldly defy the spectre, and challenge him to the proof of his seeming allegation, saying, in the language of the wretched and remorseful Macbeth, but with far more truth than he :

‘THOU CANST NOT SAY I DID IT!’

O L D S O N G S .

BY J. HONNIBWELL.

WHO shall deny the poet's heart
The memories of his joys and tears,
That mingle as he reads again
The treasures of his earlier years?

There is, in half-forgotten rhyme,
A charm that makes the singer thrill:
That lingers, when the work is done,
Like sun-set o'er a distant hill.

As travellers, when the day is spent,
Look back upon the pleasant scene,
Review each well-remembered spot,
Each shady nook and bit of green:

So does the musing rhymers love
To ponder o'er his labors past,
And on each recollected verse
A glance of fond affection cast.

Or as a kindly father loves,
Beneath the tender twilight skies,
To fondle all the little ones
That make his home a Paradise:

So will the poet cherish leaves
That underneath his hand have grown,
Partly for that his neighbors praise,
And partly that they are his own.

He loves them when he sends them forth
On seas of printer's ink to sail;
And loves them when the daily press
Reprints them with a welcome hail.

And when some cunning editor,
Touched with a humorous thought of mine,
And catching the sarcastic fun
That underlies the quiet line:

Prefaces it with some sincere
Appreciative word of praise,
I call him friend: and drink his health,
And wish him joy, and length of days.

And as the flying years go by,
And cast upon my rhymes their shade:
When friends have nearly all forgot
The ripple their appearance made,

Tis very pleasant, once again,
To see the village papers seize,
And start afresh the stranded waifs,
To fly before a favoring breeze.

Slight as they are, I love to meet
 The old familiar look they wear,
 And though eclipsed by brighter stars,
 Still love to see them sparkle there.

Thus watchers on the weltering sea,
 As evening settles o'er the main,
 See gleaming through the gathering shades
 The night lights of the ocean train.

And I am conscious when I read
 My words to metred music set,
 That I can write a daintier song
 Than any I have written yet.

Then let the modest poet dote
 In secret on his hoarded rhyme,
 Nor take from him the slender ray
 That gilds the cold gray wing of Time!

OLD ABRAM: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY A. WALLACE HUNTER.

UNCLE ABRAM, otherwise Abraham, was one of the most prominent men of the Island plantation. He filled the important though not very lucrative office of plantation preacher. Within a few hundred yards of the 'House,' *par excellence*, stands (or rather stood, for it has since fallen beneath the march of improvement, and given place to a neat and commodious church) an old out-house, once used as a 'receptacle' for grain, and now — but I am anticipating.

The old man was in the habit of paying 'periodical' visits to the church in S ——. He returned one day, after an unusually long absence, to his duties on the Island. He was evidently 'impressed' with some important idea; there was an ill-concealed smile of exultation playing about the corners of his mouth the whole day; he held his form more erect than usual, and trod the earth beneath him with the step and air of one determined to make his mark upon the page of history. The negroes looked upon him with amazement, and even the stolid 'field-hands' wondered what had got into Uncle Abram to 'make him look so big.' One more daring than his fellows (for Abram knowing full well that 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' frowned down all idle and impertinent curiosity) ventured to ask 'ef ennything suprisin' or extrotrnary had 'curred in S ——'

'Neber you mine, Jim Allen; 'ten to your cottin', and do n't ax any imperent requests from an Exalter of the Scripters! I 'tens my bisness; you mine youn!' was the indignant response, delivered in the old man's happiest style.

'Ki! Unc' Abram, dat Jim Allen was always dambishous,' struck in 'Little Nancy.'

'Eh! wurra dat? You dar cuss afore me? eh?'

'Twarnt no cussing, Unc' Abram; I yeard Missus tell young Massa, with my own years, dat Jim Allen was dambishous.'

'Damn Bishous! Ole Missus — why look yar, gal, its onpossible. In de fust place ole Missus never cuss in all her born days. Secondly, dar aint no one on de plantation called Bishous. Lastly and finally, ef dar was sich a pusson, ole Missus neber gwine cuss 'im!'

'But Unc' Abram —'

'Dar's no use in talkin', gal; the thing's onpossible!'

Talking against Abram was like talking against time, and Nance, with a most unwomanly weakness, held her peace.

Abram, when the 'shades of evening began to fall,' sent one of his numerous progeny to the house, requesting the privilege of a few minutes' private conversation with his mistress, intimating that he had something of importance to communicate.

After tea, my good aunt gave word for his admission, as she was now prepared to hear what he had to say. Abram entered the dining-room in his most dignified manner, looking as sober as a judge is said to look.

'Well Abram, what is this important matter you have to communicate?' asked my aunt.

Abram did not reply, but looked sternly at the house-servant, who was *apparently* busily engaged in 'clearing' the table.

'I say, gal; whar you larn to 'tend on de Bucchra? Missus, dat gal clars off de table 'mazin slow.'

'Is it about Diana that you wish to see me, Abram?'

'No, Missus; but you see Di is got no bisness to hear it.'

'Diana,' said my aunt smilingly, 'you can leave the room for a while.' And as Diana 'passed silent,' though 'oft looked back, slow moving o'er the 'floor, she continued:

'And now, Abram?'

'Why, you see, Missus, de ting am a secret yet; and if young Massa —'

'Go into the parlor, Thorpe, and amuse yourself with a book, until Abram has revealed his mighty secret.'

'Why, Daddy Abram!' cried I indignantly; 'an't you ashamed of yourself? I'm as dumb — as dumb as — Old Dummy, when there is a secret to be kept.'

'I knows all dat, Mass' Thorpe; but you see dis fur Missus to yar fust. If Missis say yes, I'll tell you all about it in the mornin'.'

'In the morning, when every body will know it!'

'I'se got a new pattern for a coon-trap, an'——'

'Hang your coon-trap! I'm not to be bribed.' And a violent 'slam' of the door leaves Abram, hat in hand, ready to 'unfold.'

In about fifteen minutes from this, Abram emerged from the dining-room, with the lurking smile of the morning deepened into a broad grin.

'Look yar, Di! Missus says you mus' gim me a fust-rata supper,

So stir round, gal; I desp'rate hungry — an't eat nothin' since mornin' but one tater.'

'Why, Daddy, you must be almos' perishin' fur sumethin' to eat. While I'm gitten things ready, jest tell me what you and Missus been talkin' 'bout.'

'It's none o' your bisness, gal. Like I tole Jim Allen dis mornin', when he had the imperence to ax me dat same request. Says I, Jim Allen, 'ten to your cottin', dat's your bisness: I 'ten to your soul, dat's my bisness.'

'But, Daddy, I an't Jim Allen, you know!'

'Look yare, gal!' exclaimed Abram, bursting out into a very unclerical 'guffaw.' 'I s'pose I knows the diffurence atwixt my own da'ter and Job Allen's son Jim. Ef I had wanted you to know, you tink I'd a axed Missus to see her by herself to com — com — consarn you, gal! you 'se as imperent as Jim,' continued Abram rather savagely; angry because he could not recollect the word 'communicate,' which he had heard his mistress use, and to which he had taken a fancy.

'Well, well, Daddy; do' for goodness sakes eat your vittles; you can't quarrel with 'em, kase dey jest come off' Missus' table.'

Abram ate his supper in grim silence, and then bidding his daughter good-night, sought his own cabin.

The next morning, ere old Sol had wiped the dew from the face of Nature, the entire 'mechanic force' of the plantation were drawn up before the house-door.

'Diana,' said Abram to his daughter, who had been attracted by the noise to the kitchen-door, 'tell ole Missus dat we's all ready fur her.'

'What you want with Missus dis time in de mornin', Daddy? I dont bleve she's up yet.'

'Ef you don't do as I tell you, gal, I'll box your ears. De sun neber gits up afore ole Missus, an' it's now mos' a quartern hour high.'

Mrs. Eallow at this moment appeared at the door.

'Mornin', Missus!' shouted 'rank and file.'

'Good morning, boys. Well, Abram, what is the matter now?'

'We's all ready now, Missus,' replied he, making *his* bow.

'Why do you not proceed then? You know I gave you a *carte blanche*.'

'Thank ye, Missus; we got no use for de cart, but ef you'd tell de boys yourself —'

'I understand you,' said my aunt, laughing, 'and repeat what I said last night. I give you the use of the carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., until Saturday evening, and they are to obey you as they wou'd myself. And now march your men into the kitchen, and Diana will give them all a cup of coffee, and some breakfast before commencing work.'

With an unanimous shout of 'thank ye, Missus!' the party rushed pell-mell into the kitchen, much to Di's annoyance. Having 'fed to repletion' upon his idea, old Abram had no sympathy for the hungry maws of his band, and was continually urging them to 'make hase.'

There is an end to every thing, and Abraham soon had the satisfaction of hearing the hammer and the saw.

Thorpe's good humor was restored by a sound sleep, and he lost no time

in presenting himself to the patriarch. Abram rewarded him by the appointment of first assistant and confidential adviser. Observing half-a-dozen little urchins busily employed in 'bringing water' to the workmen, and constantly running on the most trivial errands for the men, Thorpe asked Abram why he did not let the men bring those things before they commenced work.

'Neber mind, Mass' Thorpe, I 'se watchin' 'em !' Twelve o'clock bell rung from the overseer's house, and the men dropped their tools, and were proceeding to their dinner, when Abram commanded them to stop.

'We wants our dinner, Uncle Abram,' cried the party.

'I s'pose I knows dat,' responded Abram coolly ; 'but dis is a fust-rate place to eat on. I 'se given my orders to hab your vittles fotched here. Dar's no use in mutterin', boys, you 'se got to do jist as we and young Maussa says. Enty so, Mas' Thorpe ?'

'Of course !' responded the confidential adviser.

Dinner soon made its appearance ; and while the men were 'discussing' it, Thorpe took the opportunity of questioning the propriety of such strict measures.

'Mas' Thorpe,' said Abram sagely, 'you's too young to know what a nigger is. S'posin' now I had lef 'em all go home to dere vittles. When a nigger gets in de cabin he feels mity hongry. Did you eber see a nigger dat was n't hongry, Mas' Thorpe ?'

Thorpe confessed that he had not.

'When he gits done, he look at de bacca and den at de pipe. Nigger's mity fond of bacca, Mas' Thorpe ?'

Thorpe believed they were.

'Den, when he's mos troo smokin', he look at de bed, and when a nigger *look* dar, he's gwine to sleep sure. It's mity hard to wake a nigger up, Mas' Thorpe, when de sun's hot !'

Thorpe having had some experience with Abram himself, acknowledged that it was.

'Ef I had lef 'em go den, Mas' Thorpe, dey could n't be got back agin afore mornin'. We's got to git troo afore Sunday mornin', and dar no time to lose.'

Abram kept his 'force' steadily at work. Sundry breaches, which time and tempest had made in the old barn, were repaired, a rude pulpit was erected, and a number of chairs and benches of 'home manufacture' were ranged in due order on each side of the room. By Saturday evening Abram's idea was embodied. It was a 'fixed fact' in the shape of the 'Island Church !'

Regularly every Sabbath the church was filled with the Island negroes of every 'sex, age, and condition.' The driver threw aside the dignity of his office and fraternized with the cow-boy ; the spruce house-servants laid aside their patronizing airs, and even the 'body-servant' was 'affable.' On the one side, new calicoes and flaming head-kerchiefs vied with each other in the brilliancy of their hues : and on the other, stiffly-starched shirt-collars, swallow-tailed coats, white inexpressibles, and polished boots, shone dazzlingly in comparison with the round jacket or drab coat, gray breeches, and well-greased shoes of the field-hand.

There is but one other superannuated negro in the room beside Abram. It is

OLD ISAAC. He is seated upon that high-backed chair nearest the pulpit, with folded arms, looking out in a dreamy trance upon the open fields. His hair is as white as yonder cotton, which in his younger days he helped to pick and gin. Memory is busy with that old man's brain; he lives now in a world of his own creation, peopled with forms long since mouldered into dust. He lives the last of his race; like Logan, 'not a drop of his blood runs in the veins of any living creature.' He clings to his island home with the love of a parent to its child. He was born upon the soil, and assisted in the development of its resources. He speaks of the plantation and every thing upon it as his own. He addresses his mistress (younger by twenty years) as his child, his daughter; and is looked upon by her with almost filial reverence. Though born in America, he esteemed himself an African. His parents were brought into the colony of New-York by an English slaver, and sold to a Virginia planter. Isaac had once been the 'brag hand' of the plantation; and his step was yet firm, and his eyes undimmed. He has been, and still is, the 'model' of the plantation for honesty and intelligence. He is somewhat remarkable too, for having in his youth beheld General Washington. His description of that hero is glowing in the extreme. He endows him with all the vigor and strength of a Hercules, the stature of an Ajax, and the sagacity of an Ulysses. The steed upon which he rode was of the purest breed, milk-white, fleet as the wind, and of powerful make. *Certes*, the Father of his Country grew at each narration 'beneath the hands' of his sable admirer. But here comes

UNCLE ABRAM. He has a large Bible under his arm and a pair of spectacles in his left hand. He is a little bent with age, and, like most 'old fogies,' dogmatical and obstinate in his opinions. He, like Isaac, has grown gray in the service of the Ecalow family, and considers himself a privileged character. Throughout the week he is usually seen loitering around 'the house,' and entering into theological arguments with his mistress' nephew. He quotes passages from the Scriptures which Thorpe (who has read the book through several times, ten chapters per diem,) cannot recall to his mind, and insists that either 'Daddy Abram' misquotes, or that they are not in *his* book. Hereupon Uncle Abram waxes wroth, and accuses 'young Maussa' of careless reading, insinuating that he is not as well versed in such matters as he should be. Both of which, accusation and insinuation, Thorpe indignantly repels, and the discussion is usually ended by a proposition to go 'a-hunting' or 'a fishing;' a proposition eagerly met and accepted by the other.

Abram will not permit you to call him a preacher; he styles himself an 'exalterer,' meaning thereby an exhorter. The Bible (a gift from 'young Maussa,' though Abram knew not A from Z,) which he has under his arm, has an unusually wide margin at the bottom and a narrow one at the top. Abram, guided (?) by the margin, invariably places the book upside-down upon his 'stand.' The book having been duly opened, he proceeds to adjust over his nose a pair of spectacles innocent of glasses, (a 'testimonial' from the donor of the Bible,) and then delivers his text.

Now be it known that Abram had one favorite passage upon which he loved to dilate. Time after time had he delivered it, each time finding something new and striking in the subject. He, it is true, did not quote correctly ; but the text, as he gave it, admitted of but one interpretation.

Bending over the book as if pondering well the subject, and then raising his eyes slowly toward the ceiling, he reads :

' Verily ! verily ! I say unto you ! ef you be not saved, you SHALL be damned ! '

In course of time, Sukey, his wife, paid the great debt of nature. Abraham's grief was violent in the extreme. Throwing himself upon his knees by the side of his dead partner, he cried out in all the eloquence of wo : ' Pore old Sukey 's dead an' gone an' lef' old Abram y'ere below ! Who 's gwine to make fire in de mornin' an cook ole Abram's brekfus ? O LORD ! Who 's gwine bile crab an' roas' taters ? What use fur pore ole Abram hunt or fish with young Maussa ? Nobody fur brile rabbit ; no Sukey fur fry fish ; no —— '

' Daddy Abram ! '

' Ki, Missus ! ' answered he, looking up and recognizing his mistress through his tears ; ' pore old Abram 's sad an' lone ! '

Mrs. Ecallow, too well acquainted with the characteristics of the negro to disturb or endeavor to soothe him, waited quietly until the violence of his grief had subsided, and then bade him in future come to her kitchen for his meals.

' Thank 'ye, Missus. I do n't like to say any thing agin your cook, 'specially sence she 's my own da'ter, but she ' — wiping his eyes with the cuff of his coat-sleeve — ' she can't do things like her pore dead mammy ! '

Poor Abram ! In one short week care and grief did what father Time had failed in doing in three-quarters of a century. Broken, bowed down by his loss, Abram soon sank into the grave, and was interred by the side of his wife. A good man, a sincere Christian, and a faithful servant of CHRIST, Abram still lives in another and a better world. He died in the ' full hope of a blessed immortality, ' yet regretted by all who knew and could appreciate the true nobility of the soul ' encased in an ebony casket. '

' V I O L E T . '

Thy breath is sweeter than the air
That steals from flowers all dewy wet ;
And sweeter than the ripest pear
Thy pouting lips, sweet ' Violet. '

Thy mien is modest as the eve
With but a single star-beam set,
When unseen fingers deftly weave
Her robe of night, my ' Violet. '

Saint Paul, (M. T.,) July, 1857.

Thy spirit, sinless as the dove,
Still shrinks at wrong, nor can forget
' Mid earthly guile its birth above :
Thy life is love, dear ' Violet. '

Thou 'rt like that fair and fragrant flower
That on the brow of Spring is set,
To deck the young year's gayest hour,
Sweet, modest, sinless ' Violet. '

T H E R O S I C R U C I A N .

I.

I SAW a figure wan and old,
 Cower o'er a furnace, as if he were cold,
 Old, and cold, and passionless.
 And still he toiled, while others slept,
 And still he toiled while others wept;
 The sun and the cloud, the wind and the rain,
 Came and went, and came again;
 While o'er the furnace, as if he were cold,
 Cowered the figure wan and old,
 Old, and cold, and passionless.

II.

For oh! he had sworn on the dewy cross,
 To count either pleasure or pain but dross,
 Till he unfold the mystery,
 That wraps the birth of gold and gem:
 And yet not for the sake of them,
 Or what for the sense such treasure may buy,
 He watches and toils so patiently,
 And has taken the oath on the dewy cross,
 To count both pleasure and pain but dross,
 Till he unfold that mystery.

III.

But he would find the hidden art
 To sunder the pure and base apart,
 The good from the crusting ill.
 And so his days and years pass by,
 And so he labors silently;
 And if he shall keep from earthly stain
 His soul, till the ringed cloud come again,
 Oh! he shall find the hidden art
 To sunder the pure and base apart,
 The good from its crusting ill.

IV.

When the cloud again his brow shall crown,
 That for a moment floated down,
 When he swore on the dewy cross,
 To his longing eyes shall stand revealed
 The shapes the elements concealed;
 The spirits of air and the spirits of flame
 Shall hail him, brother! and name his name,
 When the ringed cloud his brow shall crown,
 The ringed cloud that floated down
 When he swore on the dewy cross.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the July Quarter: pp. 291. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY, Washington-street. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Broadway: London: SAMPSON, LOW, SON AND COMPANY, Ludgate-Hill.

THE opening paper in the present number of the 'North-American' deserves the place of honor which it occupies. It is upon '*The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States*,' and is accompanied by a life of the author, notes and illustrations by his grand-son, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Esq. The character and scope of the work are well set forth in the ensuing preliminary sentences: 'The Scotch have it, that 'a man canna bear a' his ain kin on his back;' and it must be confessed that there is no little pith in the saying. In the present case, however, the feat has been successfully performed. As ANCHISES was borne by ÆNEAS from the flames of Troy, so now has the lion-hearted rebel of the North been carried by his grand-son, with pious, gladsome, careful steps, through a long, difficult, and varied career. The *Life* of JOHN ADAMS is emphatically a great book. The biographer gives ample evidence of intense study of the events which he narrates; and, as is the painter's wont, he places his principal figures in the fore-ground. His rectitude of purpose is so manifest, that though we dissent from some of his conclusions, we do not once distrust his fairness of intention. His pages show unwearied research, and the use of state papers and documents not easily accessible. His style is pure, smooth, and easy, and save here and there an involved or obscure sentence, worthy to be imitated in historical writing. In the difficult task of holding an impartial pen as to the characters of those whom his ancestor held to be his evil genii, determined to defame him, and to rob him of his well-earned laurels, he is often entitled to commendation. He urges no topic to the weariness of the reader; and we are quite sure that persons who are fond of biographical lore will be interested from first to last, while whole pages, and even chapters, will fix the attention like some thrilling tale of the imagination. And this, not only because of the incidents themselves, but because of the manner in which they are presented to the mind.' Our biographer is commended for presenting, under his own hand, his grand-

father, as he lived, thought, and spoke. 'There is no disguise, no concealment. What he did, whether to his honor or of questionable discretion and propriety, is all exposed. For considerable periods, the second President of the United States was, so to speak, his own BOSWELL; and we commend the courage and good sense of his descendant, in submitting his most secret emotions and confidential communications to the scrutiny of his countrymen; for many, we cannot doubt, are weary of those biographers and editors who keep their heroes perpetually in gala-robcs, and who never condescend to let them down from their stilts to commune with common men in this every-day sort of a world, in which every body has aches, and pains, and wearing sorrows, and must needs have concern about food, and raiment, and shelter.' The biographer comes under the reviewer's censure, however, for not having forbore to discuss any questions in which HAMILTON, WOLCOTT, PICKERING, JEFFERSON, and FRANKLIN were concerned, save in such particulars as were necessary to the connection of events, and to the thread of his narrative. An analysis of the characters of such men should be not only impartial, but above the suspicion of partiality. Speaking of the second and third volume of the '*Works*,' the reviewer says:

IN the form chiefly of a Diary and fragmentary Auto-biography, they contain a little of almost every thing; thoughts on religion and politics, on self-examination and self-improvement; notes of debates in Congress, and of Mr. ADAMS's own doings there and elsewhere; memoranda of voyages and journeys, of the negotiation of treaties, of visits to nobles and statesmen, and to towns and cities; sketches of distinguished persons with whom he associated; at times a pleasant story, and as much gossip even as there is in WALPOLE's Letters. We have, beside, an outline of the celebrated argument of OTIS in the case of the Writs of Assistance; notes of Mr. ADAMS's own argument in defense of CORBER and others, charged with the murder of Lieutenant PANTON on the high seas; the original draught of the Declaration of Rights and Grievances, made by the Congress of 1774, which is justly considered one of the most important documents of the Revolutionary era; notes of the debate in the Senate, in 1789, on the power of the President to remove public officers at pleasure, which power then affirmed by Mr. ADAMS's own casting vote as Vice-President, has been exercised ever since; several essays and controversial papers of the Revolution, and among them the earliest of Mr. ADAMS's known printed productions, which, as the editor remarks, 'bear the peculiar mental and moral characteristics of the author;' and lastly, a paper in the handwriting of JEFFERSON, indorsed by WASHINGTON; 'Construction of the powers of the Senate with respect to their agency in appointing ambassadors, etc., and fixing the grade.' Such is a rapid view of more than eleven hundred pages.

We call our readers' attention to this rapid *resumé* of the general contents of two volumes, which were only briefly referred to, not adequately noticed, in these pages, on their first appearance. The '*Diary*,' from 1775 to 1761, opens at the age of twenty, with a notice of the great earthquake in Lisbon. It is made up from loose and often illegible manuscripts, and must therefore be more or less desultory and scrappy. Nevertheless, it is full of interest, in its brief pictures of the men and things in that remote day, sometimes embraced in a single curt sentence: 'His notings from day to day of the transactions in Congress, and of his own particular acts in session, out of doors, and in committee; his plain-spoken praise of the brave, and rebukes of those whom he deemed wavering, wayward, and timid; and here and there a glimpse behind the curtain, to assure us that what we call *wire-pulling*, or adroit political management, was not then wholly unknown; are all full of interest to the pains-taking inquirer into the past. So, also, his notes of the debates, mere skeletons as they are, cast some light upon

the fears which agitated, the hopes which animated, and the reasons which influenced the memorable Congress that proclaimed the dismemberment of the British empire. These sketches are among the few that are known to exist.' Mr. ADAMS was a keen observer of men, and he recorded his impressions of those with whom he mingled with great plainness of speech : for example, he says of one : 'He was always scolding about the lowness of the fees ; always heavy, dull, and insipid as a pleader ; 'volubility, voluble repetition, and repeated volubility, fluent reiterations and reiterating fluency.' On his way to attend the first Congress, he stopped for some days in New-York ; and he does not hesitate to say what he thinks of the leading personages of our city at that time :

'As Mr. ADAMS entered the city, he wrote in his Diary that he designed to make it a subject of much speculation. Having visited every part of it, worshipped in the churches, rode to the gentlemen's seats in the country, breakfasted, dined, and supped with persons of the first consideration, admired the beauties in full dress, and gazed upon the rich plate and gorgeous furniture, he records the result :

'WITH all the opulence and splendor, there is very little of good breeding to be found. We have been treated with an assiduous respect ; but I have not seen one real gentleman, one well-bred man, since I came to town. At their entertainments there is no conversation that is agreeable : there is no modesty, no attention to one another. They talk very loud, very fast, and altogether. If they ask you a question, before you can utter three words of your answer they will break out upon you again, and talk away.'

'This is sufficiently explicit, certainly ; for a man who had been feasted to the point of surfeit, somewhat ungracious, and indicative of strong local prejudice. But the Fifth Avenue had not then been opened.'

Perhaps some explanation of Mr. ADAMS's indifferent opinion of his New-York contemporaries of that period, may be gathered from 'the disposition which he had to underrate the character of his associates,' of which the reviewer speaks, and from 'the displays of vanity, of egotism, and of apprehension that some body else might appropriate the credit due to himself,' which he so often manifested. 'Vanity,' he himself wrote at twenty, 'I am sensible is my cardinal vice and cardinal folly.' 'It was so,' adds the reviewer, 'even afterward.'

'*Mechanism of Vital Actions*,' is the title of the second and next longest paper in the present number. It involves a consideration of four correlative works upon this important branch of science, including the late Dr. MERCALF's great work on 'Caloric and its Vital Agencies.' Another long article based upon a cluster of works, embracing American, English, and German, to the number of thirteen, entitled '*The Present Geography of Palestine*,' we have not found leisure to read. '*Sacred Latin Poetry*,' also, we were compelled to pass over. Not so '*Trees, and their Uses*,' an excellent article, full of wise suggestions and well-considered inculcations. We can ask attention to but a single particular extract :

'If any thing could provoke a saint to wrath, it is the frequent destruction of fine trees on the most frivolous pretences. Here a majestic elm is sacrificed because the dripping from its boughs moistens cheap shingles on some adjoining house, and com-

pels a more speedy repair. There a barn is to be removed, and all the trees which stand in the line of its direct course must give way. A couple of rowdies, returning on a dark night from a winter revel, are upset against an oak which projects into the road a foot or two; straightway the sapient selectmen of the town debate the case, and solemnly order that the tree which has stood there since the memory of man, shall be brought low, rather than a dollar shall be spent to widen the road at that point. Here, again, unfortunately, a new street must be laid out in a straight line, to satisfy the precise genius of modern engineering; and the great tree that stops the way must disappear, root and branch, rather than a hair's-breadth be changed in the beautiful lithograph of attractive house-lots. The first care of a lucky broker, who has bought at a bargain some fine old estate, is to thin out and trim the trees and shrubbery on the model of his own ledger, saving only the specimens which he can coax into regular rows, or inspect with half-shut eye. We know more than one instance where a quarrel between neighbors has led to the destruction of noble trees, simply because one thought that he might annoy the other by depriving him of his shade. And there are not a few occasions to admire that thrift which cuts down an orchard because birds get all the cherries, or boys and Irishmen steal all the apples.

Provocation of this sort, which constantly vexes one in a large country town, suggests the question, whether he who removes a public ornament and good, even from his own land, is not as much a subject for the law as he who creates a public nuisance. The destruction of half-a-dozen fine shade-trees may be as great an injury to a neighborhood as the erection of an oil-boiler or a fish-house. Yet the one has an impunity not allowed to the other. Many statutes are passed with much less moral justification than a statute to prevent the arbitrary cutting down of valuable trees. When estates are sold, there ought to be in the deeds a restraining clause: an entail for the trees which border the road, if not for those which surround the house. The tastes of the City Exchange ought not to have unchecked license in the groves of the suburbs. At any rate, a legislative 'resolution' on this subject would be quite as timely and sensible as most of the resolutions which are passed by legislative bodies.'

'*Turnbull's Life Pictures*' forms the subject of the concluding paper, save the usual collection of '*Critical Notices*,' of which there are eighteen. We copy one of these, with much less of modesty than of gratitude. It is a notice of '*The Knickerbocker Gallery: a Testimonial to the Editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine by its Contributors*.'

'WITH the commencement of the present year, the stereotype plates of this elegant volume were brought into use anew, and with improvements which constitute virtually a new edition, though with the title-page unchanged. It consists of a series of original articles, in prose and poetry, grave and gay, by more than fifty of the contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, designed to furnish a joint and not unfruitful memorial of their high regard for its veteran editor, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK. It is intended to appropriate the entire proceeds of the work 'in building, on the margin of the Hudson, a cottage, suitable for the home of a man of letters, who, like Mr. CLARK, is also a lover of Nature and of rural life.' It might be enough to say, that in the list of contributors, and in the series of portraits, WASHINGTON IRVING leads the van, and FRIZ-GREENE HALLECK brings up the rear; while in the intermediate space there are many names of high distinction, (among them BRYANT and LONGFELLOW,) and none that have not won a worthy place in their respective styles or departments of literature. Moreover, they have all of them laid out their full strength in this labor of love. The consequence is, that we have a miscellany of rare excellence and attractiveness. At the same time, the portraits are finely executed, and those of them on which we are qualified to pass judgment, are as faithful as they are beautiful.'

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF NEW-YORK BOARDING-HOUSES. By THOMAS BUTLER GUNN. With illustrations on wood. In one Volume: pp. 300. New-York: MASON BROTHERS, Numbers 108 and 110, Duane-street.

THE dedication of this very clever and already popular book, discloses the *animus* of the author. He would simply impart his 'experience' in metropolitan boarding-houses, 'all of which he *saw*, and part of which he *was*.' This is the dedication aforesaid: 'To all Inmates of Metropolitan Boarding-Houses, especially Single Young Men, this book is especially dedicated by an *Ex-Member of the Fraternity*.' This last 'clause' of the sentence 'tells the story.' The author has himself 'seen the elephant,' and he means that his readers shall see it also; and he certainly succeeds in setting that eloquent quadruped 'well on his legs' before the public. We are sorry we have not space to quote from '*The Fashionable Boarding-House, where They don't get Enough to Eat*.' It is replete with a keen satire. 'Madame,' the proprietress, and her marriageable daughters, are 'a perfect picture.' She takes no *young* lady boarders: 'In the first place, it was desirable to avoid risk of counter-attractions; in the second place, ladies are apt to observe each other too much and too closely.' 'The many little dodges which to the thick sight of man are invisible, lie quite open to the quick eye of woman. Yet there *was* a lady-boarder, too. But she was old, *rich*, and had a son, whom the younger daughter especially favored. He, a wild youth, addicted to playing on the flute, used to collect the rents of various tenement-houses owned by his mother.' 'Hence we view,' etc. '*The Hand-to-Mouth Boarding-House*,' is scarcely so much a satirical as it is a pathetic sketch. No reader can fail to pity the poor keeper of such an establishment. We subjoin an illustrative passage:

'THIS establishment stands in one of those shabby thoroughfares which the extension of Canal-street is rapidly improving off the face of New-York. It is a frame house, and like its mistress, of forlorn and pinched-up aspect, both having seen better days. Like her, too, it has sometimes made attempts to brighten up a little, and show a cheery face to the world — and looked more dismal for the failure.

'Miss — is a maiden lady, so palpably past the meridian of life, that she does not attempt to deny it. Her face is thin and withered, and two long, hay-colored curls depend mournfully on either side of it. Her figure is so devoid of symmetry, that, but for her countenance, you would be in doubt as to which side of her you was standing. She does not dress herself tastefully. Every way she is a plain, unpicturesque old maid — just such a one as young ladies are prone to favor with valentines representing witch-like harridans on broomsticks, or surrounded by attendant familiars, in the shapes of cats, parrots, and devils.

'She has kept a Boarding-House for upward of twenty years, but it has scarcely returned the compliment. For twice that time her industry has failed to lift her above the dread of to-morrow. That she works hard, her bony hands attest — that she rises early, the Irish servant-girl often grumblingly avows — that the dietary and domestic arrangements are needlessly expensive, the boarders would indignantly deny — yet it is certain that Miss — is always a little in arrears with the world — of all creditors the most unmerciful, and the surest to take interest out of its debtors in a disagreeable manner.

'Her house, described in the *Sun* (to which entertaining journal she is a subscriber as containing 'genteel apartments within five minutes' walk of Broadway,' comprises half-a-dozen indifferently-furnished rooms, exclusive of the parlor and kitchen. The former of these has a threadbare, but miraculously-darned carpet, a sprinkling of feeble-backed cane-chairs — which are very shaky on their legs — a faded sofa, an ancestral rocking-chair, (with one of those aggravating pieces of clean *crochet*-work which stick to your hair or tumble off when you sit down, spread carefully over its top,)

and a gaunt piano, which has not been tuned since the Presidency of JAMES K. POLK. The chambers, too, are equipped in an equally poor manner, but though the sheets display so many patches as to impart a scratching sensation to the spines of recumbent boarders, no Broadway dandy's shirt-front could be more scrupulously washed.

'Of course, as the Establishment is a cheap one, the quality of the meals furnished is not of the first order. Miss —— (in common with the landladies of most poor Boarding-Houses, and some well-to-do ones) does her own marketing, trudging through rain or sun-shine at early morning, and returning with a heavy basket laden with such provisions as her slender purse affords. Occasionally, however, she is unable to effect this without debt; and complains bitterly (or would do so, had any one the complaisance to listen to her) that butchers take advantage of this, in supplying inferior meat at increased prices. Her groceries are often purchased in small quantities, just enough for each meal, previous to which the servant may be seen hurrying from the corner-store, with a loaf under each arm, and various cone-shaped parcels of coffee, tea, or sugar, wrapped in that coarse straw-paper peculiarly devoted to such purposes. Sometimes Miss —— is necessitated to way-lay you in the passage, to solicit cash advances on your week's board, upon which the quality of your dinner will depend. It is politic, as well as good-natured, to comply, as you will thereby secure a savory dish or so, as well as the good-will of your landlady.

'Sooth to say, what with her landlord's regular yearly demand for higher rent, and the increasing price of food, she has a hard time of it. She owes her servant money, who consequently brow-beats and defies her, and invites muscular Irishmen into the kitchen, with scarcely a feint of the usual apologetic fiction, 'Shure, it's me cousin, mum!' She is in arrears with her milk-man, who absolutely lords it over her, and has, more than once, cut off the supply of lacteal fluid. Her coal-merchant demurs about bringing a ton of Red Ash or Peach Orchard, until paid, like a subscription to a newly-started newspaper, 'punctually in advance.' Nor are her cares and anxieties particularly lightened by the comments of her boarders, or their general behavior to her.

'There were but two 'lady-boarders,' wives of boarders. Their leisure — that is to say, the whole of their time — appeared to be divided between Broadway, the novels of Mr. G. W. KERNOLDS, and disquisitions on the characters of such persons as enjoyed the felicity of their acquaintance. When they came down late to breakfast, which they invariably did — with limp figures, hair screwed up in fragments of last week's *Police Gazette*, and similar graceful *deshabille*, one could n't help envying the happiness of their husbands, who sewed on their own shirt-buttons, the ladies declining such tasks, and, indeed, all needle-work, on the standing plea of sickness. One had a child, a puny, weak little creature, afflicted with water on the brain, of which it subsequently died. And many an evening, when the *be-rouged*, *be-hooped*, and *be-flounced* mother was disporting herself at cheap public balls, did poor Miss —— take care of this child. When it died its affectionate parent said: 'Perhaps it was a good thing for God to take it.' Probably it was.

'But it was not to be expected that any such simple good offices on the part of the landlady could mollify the indignation and contempt entertained by this lady and her companion toward one who had failed in that great object of female ambition (in their eyes) — catching a husband. They were perpetually, persistently, and inexorably down upon her. All her short-comings and piteous shifts to keep up appearances were dragged into light, sneered at, and tattled about. They knew the number of her dresses, and how often they had been turned and dyed. They forbade their husbands advancing loans to her, on account of board, or still more insultingly recommended it; subsequently informing every body of the obligation. They were implacable toward little delays in the appearance of meals, assuming a clamorous indignation at their husbands' being 'kept away from business,' if but for ten minutes. They evinced a preternatural facility of discovering deteriorations of diet, and sometimes succeeded in setting the men grumbling. They indirectly accused her of appropriating small quantities of coal from their private stores to her own use. (This, by the way, is a fruitful source of squabbles in most Boarding-Houses. We have known a suspicious individual to sit up all night in a dark cellar in order to detect purely imaginary depredators.) They so badgered and worried the servants on the question of having their breakfasts brought up to them in bed, that Miss —— declared, tearfully, 'It was impossible to get a girl to stay with her.' They invented rancorous slanders about the landlady's antecedents, and sowed them broadcast among her tradesfolks. And, finally, they affected virtuously improper surmises on her manifesting emotion at the receipt of letters, directed in a masculine hand, from California. We believe they came from an only brother who had n't behaved very well to her, and had been exported to the diggings by his sister's money. She used to cry a good deal over them, and to sit up late in the back-parlor writing long answers by the light of an oil-lamp, which smelt unpleasantly.

'Very far from us be it to arraign the average justice accorded by the world to our lonely spinster, or to her class. The term 'old maid,' ordinarily affixed like a tin kettle to the tail of an unoffending animal, to torment its bearer and amuse lookers-on,

could scarcely be rendered less ludicrous or more endurable by our championship. Yet it might be worthy of inquiry whether a too large license is not accorded to wives over their single sisters. Whether *their* whims, oddities, and eccentricities are not passed over very lightly, in comparison with those of the solitary virgin whose temper is fretted into asperities by the world's indifference or contempt. And, finally, whether some old maids are not as good, kindly, and unselfish creatures as any in the world.'

Our extract is so long, that we must leave the remainder of the volume to the consideration of the reader; commending especially to his attention the '*Serious Boarding-House*,' with its immensely droll vignette-illustration; and the '*Mean Boarding-House*;' but in fact, *all* the remaining sketches, American, French, English, and German. The illustrative cuts, which are numerous, are *capital*, and reflect the highest credit upon FRANK BELLEW, ALFRED R. WAUD, the AUTHOR, and JOHN ANDREW, the engraver. Well printed, also, typographically and pictorially.

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THE PROFESSOR. By CURRER BELL, Author of 'JANE EYRE.' In one Volume: pp. 320. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IF, going to press with our Magazine almost a month in advance of its publication, we are compelled to be among the 'eleventh-hour' men in our notices of new publications, the fact will accrue to the benefit of our friends the publishers, in one respect at least; since, if our good word is of 'any consequence,' it may influence a new class of readers in favor of a work whose circulation might possibly be falling off in this sultry, *unreadable* weather. A notice of the present book, however, was prepared for our last, but inadvertently omitted. 'The Professor' is the earliest work of the author of 'JANE EYRE;' a small part of its materials (it having been declined by the publishers to whom the manuscript had been shown) had already appeared in her previous novel of 'Villette.' No reader of her first work, 'Shirley,' and this, can place 'The Professor' upon a level with either; yet 'it throws much light on the theory of the subsequent works of the author, and exhibits more distinctly than any other the limitations of her genius. It contains passages of vivid description, lofty sentiment, and acute analysis of female character. The conversations, too, have much of that charming reality for which Miss BRONTE is peculiar among novelists.' The annexed is a clear synopsis of the 'story' proper:

'THE story is cast in the form of an auto-biography. WILLIAM CRIMSWORTH, the hero, is represented as an orphan, the son of an unsuccessful manufacturer, whose marriage greatly incensed his wife's aristocratic relatives. WILLIAM is educated, however, at Eton, at the expense of his maternal uncles. At length the knowledge of the wrong they had done his family induces him to forego the continuance of their bounty, and causes an irreparable breach between him and them. Thus thrown, as it were, upon the world, he writes for advice to his only remaining relative, his brother EDWARD, whom he had not seen for many years, and who has become a wealthy manufacturer in the town of X ——. By way of answer to his communication, he is informed that he

may come down to — shire, and his brother will 'see what can be done in the way of furnishing him with work.'

'Life in the counting-house of Mr. CRIMSWORTH is soon foreshadowed. The young man is under displeasure from the beginning, although he performs all his duties with promptness and scrupulous correctness, and although his deportment is in all respects unexceptionable. Perhaps, if fault could be found with him, that displeasure would not ripen into hate. In the course of a few months, matters come to a crisis between the brothers, and one day the younger walks out of the counting-house to enter it no more. Life is again open before him; its horizon is limited no longer by the factory wall.

'Furnished, by the kindness of a neighboring manufacturer, who had conceived an eccentric liking for him, with a letter of introduction to a gentleman in Brussels, WILLIAM CRIMSWORTH leaves England in pursuit of fortune. The young man finds employment at Brussels, as 'professor' or teacher of English in the boys' school of Mons. PELER, and in the girls' school of Mlle. REUTER. Both of his employers are false and artful; both seek by various devices to discover the key to his character. Mons. PELER flatters, and affects familiarity; Mlle. REUTER flatters, affects kindness and sympathy, and ends with demonstrations of love. He is upon the point of falling into her snare, when overhearing a conversation between the two, he learns that they are engaged to be married. This discovery naturally cools the 'Professor's incipient passion.

'Now, in the school of Mlle. REUTER is a certain FRANCES HENRI, who supports herself by teaching the scholars the peculiar art, common enough in Europe, of mending old lace, and attends the instruction of the English 'Professor.' She is from Switzerland, is quite poor, and lives with an invalid aunt. The 'Professor' is attracted to her by the modesty of her demeanor, her evident desire to improve, the thoroughness with which she performs her tasks, and by something English in her look and manner. On inquiry he learns that her mother was an Englishwoman. He is surrounded by shallowness, vanity, and deceit. She has depth of character and truthfulness. He finds peculiar pleasure in directing her studies. He censures her failures unsparingly, and praises her successes with stint. He gives her a word of solemn counsel. Out of it all, his interest in her becomes something stronger than friendship. The pupils observe it, Mlle. REUTER is offended, and the young girl is dismissed.

'Thus, for the first time, the 'Professor' becomes fully aware of the nature of his feelings; he seeks to find her, but cannot discover her place of abode. He stands at the doors of churches, haunts the great thoroughfares and the retired streets, looks in at shops, but in vain. At length, wandering one evening through a cemetery, he discovers the object of his search seated by the grave of her aunt, who has recently died. He accompanies her home, and on leaving her, says to himself: 'I have one object before me now — to get that Genevieve girl for my wife; and my wife she shall be — that is, provided she has as much, or half as much, regard for her master as he has for her.' He has already resigned his place in the school of Mlle. REUTER, and on the marriage of that lady with Mons. PELER, he feels obliged to abandon his situation with him also. It is not long, however, before the 'Professor' finds himself settled, with a better situation than ever, in one of the colleges of Brussels, and begins to think seriously of marriage. Therefore, he pays a visit to Mlle. HENRI. He sees upon her table some French verses of her composition, which he is permitted to read. They are a sort of ballad founded upon their intercourse as master and pupil, with several fanciful additions and variations. The wedding ceremony is performed during the January holidays. For some time Mlle. HENRI has been employed as teacher at a fair compensation, so they begin their married life with an abundant income, though laboriously. At the close of the story WILLIAM CRIMSWORTH, with his wife and son, is presented living in England, with a competency earned by teaching school.'

Although published only a short time since, we understand 'The Professor' has already attained to a very wide circulation.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A CHAPTER OF EPIGRAMS. — For the '*Chapter of Epigrams*' we have to thank our new correspondent, 'A. M. H.' He will see that we divide his 'feast of fat things,' lest being partaken of all at once, a surfeit might ensue. There is quite enough left for another repast:

'EPIGRAMS derive their origin from the inscriptions placed by the ancients on their tombs, statues, temples, arches, etc. They were at first only simple monograms; afterward, increasing their length, they made them in verse, to be more easily retained. They continued to be called by the same name after the first design of their institution was varied, and people began to use them for the relations of facts and accidents, the characterization of persons, etc.

'The Greek epigram did not usually exceed six or eight verses. The Latins were not so scrupulous and made them much longer.

'M. LE BRUN's definition of an epigram is 'a little poem susceptible of all kinds of subjects, and ending with a lively, just, and unexpected thought, which are three qualifications essential to the epigram.' It is generally allowed that the shorter the epigram the better.

'The Greek epigrams have scarce any thing of the point or briskness of the Latin; those collected in the Anthology have most of them a remarkable air of ease and simplicity, attended with something just and witty: such as we find in a sensible peasant, or a child that has wit. They have nothing that bites, but something that tickles. Though they want the salt of Martial, yet to a good taste they are not insipid.

'One great beauty of the epigram is, to leave something for the reader to guess or supply.

'The epigram admits of a great variety of subjects: some are made to praise, and others to satirize, which last are much the easiest; ill-nature serving instead of point and wit. BOILEAU's epigrams are all satires upon one or another.

'I subjoin here a few upon a variety of subjects:

'The Poet BURNS being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The subject of the discourse was the terrors of the law as denounced against the unbelieving sinner, in proof of which the preacher referred to several passages

of Scripture, to all of which the lady seemed very attentive but somewhat agitated. The poet, on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil on a leaf in her Bible, the following lines:

“FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue,
’T was only *sinner*s that he meant,
Not *angels* such as you.’

‘TOM MOORE being at one time forced to absent himself from a pleasant evening party on account of not having a pair of dress-breeches to wear, sent the following to his hostess:

“BETWIXT ADAM and me the great difference is,
Though a paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turned out of his,
While for *want of my breeches* I’m turned out of *mine*.’

‘FOX, the celebrated orator, was one day told by a lady whom he visited, that she did not care ‘three skips of a lame louse for him.’ He immediately took out his pencil and wrote the following lines:

“A LADY has told me, and in her own house,
That she cares not for me ‘three skips of a louse.’
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
Since women will talk of what runs in their head.’

‘A NEW METHOD OF LIGHTENING A SHIP.

“It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution:
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confessed
Transferred, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;
To lighten the ship, and conclude the devotion,
They tossed the poor parson souse into the ocean.’

‘A GENTLEMAN hearing a lady praise the eyes of a certain prominent clergyman, wrote the following:

“I CANNOT praise the Doctor’s eyes,
I never saw his glance divine,
For when he *prays* he shuts his eyes,
And when he *preaches* he shuts *mine*.’

‘BYRON’S EPIGRAM ON ENGLAND.

“THE world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull,
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is JOHN BULL.’

‘ALLEN RAMSAY, the pleasing author of the Pastoral Comedy called ‘The

Gentle Shepherd,' wrote the following on receiving an orange from the Countess ABOYNE:

"Now PRIAM's son thou mayst be mute,
For I can proudly vie with thee:
*Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.*"

—
'SELF-EXPLANATORY.

"At a rubber of whist, an Englishman grave
Said he could n't distinguish a king from a knave,
His eyes were so dim and benighted;
A Yankee observed that he need n't complain,
For the thing had been often attempted in vain
By eyes that were very clear-sighted."

—
'ON HUMAN LIFE.

"Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed;
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay."

—
THE following, we believe, was originally published in the New-York *Evening Post*:

"As I and my wife, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a 'broth of a boy,
Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
'There's a relation of yours in that carriage.'
To which she replied as the donkey she spied,
'Ah! yes, a relation by *marriage*.'"

—
'LORD BROUGHAM is said to be the author of the following verse: if true of him, how much *more* true of some of our Buncombe orators in Congress:

"HERE, reader, turn your weeping eyes:
My fate a useful moral teaches,
The hole in which my *body* lies
Would not contain one-half my *speeches*."

—
'AN EPIGRAMMATIC EPITAPH.

"HERE lies my wife, a sad vixen and shrew:
If I said I regretted her, I should *lie* too."

—
'TOM MOORE was a frequent guest and great admirer of SYDNEY SMITH, and has recorded his opinion of him in these verses:

“RARE SYDNEY, thrice honored the stall where he sits,
And be *his* every honor he deigneth to climb at!
Had England a hierarchy formed all of wits,
Whom but SYDNEY would England proclaim as its primate?

“And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave,
A HORACE to feast with, a PASCAL to read;
When he laughs all is safe, but when SYDNEY grows grave,
We shall then think the Church is in danger, indeed.’

—
‘ON A PORTRAIT.

“How like is this picture, you’d think that it breathes:
What life, what expression, what spirit;
It wants but a tongue! ‘Alas!’ said the spouse,
‘That want is its principal merit.’”

—
‘WIT AND TRUTH.

“He that his reason trusts to wit,
Will often lose his way;
As he that would by lightning walk,
Not by the beams of day.’

—
‘Two Englishmen were once challenged to fight a duel: one excused himself on account of the illness of his wife, and the other on account of the illness of his daughter. A wit wrote the following on the circumstance:

“Some men with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the Scripture command,
And honor their *wife* and their *daughter*,
That their *days* may be long in the land.’

—
‘THE FRENCH MILLINER.

“Miss BLANK it is known is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way:
But of all her mistakes, the absurdest and oddest,
Occurred when she called a French ‘*modiste*’ a modest.’

—
“God help me, cried the poor man,
And the rich man said Amen:
The poor man died at the rich man’s door,
God helped the poor man then.’

—
‘BEN JONSON, owing a vintner some money, refrained his house; the vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money: and also told him that if he would come to his house and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. BEN JONSON very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret and drank to the vintner, praising the wine at a great rate. Says the vintner: ‘This is not our business. Mr. JONSON, answer me my four questions; or else you must pay me my money or go to jail.’

“‘Pray,’ says BEN, ‘propose them.’

'Then,' says the vintner, 'first: what best pleases God? Secondly: what best pleases the devil? Thirdly: what best pleases the world? And lastly: what best pleases me?'

'To which JONSON immediately replied:

"God is best pleased when men forsake their sin,
The devil's best pleased when men persist therein,
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine,
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine.'

'The vintner was well satisfied, and gave BEN a receipt in full and a bottle of claret into the bargain.

'TOM MOORE one day had stolen a lock of hair from a lady's head. Upon being ordered by her to make restitution, he caught up a pen and dashed off the following lines:

"On one sole condition, love, I might be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
I would gladly relinquish the *lock* of your head,
Could I gain but the *key* to your heart.'

'By DEAN SWIFT on seeing verses written upon windows at inns:

"The sage who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allowed
That might not be confest;
His windows scrawled by every rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The *diamond* and the *lover*.'

'VOLTAIRE'S EPIGRAM ON FREDERICK THE GREAT.

"King, author, philosopher, poet, musician,
Free-mason, economist, bard, politician:
How had Europe rejoiced if a Christian he'd been!
If a man, how would he have enraptured his queen!'

'This was handed about Berlin, and shown to that great legislator, the Prussian Monarch, who deemed it a libel, because it was true; and instead of employing a counsel, filing an information, and taking other tedious methods, took a more summary way of punishing the author, who he knew must be VOLTAIRE, at that time time resident at Berlin. He sent his sergeant-at-arms, not with a mace and scrap of parchment, but with such an instrument as the English drummers use for the good of the foot-soldiers who commit any offence against the law military. The Prussian hero went to the house of the poet, and told him he came by His Majesty's special command, to reward him for an epigram on his royal master, by administering thirty lashes on his naked back. The poor philosopher knew that remonstrance was vain, and after submitting with the best grace he could, opened the door and made a farewell *congé* to his unwelcome visitor, who did not offer to depart, but told him with the most Germanic gravity, 'that the ceremony was not yet concluded, for that the monarch he had the honor of serving, must be convinced that his mission was punctually fulfilled, on which account he must have a receipt.' This also was submitted to, and given in the manner and form following:

“RECEIVED from the right arm of CONRAD BACHOFFER, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full of an epigram on FREDERICK, King of Prussia, by
 “*Vive le Roi.* VOLTAIRE.”

“LORD CHESTERFIELD perpetrated the following when he saw a full-length portrait of BEAU NASH placed between the busts of NEWTON and POPE:

“IMMORTAL NEWTON never spoke
 More truth than here you'll find,
 NOR POPE himself ere penned a joke
 More cruel on mankind.

“The picture placed the busts between
 Gives Satire all its strength:
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
 But FOLLY at full length.”

“THE ‘Guide-Book to New-York,’ calls the City-Hall the most imposing edifice in Manhattan:

“THE most imposing! oh! how well
 The outside suits its inward mission!
 Inside and out, our pockets tell,
 It bears the ‘front of imposition.”

“BY JAMES SMITH.

“IN England rivers all are males,
 For instance, Father Thames:
 Whoever in Columbia sails,
 Finds them Ma'mselles or Dames:
 Yes, there the softer sex presides
 Aquatic, I assure ye,
 And Mrs. SIPPI rolls her tide
 Responsive to Miss SOURI.”

“WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

“THE law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
 That causes ever must produce *effects*:
 In me behold *reversed* great Nature's laws—
 All my effects lost by a single cause!”

“BY HOOD.

“How monarchs die, is easily explained,
 And thus it might upon their tomb be chiselled:
 As long as GEORGE the Fourth could *reign* he reigned,
 And then he *mizzled*!”

“FROM THE FRENCH.

“OUR God requireth a *whole* heart, or none,
 And yet He will accept a *broken* one.”

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — There has been held near Detroit, Michigan, *A Meeting of Cats, to consult concerning John Phoenix's 'Feline Attachment.'* Our fair correspondent, 'MIRIAM S——,' was the reporter for the occasion. We print from her notes :

'DEAR SIR: Words cannot express my deep gratitude to you for the last triumphant result of your philosophical research, the wonderful 'Feline Attachment,' which will confer lasting blessings on a multitude of emancipated women, and will send down through future generations, with undying honors, the already illustrious name of PHOENIX.

'With watchful anxiety I had anticipated the lamentable results of such incessant devotion to sewing-machines; results such as you so touchingly describe in your 'Circular.' Deformity was usurping the place of beauty; the church was turning from its protecting arms most estimable maidens, whose only fault was an absorbing interest in womanly employments; tender wives, who had sacrificed health and strength in the vain attempt to 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' till a fastidious husband's tastes were satisfied, were torn from the privacy of their homes, (*vide* Mrs. THOMPSON,) and consigned to the tender mercies of lawyers and juries; and the question continually arose: 'How will all this end?'

'Then, in that time of great need, you came forward, O most illustrious Professor! the champion of woman, to defend her, to protect her, and to save her.

'I saw your 'Circular,' read, tried, and was persuaded. A large Maltese cat, which had long been a useless household appendage, was immediately harnessed for the service. A mouse of goodly proportions, and very fair to look upon, was temptingly displayed to the eager, longing eyes of pussy. A crowd of curious, doubting persons watched the result. The work was arranged, the linen being duly folded, the crank started, doubters were convinced. The frightened cat, a second TANTALUS, beheld the tempting prey continually escaping from her longing lips. More eagerly she rushed forward. Continual expectation and continual disappointment increased her speed. With incredible velocity sheet followed sheet, and shirt followed shirt; the long hems, the endless seams, the fine stitching, all done, and no one sighing:

'SEAM and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam.'

At last poor pussy paused from entire exhaustion, and was taken from the harness almost fainting. I gave her the mouse as a reward for her exertions, and the next morning she was ready for a second series of disappointments.

'The news spread rapidly; how rapidly you can judge by the calls for the improved machine, and by the words of gratitude you have received from thousands of women, in whose hearts your name will forever be cherished. I hope Mrs. PHOENIX is not inclined to jealousy.

'By the following report of a convention, recently held in Detroit, you may judge of the feeling of the universal cat-heart toward you:

'All cats who are lovers of their race and of women, were invited to meet in a large grove near the Fort, a few miles from the city of Detroit. They sat around, in number many thousands. Yellow cats, white cats, black, gray, spotted, and striped cats.

'After due preliminary arrangements, a large yellow grimalkin was called to the chair, and a committee of three grave, wise-looking cats was appointed to draw the resolutions. After much discussion, some scratching, and a great deal of mew-ing, the following resolutions were brought forward and read by the chairman of the committee:

'*Resolved*, That Professor PHŒNIX, the well-known inventor of the 'Feline Attachment,' is not only a woman-loving, but a cat-loving man.

'And the whole assembly, with one accord, cried: 'Mew.'

'*Resolved*, That in thus saving the race of woman-kind from deformity, disease, and death, and in elevating our race to a dignity and importance, hitherto unattainable, among the ranks of useful animals, Professor PHŒNIX has proven himself a SOLOMON in wisdom and a HOWARD in benevolence.

'Then all the cats, white, yellow, black, and gray, responded: 'Mew.'

'*Resolved*, That in order to show our gratitude to our renowned benefactor, and our willingness to be co-workers with him, for the good of the suffering, we, the cats of Michigan, are willing, like the poets, to see always before us an unattainable good, and in striving for it to wear our lives away, that thus we may fulfil our mission in the world.

'And all the cats said: 'Mew.'

'*Resolved*, That as, rather than to be ignobly drowned with stones tied around our necks, as has been our fate from time immemorial, we would rather, like statesmen, die at the post of duty with our harness on; so let the earnest thanks of this assembly be given to the great Professor PHŒNIX.

'And with a long and loud mew-ing, the assembly dispersed.

'I have only room to send my thanks with those of the cats, and to subscribe myself, gratefully yours,

MIRIAM S.'

Apropos of the 'Feline Attachment,' (which, by the way, has been copied, engraving and all, into half-a-dozen journals,) here is an 'improvement' by a Providence (Rhode-Island) correspondent, who sends us 'O *Catalogia Phœnixana*:'

'Who taught the cat the mouse to chase
Upon a very unequal race;
And always still before her face?
JOHN PHŒNIX.

'Who taught the cat in harness to run,
For the sake of 'having a little fun,'
And cause the sewing-machine to run?
JOHN PHŒNIX.

'Who advertised the sewing-machine,
And pictured the cat so awfully green,
Which in old 'KNICK' was *first* to be seen?
JOHN PHŒNIX.

'But I would suggest an improvement
made,
Which I'd be willing to 'take in trade,'
But pray do n't let there be any thing said:
JOHN PHŒNIX.

'Say, harness a dog *behind* the cat,
And then let *both* 'go it' at that,
Kitt for the mouse, and Dog for the cat!
JOHN PHŒNIX.

'A double speed would then ensue,
And KITTY would go it, and BOWSER too,
Whence shirts and bosoms not a few!
JOHN PHŒNIX.

'Cats and dogs are now in advance;
I've one to trade—so now is your chance:
They'll go as high as they do in France!
JOHN PHŒNIX.

'Good 'sassengers' cannot now be made:
JOHN PHŒNIX! you'll spoil the 'sassenger'
trade!
It's just what every body has said!
JOHN PHŒNIX.'

Some branches of trade must be affected by *any* great invention. The 'Persuader' brought down the price of eggs in a fortnight: cats are now

'up.' But it is the 'greatest good of the greatest number' that is to be thought of. P.S. : Another correspondent from Unionville, (Ohio,) sends a second '*Accelerator*' to the '*Attachment*,' with a most elaborate drawing of the improvement: dogs and cogs, wheels and pinions; churns, washing-machines, and cradles, etc., 'in inexplicable confusion' to the uninitiated: the whole too complicated for the comprehension of our engraver. Technically, the 'improvement' is described in the following 'specification.' It will be seen that our poetical correspondent has anticipated the main 'principle:'

'THE improvement consists, *First*: 'In the addition of from one to five (or more) arms to the upright shaft, to which the *Canine Accelerator* may be attached. *Second*: A spur-wheel to the main shaft, connected by bevel-gearing with the several machines to be set in motion; to wit: Washing and Mangling-machines, Patent Churn, Knitting-machines, Universal Patent Back-Action Cradle, etc., etc., etc. To sporting men it will be invaluable, as a substitute (with certain modifications) for the chase. By a trifling change in the arrangement, a first-class Fox Chase may be improvised in short metre. Break off the Feline Attachment; in place of a mouse, suspend a stuffed fox-skin; then connect the '*Canine Accelerator*,' and 'let her rip!' BONES, Editor and Proprietor of '*The Squiretown Waterspout; or Sperds of the Just made Perfect*,' (an occasional paper published simultaneously East and West,) removed his motor, a small steam-engine, and substituted the '*Feline Attachment*;' but it was not sufficient to make the press go. BONES was in despair. I suggested the '*Canine Accelerator*.' His face became radiant with hope. He tried it; and when the '*Accelerator*' became fairly started, it would have done your heart good to see how rapidly Waterspouts were multiplied. The utility of the improvement is obvious. I feel that invention is at an end.

'EWEEREKA!'

'JOHN's invention will be immortalized. - - - THE '*Chicago Record*' is the title of a paper, in quarto form, published and edited with signal ability and good taste by JAMES GRANT WILSON. It is devoted to the interests of the Church of England, but at the same time is an admirable journal in other respects. Literature and the Fine Arts find in the editor a warm champion and a cultivated expositor. We sit down to its perusal with pleasure, and seldom leave it without closing with the last page. Mr. WILSON comes honestly by his ability. He could n't well help it. He has 'forbears,' from whom he 'inherits,' as the lawyers term it. The following passage from a series of papers entitled '*Wanderings in Europe*,' is contained in a sketch of '*A Day in Ayrshire*,' the birth and burial-place of the IMMORTAL BURNS:

'THE inn-keeper informed me that every year he forwarded a number of buds, from the Poet's rose-bush, to an enthusiastic lady residing in New-York, who, although absent from auld Scotia upward of twenty years, still retains a warm Scottish heart, filled with associations and recollections of her native land.

'It is little less than a century since he came among us, and sixty-one years the past month since he departed; consequently there are few, if any, of his friends or personal acquaintances living, although there are many persons still surviving who profess to have conversed or taken 'a wee drap wi' him.' A writer in a Scotch paper gives an interesting account of a meeting with a real acquaintance of BURNS, who spoke sensibly of his character and genius. He says: 'I happened, in the presence of this old man, to be singing, in my own way, the '*Farewell to the Mason's Lodge, Tarbolton*.' 'Haud your tongue, man, and no spoil that sang,' quoth he; 'I heard it once sung to perfection, and canna think to hear ony body abuse it.'

'And where happened ye to hear it?' said I.

'I heard it,' said he, with emphasis, 'the first time it was sung in this kintra.'

'Ye couldna do that,' said I, 'for BURNS himself sung it in Tarbolton the first time it was sung in public.'

'Ay, did he man, and I sat at his right hand,' quoth the old man.

'I made some inquiries about several things connected with the meetings, which inquiries he answered in the following manner: 'It was a great treat to see and hear Burns that night. There was a number o' us belonging to the Lodge wha had been often meeting wi' him and making speeches, and we thought it was a pity to see him gann awa' without hearing us in such a shape as to be sensible o' our greatness. We met, and looked out subjects for our speeches — every ane taking up his favorite theme. We met and rehearsed our pieces, to our ain satisfaction. The night cam when we were to have a farewell meeting of the Lodge, in honor o' his gann awa'. There were about ten o' us sat that night as if we had been at a burial. We were see fu' o' our speeches we durstna open our mouths for fear some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to myself, and suppose the rest were doing the same thing. We had determined to astonish the bard for ance, so as he might hae mind o' us when far frae us. He was late in coming that night, a thing quite uncommon wi' him. He came at last. I never in my life saw such an alteration on any body. He looked bigger like than usual, and wild like. His een seemed stern, and his cheeks fa'n in. He sat down in the chair, as Master. He looked round at us. I thought that he looked through me, and I lost the grip o' the beginning o' my speech, and for the life o' me could I get it again that night. He apologized for being late. He had been getting a' things ready for going abroad; he could get to us no sooner; he intended to have said something to us, but it had gone from him; he had composed a song for the occasion, and would sing it. He looked round on us and burst into a song, such as I never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung it was that ane. O man! when he came to the last verse, where he says:

'A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it wi' a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

That last sight o' him will never leave my mind. He arose and burst into tears. They weren't sham anes. It was a queer sight to see sae many men burst out like bubbly boys and blubber in spite o' themself. Soon after the song he said he could stay no longer. Wishing us all well, he took his leave, as we thought, forever. We sat and looked at each other, full as we were wi' great speeches. Nane o' them cam' to the light that night. The greatness o' Burns was not understood by any body; but there is a feeling remains I wadna like to part wi'.

'I looked on this auld man as a great man. I respected his state of mind, and excused him for not being pleased wi' my singing, although it was my attempt at it which brought out his great speech.'

Very pleasantly written. - - - The following, which is reported to us by a friend who was one of the excursionists on the occasion alluded to, as true in every particular, strikes us as being *about* one of the coolest examples of 'enforced courtesy' that we remember ever to have met with:

'ABOUT noon of the day of my arrival in St. Louis, I strolled into the bar-room of BARNUM'S Hotel, and calling for a sherry cobbler, seated myself by a small table near the bar. I had just finished my glass when a well-dressed, respectable-looking personage, apparently about forty years of age, came in, and seeing no one else present (except the bar-keeper) accosted me with the salutation: 'Good morning, Sir.'

'Good morning, Sir,' I responded.

'Baltimorean, Sir?'

'No, Sir.'

'From New-York?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'One of the excursionists?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Will you allow me to look at your ticket?'

'Certainly, Sir,' (exhibiting it.)

'(Carefully perusing it,) 'Mr. —, I am happy to see you, Sir. Is your lady with you?'

'No, Sir.'

'Sorry for that, Sir; sorry for that. My name is W——: I am one of the Committee of Arrangements for the reception of visitors on this occasion. We of St. Louis do not intend to be out-done in hospitality by any other city, especially by Cincinnati; but we find that many of the excursionists, instead of applying to the Committee for quarters, have gone to the hotels for rooms. In all such cases the Committee are desirous of paying the bills, as they are extremely unwilling that the guests should be at any expense during their stay in St. Louis. May I ask if you are staying at an hotel, and if so, at what one? for it will give me great pleasure to arrange for the settlement of your bill.'

'I replied that I was not permanently located at any hotel, and that I did not feel disposed to avail myself of the hospitality of the city to a greater extent than I had already done.

'We shall insist upon it, Sir; and I trust you will notify me when you are settled.'

Just then a person in a seedy suit of black, a man who evidently had seen better days, entered the room and approached the bar, when my new acquaintance said to him in a stern and authoritative manner:

'Doctor! you can't have any thing this morning.'

'Whereupon the poor doctor, turning to him with a saddened look, replied:

'I have n't asked for any thing yet?'

'You had better go! You can't have any thing here; go!'

With an expression of unutterable despair, the poor fellow turned on his heel and left, when my companion remarked:

'That, Sir, is one of the most talented men in the State. He is a physician by profession, and once had a handsome practice; but unfortunately he has given way to his habits of intemperance, and I fear that he is irretrievably lost. Perhaps I did wrong to speak to him in the manner I did, but I knew that if he called for drink at the bar, he would be insulted, and I thought it would mortify him less to send him away. By-the-by, Sir, won't you take a sherry cobbler?'

'No, I thank you, Sir; I have just taken one.'

'Take another!'

'Excuse me, Sir; I seldom drink any thing in the morning, and my fatiguing ride of last night has alone induced me to deviate from my usual practice.'

'Then, Sir, with your permission I will take one.'

He accordingly walks to the bar, and orders his cobbler, and while it is being prepared, he resumes his seat by me. Presently the bar-keeper hands him his glass over the counter, and in doing so, says to him:

'Look here! how many drinks do you owe for now? This makes forty cents you owe. I do n't wish to open any accounts with you, Sir!'

'Not wishing to mortify my new friend by my presence, I left.'

'DINING a few days since,' writes an accomplished town correspondent, 'at the St. NICHOLAS with our friend M —, we were promised an introduction to Miss LOGAN as an inducement to stay in town over night: a thing we seldom do during the dog-days. We staid, and were not sorry we did so. Miss LOGAN is an extremely sensible, modest, and well-bred young woman; qualities rare perhaps in her class, but, we think, whatever be the opinions of certain 'D.D's, by no means incompatible with her profession. Such was our impression of Miss LOGAN, after a brief but very pleasant interview, in which we discussed the various literary merits of popular contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER, including 'JOHN PHOENIX,' who is a favorite contributor of your Magazine, and who was especially remembered. As an actress she is thoroughly natural; has a correct and *unstaged* pronunciation; a musical and cultivated voice; and faultless enunciation. She did not attempt that evening, (and we are sure she never does,) any thing she is not quite equal to; in fact, all her effects are produced without apparent effort. The character of PARTHENIA, in the play of 'Ingomar,' is not one which calls for her full power as an *artiste*, but we think she always impressed her audience with the idea of a *reserved force*, which would be forthcoming if occasion required. I hope you may have something to say of this lady in another number. I predict for Miss LOGAN a brilliant career in the profession of her choice. Her engagement at WALLACK's has been an entire success.'

'Some years since,' writes a western friend, 'I sent you a copy of a letter written at the dictation of 'Uncle CHARLEY,' an old negro of Louisville, (Ky.,) and known to every man, woman, and child in that burgh. I have before me another, which, if you think sufficiently amusing, you can print for the benefit of your thousands of readers. I will only add that the publication of his former letter made him the proudest nigger in 'Old Kaintuck.' Here is the letter :

'My respects and compliments to both Madame and Mr. C ——. Having the pleasure of a chance to write you a few lines, which makes me enjoy the most systematical happiness as any circumstance you ever accumulated.

'I have been in a state of dilapidation for some days from the result of rheumatiz. I had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. B ——, and addressed my distresses to him; he proscribed for my beneficial expiration, and the remedy was sixty-five drops of neutralized spirits, contaminated through the inoculation of a very little water, a small donation of mint put upon the top of it, with a billet of ice upon the top of that, renovated with a very little nutmeg; teaspoon set in the tumbler, stir it well, and take it personally. We then find the pressure of the atmosphere evaporates, after which we enjoy systematical health.

'I hope to hear from you soon, and hope you are all enjoying the best of health. In all my dilapidated distresses prayer is the only source to which I could resort for relevation. Notwithstanding you are far off, I hope the polifications of our prayers will unite.

'A few days hence I was called upon at the Court-house to renew the redition of my emancipation. I saw the power of superstition was so predominating, that I went to congratulate the aid of this colony to see whether or not we could rebat the redition of superstition. I thought all was accomplished; when coming out of the back-door I saw the most spontaneous vigor of superstition that I ever recognized; I evaporated with great humility and distression, but the smiles of Providence was all the consolation at last.

'Your spontaneously humble servant,

Louisville, Feb. 16, 1857.

CHARLES M.

We know 'Uncle CHARLEY.' We had scarcely arrived at the Louisville Hotel, supped and toileted, when the proprietor, with a kind of furtive smile, said there was a 'colored gemman' in the vestibule who wished to speak with us. We stepped out into the tessellated hall, and were introduced: 'This, Uncle CHARLEY, is the gentleman who printed your letter in his KNICKERBOCKER Magazine: Mr. C ——, Uncle CHARLEY.' He struck a gesture with his right hand, 'slode' back his left foot, made a peculiarly negro-salaam, fixed on us one of the most unwinking, unwavering gazes we ever encountered, and began. We had an audience of some twenty persons who were evidently 'interested spectators.' We were completely dumb-founded! Such language! — such sesquipedalian terms! — such 'orbicular' similes! It was sometimes exceedingly difficult to 'follow the speaker,' so 'decidedly rich' was his discourse. We tried to respond; but we had been so carried away by 'Uncle CHARLEY's' lingual display, that we had missed all his salient points, and could only express, in feeble terms, our admiration of his eloquence, and our gratitude for his (inferred) favorable

opinion. We are afraid our friends then present thought we had been greatly out-done. *We* thought so too, for that matter! It is not too much to say of 'Uncle CHARLEY' that he is 'immense.' - - - 'HAVE you banished *The Little People*' from your 'Table?' have asked many correspondents of us within the last four or five months. By no means: but we have been somewhat dissuaded from continuing the little juvenile side-table, from the many imitations which have been attempted of it, and the multiplicity of *old* 'child's sayings' which have been sent to us as coming from *new* children, and which were at once detected by MEMORY, the most faithful of sentinels in guarding such 'valuables.' As touching this matter, our esteemed friends of the *Boston Traveller* have 'hit the nail on the head,' and driven it in:

'Some time ago, the KNICKERBOCKER began the publication, in its 'Children's Corner,' of a series of charming little stories, embodying the bright, odd, witty, and naïve sayings of children. Few of the good things upon CLARK's *Editor's Table*, have been more widely copied or more eagerly read. Latterly, however, some sapient wittings have envied the children their success, and have been attempting to manufacture something of the sort themselves, attributing their lucubrations, of course, to children of a smaller growth. But their labored, stilted, absurd metaphors, forced into the language of childish prattle, look like an overgrown gawky in a child's pantalettes.

'Here, for instance, is one of these labored and sickening attempts which has been travelling through the papers for the last month or two:

'BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The attention of a little girl being called to a rose-bush, upon whose top-most stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother: 'See, WILLIE, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she died.'

'It is an insult to childhood to attribute such stuff to any 'little girl.' It is from such 'little girls' that LAURA MATILDA poetry and Miss NANCY novels afterward come. Luckily these miserable attempts always betray themselves. The unconscious wit and exquisite naïveté of a simple-hearted child is as difficult, or rather impossible of imitation, as the free sublimity and unrestrained grandeur of HOMERIC verse, or the natural pathos and straight-forward narrative of early Scottish Ballads. The use of a word, the turn of a phrase, the labored simplicity, the studied naturalness, every thing about it is the means of its betrayal.

'Men cannot become children any more than they can become patriarchs in a minute, and by the mere wishing and striving. Miss EVA, of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is responsible for a great deal of this sort of literary spawn.'

We can promise a liberally-supplied, perhaps we might be justified in saying, *luxurious* TABLE for the 'LITTLE PEOPLE' in our next: a culled repast, which we have been long waiting to serve up. This little 'Table' will be seldom set; therefore we may hope it will be enjoyed the more by our juvenile readers. - - - THE *Boston Post* says, and says truly: 'Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that 'looking guilty' proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face 'ready made' for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of any thing criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheeks, in nine cases out of ten. The most 'guilty-looking' person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse, which turned out to be his own property!' Precisely: and this reminds us of an amusing fact, which we here record, for the benefit of all 'suspicionary' physiognomists. When Senator SEWARD was defending the twelve rail-road conspirators at Detroit, some five or six years ago, the court-house was thronged with eager spectators and listeners. While the house was at its fullest, two perspiring,

would-be auditors pressed in at the door, and gaining a toe-hold upon the extreme edge of an outer bench, took a survey of the scene around the 'judge's stand.' 'Who are them twelve men settin' there clust together?' whispered one of the 'party' to a waggish by-stander, pointing to the jury-box. 'Those are the prisoners,' was the reply. 'I *thought* so!' was the rejoinder: 'if I was on the jury, I'd convict every one of 'em from their *looks* alone! Look at that *head* fellow, (pointing to the foreman :) see him watch what's goin' on! *He* knows all about it, I'll warn't you! Well, *they'll* git it — ten years apiece, least calculation!' To adopt a novel expression, 'Comment is unnecessary.' - - - THE '*New-York Picayune*' comes out double in size, with new types, and a corresponding enhancement of capital cuts, for which FRANK BELLEW, a partner, comes in for a large share. It commands, we learn, as it deserves to command, a wide weekly popularity. 'DOESTICKS,' sensible, satirical, quick-judging DOESTICKS, *he* is at the head of it. Could it desire a better head? And speaking of 'DOESTICKS,' here are some thoughts of his '*Upon Seeing a Cricket-Match*:' which, although now 'some three moons wasted,' (having been during that time in type,) will, nevertheless, prove acceptable to our readers. But, hush! — it is 'DOESTICKS' who speaks:

'I HAVE heard a great deal about the manly sports of 'Merrie England,' and have always had a great respect for experts in the athletic games of the Britishers. Cricket has been specified as a game requiring the greatest possible quickness of eye and activity of limb, and I have heretofore looked upon it as glorious sport, full of intense, though innocuous excitement. In my lamb-like innocence I have always, until yesterday, supposed 'cricket' to be a diversion, an amusement, a pastime, a holiday recreation, and nothing but ocular demonstration could have convinced me of my great mistake. Two famous 'Elevens' were to play a match at Hoboken; crack men on both sides; heavy bets; sporting world all prophesying great things; resolved to go; did go; am disappointed, and, I may say, disgusted. Cricket is not a game; it is a popular fallacy to suppose it is, but it is a solemn ceremony periodically performed with the greatest seriousness by deluded Englishmen, who think they are having fun. Fun! A cricketer has no more appreciation of genuine *fun* than a dead jackass has of a fancy hornpipe. Grim are the cricketers, and desponding; smileless, dejected, forlorn, and bilious. The Pilgrim Fathers, holding an out-door evening prayer-meeting on a side-hill in four feet of snow, in the middle of February, were a gay set of jolly dogs, compared to these rueful cricketing Englishmen out for a day's pleasure. A New-York murder trial, or a Kentucky hanging-match, would be a roaring farce by the side of the sportive tragedy of these two crack 'Elevens.' The ghost of HAMLET's father, and the spectre of the murdered BANQUO, talking over their private matters at mid-night by the light of blue-fire, would look gay and festive when likened to the Hoboken cricket ground, with a match in progress. Cricket! — well, hereafter when I want a synonyme for all that is intolerably dull and stupid, I shall say, Cricket. When I want to express a grand climax of spiritless dejection, I shall remark, Cricket. When I desire to say of some man against whom I have a mortal spite, that he is grim-visaged, jaundiced, melancholic, dismal and flat, I shall simply call him a cricketer, and then I shall dodge. And if any man accuses me in like manner, I shall take out a warrant for defamation of character, and sue him for maliciously damaging my reputation to a huge extent.

'I went to Hoboken with DAMPHOOL, who, although an American, is a cricketer. He told me I would see great sport. Got to the ground; bestowed myself under a tree, while DAMPHOOL went to the Club-house to attire himself. Presently he appeared again, dressed in white flannel from head to foot. He had a jockey cap on his head, and buckskin slippers on his feet. Just before the game commenced he tied a bed-quilt on each leg, and put on some leather gloves. Then the people took their places; the men who were not bowling all took the same position, with their hands on their knees, and their chins elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then the umpire called out 'play;' then the bowler, a disheartened-looking man, took up the ball, which was as hard as a brick, and threw it with all his might at a lugubrious individual with a two-handed pudding-stick in his grasp, who stood in front of some little sticks which were stuck in the ground like an unfinished hen-coop. There were two melancholy bowlers, two drooping batsmen, and two unfinished hen-coops. When the dejected man saw the ball

coming, he made a poke at it with his pudding-stick, but did n't hit it; then he sadly rested from his labors, while a number of doleful men on the other side wearily sought for the ball. Then the other bowler, with a sad countenance, threw the ball at the other gloomy batsman, who made another dispirited poke at it with his pudding-stick; this time he hit it; then he ran towards the other hen-coop, while the man at that end ran to his hen-coop. Then the marker put down one mark for his side; then they all rested in desponding silence for five minutes, during which time every body religiously kept mournfully still; I expected to hear some one lead in prayer, or begin an exhortation, or commence reading the Burial Service, or some inspiring thing of that kind; but no one volunteered any amusement, and pretty soon the downcast players resumed the mysteries of cricket. There was more throwing at the hen-coops, and pretty soon one was knocked down. Then the batsman, who ought to have stood before it and stopped the ball, with the bed-quilts on his legs, was declared to be 'out.' Then he retired discomfited, while the rest of his eleven set up a dismal groan. Then DAMPHOOL went in and took the pudding-stick. Then the grave man threw the ball at DAMPHOOL. DAMPHOOL poked at it manfully; then he ran for the other hen-coop, and the man who presided at the other pudding-stick ran for his hen-coop. The bed-quilts on DAMPHOOL's legs interfered with his speed, and he did n't get along very fast; so the man pensively took the ball and knocked down DAMPHOOL's hen-coop; then DAMPHOOL was out. They persevered in this jocularity until sun-set, at which time the funeral state of things came to an end. Then the eleven whose pudding-stick men had made the most journeys between the hen-coops, were declared to be the winner; then they untied the bed-quilts from their legs, took off their flannels and went home. This is all there is of the game of cricket. It may be a very brisk amusement for some men, but I would as soon think of taking a pleasure-ride in a hearse, or going to a dozen pedestrian funerals for a day's pleasure, as of participating in the gloomy ceremonies of cricket for the same length of time.

At one time *we* belonged (for one meeting) to a foreign Cricket-Club in this metropolis. But after the ball hit our south shin *once*, we limped up to the captain's office and settled—and resigned. The ball is very hard: made of pounded English bend-leather, hammered down upon a small cannon-ball. It hurts. It is very smooth, though: it's as good a *looking* ball as you'd wish to see 'any wheres.' But after all, there *is* a great attraction about Cricket. When, in the recent match at Albany between the State 'ELEVENS' and the Utica 'ELEVENS,' they were telegraphing for F——, of Utica, the best bowler among them, 'we twa' were crossing from the South to the North Lake, in 'JOHN BROWN'S Tract,' in the cool mossy woods. He *said* then he would be missed, and it seems by the report, that he was. We told him it could not be helped; that we were forty miles from land; that it would be all the same a hundred years from——' 'Oh, dre-ay a-e-p!' said F——, at the same time throwing a small round stone (he had been looking for it along the wood-road) about a half-mile ahead of us. We *saw* he was a bowler, and *did* 'dre-ay a-e-p' accordingly! - - - It is with the greatest pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt from the gifted author, of the 'Analysis of Rotary Motion, as applied to the GYROSCOPE,' by Major J. G. BARNARD, A.M., Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. The 'Gyroscope' has always been with us a favorite instrument. Of beautifully simple construction, easily managed, and exceedingly gratifying in its results, we know of no machine equally adapted to household use, or more eminently fitted for the amusement or instruction of a small family. It has remained for Professor BARNARD, in the interesting treatise alluded to above, to explain, in a simple style, easily comprehended by the merest child, the operation of this instrument, and to show by a clear and beautiful analysis the principle upon which its results depend. There are certain points in 'the Analysis,' however, on which,

with all due humility, we must venture to differ with Professor BARNARD; for instance, on page 545 we have the following: 'Knowing this fact, we may assume that the impressed velocity n is very great, and hence $\cos \theta - \cos a$ exceedingly minute, and on this supposition obtain integral of equations 6 and 7, which will express with all requisite accuracy the true gyroscopic motion.' We doubt very much the propriety of making these assumptions; the Mathematics is properly an exact science, and we are by no means prepared to admit the exceeding minuteness of the $\cos \theta - \cos a$, until it is demonstrated to us unmistakably. Again, on page 545, the Professor says: 'By developing and neglecting the powers of u superior to the square, we have:

$$\sin^2 \theta = \sin^2 a - u \sin 2a + u^2 \cos 2a, \text{ etc.}'$$

Allow us to inquire the object of developing the powers of u , provided they are to be subsequently neglected? Can Professor BARNARD answer this question? Or, how do we know that u , or its powers, are superior to the square, which, as every school-boy knows, is, next to the sphere, the most perfect of figures? But we have no wish to be hypercritical; our remarks are merely made with the object of discovering the truth, which result deep research only can obtain; as CICERO beautifully remarks, '*De profundis clamavi*,' or 'out of the deep have I procured a clam; ' showing in a figurative manner the necessity that he felt of thorough investigation on the most ordinary occasions. The analysis of Professor BARNARD is written in a playful, humorous style, admirably adapted to popular comprehension, and, like the chaste works of Professor BACHE, formerly noticed favorably in this journal, contains nothing that could bring a blush on the cheek of the most fastidious, the whole subject being treated in the most delicate manner, and all unpleasant allusions carefully avoided. We cordially recommend to each of our readers to purchase the work for himself and Mrs. SMITH, and a copy for each of the children, satisfied that they will be well repaid by its perusal. - - - A KNOXVILLE (Tenn.) correspondent, under date of the third of August, writes us:

'On yesterday I found myself in the vestibule of a neat little church, not a thousand miles from Gay-street, in this goodly city, and was courteously marshaled by the ebony sexton to an eligible seat in the broad-aisle. The venerable Bishop of —, as I entered, commenced the service by reading, in clear, melodious tones, one or more of those beautifully-appropriate passages of Scripture prescribed by the Church for the opening of public worship. Unused to the forms of the service, but conforming in my own actions to those around me, and not waiting for any such admonitory hint as was bestowed on JEANIE DEANS by MADGE MURDOCKSON on the occasion of their visit to the parish church at Willingham, I bowed my head in a devotional attitude, when my attention was arrested by the lines below, which some irreverent scribbler had traced on the back of the seat in front of me:

'If good King DAVID only once
Could to this church repair,
And hear his psalms thus warbled o'er,
Good LORD, how he would stare!

'And could St. PAUL but once peep in,
From higher scenes abstracted,
And hear his verses thus explained,
Would he not run distracted?'

'I confess that after reading this squib I could not repress a smile, especially as my mind instantly reverted to the description given by the *Rector of St. Bardolph's* of the mode in vogue in his church, in singing (or 'performing' rather) that psalm which assimilates the virtue of brotherly love to

— 'THAT precious oil
Which poured on AARON'S head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
I-t-s c-o-o-l-i-l-e mois-ture — shed.'

A similar performance of which once so greatly excited the sympathies of Bishop SEABURY, for the unfortunate condition of poor AARON, that he could give no attention to the music, and lost sight of the commendation of the virtue contained in the psalm itself. Impelled by this association, I caught myself turning toward the choir, in expectation of beholding 'a counterfeited presentment' of Miss VALEARY, flanked by duplicate TUBINGENS and HYOXES, ready to enter the lists in emulation alike of each other and of their counterparts in the gallery of St. BARDOLPH'S. Happily for my character, however, the choir broke forth in one of those grand anthems of the Church service, with an earnestness of manner and a solemnity of tone, which quickly brought my mind back to the proprieties and solemnities of the occasion, and repressed all symptoms of risibility. Nor did I, in the discourse of the reverend prelate which followed, hear aught that could in the slightest degree relieve the irreverent scribbler from the charge of slander, which I was already more than half-inclined to lay at his door.'

Some hearers are 'nothing if not critical.' - - - THE subjoined, which reaches us from Oshkosh, Wisconsin — 'what you laäfin' at?' — it *does*; comes from *Oshkosh*! — we are assured is authentic in every particular, and is given *verbatim*: 'The Methodists are having a great revival here; and among the late converts is a man whose profession heretofore has been 'Three-card Monte.' Times being somewhat 'hard,' he has found little profit of late in his legitimate 'practice,' and recently became 'hopefully converted,' as the elders say. Night before last he rose from his seat, at the suggestion of the elder, that he 'should like to hear any one's experience,' and commenced: 'Brethren and sisters, the LORD has blessed me very much. I never felt so happy in all my life: (*getting embarrassed*.) I say, I never felt so happy: (*more embarrassed*.) If any one thinks I ever *did*, they can *get a lively bet out of me*!' There was a very small snicker then, and the elder followed with some remarks on 'human depravity.' Let no one suppose that the fact above recorded militates for one moment against the large and respectable denomination with which this individual had connected himself. Where is there a religious, a political, or a philanthropic society, into which *some* utterly unworthy members do not intrude? The only marvel is, that such impositions, under laxity in admission, are not more frequent than they are. - - - WHEN the French Academy defined a CRAB as 'a small red fish, which walks backward,' and triumphantly appealed to CUVIER to applaud the brevity and felicity of the description, that eminent naturalist replied: 'Perfect, gentlemen: only, if you will give me leave, I will make one observation: the crab is *not* a fish; it is not *red*; and it does not walk backward!' A slight removal of 'premises!' CUVIER was a good deal of a wag. He did n't believe in the existence of spirits, and was wholly free from timidity. Some wags on one occasion planned an attempt to frighten him. One of their number, dressing himself in hide, hoofs, and horns, after the most approved fashion in which his SATANIC MAJESTY

is portrayed, met him during his evening walk in the garden. 'Who are you?' asked CUVIER. 'The DEVIL!' answered a deep, sepulchral voice proceeding from the 'Presence.' 'Well, what do you want with me?' 'I have come to eat you up!' CUVIER stepped back a few paces, eyed the Figure from head to foot a moment; then said, slowly and meditatively: 'Umph: horns—hoofs—graminivorous: *it can't be done!*' And he quietly resumed his walk, while the DEVIL made the best of his way out of the garden. - - - He's got to take it back: and he will do it too: for he has a warm and generous Scottish heart in his bosom: but he stood out on the little lawn, in front of Cedar-Hill Cottage, one bright moonlight night, and uttered words derogatory to ROBERT BURNS, that we can forgive but cannot forget. ROBERT BURNS!—who has kindled a halo about every mountain-top in 'Auld Scotia:' who has made the heather, and the smallest flower that blows upon her vales and her hills immortal; to be underrated by one of her sons! It *won't do*: and if we could make a long leg at this moment, we would extend it into the far-distant State of Missouri, and kick him with his own deer-skin over-shoes a-plaänty. ROBERT BURNS! The older we grow, the more we take to our heart what he has left behind him. Now we are all, more or less, creatures of impulse. Call it sensuousness, if you please, still it is *Human Nature*. BURNS is *The Poet of Human Nature*. I declare, (sink the cumbrous editorial We,) BURNS touches me more nearly than any author I ever read in my life. There is not a morning sun-rise; not an evening sun-light; not a wind in a spreading green tree; not a babbling brook, in which *something* that that God-gift of his genius does n't bring to mind. Who depicts the SEASONS like him? And that is what we *all* see, the same on the banks of the Hudson as by the banks of Ayr. Just look at this, for example:

'The wind blew *hollow* frae the hills;
By *glims* the sun's departing beam
Glanced o'er the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream.'

Just repeat that verse, *con* the exquisite simile, and take it to your heart. Let your imagination go to grass. You do n't *want* imagination to make you appreciate *that*: any more than you do *this*: which we *felt* this morning, with the odor of new-mown hay in our nostrils, what time we blessed our dear God for a standing on His earth, and a breathing in His blessed air:

'In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield.'

Look at *that* picture, and then at *this*:

'IN WINTER, when the rain rained cold,
And frost and snow on every hill;
And BOREAS, wi' his blast sue bold,
Was threatenin' a' our kye to kill.'

Now these are simple passages from BURNS; and they are brief: but the *picture* they present is unmistakable and perfect. Look at his adjectives: how forcible—how expressive! - - - PERHAPS some of our agricultural

readers would be pleased to hear something touching the *State of Crops at Cedar-Hill Cottage Garden*, the present season, as far as it has passed away. *Imprimis*, then: CORN, of which there were three varieties, is at this present writing, in the silken tassel of the ear; broad-leaved, and of a rich dark green: PEAS, which were of four kinds, were a splendid crop; but 'they are gone—they are all passed by,' and bursting turnip-seeds, in the mellow ground, reign in their stead. Of our BEETS, we 'scarcely dare trust ourselves to speak:' never was such a 'clip' known: they were the wonder (we will not say the envy) of our neighbors; and are only exceeded by the CUCUMBERS, which *could not* be excelled in any garden of the State. Such lusty, thrifty vines, such an abundant 'yield,' we have nowhere else seen. 'Water, mush, and other millions,' in *comparison* only, seem to be inferior; for they too will prove an excellent crop. LIMA-BEANS, darkly green, and 'strong as ropes,' flaunt from the tops of the longest poles; while the great amount of 'STRING' varieties 'make glad the eye of the husbandman.' Also the yield of the most delicate ONIONS is *more* than satisfactory, for 'side by side in ranks they form,' in many a verdant bed. Our next report, including a horticultural appendix, will appear (D.V.) in October; when we shall take the liberty to present some '*Autumnal Advice to Farmers*,' our first effort in this kind having been so favorably received throughout the country. They need it much. - - - It was not convenient for us to be present at the 'Parting Supper' given to our friend, the Hon. H. C. MURPHY, of Brooklyn, our new Minister at the Hague. The temptation was rare. There were our old friends whom we were wont to meet once a-week for years, in social conclave: the 'Laird o' Wallabout; genial H — x; rough and ready W — x; Recorder T — ; Farmer M — , jolliest of the jolly; sometimes fat and burly M — LL. Friends! those were pleasant times, were they not? But this is neither here nor there. We have been laughing *loud* at the remembrance of a thing that Mr. MURPHY did one night, at the hospitable house of our friend W — x in Broome-street. We were all there, with our wives and families; and a most pleasant time we had. (We remember that 'MAGGIE' sang the '*Three Ages of Love*' with such a delicious voice, and such true emotion, that she filled the eyes of all her hearers with tears.) Well: by-and-by the folding doors were opened to the supper-table, and the company proceeded to discuss the good things upon the board, after helping the ladies: and (let us say it *sotto voce*) a more beautiful *corps* we never encountered in our metropolis. After all the glasses were filled with sparkling champagne of the choicest brand, Judge G — D rose at the head of the table, and in blindest tones, (wonderful mellifluousness) began a short speech, in honor of the fair sex. He was near the apex of his tower of soft oratory, when Mr. MURPHY, who was sitting by our side upon a sofa, said, with an air of commiseratory emotion that we shall never forget, and just loud enough for the JUDGE to hear, looking the while with half-averted eye; as if he was more grieved than surprised: 'Let him go on: he will stop before long: *he is intoxicated!*' Never saw we any thing like the result. The Judge (strictest of temperance men) sipped his champagne: looked daggers at his friend: but not another word could he bring forth.

It was in all respects a 'stunner.' - - - CONTENT! How much there is in that word! We are *content* this blessed morning. We wonder if there be in this world a more beautiful spot than *Cedar-Hill Cottage*. It is four o'clock in the morning. 'Morn breaketh in the east.' The Hudson, at its widest point, rolls its flood to the main, dotted with sails, flitting into dimness townward. The wee folk (in the most perfect health, thanks be to God) are all asleep. We have picked the cucumbers for breakfast, and the green corn for dinner—all on the ice. How beautiful the screen of cedars! and over all, the glorious RIVER, shimmering with its little waves, in the morning light. Behind us, on the hill-side, we stood this morning, looking for miles and miles away. We could see Long-Island Sound, and the boats approaching the metropolis. We could see the Highlands of West-Point, hazy in the distance, and the blue humps of the Kaatskills: westward the Ramapo Hills, and the blue line of the Shawangunk Mountains, and the wide-spreading intervale between. Beautiful!—*beautiful*! Supposing our little cottage *is* small? There is room enough for us and for our friends, and a hearty welcome, as they well know. Supposing there *is n't* extra room enough to swing a cat? Who *wants* to swing a cat? We have lived in Cedar-Hill Cottage for over three years, and there has not been a single cat swung in it, to our knowledge, during all that time. Now we will go out and tie up the Dahlias, which are bending down from over-growth. 'Leeben si Vohl.' - - - THE few remarks which we made in our last number in relation to the *Preaching and Pulpit-manner of the late Rev. Dr. Lansing*, have brought us several very interesting reminiscences of that eloquent minister. One correspondent, writing from Utica, says: 'Your observations touching the manner in which DR. LANSING read a psalm or a hymn, struck me very forcibly, and brought back a hundred instances in which that eminent pulpit-orator officiated in that part of the divine service. In reading one of the fervent, devotional psalms of DAVID, his spirit really seemed, as CARLYLE expresses it, to 'catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries, feeling far off in his own heart what it once was to *other* hearts, made like unto his own.' I remember especially one lovely Sunday morning in spring, his reading the hymn of which the following forms a part. The discourse which followed was upon a subject on which he always loved to dwell, the great theme of Redemption:

'WAS it for crimes that *I* had done,
He groaned upon the TREE?
A-ma-zing Pity!—Grace unknown!
And L-o-v-e beyond degree!

'BUT knotty whips and jagged thorns
In vain do I accuse:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twas *you*—my SINS—my cruel SINS,
His *chief* tormentors were:
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And UNBELIEF the Spear!

No typographical accentuation can convey to you the infinite tenderness with which he pronounced these lines, looking around the while upon his

congregation, and his eyes absolutely swimming in tears.' Our friend, Mr. ELLIOTT, the distinguished portrait-painter, mentioned to us the other evening, a circumstance which he once witnessed at Dr. LANSING's church in Auburn, toward the termination of the ministrations which were so signally blessed while he officiated as pastor in that beautiful town. It was a cold November day, and he was preaching with his cloak on. He was about concluding his discourse, and was dwelling with extreme fervor upon the vanities of this world; the 'pride of life;' the fame of earthly station; the profuse adornment of this 'poor, frail, failing, dying body;' when approaching the edge of the pulpit, he swung his dark-blue cloak gracefully from his shoulders; slipped two rings from his long, slender fingers, and dropped them all into the area below, in front of the 'Deacon's Seat,' saying as he did so: 'Thus do I cast off all these poor adornments of this mortal body—these perishing baubles of an hour: let us pray for a robe of righteousness to adorn *the soul*—that we may *ourselves* become the jewels which shall sparkle through eternity in the diadem of the REDEEMER. Let us pray!' One who has ever heard Dr. LANSING in prayer, can easily conceive what a supplication followed this appeal to the feelings of his congregation. 'There was nothing melo-dramatic,' says Mr. ELLIOTT, 'in the act I had witnessed: there was not a single person in the congregation, I venture to say, who did not regard it as the result of *spontaneous, irrepressible emotion*.' - - - A YOUNG friend ('C. M. P.,' of Louisville) writes us—and he has a palpable heart in his bosom—that he is desirous of 'contributing to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER;' and he asks us 'what *style* we prefer?' Good Gracious!—no 'style.' One of the strangest things in this world is the ridiculous mistake that nine persons in ten make in what is termed '*composition*.' COMPOSITION! The very word expresses the whole thing. The French cook, walking in his garden, who could n't answer a question because he was '*composing*,' (a dish for the day's dinner,) is a case in point. '*Editing*,' so called, is a good deal of a humbug. You have a friend call to see you: he sits down on the piazza, and with a friendly cigar in his mouth, he tells you what befel him in Madagascar seas, or in the wilds of California. His speech is simple and direct, and you are deeply and thoroughly interested. Then you say: 'I wish you would write that out for me; I should like to publish that in the KNICKERBOCKER.' Well, he does so: he *does* write it out: but instead of telling it in the simple way in which he narrated it, he exaggerates; uses high-flown words; and utterly forgets that he is telling his story to a friend. Now many folks have said kind words of our little stuff at the end of our Magazine. There is one thing about it that is true; and that is, right or wrong, it is *what we think*, simply said. And that is exactly what we want our correspondents to do, if they will so oblige us. - - - 'If you will re-read my communication on '*Playing Soldier*,' as it appeared in the August number of the KNICKERBOCKER,' writes 'PETER PROTEUS,' 'you will find that I used none of the invectives with which I am accused by you in your comments.' Exactly: and as old Indian 'JIM BEECH-TREE,' used to say, '*Wha's reason?*' Because we crossed out, in the manuscript, many offensive terms, substituting others

less harsh and objectionable. For example, did n't 'PETER' say that the negro target bearers were more '*respectable*' than those who followed them? Did n't he use the terms '*despised*?' and '*foolish*?' 'We say yea, verily:' and so does the proof-reader. - - - We commend the writer of the subjoined to the attention of land-surveyors. He will be found a '*valuable acquisition*.' Observe by what a simple process he carries out his calculations. He is measuring a suburban '*lot*' and garden: 'I got at the size of his garden spot exactly, last Monday evening, when his BRIDGER had concluded her washing, and hung out her clothes to dry. I gauged it by the clothes-line which was stretched from the door to the fence and back, and then across the entire plantation a dozen times or so. The place is four shirts and a pocket-handkerchief wide, and a corded petticoat, three sheets, and two pairs of woollen drawers in length.' Close and accurate measurement, that! - - - 'WHAT think you of the following,' writes our old friend and correspondent, 'R. S. C.,' of Washington, 'which has been suggested by me as part of an inscription for a monument over the grave of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, at Tunis? Will it do?'

'SURE when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angels said:
'Welcome to Heaven's '*Home, Sweet Home!*'

'What do we *think* of it?' — that it is exceedingly appropriate and felicitous. 'Will it *do*?' — well, umph! — *rather*. - - - 'E. D. P.' vouches for the following: and if they knew who *he* was, they would vouch for *him*: An old substantial citizen of Dunkirk, A. F —, had what *he* thought a '*fast*' nag. One evening, surrounded by several companions in his pioneer life, in the bar-room of the village hotel, 'where news much older than their ale went round,' F — remarked that 'Eclipse' had made the best time yesterday ever done in Chautauque County; had trotted from Fredonia (three miles) in nine minutes and forty seconds. A — asked how he had *timed* him, as he, F —, did not carry a watch. 'Why,' said F —, 'when I left Fredonia it was just about dusk, and when I got here it was no darker, if as dark!' Good '*time*' that! - - - Wuoso knows not the pleasure of rising before the sun, and going out, basket in hand, to ferret out the skulking cucumbers, beneath a broad, close-matted covering of fresh dewy vines, has much of enjoyment in store, if he will but '*but seize a-holt*' and partake of it. Then examine the '*Silking*' *Corn*; look at the '*String*,' '*Red-eye*,' Prince GEORGE, '*Mexican*,' and '*Althorpe*,' *Bean*; survey the '*Early*,' '*Orange*,' and '*Purple-seed*' *Watermelon*; observe the '*Antelope*,' '*Citron*,' and '*Nutmeg*' species of *Muskmelon*; scrutinize the *Broccoli* and *Cauliflower*, two varieties of each, and the luxuriant *Cabbages* — all of the best: then come in; read a light and cheerful chapter in '*The United States' Coast Survey*'; thence to breakfast — thence to work, as we are doing at '*this present*.' - - - '*The Hut*' is omitted this month in consequence of the temporary illness of the author. It will be resumed in our next. So also shall we try to discourse at large upon our *trip to John Brown, his 'Tract.'*





Engraved by C. G. Smith

Mr. T. Irving

Attest: The American

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THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN

CHAPTER SIXTH

As the sun sank below the horizon, on the afternoon of Thursday, the thirtieth of June, in the year of our Lord, 1842, the staunch ship 'Shenandoah,' with all her starboard steering-sails set, was gently *bowling* along to the eastward, before a light south-west wind, at the rate of five knots an hour. All the preceding night, and during the morning of this day, we had been lying at anchor, wind-bound, inside of the 'Horse-Shoe:' at noon we had got under-way; and now the frigate, like myself, was, for the first time, on the broad bosom of the Atlantic Ocean; and the pilot having left us, the master was in the act of taking his *departure* from 'Sandy-Hook' and the 'Highlands,' preparatory to shaping a course for the night.

Shortly after this, feeling tired and drowsy, I turned into my hammock, determined to make the most of a 'sleep in,' which in the distribution of the 'sea-watches,' had fallen to my lot. Early on the following morning I was aroused from a sound sleep by one of the midshipmen of the watch shaking me roughly by the shoulder, and bellowing into my ear: 'All hands reef topsails, Jenkins!' Inwardly congratulating myself upon feeling so entirely free from sickness of any kind, I swung myself cheerfully from my hammock; but scarce had my feet touched the deck, when my head spun around like a spinning-jenny, while an indescribable sensation of faintness and nausea combined took immediate possession of the lower part of my abdomen. 'My dear friend,' said I to the mid who had awakened me, 'I never felt so ill in my life: I fear I must be dying.' And then the tears streamed from my eyes as I blubbered forth the name of my Aunt Polly. At this there was a general shout of laughter from all the *oldsters* of the mess, (the *youngsters* being in no more merry mood than myself,) and one of them called out: 'I say, Jenkins, be kind enough before slipping your wind, to bequeath me that handsome cocked-hat of yours;

will you?' Another asked for my sword, and a third for my patent-leather boots; and thus they went on, petitioning for every article of my wardrobe, all the while dressing themselves as speedily as possible. But Fearless at length came to my rescue, and assuring me that I was only *sea-sick*, and would feel better in the open air, he assisted me to rig, and then finding that I was incapable of making any exertion for myself, caught me by the nape of the neck and the slack of the trowsers and carried me on deck, where he left me clinging to the capstan, while he went to his station in the main-top. How miserably sick, and oh! how wretched I felt, as I glanced at the expanse of troubled waters to leeward; and what would I not have given to have been transported at that moment, by the wand of a compassionate enchanter, to the humble lodging of my aunt! The wind had 'chopped around' to the northward and eastward during the night, and was blowing half a gale, while the sea, which, poetically speaking, was running 'mountains high,' was thumping the 'Shenandoah' (now close-hauled on the port tack) unmercifully about the bows, thereby causing her to pitch so violently that none but a real old salt could stand upon his pins. The sky was dark and lowering, and to add to the cheerlessness of the scene, rain was pouring in torrents. Sail being reduced to double-reefed topsails and single-reefed foresail, Mr. Garboard called me to him, and directed me to report the fact to the Captain; so, trembling all over, like one with the ague, I crawled rather than walked to the companion-hatch, (the other quarter-deck hatches being closed with gratings and tarpaulins to keep the main-deck dry,) and commenced descending the ladder, at the foot of which the Captain was unfortunately standing. I say *unfortunately*; for as I stepped upon the first round of the ladder the ship gave a most stomach-rending pitch, which produced the same effect upon me that the smell of the precious balsam of Frerabras produced upon the 'model of faithful squires,' when he was examining the mouth of his master; and as poor Captain Blazes was looking upward at the time, anxiously endeavoring to get a view of what was passing on deck, he was compelled, much against his will, to receive the full contents of my over-charged *estómago*, and thus as it were, play the part of Don Quixote to my Sancho Panza. After the commission of this dreadful deed, I rushed frantically to the steerage, where I remained all day, stretched at full length upon a locker, repeating every five minutes, until bed-time, the experiment I had tried with the skipper—a large deck-bucket being the recipient of my favors; and as eight other youngsters were similarly engaged, the reader may imagine the pleasing picture which our apartment presented. Our dear friend, Hart, was very active during all this time, in his exertions for our welfare. To one he proposed one thing; to another, another; and finally, he went so far in his goodness of heart as actually to tie, with his own hands, a yard of stout tape to a square inch of fat pork, which latter, after covering it well with sugar-house molasses of a superior quality, he persuaded a greenhorn of the name of Daw to swallow thrice, he keeping hold of the end of the tape the while, and each time that the boy swallowed the pork, pulling it out of his stomach, and re-smearing it with the molasses. This process, which he

denominated *swabbing*, he swore was an infallible remedy for sea-sickness; and he *seemed* very much mortified and chagrined indeed when Daw, after giving it so fair a trial, declared he thought it rather augmented than decreased his malady.

For forty-eight hours the wind continued fresh from the north-east; but early on the Sabbath it commenced dying away and veering, and by noon of that day the sea had entirely subsided, and with it the qualmishness of us youngsters. By dinner-time, as a natural consequence of our long fast, we were all blessed with most excellent appetites, and after devouring every thing eatable within our reach, our calls for 'more' were as loud and long as those of the celebrated Oliver, whose surname was Twist; and strange to say too, they created a similar sensation — the caterers of both messes loudly swearing that we had already eaten enough to have supported a large family a month; and Scouse and Hard Tack (the port steerage-boys) rolling up their eyes until nothing but the whites were visible, and crying out: 'Afore God, young gemmen, ef you do n't stop a-eatin' you 'm surely gwine to bust!' All this, however, produced no effect upon us whatever. '*Bust*' or not bust, more we were determined to have, and more we finally obtained. But 'the hottest horse will oft grow cool,' says the old song, and 'the emptiest paunch will get filled at last,' quoth honest Sancho; and so, indeed, it proved with us on this occasion; for after playing a winning game of knife-and fork for the space of three hours, we 'caved in,' and rose, one by one from the table — little Weasel being the last to leave it.

After sun-set we all went forward on the fore-castle, where I spent two pleasant hours in listening to the songs and stories of the crew. As the weather was very warm, most of the 'watch below' were on deck, keeping company with those whose duty called them there; and these latter *marineros* having nothing to do in the way of making or taking in sail, (the breeze being light and steady,) all hands were endeavoring to amuse themselves as best they were able. The captain of the starboard watch of after-guard having delivered himself of 'Artichokes and cauliflowers,' 'Our ship's gone a-cruising,' 'The bonny girls of the Isle of Wight,' and a few other similar productions, Bill Ropeyarn, chief boatswain's-mate of the '*Shenandoah*,' sung in a rich, clear voice, a song of his own composing, which, as it has never before appeared in print, that I am aware of, I take the liberty of inserting here, trusting that if these lines ever meet the eye of the said Ropeyarn, he will pardon my having done so without his leave and license being first asked and obtained.

'BILL ROPEYARN'S DITTY.

'I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Around the fore-hatch, that dinner was nigh;
And I said: 'If there's any thing good in this world,
It is made in our mess, and they call it 'sea-pie.'

'Twas twelve — and the boatswain was ordered to 'pipe,'
His mates they stand ready to answer and bawl;
The grog-tub is out, and the line stretched along —
Each tar is awaiting the sound of the 'call.'

'By the side of young grog-tub how sweet 'tis to stand,
And list to and catch the dear sound of your name !
But oh ! how much sweeter when the tot 's in your hand :
You drink, and you 're off some sea-pie to claim !

'And thus, in a snug man-of-war,' did I say,
'With a cook to attend me, and make me sea-pie ;
With my half-pint of whiskey to drink every day —
How sweet could I live, and how calm could I die !''

When the applause which this elegant parody gave rise to had subsided somewhat, a dispute arose between Jimmy O'Toole, a 'waister,' and Dick Sawyer, a mizzen-top man, as to the existence of ghosts, which elicited a vast amount of learned argument on either side, (O'Toole being *for*, and Sawyer against them,) and in which every one in their vicinity took a part ; and although the *ghostites* stood toward the *anti-ghostites* in the ratio of ten to one, this latter party was so obstinate as to refuse to *give in* : hence the controversy threatened to become very bitter indeed, when Sandy Scott, a lame old darkey, who was regarded with great veneration by the ship's company, in consequence of its being a popular belief among them that he was a century and a half old, and had served as galley-cook in the navy ever since its creation, interposed in favor of the waister, with : 'You Dick Sawyer ! do n't you sot dar, like a great fool, and purtend for to say what der an't no sperrits, kase dare 's mor 'n a quarter-watch of 'spectable gemmen here dat knowledges more in a minit dan you does in a whole week, dat can tell you what der *am*. Do n't b'lieve in sperrits, eh ? Go way, chile ; you is a fool, dat 's sartin. Jes you hearn George Peterson, the quarter-gunner, guv in his sperience 'bout a pursentment of death, and a ghost wot come under his own observation — Uch, ah ! honey ! I tell you it make yer har ston up worser 'n hog's bristles, a long chalk !'

There being loud cries from all quarters for the story, a deputation of fore-castle-men immediately waited upon Peterson, who was standing aft by the main-mast, and politely requested him to recount it for the benefit of all hands in general, and of the Sawyer party in particular, which he readily consented to do. This man, by the way, having received a fair quantum of 'book-larnin' from a Yankee school-master, was looked up to by his shipmates as a prodigy of scholarship ; and he was in great demand with all of them, but especially with the marines, (who, as a general thing, are a disputatious set, much given to theological discussions,) for the solution of knotty problems in debate ; and his decision once given, there could be no appeal from it whatever, except to one of the passed midshipmen ; it being universally conceded, that in this *corps lettré* are contained all the LL.D's of the service. It was a common saying, too, with the crew, that Peterson had seen better days ; and as at the time I knew him he was the owner of but one eye, having at some former period of his life, I doubt not, been in the possession of two, there seemed to be a great deal of truth in the statement. A ring being formed, the man of 'better days' seated himself in the centre of it, and after clearing his throat, commenced what I shall entitle

THE QUARTER-GUNNER'S YARN.

It was late in the afternoon of a Friday, in the year 1839 or 1840, for I do n't rightly remember which, that the sloop of war 'Levant,' in which I was serving as captain of the main-top, came to anchor off the Brazos, in the Gulf of Mexico. After the sails were furled, and every thing made snug for the night, permission was given to a number of the men, who had formed themselves into a company of players, to perform Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth. So a theatre was quickly rigged forward — the top-gallant fore-castle serving as the stage — and the play commenced. And it was monstrous well got up, I can tell you, lads, and all played their parts well, too; only Bill Norton, who took the character of Macbeth, got more than half-seas over, and instead of sticking to the text, roared out to red-haired Thompson, the Banquo of the piece: 'Do n't you shake them locks of yours at me, you lobster-headed lubber, you!' Whereupon, Thompson, who cared not a fig for the reflection cast upon his curls, but was most cussedly riled at being called a lubber, (as well he might be, seeing that no better seaman ever trod a ship's deck) immediately downed with his insult's house. The skrimmage, however, was soon over, and with this trifling exception, every thing worked well to the end of the play. And as soon as the curtain fell upon the last act, Macduff came out in front of it, and in a very neat speech explained how it happened that Macbeth came to be *overtaken by liquor*.

'I assure you, gentlemen,' said he, with his right hand on his heart, 'upon the sacred honor of a main-deck sweeper, that our unfortunate shipmate is an out-and-out tee-totaler. In fact, if he have a weakness in the world, it is that of adhering too strictly to temperance principles; but this afternoon he was sent, much against his inclination, into the spirit-room, to draw off the evening's allowance of grog, and the smell of the liquor, gentlemen — the mere smell of it alone, produced upon our esteemed friend the deplorable effect which you have witnessed.'

At the conclusion of this address, three cheers were given for the speaker, and three times three for Bill Norton; and then the auditory dispersed quietly, just as the officer of the deck ordered the boatswain's mate of the watch to pass the word to the 'launchers' and 'first cutters' 'to stand-by to go away in the morning at early day-light.' I know not how or why it was, shipmates, but while this call resounded through the ship, I felt a cold shudder pass over my whole frame; and looking upon Frank Simpson, one of my watch of top-men, who stood near me, I observed with horror that his hair was standing on end, and his eyes nearly starting out of their sockets, as one who sees a spectre. Immediately afterward, this man went over the whole vessel, offering a month's pay to any one who would take his place in the launch on the morrow, but no substitute could he find. The next morning, just after all hands were called, the poor fellow came to me, and said: 'Peterson, it is inscribed in the book of fate that I am not to return alive to this vessel. Now as you, like myself, are an educated man, I wish you to take charge of some valuable papers that you will

find in my bag, and forward them to my sisters, whose address is written on them.'

Impressed with the man's manner, I readily promised compliance with his wishes, at the same time that I endeavored to convince him that he was laboring under a delusion.

'Nay, not so, my friend,' he said sadly; 'my hour is close at hand. I am a Scotchman, and was born with a caul over my head; and from my earliest recollection I have been endowed, or rather cursed, I should say, with the gift of second-sight; and last night my poor old mother, who has been dead these twenty years, appeared to me kneeling on a coffin, which she measured carefully with a tape-line; and then, slowly rising, and looking me straight in the eyes, she murmured mournfully: 'This will just fit my darling son Francis.'

'I saw her, Peterson, as plainly as I now see you, and each word that she uttered came clear and distinct to my ears——And there! O HEAVEN! she stands there now, clasping my drowned body in her withered arms!'

As the speaker ejaculated these last words, he covered his face with his hands, while a convulsive tremor agitated his whole person; and I myself felt the same sensation of chilliness stealing over me that I experienced on the previous evening.

Well, lads, continued the quarter-gunner, after a short pause, the boats went to Brazos de Santiago for water, and on their way back to the ship, heavily laden, the launch was capsized by the surf on the bar at the mouth of the river, and out of seventeen men and an officer, Francis Simpson, as I am a living man, was the only soul drowned!*

After Peterson had concluded his story, a profound stillness reigned on the fore-castle for the space of full five minutes, when it was broken by one Sanford, second captain of the fore-top, who cried out: 'D—n my eyes, mateys, have old George Peterson frightened of yer all so that yer's afeared of the sound of yer voices, or is yer turned Quakers, what does n't think it decent to speechify in meetin', if the sperits does n't move of yer to it? Rot my kelson! if this ere sperit what you've just hearn tell of, have moved of yer all to silence, I'm blessed but I'll tell yer of one as'll set you to jawin agin!'

And without further words he fired away with his yarn, which was in *substance* and *style*, as I give it; I having merely taken the liberty of amending Sanford's phraseology *somewhat*. He 'not pretendin' for to speak' (I quote his own words) 'as grammatic as some, though he did n't turn his back on no man at reefin', let his edification be what it might.'

THE FORE-TOP-MAN'S TALE.

THERE were few better men on board the old Javvy than Mike O'Flanagan, or 'Irish Mike,' as they called him. And the devil a steadier hand at the wheel, or a lighter foot aloft than his could be found on the broad ocean. Mike, like all of his countrymen, too, had a good warm heart under his ribs, and was a geniwine Christian, as had

* This story of Peterson's is, in the main, *strictly true*, as all those who were in the 'Levant' at the time he speaks of, can testify.

a firm belief in ghosts, because the good book speaks of there being sich, and never refused to stand treat for a messmate while he had a single shot left in the locker.

And in that same old Javvy there were a big, lubberly Englisher, one Joe Wilson, with a pair of Shanghai legs on him that were bowed for all the world, like the jib-boom in heavy weather : a mean, ill favored, worse-natured son of a gun, what was always up to makin' game of every one he come across. He was a ignoruss cuss, too, as did n't know the main-brace from the mizzen-top bow-line ; for although nigh on to forty years of age, this was his first cruise. And Charley Thomas, the cabin-pantry-boy, swore that he would take his affidavit that he see him once to London to work in a lawyer's office ; so in course he was a rale heathener, as did n't b'lieve in nuthin what a white man *should* b'lieve in ; and he was contiinwally a-twittin' of O'Flanagan about his fear of apperations, and twice he came near a-frightenin' of the poor fellow out of his seventeen senses, by appearing at the side of his hammock, wrapped in a sheet, just as the bell struck eight in the first watch. The third time he attempted it, however, Mike, who had some how got wind of the game he was playin', came near bein' the death on him ; for when the ghost riz up by his pillow, sayin' softly, in a hollow s'puleral tone of voice : ' Is it dhramin that yez are, Micky O'Flanagan ! that yez no afther shaking hands wid yez poor ould fayther, who's thravelled every blessed fut of the way from a could church-yard in ould Ireland, wid niver a dhrop of the crayther to comfort him at all, all ! '

When the ghost spoke this, I say mateys, Mike roared out in a terrible passion : ' Jow Wilson, ye dirty spalpeen, yez, it's sorra a sound bone I'll lave in yer body the night—be the howly poker ! ' says he ; and seizing a cutlash as he carried to bed with him, he sprang from his hammock, and made after him. Up the main-hatch they went to the gun-deck, around which they raced a half-dozen times ; then to the spar-deck, and so on all over the ship, until getting down below agin, Wilson, who was by this time pretty well blown, took refuge in the main-hold. He had not been there many seconds, though, before he come a-rushin' out, all in the wind like, with his very teeth a-shakin' out of his head ; and says he, as loud as he could squall, says he : ' I've seen a ghost ! ' says he.

' Where, where ? ' cried a dozen of the men, a-crowdin' around him, (for the port watch had just been relieved, you see, and was about turn-in' in,) ' where, where ? ' says they. ' Down in the cable-tier,' says he. With that, the officer of the deck, Mr. Simms, puts his head down the hatch, and asks : ' What's the matter below ? '

' Jo Wilson's seen a sperit,' says one of the men.

' Seen the devil ! ' says the officer ; and so he takes and has the master-at-arms, Corporal Brenner, roused out to inwestergate the affair ; for he knowed that if there *was* any sperits about, that ere Corporal would be sure to find them.

' True for you, Sanford ! ' interrupted an old tar, who had been a shipmate of his in the ' Java ; ' ' a great scent for liquor had Brenner ; and he was *down* on all rum-smugglers, he was, as every 'spectable master-at-arms is, in course, bekase it's his *duty* to be.'

'Spoken like a man after my own heart, Jim,' exclaimed the yarn-spinner. And then he continued: Well, mateys, the Corporal and I, and about twenty others went into the hold, and I do n't deny but what we come out precious quick, and as badly scared as Jo Wilson was.

'It's a ghost, Sir, sure enough, or may-be the devil wot's got into the cable-tier,' said the corporal, making his report to Mr. Simms, on the quarter-deck.

'What did he look like?' said one of the reefers of the watch; for you know them young monkeys is in every one's mess.

'Look like? why, Sir, he looked like a horse,' said Brenner, a-scratchin' of his head.

At this, the captain of the hold, who was a-standin' by the fife-rail, a-listenin' to what was goin' on, begins for to laugh, and says he, a-touchin' of his cap, says he: 'I think, if your honor 'll let me go below, I can bring that ghost up here!' says he.

'Go along, Smith,' says Mr. Simms; and with that, I'm blessed if Smith did n't dive right below, and in less than a minit he returned, bringing with him the skeleton of a small Portygee donkey, wot the loblolly-boy, as was a-studyin' of the wetinary art (as he called it) had stowed in the hold, to take home with him. And many a good lark we had afterward on the forecastle, with that ere same donkey, I can tell you, mateys; and it always went by the name of Jo Wilson's ghost, or the Portygee devil of the cable-tier.

When the laugh to which this yarn gave rise had died away, a large number of the men retired to their hammocks, and Maddox, Fearless, Hart, Daw, and myself, who had the morning watch, soon followed their good example. During the next day (it being the Fourth-of-July) the 'main-brace,' although a new rope, was discovered to need 'splicing' more than once; and at noon the Stars and Stripes were displayed at each mast-head, and a national salute fired.

Three hours after this, I sat down to a most excellent dinner in the cabin, where I, with numerous other officers, had been invited to meet our ambassador, the Honorable Mr. Blunderhead, and his two daughters, Ellen and Amelia. Of course, in the company of such distinguished bodies, I felt great embarrassment, which was in nowise diminished when, upon the soup being removed, and Miss Ellen requesting to be helped to a potato, I gave her one from a dish before me with what I, in my confusion, took at first to be a spoon, but which I found, after assisting her, was a silver soup-ladle that the steward had carelessly left by my plate. Upon the whole, however, the dinner passed off very pleasantly; and when the cloth had been removed, and the wine was circulating pretty freely, Johnson turned to the Captain, and by way of drawing him out, said: 'By-the-by, Captain Blazes, you were interrupted the other day, just as you were in the act of narrating to me an incident in the life of that eccentric old sea-dog, Captain Seawell; will you have the goodness to let me hear it now, Sir?'

'Certainly,' answered the obliging skipper; and prefacing his anecdote with the remark that 'he feared the ladies would find it tedious,' he began thus:

'Some few years ago Mad Jack Seawell sailed from Norfolk in command of the 'Constitution,' bound to the East-Indies: and scarce had he got out of sight of the Commodore's broad pennant, before he directed his first lieutenant to have the ship painted green outside and in, and from the truck down to the keelson. He changed his mind, though, and ordered the green paint to be scraped off, and white substituted in its stead just before reaching Rio, in which condition he entered that beautiful harbor, which is almost as lovely, ladies, I assure you, as the classic bay of Naples.'

'How I should like to see it!' cried the enthusiastic Amelia.

But the sentimental Ellen drooped her head, until her curls swept Johnson's shoulder, saying in a low, soft voice: 'For me, there is nothing worth looking at out of dear, romantic Italy.'

'Not heeding these interruptions, the Captain *yarned* on: 'Commodore Turnbull, the Commodore-in-Chief of our naval forces on the coast of Brazil, happened to be at Rio in his flag-ship at the time, and they say he stormed like a madman when old 'Ironsides' hove in sight and made her private signal. 'Go on board that vessel,' said he to his flag-lieutenant, 'and tell the Captain of her, if she be not painted as a man-of-war should be, in less than twenty-four hours, I'll bring him to a court-martial.'

'So Mad Jack had to conform his taste in ship-painting, for the nonce, to that of Commodore Turnbull.

'When he found himself on blue water, again, however, he called his executive officer to him, and remarking, 'I can now do as I please, thank God!' commanded him to keep the spars as they were, but to paint the hull of the vessel red on the port-side and white on the starboard. Soon afterward, while cruising on and off the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of exercising his men at the great guns, and in reefing and furling, etc., he was overhauled one day, running large under easy sail, by the English frigates 'Pique' and 'Vernon,' commanded respectively by Captains Seymour and Spencer; the 'Pique' passing on the port side of him, and the 'Vernon' on the starboard.

'Not long after this, the two Englishmen met in a hotel at Cape Town, and after discussing a bottle of port together, Seymour remarked: 'I say, Spencer, what a bloody fine Yankee frigate that was we passed the other day; but what an odd fish the captain of her must be to paint her red.'

'Red!' replied his companion, looking at him very hard to see if he was fuddled; 'why, man, she was as white as the chalky cliffs of old Albion!'

'A vary clayver joke, indeed, Spencer,' rejoined Seymour, getting a little miffed; 'but it won't do, my friend. I think the port has gone to your head; do n't you feel a little *screwed*, my dear fellow?'

'And so they went on from bad to worse, until Seymour, who was heated with the wine he had drank, and was a passionate fellow withal, gave Spencer the lie. So of course a challenge passed the next day, and on the third day they met on the field. At the first fire Spencer received a ball in his left arm, but being a brave fellow, (as every English navy-man is that ever I came across,) it only warmed his blood a

little, and he loudly demanded another shot. As the seconds were about loading the pistols again, however, they happened fortunately to cast their eyes seaward, and lo ! there staggered old ' Ironsides,' under a heavy press of canvas, gallantly beating up the harbor ; and as she was on the port tack, a mile or two to leeward of where they were standing, they had a full view of her whole port battery.

' 'There ! by the lord Harry ! did n't I say she was painted red ?' cried Seymour.

' But scarce had he got the words out of his mouth before the noble old frigate ' hove in stays ;' and as she filled away on the other tack, behold ! like the travellers' chameleon, she was snowy white. For a moment the Englishmen stared at each other in bewildered amazement ; next, throwing aside the pistols, they all joined in a real hearty English laugh ; and then, posting to Cape Town with all speed, they sent for Mad Jack, and made such a night of it as was never seen there before, has never been seen there since, and in all probability, never will be seen there again !'

Upon the conclusion of this narrative, in which (so Johnson informed me) Captain Blazes adhered to the truth with remarkable fidelity, only embellishing it here and there, the Honorable Mr. Blunderhead (who seemed to have been selected for his delicate mission rather from his gigantic stature than the magnitude of his brain) rose and said : ' My brave and courageous fellow-countrymen ! we are gathered together this day to — to ' (here the honorable and eloquent gentleman scratched his head very hard, but being unable to extract from it any thing save dandruff, he concluded to take a fresh *departure*.) ' My brave and courageous fellow-countrymen ! we are *assembled* together to — to ' (a second scratching and shower number two of dandruff.) ' My brave and courageous fellow-countrymen ! we are *congregated* together this day to — to — allow me to propose : The day we celebrate !'

This touching and original sentiment having been drank amid thunders of applause, the officers rose from the table and took leave, Hart whispering to me as we left the cabin : ' That 's what I call a very neat and appropriate speech indeed.'

Learning that one of the middies was about being hauled over the coals for some offence, I repaired to the quarter-deck, where all business of this nature is usually transacted, and found there the first-lieutenant, a midshipman of the name of Duet, and the master, Mr. Lunar ; the last-named gentleman holding in his arms a small black cat, from whose tail the blood was spouting in a large stream all over his shirt and waistcoat. Now be it known to all whom it may concern, that the aforesaid Mr. Lunar, having a remarkable fondness for cats, and none at all for rats, had pretty well stocked the ship with the former to the utter and entire exclusion of the latter ; and every morning he went about the berth-deck to the great amusement of the crew, *drawling* out to the lad whose province it was to feed the *felines* : ' You — boy — Mount — have — yer — seen — any — thing — of — that — ere — gray Bill — or Maltese — Jack — or — that — little — black — T-a-w-m ?'

This last, it may be observed, although an especial favorite with the master, was *in very bad odor* with us middies, owing to certain un-

warrantable liberties that it had taken with our domicile ; and oftentimes had we vowed vengeance upon its head. And upon this memorable day, Duet, fired with the remembrance of the glorious deeds of his ancestors, had caught little black Tom, and chopped off a piece of his tail, which he afterward exhibited to his messmates as a trophy of his prowess. The master, however, hearing the cries of his pet, and bewailing its hard fate, had reported the tail-chopper to the first-lieutenant.

‘What do you mean by such conduct, Mr. Duet?’ asked Mr. Garboard.

‘Will you permit me, Sir, to propound a query to the master before replying to yours?’ quoth the reefer humbly.

‘Certainly, Sir.’

‘Mr. Lunar, did you not tell the boy Mount it was his duty to take particular care of the cats, as every soul in the ship had an interest in them?’

‘I did, Sir.’

‘And large and small, there are fourteen cats in all, I believe.’

‘Quite right, Sir.’

‘Very well, Sir ; to-day I made a careful estimate of the number of persons on board, and I find that, including the minister and his daughters, (whom I by no means wish to deprive of a jot of their rights,) we are five hundred and four in all. So I said, if a joint-stock company of five hundred and four persons, own fourteen cats, it is clearly evident that the one-thirty-sixth part of a cat pertains to each individual member of it. Now, by taking a rule and accurately measuring the piece of Tom’s tail that I have taken off, you will find it to be one inch in length, which, I take it, is rather less than the one-thirty-sixth part of the whole animal : and as I henceforth resign all my right and title to, and estate in, little Tom and all the other grimalkins, I really cannot see, Mr. Lunar, that you have any thing to complain of.’

‘Your reasoning is very clear indeed, Mr. Duet, and all your deductions logical,’ said the master, who had a great respect for any thing bearing the semblance of a mathematical problem, and, with the first-lieutenant’s consent, I will dismiss my complaint against you.’

‘With pleasure,’ assented Mr. Garboard. ‘Mr. Duet, you can go below, but remember to tell your messmates, Sir, that no member of the joint-stock company is henceforth to withdraw his share from the firm without my permission ; do you understand me, Sir?’

‘Ay, ay, Sir,’ responded the mid, touching his cap ; ‘and now I’ll tell Mr. Lunar what will cure ——’

But before he could ‘say his say,’ Mr. G., who was ready to burst with laughter, ordered him to ‘leave the presence,’ thus cutting short the remarkable tale of the master, Mr. Duet, and little black T-a-w-m.

Some weeks had elapsed since the shortening of Tom’s dorsal appendage. The hour was noon ; and we were lying becalmed under a cloudless sky, within fifty miles of our port of destination, when Captain Blazes appeared on deck, and to the surprise of every one, ordered the first-lieutenant ‘to call all hands and put the ship under close reefed top-sails and fore-storm stay-sail.’ This was quickly done, and to the

infinite diversion of the greenhorns it seemed, who were pleased to make merry over the supposed timidity of their commander; but I heard Mr. Catharpen say to old Muzzle, the gunner, who 'was an exceedingly particular *marn* with his *bartery*:' 'Mr. Muzzle, you'd better look well to securing them guns of yourn, for I've sailed with this ere 'old man' before; and if it do n't blow 'great guns' before the watch is out, I'll give my head for a foot-ball!'

And scarce had the men lain down from aloft before the heavens were overspread, as with a veil, by a light transparent vapor, while a heavy swell came rolling upon us from the eastward. At one o'clock a variable air sprang up, which, in the course of an hour, freshened into a strong breeze from E.N.E., and by sun-set became a heavy gale, when the fore and mizzen top-sails were handed, and the ship laid to on the starboard tack.

At four the next morning, when I went on deck, the scene was one of awful sublimity: the wind howling like an eastern *dervish*; the sky of an inky blackness; and the whole ocean one sheet of foam. About four bells, a report, like the discharge of heavy ordnance, smote my ears, as the fore storm-staysails blew out of the bolt-rope; and the next instant the three top-gallant masts went over the side, while the 'Shenandoah' heeled until the muzzles of her port spar-deck guns were under water. Officers and men now came rushing on deck, and Captain Blazes, taking the trumpet, thundered out: 'Hard up the helm! Let go the lee main-top-sail sheet! Man the weather fore-rigging! Carpenters, lay aft and stand by to cut away the main and mizzen-masts!'

As the sheet was let go, one-half the top-sail flew to leeward, while the other hung in shreds from the yard, and the ship righted a streak; but another blast, heavier than the first, knocked her down nearly on her beam-ends, and she lay like a log upon the ocean. By this time the crew had gathered forward on the starboard side of the fore-castle; but expecting momentarily to see the lower masts go by the board, they stood appalled, none daring to obey the Captain's order. At this critical juncture Fearless appeared on the Jacob's ladder above their heads, calling for volunteers to follow him; and the next instant the weather fore-rigging was literally covered with men, cheering as if going into battle! The vessel being still motionless, the command was now given to cut away the mizzen-mast, but before any more mischief had been done than the severing of a single laniard of the lee mizzen-rigging, it was countermanded by the order, 'Keep fast!' as the master, who was at the 'conn' reported the ship 'falling off.' Slowly at first, but more swiftly as she gathered headway, the gallant frigate wore on her heel, careening until her lee-rail actually seemed to touch the water, as she felt the full force of the hurricane a-beam, and scudding, under bare poles, at the rate of ten knots an hour, when she got full before it.

An hour after this, incredible as it may seem, a balmy breeze was blowing from the westward, and the sun shining brightly in a serene sky, while the sea, which, fortunately for us had never been high, was fast going down. And the next day, when the 'Shenandoah' dropped anchor off Lisbon, she presented as trim an appearance as if she had never known foul weather.

T H E P R A I R I E .

'NEATH star-lit skies on Western plain,
 Wrapped in their blankets, lightly sleeping,
LAY stalwart forms of hunters twain,
 While I the mid-night watch was keeping.

The silent Platte, with turbid wave,
 By treeless shores seemed softly stealing ;
As night, or wolf, or Indian brave
 Creep on their prey, with cruel meaning.

The only voice, a plaintive sigh
 Of night-winds through the cañons sweeping ;
Or cayute's bark, or loon's wild cry,
 The echoes distant oft repeating.

From Mauvaise T  re to Texas waters,
 For months we chased the bounding bison,
Where dwell Missouri's swarthy daughters,
 To flowery lands of Spanish Mission.

Oft Roderick's hoofs made music's chime,
 As o'er the turf in chase we clattered ;
Exultant beat my heart the time,
 When dashing on, with foam bespattered,

The herded bison thundered by,
 While on their flank, a-back careering,
We wheeled to charge, or turned to fly,
 With flash on flash, death's message dealing.

When sank the sun on prairie far,
 My gallant steed and trusty rifle
Lay side by side, for peace or war,
 Till morn's red beam the east should brighten.

Though glories shine from every star,
 Through all the calm of heaven surrounding,
My longing spirit looks afar :
 My heart with gentler thought is bounding.

Thou nerve of steel, whose steady eye
 Dares savage man or beast undaunted,
What craven fear hast made thee sigh ?
 What sorrows deep have thy breast haunted ?

It is a vision of the past,
 When by the hand I held a maiden,
On night like this ; it was our last :
 With thoughts of her my heart is laden.

Let memory drop the silent tear,
 To days long past, and blessings vanished ;
Though throbs my heart with love sincere
 As when from her dear presence banished.

I see thee, loved one, as thou art,
 Within thy home, Affection wreathing
 Her tender blossoms round thy heart,
 Where vainly Love and Hope were pleading.

Oh! could thy spirit view me now,
 With humbled heart the past lamenting,
 Forgiveness would thy gentle brow
 On thy true lover smile relenting.

What ho! to horse! the morning breaks :
 The deer's clear note, like bugle ringing,
 Invites our coursers to the chase,
 While yet the hunter's song I'm singing.

Dubuque, July, 1857.

G. S.

T H E C A V E O F S A I N T P A U L .

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN any particular belief, opinion, or sentiment obtains among men for many years, and becomes almost universal, it is fair to infer that some portion of truth lies at its foundation ; that there has been at some time something which was undeniably correct upon which it has been based, even though with our present facilities we may not be able to discover any truth or right in it.

For, no mere falsehood can gain a general currency in the world for any length of time ; because nothing, either true or false, passes unquestioned ; and if it be unmixed falsehood, it must be unmasked. And so it is always necessary that there should be a certain amount of truth mixed up with whatever falsehood is designed to deceive mankind for any considerable period ; just as Mohammed has introduced into his system the idea of one only Supreme God, and has adopted so many of the stories and personages of the Bible.

It is true that in the course of years, all appreciation of the real significance of the embodied truth may be lost, and the investigator of any present belief may not be able, at first, to see the right upon which former times have founded it. But how warped and distorted soever it may now be, if he pursue his investigations sufficiently far back, he will unquestionably find the germ of truthfulness which originally gave it its currency.

It is the almost universally received opinion of to-day, that there was, in the character of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, before contact with civilization vitiated and corrupted it, much of generosity and loftiness : A certain disregard of any personal danger, while in the performance of what they considered a duty, which, unfortunately, is a rare quality under the higher forms of civilization. That their wars, though

prosecuted with what seems to us the most vindictive and relentless cruelty, were probably more the result of the unfortunate circumstances of education, or rather non-education, under which they were placed, than because of any promptings of their natural heart.

Latterly, in some instances, this belief has been vigorously combated, and it is possible that viewing the whole race, it is not a well-grounded one; but no man who is acquainted with the early history of America, will deny that there is much of truth at its foundation.

But let us leave the discussion of this question, as such, to those who may choose to pursue it, and turn for a brief hour to a story which must depend for its credence upon a belief in the existence of such qualities in the Indian character.

There is, within the 'city limits,' I believe, of the growing city of Saint Paul in Minnesota, a natural cave in the stratum of white sand which forms the bed of the rock upon which the town stands, from which there issues at all times a little stream of the purest cold water, and which, it is said, extends an indefinite distance back under the bluffs. In its primitive simplicity it was doubtless a beautiful place, opening as it does in a deep glen near the Mississippi, and surrounded with luxuriant verdure. But that rapacity which exhibits itself in all the walks of life, has made its appearance here; and the spot, being 'private property,' now rejoices in a little seven-by-nine shanty, where, 'for a consideration,' you may obtain a 'guide' and a tallow candle, and upon returning from your explorations, for another 'consideration' some fiery brandy and a rank segar. Aside from that, the place has lost much of its old charm, for during the summer months it is thronged with visitors daily; the paths leading to it are dusty and travel-worn, and the soft, white sand-stone walls are marred all over with the names of the Joneses and Browns who have honored 'the Cave' in the 'grand rounds.' Why is it, by-the-way, that so many Americans seem to think it an imperative duty when they visit a place of any note, to leave behind them, for the edification of after-comers, through the instrumentality of the omnipresent jack-knife, their common-place names, and in the most staring capitals possible?

But there was a time when these things were not, when the paths were secluded and green, when no odor of bad brandy or sound of jingling glasses disturbed the quiet of the fresh, cool air, and to those days let us turn.

Many moons ago — it boots not how many, for the voice of the white man has not been heard very long in this region, and it may be as many as you choose — many moons ago, when the beautiful lakes of Minnesota reflected no human form save that of the bepainted warrior, or of the dusky maiden, among the young warriors of the Dakota, whose hands were surest in the fight and whose feet the swiftest in the chase, there was one whom the Dakotas loved to call the 'Flying Arrow.' He it was who, while yet a boy, had taken his birch canoe and gone down on the great Father of Waters even to the land of the Natchez in the far South. At his lodge-door hung more of the scalps of his enemies than at the door of any of the young braves of his tribe. His figure was

tall and vigorous, and his eye was full of that calm and steady light which betokens constancy and courage.

One day in the early spring, when all the young warriors of the tribe were out on the chase, Flying Arrow selected for his quarry a noble buck, who tossed his head and gallantly stretched away to the eastward, followed swiftly and warily by the eager hunter. Many times that day did Flying Arrow approach so near that his bow was bent for the shot, and once or twice the arrow had even left the bow, aimed carefully at the heart, and yet each time the antlered monarch, with a brief backward glance, bounded forward unharmed, every bound nearing the great Father of Rivers. Flying Arrow was vexed and disappointed. Never before had he been so unsuccessful, and it seemed to him that each time the buck leaped away it mocked and derided him, and so he vowed that he would follow it even into the land of the Ojibway, even to the wigwams of his enemies.

And so the day wore away, and Flying Arrow followed on over many miles, and just at evening he stood on the bank of the great river, and out in the stream, fearlessly leaping from fragment to fragment of the slow-floating ice which the spring was carrying southward, he saw the quarry which had eluded his pursuit since early morning. With no thought of the danger on the stream, or of the danger on the other side, the warrior boldly stepped upon the ice and rapidly followed the flying deer. While he was yet crossing he saw it reach the shore at the mouth of a little glen, and pausing, look calmly back for a moment, and then with a great toss of its stately head, disappear up the glen. It did not leap now, it seemed either to walk slowly into the shadow of the over-hanging trees, or to melt into the air like a cloud, and just when the sun dipped behind the hills. Warily Flying Arrow approached the shore. He was nearing the land of his enemies, and he knew not what exultant eyes might then be watching him, what keen knife thirsting for his blood.

But no sound greeted him at the close of his perilous passage, save a faint murmur, which seemed to come from a point higher up the glen, and of which he was in some doubt whether it was a human voice or only the rippling of a little stream that came from that direction and ran bubbling at his feet.

Stealthily he moved up the ravine, setting his feet down with the caution of the panther stealing on his prey. By-and-by he could distinguish the tones of a voice chanting or reciting one of the simple stories of the Ojibway. Presently, as he rounded a projecting corner of rock, he saw the dark mouth of a cavern in the hill which closed the ravine, from which issued the rivulet at his feet, and not far from it, leaning pensively, almost sadly, against the steep bank, stood one of the maidens of the Ojibway, idly pushing pebbles into the water with the toe of her moccasin, and singing softly to herself the song or chant which he had heard.

Graceful as the young fawn was her form, and clear as the waters by which she stood flowed her voice from her lips, and to the eyes of Flying Arrow, as he paused and looked, she seemed altogether beautiful,

and immediately he saw her moving about his lodge among the Dakota.

An incautious movement rolled a little stone into the stream, and at the plash she looked up. With a startled exclamation at the sight of the Dakota warrior, she bounded away and fled. Knowing his danger if she reached her people and reported his presence, Flying Arrow pursued, and ere she gained the summit of the bluff he grasped her arm and hurriedly led her back. Calmly and without a word she submitted to what seemed her fate, but when they reached the mouth of the cave the young warrior released her arm and said :

‘The daughter of the Ojibway need fear nothing. Flying Arrow wars not with women ; he seeks the brave ; the chief. The deer that flieth from the hunter hath led him here, and he is alone. The Ojibway maiden will not tell her people that Flying Arrow standeth here unfriended ?’

‘Eye of Morning hath seen no deer that flieth. Why cometh the Dakota warrior to the hunting-grounds of the Ojibway ? On the war path ?’

‘Flying Arrow knoweth not the sound of a lie ! I have spoken !’

She bowed her head timidly. ‘Eye of Morning believeth. She will not tell her people. The Dakota may go in peace.’

‘The lodge of Flying Arrow is a long day’s journey to the West. His feet are weary. May he not rest yonder, till the sun cometh ?’ and he pointed to the cave.

‘The Ojibway people come not to the cave by night. The Dakota may sleep.’

‘And Eye of Morning will not tell her people ?’

‘Neither doth the daughter of the Ojibway Chief know the sound of a lie !’

Flying Arrow moved from her path as she looked proudly up, and she walked away. But before she was gone, he asked hesitatingly :

‘Doth the Ojibway maiden often stand where the clear water runs from the hill ?’

She turned and stepped once or twice back, and after a long and earnest look into his face, answered with trembling emphasis :

‘If all be true that are here, she cometh often when the sun is low in the west. Eye of Morning speaketh truth. The Dakota may sleep in peace.’

With the words she was gone ; melting into the growing obscurity, even as the deer he had pursued had done before.

He walked down to the river, and looked for a moment over its broad surface where the faint light of a young moon rested upon the cold, white fields of ice, or leaped in momentary flashes from the dark water between. But the passage back was doubly perilous by night, and his faith in the deep, bright eyes that had looked so earnestly into his own, was strong ; and so he went back to the cave, and in its gloom he slept, and dreamed of crossing the great river on the floating ice, holding Eye of Morning by the hand. But the early day-light saw him once more crossing alone, and the evening found him sitting solitary in his lodge, musing of that cave in the land of the Ojibway.

It would be idle to speak of how Flying Arrow, when the ice was

all gone and the birds were beginning to sing in the groves, took his birch canoe, and crossing the great river far above, floated down in the shadow of the hills; and how Eye of Morning stood now in the shelter of an overhanging tree close by the river's brink, singing no pensive song, but wistfully looking through the deepening twilight toward the land of the Dakota.

Let it be enough to know that twice every moon; once when the thin crescent, like a little child, but waited to see the evening candles lighted and then went to sleep; and once when the full orb rose as the sun retired, Flying Arrow and Eye of Morning would stand together at the mouth of that dusky cave. That many times he besought her to leave her kindred and go with him to the lodges of his people, and she tremblingly delayed until the summer wore away, and the hazy autumn-time had come. That War Hawk, one of the young chiefs of the Ojibway, would have taken Eye of Morning to his own lodge, and often vainly urged her to go. That he was fierce of mood and jealous of heart, and cunningly watched her that he might see to whom she had given the heart he wished for his own. Let this be enough till the first young moon in the hazy autumn-time.

It was beautiful and still that evening, when Eye of Morning slowly wandered down into the glen of the cave, and stood in the shadow where the river rippled almost to her feet. The wind that came toward her across the river was soft and cool: the 'sentinel stars' were just visible near the zenith, and the moon's pale crescent, veiled by the dreamy haze of autumn, was fast following the sun to rest. There was no sound but the whispering of the rivulet, or the rustle of some 'sere and yellow leaf' twirling slowly to the earth. It was an evening meet for quiet meditation; and as Eye of Morning waited for her lover, she wondered what kind of place was his far-off lodge, and whether if she were there she would ever long to return to the wigwams of her people.

By-and-by her eye brightened as she saw the birch canoe floating silently from above. Noislessly Flying Arrow stepped on shore, and the two walked slowly up to the mouth of the cave, and there stopped. They did not see the dusky figure that shrank back into the gloomy recess as they approached, and glared upon them with malignant eyes.

Swiftly an hour passed. The moon had gone to rest. Steadily the wind rose. The haze over the face of the night thickened gradually, and the stars seemed shrinking back within the portals of the sky.

'Flying Arrow has kept good faith with Eye of Morning. He loves her as the grass loves the rains of summer. Will she not go to his wigwam?'

The Ojibway maiden was silent.

'The braves of the Dakota do not war with the women of the Ojibway. The doors of their lodges stand open for you to enter. Flying Arrow is here—his canoe is here. Will the daughter of the Ojibway go?'

Still Eye of Morning was silent, and her fingers unconsciously played with the warrior's belt of wampum.

'The land of the Dakota is broad and fair; the warriors of the Dakota are many and brave. The Ojibway maiden shall dwell in honor

and peace. Flying Arrow knows it is death to be found here : but he knows that the daughter of the Ojibway loves, and he laughs at death for her. Will she go ?

There was a sound as of the wind moaning ; the trees above them waved and tossed their branches in the air ; a shower of dead leaves fell around them, and all was still again.

‘ Eye of Morning loves the wigwams of her people, and she loves the old chief, her father. But the Dakota warrior knoweth that he hath her heart. She loveth the one Dakota better than all the Ojibway. She will go.’

With a sudden bound she threw herself before her lover, and the same moment a dark figure leaped from the cave, and struck savagely and fiercely.

The knife destined for the heart of the Dakota, found its victim in herself, and with a low moan she reeled and fell.

And then backward and forward, under the dark sky, two warriors struggled and swayed in an embrace that to the one or the other would be the last. Struggled and swayed until at last they fell, and even in the fall when the arm of Flying Arrow snapped like a reed, his keen knife sought and found the War Hawk’s heart.

Breathless and bewildered by the desperate conflict, Flying Arrow struggled to his feet and looked around. The wind had suddenly died away ; the thick haze parted, and the stars shone out again. And there in the dim light she lay.

He stooped and spoke her name ; she answered not. He lifted her hand, and it fell heavily back. He placed his own hand upon her bosom, and the heart was motionless ; its purest blood empurpled the cold waters that hurried by. He tried to lift her to his canoe ; and his shattered arm and exhausted strength admonished him that he could scarce reach it himself. And then with a groan that nothing but the most terrible anguish could have wrung from his proud heart, he threw himself down beside the lifeless form. He heeded not that his feet lay in the waters of the stream ; heeded not that the clouds gathered, and the rain came drearily down through the long hours of the night. And the gray dawn found him yet bowed over that form, beautiful even in death.

In the early morning there was a great shout of surprise, and then the clamorous sounding of many voices close above him. Painfully he rose to his feet and looked around.

A dozen Ojibway warriors gazed in astonishment at the scene, and one older and more stately than the rest, waved his hand for silence, and spoke :

‘ What dost the Dakota in the land of the Ojibway ? ’

The Dakota looked for a moment at the maiden’s cold face, pointed to the prostrate warrior, and then fixing his eyes fearlessly upon the Ojibway Chief, threw his unhurt arm proudly across his breast, and answered :

‘ Flying Arrow fears not to die ! Strike ! ’

Each dark brow contracted with a deadly hate ; each bow was bent, each shaft was launched ; and even with the loud war-cry of his people upon his lips, Flying Arrow bounded into the air and died.

M Y C O A T .

TRANSCRIBED FROM MANUSCRIPT BY 'DESMARAIS.'

I.

LONG-CHERISHED coat, be faithful still, I pray!
 Let's lie together on the shelf;
 For ten long years I've brushed thee day by day,
 Prudent as SOCRATES himself.
 If roughly o'er thy weakening woof
 Rubs the relentless foot of FATE,
 Resist awhile! like me, be fortune-proof:
 For ah! old friend, let us not separate!

II.

How fondly doth my memory recall
 The day when first I put thee on:
 It was my birth-day, and my friends were all
 Singing thy glories, now long gone!
 Gone! but thy poverty is not
 Dishonor; nor those friends ingrate:
 They are still faithful to my humble lot,
 And thou, old friend, let us not separate.

III.

A skilful patch is on thy collar set:
 'T is a bright souvenir: *there* were taper
 Fingers entangled by the fair LIZETTE:
 One evening as I feigned to 'scape her,
 She tore thee, and till thou wert mended
 'I must not leave her!' Cruel (?) FATE!
 LIZETTE was two days ere the task was ended:
 Ah! no, old friend, let us not separate.

IV.

Have I e'er poisoned thee with musk and amber,
 Or kindred sickly foppish vapors?
 Have I e'er paced a great man's ante-chamber
 To show thy weak points to the gapers?
 France long was, for a ribbon's dole,
 A prey to envious debate;
 But simple flowers bloom in *thy* button-hole:
 Ah! no, old friend, let us not separate.

V.

Fear not the days of errantry again,
 When but one destiny seemed ours;
 Those days of transient pleasures mixed with pain,
 Days dashed with sun-shine and with showers.
 No! soon, methinks, all earthly gear
 I must strip at the call of FATE;
 Wait but a while, let's end together here:
 Ah! wait, old friend! let us not separate.

Clover-Hill, August, 1857.

P U N T A D E L O S R E Y E S .

PART SECOND.

WARNED by past experience, we resolved to have a boat, and I was appointed a committee of ways and means. My humble efforts were crowned with success, and in a few days 'a fairy bark glided into her native element,' etc., etc. Great were the joy and amazement of our party when she was discovered to be perfectly tight. 'Tom Hyer' bestowed upon her a name which I forbear to repeat, and the Major in the exuberance of his delight called her — 'Formasissima.' He had cause to alter his opinion soon afterward when she sunk with him in the surf. She was made of hard pine, the only material procurable, thoroughly saturated with salt water, and of course, her specific gravity was considerable. We plucked up the Major like drowned honor by the locks, and gently soothed his indignation by rolling him on a barrel to promote circulation. We also recovered the boat by means of the painter which floated ashore. It was made of rawhide, which when dry was inflexible as iron, and when wet, was no more susceptible of being made fast than the tail of an eel. One fine calm evening I fulfilled a long-cherished purpose of rowing round the Point, and richly was I repaid for my toil. The water was so exquisitely pure, that at the depth of thirty fathoms I could distinctly see the bottom covered with innumerable brilliant shells and star-fish of the most gorgeous hues. I allowed my boat to drift directly over the reef, and looked down into the calm depths with intense delight. It was a sight of unequalled beauty and grandeur — the rocks in one position, assuming a most fantastic and fairy-like appearance, and in another presenting ragged and savage masses, dark and cavernous as the halls of Eblis. In many places the rocks rose in sharp spurs or needle-like spires, at one moment projecting above the surface, and the next, submerged to the depth of eight or ten feet by the huge glassy ground-swell. I saw apparently long colonnades and arches, covered and festooned by countless graceful varieties of algæ — the ivy of the deep. There was a strange fascination in thus prying into the mysteries of the sea, and I gazed long and earnestly at the glorious spectacle. It was impossible to divest myself of the idea that I was looking down upon some vast sub-marine city; my fancy peopled it with Tritons, and Nereids, and I almost imagined I saw old Neptune himself, issuing from the porte-cochère of some ocean palace for an evening drive with the lovely Amphitrite. But these silent halls of the sea were deserted; there was no life within their borders; except a few small fish, and occasionally the grim form of some huge shark gliding slowly amid the fairy architecture — the Nemesis of the scene. On one portion of the reef, the sea was still breaking heavily. I approached as near as was prudent, and enjoyed the magnificent effect of the setting sun, seen through the crest of a wave. The summit was tinged with a brilliant yet exquisitely delicate rose color, with the exception of a small waving black line

which in Mexico is called the *lariat*, and in South-America, the *lasso*, is about eighty feet in length, made of strands cut from a circular piece of carefully selected rawhide, and braided together somewhat like a whip-lash, or in some cases like what sailors call 'round sennit.' On one end there is a small ring, also of rawhide, through which the other end is passed, making the noose. The coil is held in the left hand, while the right whirls the noose in such a manner as to form a horizontal ring about nine or ten feet in diameter, and throws it forward by a dexterous motion of the wrist. It requires no little strength and skill to throw it to its full length, always keeping the ring open. I know of no sight more graceful, than a Californian riding rapidly round a corral, whirling his huge circle above his head, and throwing it with unerring precision. Thus armed and equipped, the *vaquero* is prepared for any four-footed adversary; even the formidable grizzly bear is a doomed animal when the *riata* flies hissing through the air. I was much interested in watching the process of breaking in wild colts, in which their magnificent horsemanship is displayed in its fullest perfection. The colt is allowed to remain in a state of nature until he is two years and a half old, when he is caught, and his first lesson commences, by placing on his head a *hacamor* — a sort of head-stall of rawhide, with a band falling over the eyes for a blind, and with temporary reins made from a *macarte*, or hair-rope. The *vaquero* then places the saddle, securing it by bracing his foot against the side of the horse, and jerking the strap until the *sinchia*, broad as it is, nearly sinks out of sight in his belly; so that at first starting the poor animal is obliged to puff like a locomotive. The blind is then removed, and he is held by a *riata* and allowed to *pasar* with the *machias* and stirrups dangling about him, amid the yells of the *vaqueros*, who from his present antics, vaticinate his future performances. The horse is again blinded until the rider mounts, when he is once more restored to sight and left to pursue his mad career. In some case, they go off as quietly as the most subdued and veteran steed, greatly to the amusement of the childish *vaqueros*. At other times they remain perfectly immovable, and can only be induced to start by the strong argument of towing them with another horse. These, however, are rare cases; they usually commence their performances by every variety of contortion and compound motion of which horse-flesh is capable. Not all the rude shocks to which the riders are exposed can shake them in their seats; they sit firm and immovable, with an indescribable grace and *nonchalance*, vigorously plying the whip, and with their legs in constant motion spurring the unfortunate animal upon the neck when his head is down, to make him raise it, and high up behind, when the other end is *altissimo*. They always spur a horse upon the quarters, instead of the usual place, upon the flanks; because in the former case, there is less danger of inflammation from the ghastly wounds inflicted by their huge *spoilas*. These horses have a curious method of making tremendous lateral jumps, striking the ground in such a manner as to roll over. In such cases the *vaquero* rapidly disengages himself from the saddle, and manages to remount before the horse is fairly upon his feet again. They have one practice which few riders can resist; that of placing their

heads 'between their fore-legs, with their backs arched, and jumping 'stiff-legged,' at the same time whirling their bodies round in a semi-circle, alternately to the right and left. This rapid serpentine motion would unseat a monkey, but notwithstanding their critical situation, the *vaqueros* are always perfectly easy and full of fun and frolic. One of their favorite amusements is, when their unruly steeds will permit, to ride rapidly across the rear of each other's horses, catching hold of their tails as they pass and endeavoring to throw them. One of their feats, which I found the most difficulty in learning, was to stop instantly from a full gallop. I had no trouble in stopping my horse, or in stopping myself, soon after; the difficulty lay in making the two operations simultaneous. On these occasions they are always accompanied by another *vaquero*, whose province it is to flog the colt with his *riata* until he is induced to go straight forward. This performance is continued, sometimes for three or four hours, until the horse is rendered comparatively tractable, and when he returns, he is indeed a pitiable object. He is sometimes perfectly blind from holding his head down so long, the stiff rawhide of the *hacamor* has worn off the skin in a ring round his nose, his neck and quarters are bloody and lacerated with the spurs, and the muscles of his whole body are quivering like a wet cloth in the wind. He is then turned out to rest for a few days, when he is again subjected to the same process, and this is continued until he is deemed manageable. The next step is to break him gradually to the bit, and the finishing touch of his education, is in a sort of bull-fight, where he learns to dodge the cattle, and to take care of himself generally. This is a great *festa* for the *vaqueros*, who capture a number of the most vindictive and misanthropic old *toros* they can find. They are driven into the corral and their horns are sawed off so closely that the blood spouts in torrents from the stumps. I have seen an amiable *vaquero* sawing their noses, in order to make them more ferocious. They have many such barbarous practices — in fact, a society for the suppression of cruelty to animals would have abundant occupation on a cattle ranch. The colts are then introduced, the riders waving red blankets, still farther to exasperate the cattle, and taking care in the mean time to keep their own legs out of danger. The colts are exposed to the furious assaults of the *toros* until they discover the propriety of getting out of the way. I have seen a horse and his rider tossed ten or twelve feet in these encounters. The *riata* is occasionally thrown, and the horse learns with astonishing rapidity that his safest course is to keep it always tight. A well-trained 'las horse' evinces extraordinary intelligence in anticipating the motions of the animal to which he is attached, and will brace himself in readiness. Their riders may leave them with impunity, and they will remain all day, always keeping a strain on the *riata*.

It was a proud moment in my existence, when I first succeeded in catching a bullock in the most approved manner, by the neck, and one fore-leg, so that he was obliged to hobble on the other three. A *vaquero* lassoed him by the hind-leg, to save trouble, and prevent him from rushing at my horse, and in this manner he was escorted to the place of slaughter. It is comparatively a simple matter to throw the

tall and vigorous, and his eye was full of that calm and steady light which betokens constancy and courage.

One day in the early spring, when all the young warriors of the tribe were out on the chase, Flying Arrow selected for his quarry a noble buck, who tossed his head and gallantly stretched away to the eastward, followed swiftly and warily by the eager hunter. Many times that day did Flying Arrow approach so near that his bow was bent for the shot, and once or twice the arrow had even left the bow, aimed carefully at the heart, and yet each time the antlered monarch, with a brief backward glance, bounded forward unharmed, every bound nearing the great Father of Rivers. Flying Arrow was vexed and disappointed. Never before had he been so unsuccessful, and it seemed to him that each time the buck leaped away it mocked and derided him, and so he vowed that he would follow it even into the land of the Ojibway, even to the wigwams of his enemies.

And so the day wore away, and Flying Arrow followed on over many miles, and just at evening he stood on the bank of the great river, and out in the stream, fearlessly leaping from fragment to fragment of the slow-floating ice which the spring was carrying southward, he saw the quarry which had eluded his pursuit since early morning. With no thought of the danger on the stream, or of the danger on the other side, the warrior boldly stepped upon the ice and rapidly followed the flying deer. While he was yet crossing he saw it reach the shore at the mouth of a little glen, and pausing, look calmly back for a moment, and then with a great toss of its stately head, disappear up the glen. It did not leap now, it seemed either to walk slowly into the shadow of the over-hanging trees, or to melt into the air like a cloud, and just when the sun dipped behind the hills. Warily Flying Arrow approached the shore. He was nearing the land of his enemies, and he knew not what exultant eyes might then be watching him, what keen knife thirsting for his blood.

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‘Neither doth the daughter of the Ojibway Chief know the sound of a lie !’

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It would be idle to speak of how Flying Arrow, when the ice was

riata upon the open plain, but in a crowded corral it is quite another affair. The horses on a ranch usually run in bands, called *caballadas*, or in *manadas*, or companies of mares, each with its attendant steed, who keeps them together and prevents all outsiders, or as the Pikes call it 'antelopers,' from approaching. When the *vaqueros* wish to catch their horses, they usually drive the whole band into the corral, and it requires no little skill, when a dozen *riatas* are flying at once, to keep them from getting entangled. Some of these horses were so well trained, by sad experience in choking, that they would follow if the end of a *riata* were simply laid across their necks.

As we advanced in equestrian lore, the Major and I made many excursions over this noble territory, and discovered much that was interesting. But the time would fail me to tell all our adventures; how we became mighty hunters, and scorning all meaner game, shot magnificent vultures, whose wings spread nearly thirteen feet, and bald-headed eagles, and sand-hill cranes standing five feet high, and antelopes and elk, and on one occasion, a superb 'California lion'; how we discovered the remnant of a tribe of Indians, with a veritable king; how we basked in the sunshine of royalty; how we found that his majesty went barefooted, and sold clams for a living; how he begged all our tobacco, and stole powder, so that we were obliged to cut him; how we had an election at the ranch, where the Major was chosen county treasurer, and became pensive upon discovering that there was nothing to treasure; and lastly, how the writer of this history was nominated for Justice of the Peace, and respectfully declined when he learned that the fees were uncertain, and the distances to be travelled preposterous, thus enjoying the distinction of being the only man in the county without an office. There was a number of squatters upon the ranch, of the genuine 'Leather Stocking' stamp, with whom the rifle was the *vade mecum*, and who had a sovereign contempt for a shot-gun. We had much interesting converse with these gentlemen, and one of the most imaginative described to us the manner in which the 'grizzly' catches his prey. He stated that the bear on coming down the side of the mountain, would enact the part of a harlequin, rolling himself into a ball, and playing such fantastic tricks, that he would excite the attention of the cattle who are very curious. By this means he would insidiously approach near enough to select the fattest cow, and make a spring upon her, biting her through the spine, so as to disable her, when he would throw her over his shoulder and trot pleasantly away, to discuss her at his leisure. He also added, that he had seen a 'bar,' shading his eyes with his fore-paw, in order to see more distinctly, and make a better selection. All this, the Major implicitly believed. The 'bar' were very numerous upon the ranch, and we often met them in our rambles; at first with some trepidation, but we soon learned that they were inoffensive and disposed to mind their own business; unless, indeed, we met a lady bear with her infant family, in which case the tender mother would take the aggressive, and we always found it best to sacrifice dignity to velocity. On one occasion, I went out for the purpose of picking blackberries, which were very plentiful, and encountered a grizzly engaged in the same innocent

recreation. I was a little apprehensive at thus disturbing him at his meals, and deemed it prudent to mount my horse, in readiness for any emergency, and continue my employment from his back. He was seated on his haunches about fifty feet from me, and fed himself by grasping with his claws a handful of the vines, and scraping off their contents, leaves and fruit, into his mouth ; presenting a ludicrous resemblance to a greedy school-boy. He was too pleasantly engaged to pay me much attention, but gave me an occasional glance from the corner of his eye ; while my horse watched him with the most intense eagerness, in readiness for his slightest movement. When he had eaten his fill, he trotted slowly away with a very comical air of after-dinner complacency. I had no doubt that he was humming to himself some cheerful ursine strain as he went along, and felt tempted to offer him a *segar*.

By this time I had acquired some confidence in my skill in throwing the *riata*, and I determined to join the *vaqueros* in their next bear-hunt. Accordingly, one moon-light night we carefully selected our steeds, and started upon an expedition, but without the Major, who could not be induced to join us. In fact, he was afraid, and remained at home, predicting all sorts of calamities. We could not find a bear, and only succeeded in getting lost in a dense fog ; so that we were obliged to spend the night '*à la belle étoile*.' In the morning, when we returned, we were greeted by the Major with a sort of I-told-you-so grin, that was very provoking. But the whirligig of Time brought about his revenges. Among other tales of our veracious friend, the squatter, he told us that he once owned a flock of sheep in another part of the State, and that one night a hungry grizzly came into the fold in search of his supper. The sheep at once attacked him, although, of course, they could do nothing but rush at him, and pile up one upon another, so that he was nearly smothered in mutton, until he had selected his victim, when he simply shook them off, and departed. This little touch of natural history served to show us how completely the character of that noble animal, the sheep, has always been misunderstood.

'Now, Major,' said I, '*Hæc fabula docet* that you, a puissant warrior, the hero of a thousand battles, ought not to be excelled in bravery by a sheep. Despise not the teachings of this valourous quadruped, but follow his bright example ; take his name for your watch-word, and grasping in your manly hand the swift *riata* of destruction, rush on with us to victory.'

By this style of argument we at length raised his courage to the sticking point, and on our next expedition he announced, at the eleventh hour, his determination to join us. The best horses were all taken, and he was obliged to content himself with an ancient steed belonging to me, hight '*Tanti bogus*,' who deserves a passing notice. He was well stricken in years — 'the oldest inhabitant' of Point Reyes — and subject to every infirmity and vice that horse-flesh is heir to ; yet in spite of these disadvantages, he was full of fire and vivacity : an admirable 'las horse,' ready to face any thing, and quick as lightning in his movements. The chief trait in his character was *unexpectedness*. He had but three-quarters of an eye, his tail had dropped off, and he had a

hump on his back like a camel ; so that in saddling him, I was obliged to put the *fusta* on the top of his hump, and build up round the edges. Moreover, his nose was singularly twisted, he had a very sore back, and one of his legs was so crooked that the portion below the pastern was only perpendicular when he was lying down. He would eat any thing belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdoms, but his appetite for human legs was uncontrollable. He had a way of throwing his body into a perpendicular position, with his head between his fore-legs, which was not agreeable to a timid rider. I could not help admiring his great originality in devising new methods of locomotion. His gait was in fact so execrable, that after riding him a few moments, the Major declared that he had seventeen legs, all of different lengths. This time we were more successful. We found an immense bear ; and after a short run, which tried the speed of our best horses, we succeeded in bringing him to bay upon a hill, where he sat upon his haunches, striking out with his fore-paws, and growling with most intense rage. One of the *vaqueros* threw his *riata* round his neck, but before he could get a strain upon it, the bear threw it off with his claws, precisely as a man would take off his cravat. I then threw mine, which lodged on his paw and slipped off ; and he made a spring at me, which I succeeded in dodging. In the mean time another *vaquero* had caught him by the fore-leg, and the Major rushed up with the courage of desperation, and managed to lasso him by the neck ; but, unfortunately, he did not wheel his horse with sufficient rapidity, and the *riata* was drawn across his back, scraping him off the saddle. The bear instantly made a spring at him, but was checked by the *vaquero*, who was fast to his leg, and came down upon his nose, within six feet of him ; but the impetus was so great, that it rolled over the *vaquero's* horse, and tore the saddle completely in pieces. The Major picked himself up, and in a few moments there was nothing to be seen but a horizontal coat-tail in the distance. Another *vaquero* caught the bear by the neck, and started his horse suddenly behind him, jerking him over on his back, when we instantly lassoed him by each of the legs ; and while he was thus spread out and helpless, a *vaquero* dismounted, and taking his *cuchillo* from his boot-leg, (the only suitable place, by the way, to carry a hunting-knife,) he very coolly proceeded to butcher him. By the time he was dead, the Major reappeared, and, thirsting for revenge, buried his knife in the body of his prostrate foe : a feat of valor, only equalled by that of cutting off the head of the defunct Hotspur ; or by the bombardment of Greytown. We bestowed on him the title of 'Ursa Major,' which, much to his annoyance, he *bears* to the present day.

We had many such adventures, (always without the Major,) and never failed to capture our grizzly, when we could find one. One of them attempted to escape, and dragged off two powerful horses with the greatest ease, until the *riatas* were slipped. I saw a poor wretch who had his head broken in, and the flesh and sinews of his shoulder completely torn off by a single blow from their tremendous claws. On one occasion we found a bear, and brought him to bay upon the extreme end of the Point ; and he was so eagerly engaged in defending himself, that he lost his self-possession, and backed off the cliff, falling six hun-

dred feet upon the solid rock, which put an effectual stop to his career. I had the curiosity to go round in a boat, and found only a mass of minute fragments of bone and muscle, wrapped in a very dilapidated skin.

Our last exploit, was assisting at a grand *rodia*, nothing less than the assembling of all the cattle on the ranch. The proprietor had sold a thousand head for the San-Francisco markets; and every one upon the ranch was pressed into the service, as well as the neighboring *vaqueros*. Our first operation was to make a substantial fence across the end of the Point, leaving an aperture about two hundred yards in width. We were obliged to ride over the whole thirty miles of the ranch to collect the cattle together, and drive them to the Point, which was an operation of no small magnitude, and not altogether unattended with danger. Wo to the unfortunate pedestrian who crossed the path of the infuriated herds! The old *toros* from the mountains were not remarkable for sweetness of disposition, in their happiest moments; and now, under the combined influence of heat, rage, and thirst, fatigued by running, and frightened by the yells of the *vaqueros*, they became absolutely demoniac.

As I was riding rapidly down a steep hill, in order to head off some of the cattle who were trying to make their escape, my horse caught his leg in a ground-squirrel's hole, and he and I rolled together about a hundred feet to the bottom, and into the midst of the savage herd. Fortunately, neither of us were injured; and before the cattle recovered from their astonishment, I was again mounted and out of danger. After infinite labor, we managed to get them into a compact mass; and hemmed in on all sides by the *vaqueros*, they commenced their stately march for the Point. The scene at the fence was not devoid of sublimity. For more than five hours this resistless tide of life rushed in a mighty stream through the opening, while the ancient cliff trembled with the shock of eighty thousand hoofs, and reëchoed their discordant bellowings. Many were killed in their fierce encounters with each other; and we were compelled to wait till they had cooled down into a more placid frame of mind, when we went in among them, and separated the cattle chosen by the butchers, and then allowed the rest of the immense host to return to their respective homes.

Here ended my experience of ranch life. I was reluctantly compelled to bid farewell to Point Reyes and its manifold delights; and after a mournful glance at our broad acres of potatoes, I departed from its borders. I have never seen it since; yet often in the stifled and crowded city, my fancy reproduces its varied beauties. More especially when Rhadamanthus, my landlord, comes in for the rent of the fiery furnace which he is pleased to term a commodious apartment, do I sigh for its glorious freedom; and gladly would I relinquish all that civilization has ever smothered within brick walls, to live once more in the midst of its ocean sights and sounds; its wealth of exhilarating, electrifying atmosphere; its savage mountains and broad plains, covered with noble steeds, scarcely less fleet than the fierce eagle wheeling in majestic circles above them; its life of joyous action and excitement, 'exulting and abounding;' and forever mingled with all this, the wild, sad music of those untiring, unresisting, Pacific surges.

A V I S I O N .

I.

I SEE a beautiful river,
Like a silver ribbon unrolled :
On its banks is a shining harvest
Ripened and yellow as gold.

II.

And voyagers float on the current,
Striving each to be first in the race,
And they heed not the rich abundance
Left thus on the banks to waste.

III.

They stop their ears to the voices
Calling clear from the burdened land :
Shouting : ' Come to the fields and labor,
There is work for every hand.'

IV.

But onward, with joy and laughter,
In their happiness float along,
While the rippling waters answer
To the music of their song.

V.

They say : ' We were made for the sun-shine,
And to follow in pleasure's train :
We scorn the toil of the harvest,
We hunger not for the grain.'

VI.

But God has raised up reapers
To bind up the golden sheaves,
And God has appointed gleaners
For all that the binder leaves.

VII.

With prayer and an upward looking,
With a sickle keen and bright,
They reap the glorious harvest
Of purity, wisdom, and light.

VIII.

And the precious seed they gather
In the season of hope and youth,
Shall live in its sweetest fullness
In the blessed bread of truth.

IX.

The bread for the perishing body,
For the heart that is fainting and chilled,
The food for the soul of the mourner,
Of which all can eat and be filled.

M. L. B.

A BRIEF EPISODE OF MINE HOST.

BY HENRY BARTON.

WHEN the traveller from our own country leaves his native land in search of health and pleasure, he is constantly looking forward to the keen, bracing air of the Swiss 'highlands' and mountains, as the spot under heaven where that which is exalting to the mind and invigorating to the body can be most readily found combined. The true *voyageur* will not content himself with viewing the heaven-piercing summits of the Alps and the lovely valleys which they encircle, from the *coupé* of a diligence, but will view them a-foot, staff in hand. He will stop at the lesser villages, where true welcome is always extended to the pilgrim, and where his ear will be delighted with the tales of the chamois-hunter and the evening blast of the Alpine horn.

It was on these principles that I halted at the little town of Münster, a name hardly known to the tourist, but one which will be always agreeably associated by me with the Swiss hospitality there experienced. The evening was lovely, and its silence unbroken save by the tinkling bells of the flocks grazing on the mountain side. Old Pierre Berger, the worthy landlord of the village inn, set before me the wholesome fare of the country, and gave me all the news of the valley, restraining his curiosity concerning the affairs of other countries till he saw my appetite appeased. The meal ended, we sat on the porch looking down the valley of the Rhone, there a mere creek, the extreme end of which was the Wesserhorn, whose top was glowing with that exquisite roseate hue, characteristic of the Swiss sun-set. And here let me give you a few stray lines sketched by a wayward traveller in the little arrival-book at the inn, as being *à propos* to the scene :

'His daily course the sun has almost run,
The far-off Alps seem now to grow more bright,
As at the thought that they may once more rest
In their own dark, chilly gloominess.
Down yonder vale I see the Wesserhorn,
Lifting his dazzling whiteness to the clouds,
While nearer stand, in bolder, darker line,
The lesser mountains, envious of his dignity.
See now! yon mighty peak with efforts vain,
Striving to intercept the last bright ray
That gilds the village spire and fir-tree dark,
As though it could enhance its own stern beauty.
Methinks it calls to that dark thunder-cloud
As to a comrade more congenial,
While the sun, with one bright effort parting,
Leaves them in softened outline on the sky.'

But to return, Pierre brought out two well-used 'Meerschaums,' and having lighted his, bade me do the same with mine, and then inquired abruptly : 'Do you go over the Grimsel Pass ?'

I told him that I intended to do so, and then waited for him to re-

sume. He puffed rapidly for a few moments and then said, pointing to a small chalet far up the side of the valley: 'Do you see that little house?' I assented. 'Now,' continued he, 'while we finish our pipes I will tell you a story, and then we will go in and have a game of Morris.'

'I am all attention,' I replied, and he thus began:

'About fifteen years ago, when the civil wars distracted Italy, some Italian banditti came over the passes and made this part of Switzerland their retreat. One evening, about this time of the year, (August,) I was sitting here on the porch talking to my little daughter Marguerite about an *affaire de cœur* with one Jacques Martel, which she had just confessed to me, when a fine-looking Italian came up and inquired for a night's lodging, saying he must be gone in the morning. I did not like his eye, but as he seemed tired, I gave him my best room. The morrow came, but he did not depart, and toward evening he gave me to understand that he would remain some time. He noticed Marguerite too much to please me, but as I sent her away with the flocks every morning I cared little for Jacques was ever with her when she returned. A month passed by, and still no inclination to depart was manifested by Gasparoni, as the Italian called himself; and now he used to go early up the mountain-side and come down just at eve. Marguerite confessed that he used to come and sing to her. I remonstrated with him, and Jacques threatened; but he promised to do so no more, and insinuated himself into the friendship of the unsuspecting fellow. Early in September he prevailed on Jacques to take him chamois-hunting near the glacier of the Rhone, where you go to-morrow. They started early in the morning, and were not to return till the next evening. Quite early the next morning, before I was up, I heard a knocking and went down to the door. It was Gasparoni, *alone*. He said that Jacques had fallen into a cleft of the glacier, and wanted me to get assistance and go to the rescue. We went back, but there was nobody to be seen in the cleft, but a Swiss eye detected blood on the ice. At my instance, we bound Gasparoni and took him back with us. Poor Marguerite was near dead with terror. Night came on and we were again aroused by a knock; it was a traveller soiled and weary. He said that in crossing the Grimsel a party of men had taken his horse from him, and put a man, whom we at once knew to be Jacques, on in his place, and after beating him had left him for dead. He had at length wandered to our door. All the youth in the village went in pursuit and overtook the band. They released Jacques and brought him home. The Italian, fearing immediate punishment, confessed that he was the leader of the band, and took that method of ridding himself of a rival. He begged for life so earnestly, that we sent him across the pass, back to Italy, never to return on forfeit of his life. With what I could spare from my earnings, and Jacques' little means, we purchased the chalet yonder, where they now live happily as man and wife. But my pipe is done; come in and taste some 'Neuschâtel,' and to-morrow I'll take you up to see them; and I'll wager you think them the happiest couple in the canton.'

' T W I L L A L L B E O N E . '

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO PROFESSOR L. M. PIPPS, MISSISSIPPI UNIVERSITY.

'IT WILL ALL BE ONE A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE'

'T WILL all be one, 't will all be one,
 When dim centennial years
 Their arrowy flight have run
 Through Time's dark vale of tears;
 When soars the unfettered spirit free,
 Heaven's sun-light on its wing,
 Thy radiant vault, Eternity,
 No more earth's groveling thing !

'T will all be one, 't will all be one,
 When in my robe of white,
 I sleep where star, nor moon, nor sun,
 Can shed their cheering light,
 Though I have watched them rise and set,
 Forever set to me:
 Though hearts I've loved my name forget,
 My grave forgotten be.

'T will all be one, though round my brow
 The magic wand of Fame,
 With glory-leaves is weaving now
 The chaplet of a NAME:
 Or known by few and loved by less,
 I go from life and light,
 Down to the tomb's chill nothingness —
 The grave's Cimmerian night.

'T will all be one, though Dives' halls
 Have echoed to my feet,
 And fretted roof and gilded walls
 Have watched my slumber sweet:
 Or with the beggar I have trod,
 Oppressed, life's toilsome way,
 And dreamed of crowns upon the sod,
 My humble throne, the clay.

'T will all be one, though wealth should smile,
 Or poverty should frown:
 The cottage low or stately pile,
 The scaffold or the crown:
 When all life's pomp and ermined show,
 Dust's common level find:
 And all we love or loathe below,
 The soul has left behind.

Earth's pageants all will play-things seem,
 A painted bubble broke:
 Chimeras of a cradle-dream,
 Gone ere the slumb'rer woke,
 When from their toyey meshes, DEATH
 The captive soul sets free;
 The joy that hangs upon a breath,
 How great its fallacy !

But oh ! it will not *all* be one,
 When life's swift race is o'er,
 To wake 'neath heaven's unsetting sun,
 An angel evermore ;
 Or grope in wo a tortured CAIN,
 Where ghosts of murdered hours,
 Evoked from Memory's aching brain,
 Knell spirit's ruined powers !

Then *here* it cannot *all* be one,
 If virtue's path we tread,
 Or folly's sinful mazes run,
 Misleading and misled ;
 If GOD, and good, and love to man,
 We cherish in our breast,
 Or centred in self's narrow span,
 Our proud distinction rest.

Holly Springs, (Miss.)

G. ZELOTES ADAMS.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A LAWYER AT LAW.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I AM no literatus. One cannot well be who is constantly occupied with the cumbersome duties of a profession like that of the law. Yet I feel just in the humor to narrate some of my experiences in professional life, and will not be tedious. I feel delicate, however, about speaking in the first person in an article of this kind, (not intended to be auto-biographical in any sense,) and were I master of the requisite legerdemain, I would manage to make all my allusions here without introducing myself as an actor. I would associate my readers and third persons with all the scenes. But professionally — though I do n't know but I should be obliged to spare my readers — lawyers habitually consider those whom they are serving, no matter in what capacity, as their clients ; and Lord Brougham says ; 'The lawyer in the discharge of his duty, knows but one person in all the world, and that person is his client ;' a principle, I suppose, which could be more widely expressed in the sentiment : *Dulce et decorum est pro clientibus mori*. The scenes, more or less completely sketched, and in the sequel, are some of them plotted in vacation, and I cannot be so free with my disparagement as to suppose any but myself the chief performer. I had one trait, I had almost said qualification, at the commencement of my career, in common, so far as I have since been able to observe, with the best part of the profession ; I mean that of extravagance, or lavishness in money matters. I would venture to moralize here upon this trait of character, were it not that my present allusion to it has already suggested the awful embarrassments which it occasioned in my own case, which I cannot better describe than by making an extract from my diary, of a date subsequent to my admission to the bar :

'JULY 12TH, 10 A. M. — I have just made inroads upon my last six shillings in the matter of a cup of tea, and a plate of brown bread and butter, at the bakery, and am teetotally miserable. I can't look over my papers but a peaky board-bill stares me in the face, the arrears at my last boarding-place, and to insure the payment of which, I left a part of my library; and this bill, so help me Lord Coke, I have no means of paying, and no hopes that any accident will enable me to do so for months to come. The books must remain, and my brains go hungry for my stomach's sake, and my often-repeated infirmities of pocket. I owe a bill at the tailor's, which I would fain discharge. My intellectual brow has sweltered all summer, like a slave stowed in the hold, under the pressure of a heavy black beaver. How often do I meet my more fortunate confederates, looking fresh as green corn, under the broad expanse of straws and leghorns which toss back the sunshine like magic. But here let me receipt six dollars, which I have just received for *services rendered*, and which makes me almost ashamed to go on with this horrid enumeration, or I would speak of my last pair of shoes, patched and tapped, mended and blacked, till they would scarcely adorn the veriest clodhopper — and then my landlady and washwoman — and the first of August my office rent! Horrors! 'Let me not think of it!' But why should I quote from the despairing and maddened HAMLET? I would rather my mother would murder the whole royal family of Denmark!'

Here this entry is interrupted, not however, till enough has been said to show that the trait I have mentioned, however professional, is not always a source of happiness and good humor to its possessor. I will not, therefore, venture to characterize it as a qualification, nor give myself much credit for having it.

Opposed to this, I had what may with some propriety be called a *dis-qualification*; not a physical, nor even mental difficulty, specifically speaking, yet something, as the sequel will show, which proved a serious obstacle in the way of my early success. I grant we should not be too forward in speaking of obstacles, (unless it is to state how we overcame them,) after the example of the great lawyer of Athens, yet I fancy that even Demosthenes, after having conquered his impediment and ungraceful attitude, would have hesitated before the awful magnitude of this impassable breach, this lion in the way, or whatever you please to call it, which confronted me in my early professional efforts. I was in love. Perhaps I cannot better develop this chapter in my experience than by introducing a letter of mine to my college chum, written in my eighteenth year, during a temporary residence in the country for my health. The letter is hastily written, and reads as follows, omitting date, etc. :

'MY DEAR JACK: I am rusticated at this beautiful village, and am happy as a cricket, and almost as black from exposure to the sun. But let me hasten to tell you of an adventure, if I may call it so, though I shudder at the harshness of the term. I have made the acquaintance of the most charming girl in the universe! You may laugh and say I am in love, but I never was in love, and am not now; though I am completely charmed with the transcendently beautiful and lovely M ——. I do believe that nature meant us to be fast friends. I know you will make fun of all this, and tell the Sophs that I am in love; but it's no such thing. The feeling that I have toward the angelic M —— is akin to that which you have represented yourself as having toward some favorite in college; only she is a lady, and very beautiful, and you know what difference that makes. I'll tell you how we got acquainted: I attended a strawberry festival here some time since, and being generally known as an invalid from college, received attentions from almost every body. Well, M —— constituted the chief attraction of the company; I did not think so much then, however, of her being beautiful, though she was exquisitely dressed and was faultless in form and feature; she served me to strawberries, and we chatted a little once or twice, but it was not till afterward that I was led to think much of her, by my friends speaking of her often, and saying to me that she could beat the college boys in Latin and mathematics. Her father has the finest place in the village; it is slightly elevated above the road; the ground sloping gradually in front, and in the rear extends back on a level through green fields to the mountains. It is a perfect gem of a country residence. The house is a three-story double wood

cottage, with a portico on the three sides seen from the road, and an observatory. The portico is covered with trellis-work, which is run over and interwoven with vines and shrubs of different varieties, giving the external of the house a very sylvan appearance. There is an unostentatious foot-path bordered with plants of almost every species, leading from the front-door down to the yard-gate. The neat iron fence next the road is lined with different kinds of shrubbery, and on each side the gate-way are tall honey-suckle vines supported by a trellis, which runs a little way up the walk. Now I must describe our next meeting. There had been a severe rain all day. The clouds broke away about half an hour before sunset, and passed eastward. The west was beautifully golden; a bright rainbow spanned the dark back-ground, over-head was the blue sky like peaceful waters, here and there embracing the dark island-patches of the broken storm-clouds. It was most enchanting. The rain-drops stood on every thing, the air was deliciously fragrant. I was out for a walk, and inadvertently took the road passing M——'s residence, and the side-walk next to it. M—— happened to be at the end of the walk by the gate-way, gathering flowers for a bouquet. Her presence was partly obscured by the gate-post and the tall honey-suckle, so that I did not perceive her till I got opposite the gateway: our eyes met, and a nod of recognition passed: I stopped, I can't tell why, and shall not inquire till I have described her. She was dressed in a loose white gown, with a belt about the waist. Her hair hung in jet-black, glossy, natural curls upon a neck white as alabaster, and slightly exposed. Her eyes were black, and marvellously deep and expressive; but I will not go into romantic details: she had a bunch of flowers in her hand, all dripping with the fragrant rain-drops, and it seemed to me that her hair and eyes were moist with the same; she looked so like the flowers, and so in harmony with the freshness and exuberance of nature; I confusedly stammered out:

"Those are charming flowers, Miss M——"

"The rain has revived them," she replied, "and I am trying to glean one more bouquet from the last spring flowers."

"I knew not," rejoined I, "that any spring flowers could be fresher or more beautiful than those in your hand."

"Do you think so indeed?" said she, "this bouquet is but half-completed, and altogether unarranged; I have one in the parlor-vase, which I made up only a few moments ago, which you would indeed think beautiful: I will show it you."

"So saying she tripped lightly up the walk and in a moment returned with the vase of flowers. It consisted of large twigs and branches from the plants and shrubs, inserted loosely in the vase, but always with reference to proportion and the different character and shades of the leaves: the flowers were interspersed according to their size and color, and the whole presented the most perfect symmetry of nature and mosaic of art. I took it in my hand and expressed the most unbounded admiration, while she took occasion to say that she was unaware of my being an invalid, at the festival, or she should have volunteered some earlier attentions. I assured her I was well cared for, and that the heaps of flowers on my table bore witness to the generosity of my friends."

"I believe I served you with strawberries," replied she, "but had I known you to be such a lover of flowers, I should certainly have favored you in that respect; but I will make amends now, if that will be acceptable."

"I bowed my compliments, and was about raising the flowers from the vase, when she staid my hand, ejaculating:

"Pardou me, they are not tied, and you will ruin it: if you will trouble yourself to carry it as it is, the vase may be returnable at your leisure."

"This was all done on her part in the most genuine, unaffected politeness. But I have n't time to detail to you how the return of the vase commenced our delightful intimacy; how my uncle's acquaintance and reputation secured me a good standing at once in M——'s family, and how we play back-gammon, read HORACE and VIRGIL, etc., together on a beautiful *tête-à-tête*, in the portico behind the trellis! I am the happiest mortal in existence, JACK—too happy to live and feel, although I love you, that I can ever leave this place to return to you."

"Yours, ever, etc."

The sequel to this is easily imagined, and it is needless to say that my last year at college was more prolific in love-letters than in honors, and my mind more absorbed in dreamy anticipations of the future than in preparing for its realization. The great fact that the future is but a new edition of the present, whose success or failure always dates back, seems to have escaped me. My eyes were ever directed to the cloudy distance, and the stumbling and digression thus inaugurated, was no inordinate prelude to the distraction and perplexity which followed

upon my commencement in business. I was sanguine of success, I was absolutely certain of an immediate prominent position at the bar. In this tempest of heart and confusion of mind I graduated, and was admitted as an attorney; I was not unaware, however, of my entire unfitness for making an effort. For nearly four years my whole nature had been surging under this strange revelation of love. I considered it essential to that repose of mind which is necessary in business, that I should be married before attempting to practise; but I was without means. During my college course my father had become involved in his business matters, and was unable to give me farther assistance; not accomplishing my last year at college, what my success for the first three had led him to anticipate, he seemed to have lost a part of his confidence in my ability; and advised me to become a teacher for a few years, till my own industry would place me on a proper footing to commence in my profession. This galled me beyond measure, unused as I was to any thing but the lavish aid and encouragement of friends. I did not, however, choose to explain, and misconstruing my father's motives, experienced for the first time in my life the strange, awful feeling of exile, or bereavement; I now laid the matter before my prospective father-in-law; M—— advocated my cause with all the eloquence of deep interest and affection. He seemed, however, not quite ready to trust the keeping and happiness of his only daughter to one who had, as yet, seen life only in pictures; yet he consented to think of the matter; took two days to deliberate, and at the expiration of that time, a period of sad suspense, I received my sentence. I was condemned to practise law independent and unaided for one year, and then report my success. Dreadful sentence, thought I; cruel, inexorable judge! M—— and myself shed mutual tears, and then concluded to become reconciled. A hasty adieu, and I was on my way to the metropolis of our State. I think no one but myself was aware, at that time, of my reduced circumstances. I had, after reaching the city and paying my expenses, just \$50. Letters of introduction which I carried with me, secured me some speaking acquaintances. It was suggested by several of these that I should commence as a clerk with some reputable firm; but I was not unmindful that I must achieve an *independent success*, and construing this in its strictest spirit, I hired a small room in the third story of a building used for offices, and proceeded to fit it up. It never occurred to me that my means were on the brink of exhaustion, and after putting my room in trim, bills were presented as follows:

For carpet,	\$15 00
Three office-chairs and lounge,	18 00
Office desk and appurtenances,	15 00
Sign,	1 50
	<hr/> \$49 50

Leaving me in pocket the noticeable sum of fifty cents, the spectacle of which, I believe, first directed my attention to the importance of capital in commencing business. I began to be uneasy about my prospects. Only fifty cents of pocket-money in a large and extravagant city! And I knew not when my board-bill might be presented, or how to defray the little incidental expenses which city life always incurs. But in this

extremity I was destined to temporary relief. Some of my new acquaintances calling and finding me snugly fitted up, gave me some cash jobs of drawing up papers, which availed me about five dollars, and renewed my courage. I was supposed to be a young man of independence and wealthy connection, so that there was no lack of attention and encouragement. Several weeks passed on, however, without any more cash jobs, when on entering my room one night I found on my table a bill with items as follows :

For board, six weeks, at five dollars per week,	\$30 00
" Washing, sixty pieces,	3 60
	<hr/> \$33 60

I was confounded ; I could not meet the demand, and immediately begged my landlady for a postponement. She stated that it had already been delayed, and that it was customary to present bills weekly. Horrors ! what could I do ? This was my first experience in being 'short,' and I was on the point of sending home for relief when I happened to recollect that my hopes depended upon my reporting success *unaided*. I was overwhelmed with distraction, and for the first time, forgot to write my periodical weekly letter to M — ; this I tried to make amends for the next day by writing a letter, wet with tears, and praying her to forgive my neglect. The next post brought me a frenzied epistle from her, which it took the last particle of life in my poor bruised and wrung spirit to answer. Then set in the combined horrors of my probation, sleepless nights, extreme nervousness ; letters of grievous or dubious import to M — , and agonizing replies from her ; for what did she know whether to attribute the change manifest in me to embarrassment or some other cause !

One day I was constrained to unbosom myself to one of my acquaintances, who had manifested an interest in me, and stated to him my father's circumstances and my own extremity. He was startled, and seemed rather to conclude me an adventurer. After this, calls from my friends became less and less frequent, and my perplexity waxed close upon desperation. My landlady became importunate, and I was obliged to make new arrangements, an allusion to which is made in the extract from my diary *supra*. Thus, with no alternation, except from one depth of despair to another, passed away the first ten months of my probation. I was one day musing alone in my office over my affairs, and thinking what I should report at the end of the next two months. What could I say ? What was there in my diary but the records of my successive failures and the tokens of despair and evil apprehension ? During this ten months I had tried two petty causes before a justice of the peace, and drawn up a few papers, the whole avails of which would not exceed thirty dollars. My rent was in arrears ; my watch and a great part of my valuable library had been disposed of to appease my more annoying creditors. There was little left of me except my own haggard person. During this ten months I had visited M — four times, the last two at considerable intervals ; and the fear that my appearance at my last visit had unfavorably impressed her friends, haunted me continually, and completed the climax of my misery. My mind was tossing with unprecedented violence from these accumulated sources of

embarrassment and my failing strength, when the door opened and a beggar entered and presented himself for alms. My whole nature was too intensely susceptible at this time to allow me to repel him, though I had often done so before. I threw him my last quarter; and as he retired from the room I burst into a flood of tears. All day I wept with nervous and involuntary persistency. In parting with my last quarter I deprived myself of the means for procuring food for the day, as I took all my meals at the bakery. But I had no desire for food, and that night retired on an empty stomach. I soon slept from extreme weariness, and dreamed of being hungry, and seeing a table set with fine things. In the morning my stomach began to assert its rights; I felt elastic and in remarkable spirits; I was astounded at my own buoyancy. It was a bright morning in August; I threw open the window, and a fresh breeze blew back my hair and seemed to whisper hope and promise in its every breath. 'Starve to death!' I ejaculated with a roar of laughter. 'I will demolish more than one *cellar window* first.' I started into the street hungry as a bear. Had I the face to present myself at the eating-saloon without money? Could I borrow of any one? A few moments' reflection brought on the horrors of the day previous, and I went to my office without breakfast. I was seated with my feet upon my desk and a book open before me, thinking whether to make a sacrifice of my feelings and try to borrow money; or whether, under the stimulus of hunger, to scour the city for business, or try my skill at a novelette for the newspapers, when my door opened and the beggar again presented himself. I felt insulted and incensed at this, supposing that he wished to lay me under another tax, but in a moment observed that his head was streaming with blood! This beggar was familiarly called 'Old Giles' by those who knew him, and as he is to play an important part in the sequel, I shall be somewhat minute in my description. He advanced without speaking, and when within a short distance of me, raised his hat. I observed that a large piece of scalp was gone from the top of his head, laying bare the pericranium from the crown to the forehead. His head being nearly flat, it appeared as though it might have been struck off by a blow with a sharp-edged bludgeon. The abrasure was about three inches wide by six in length. The wound was obfuscated, and presented a hideous aspect. After my assuring the old man that I pitied him, but had no money, he was not slow in telling me the circumstances of the injury. The story purported that he had been knocked down and run over the night previous while turning Deming's corner (I may say here that the names used are all fictitious, as I would not be justified at this early date in using the real ones) by a two-horse coach, which ran across the corner pavement and tore away a part of Deming's yard-fence; that he knew nothing after being struck till he found himself on the side-walk, and Jasper, the baker's boy, trying to raise him up; that he recognized the coach to be Neal's, and the driver to be young Neal; that he was hurt in five places, the head, chest, stomach, thigh or groin, extending down into the thigh, and the feet. 'Strange that you were not killed,' thought I; but he, in answer to my question, said he was 'not much hurt.' My curiosity at length became so excited that I called in a physician, Dr. Ray, and we made an examination. The chest-bruise was about three

inches below the collar-bone, elongated, extending from one shoulder to the other. It might have been made by a carriage-wheel, yet seemed too light, as there was no breach, but simply a black and blue line from one side to the other. The next was a deep bruise about the size of a dollar, just to the left of the pit of the stomach, on the fourth rib. How could this have been made? thought I. *How?* Just on the edge of the right groin, and extending down on to the thigh, was a bruise of about five inches in diameter, making a breach of the skin and heavy marks at the two extremes on the thigh and groin. This seemed to have been made by a horse's foot, with a thick shoe, and was apparently the most severe of all the injuries. The left foot was slightly injured. The shoe, which had a prodigiously thick sole, seemed to have been struck edgewise by some heavy body, which crushed the sole on the edge somewhat, and sprung it slightly at the centre. This, I judged, must have been made by the wheel. But how was the head-wound made? I became intensely desirous of knowing the philosophy of the matter, for there was a shadow of mystery about it. Why was he not crushed, trampled to pieces? His frame was too slender and feeble to resist the injuries which it seemed to me he *must* have received. There were no marks except in five places. These five injuries were slight, leaving the patient, feeble as he was before, strength enough to walk home that night and appear in the streets next day. There were indications that he did not escape the wheels and hoofs, in the chest and groin; yet how happened the others, especially the deep bruise in the stomach, no larger than a dollar; the scalp, seemingly scraped off by some sharp instrument; the violent blow which must have been struck on the thick heavy sole, sufficient to have crushed the foot to atoms, for the sole was not wide, over *an inch thick*, and was considerably sprung at that! Yet Dr. Ray did not seem to be impressed with the strangeness of the affair. We left Old Giles, and visited Deming's corner together. There were the wheel-tracks; the nick in the curb-stone, made by the fore-wheel; another, about eight inches above it, made by the hind-wheel; the mark on the brick under-pinning of the wicker fence, made doubtless by the fore-wheel when it struck, and on a direct line between this and the corresponding nick on the curb-stone was Old Giles's *lost scalp*, stuck fast to the side-walk, doubled together and flatted as though a hundred tons' weight had been on it! Dr. Ray laughed at the discovery, peeled off the *relic*, yet saw nothing *strange* in the fact that his patient had been so slightly injured!

My interest in the case increased. We saved the dried scalp, and located the place where we found it, at my suggestion. I saw the baker's boy, and learned that 'the smash' took place about eleven o'clock in the evening. He was approaching the corner in a direction to meet the vehicle as it tore against the fence near the corner, and carried away a reach on the side next him. As it plunged by him he saw it was Neal's carriage, and that young Neal was driving. On coming up he found Old Giles lying on the side-walk senseless, and attempted to raise him up. He said, also, that Neal and Deming had been on bad terms for many years, and he presumed it was done intentionally. I had been led on thus far more by curiosity than any thing else; but at this announcement, I determined to make a law-suit out of it.

On going back to my office I told Old Giles, whom I found asleep on the lounge, that he ought to have damages. He was startled at the idea, but soon consented to an arrangement. I was to undertake the suit for half the profits. All this while, however, Deming was trying to ferret out the trespasser upon his fence. The matter was soon noised around; he found the baker-boy, had by him learned that his old foes, the Neals, were the authors of the mischief, also that Old Giles was an injured party. The latter he soon traced to my office; and after talking the matter over with Old Giles and myself, he hinted that it was doubtless intentional, so far as he was concerned, as the Neals had been disaffected toward him for years; and finally said that he felt himself called upon to take notice of the matter, and as I had interested myself in behalf of Giles, I might conduct his cause too, and with this drew his check for fifty dollars, and withdrew.

The Demings and Neals were among the most prominent families, and I had abundant cause for self-congratulation, but was too deeply interested in the matter to feel much elated with my first fee, or even to think that my stomach had been more than twenty-four hours without food. I dismissed Old Giles in the afternoon, got my check cashed, and after taking a light supper, went out for a walk. I chanced to pass a crowd at a corner-grocery, who were having our affair under consideration. 'Pity it had n't killed the old vagrant,' said one, speaking of Giles, at which all laughed, and some remarked that there was no danger of his ever dying, etc., which led me to believe that Old Giles was being in very bad odor with the townsmen, I would make very little in advocating his cause upon its merits. In fact, Giles was, by common reputation, an old vagabond and a public nuisance. I listened, however, still farther, and heard many disparaging things said about the Neals, which seemed to meet the approbation of all; and a few days' observation satisfied me that Deming's cause was most favored by the public. These things which I learned thus casually, enabled me to form the true plan for proceeding in the matter, which was in form as follows: Deming's suit should precede the other; and as the facts in the case would be incontestable, the demand should be for such moderate damages as the jury would be sure to approve. Giles's suit should follow as soon as it could be got on, and be for an arbitrary amount. I could thus introduce Giles as a witness in Deming's case, blend the two interests, and secure a complete success beside. This would have a tendency to bolster up Giles's cause with the public. My plan in this respect seems not to have been discovered by the other side, and I succeeded so far in the preliminaries for trial that the causes stood, Deming *vs.* Neal for one day, and Giles *vs.* Neal the next. I placed the damages in Deming's case at only one hundred dollars, a sum not much more than necessary to make the repair upon the fence; but Old Giles growing worse from the hurt in his stomach, so that the Doctor suspected an internal hemorrhage, I placed his at ten thousand dollars. I endeavored to anticipate every possibility of defence. The fact seemed to be so incontestable in both cases, that I was unable to see any rational plea for the defence except nominal damages. This plea could not prevail in Deming's case, the claim there being so reasonably small; it would have more chance in the other; yet I had endeavored to help the matter out by my ar-

rangement, and had thus far succeeded to the best of my wishes. Well, the session had begun, and Deming's cause came on. I had opposed to me General Beverly, one of our oldest and most distinguished counsellors. I opened the cause in a very, modest way, and put in my proofs. Beverly replied with characteristic good sense, and wished to introduce young Neal as a witness to prove that the whole was the result of an accident, the horses having become frightened. But this was overruled as irrelevant. This served, however, to give me a hint as to the character of his defence. It flashed upon me like lightning that young Neal would be introduced the next day in Giles's case to testify that Giles was lying drunk in the road, and frightened the horses. I only waited to hear the jury bring in a verdict for Deming for the full amount claimed, before leaving the court-room to reëxamine the grounds where the affair occurred. I was determined to satisfy myself, and strip the matter of all mystery, if possible.

Again I was impressed with the strangeness of the affair in connection with Giles's injuries. The wheel that so flatted, and almost separated the fibres in the tough scalp, or sprung the thick sole of the shoe, would certainly have crushed the poor fellow's chest. How was the bruise in the stomach made? These things must be accounted for in some way. I analyzed and reanalyzed. I had still in my eye a diagram of the whole, and could locate the place on the flag where the scalp was pulled off. I reasoned as follows. A horse cannot easily be driven upon a man; he would instinctively turn to the right or left. In nine chances out of ten, in the case of a man's being driven over by a double team, he would be struck by the end of the coach-tongue. This might have given the small but deep bruise in the lateral stomach. Giles was undoubtedly near the middle of the path; walkers naturally go there, unless there is some obstruction. On this supposition I found, by estimation, that the fore-wheel must have struck the curb-stone about the time he received the blow from the end of the tongue. This impulse, compounded with the direct motion of the carriage, would precipitate his body in a lateral direction, which would make an angle with the line of motion of the vehicle. A forward hoof thrown out, and striking the fallen and partly turned body in the right groin or thigh, with the extra effort occasioned by the wheels' striking the high curb-stone, would naturally turn the body 'end for end,' with the exception, perhaps, of the left leg, which, hanging loosely, would not follow the motion of the body to which the impulse was given. Now supposing this to have taken place, the head would lie nearest the coach, the right leg on a line with the body, and nearly at right angles with the line of motion of the vehicle, and the left leg at an angle with the right one, bringing the left foot near the coach-track. Well, by our hypothesis, the forward wheel, bounding on the curb-stone with a certain velocity, not extravagant to be supposed, would hardly touch again till it reached the place where the head lay, when coming down with tremendous force, it grazed the skull, causing the abrasion, and nearly annihilating the piece of scalp. The force of the vehicle being slightly broken by this, the shock of the hind-wheel in striking the curb-stone (which it did about a foot above the other, as shown by the marks,) would be less violent; and if the fore-wheel grazed the

skull, the hind-wheel would cross the chest ; not, however, till its descending velocity and momentum had been broken by the left shoe, with its inch sole, which by our theory was nearly on a line with it.

This hypothesis, which perfectly solved the mystery, was the only one I could devise, which the facts would verify. It was perfect, so far as estimates could be made, and was *true*. It supposed two important items : that Giles was standing when struck, and on the sidewalk, where he had a right to be. The fact of his being on the sidewalk when run over, I could prove by the piece of scalp, stuck and flattened on the carriage-track, which was in the possession of Dr. Ray, without being known, however, to the opposite party. I was thus prepared. In the trial of Deming's cause Giles had been brought in on a litter, and introduced as a witness. His emaciated form and haggard features excited considerable sympathy, and spoke eloquently for the poor fellow's cause, which was coming on the next day. I had thus secured a step the advance. Beverly seemed nettled at this. I had outwitted him in my plans, and he just began to be aware of it. He sat down to the trial of Giles's cause with a nervous severity on every feature. He hardly condescended to bid me good-morning. I kept my temper, and opened my case modestly as on the day previous, and introduced as a witness the baker-boy, Jasper. He testified what has been previously stated here, and was submitted for cross-examination. Beverly was severe almost to brutality, and finally drove the boy into an admission that Giles's clothes were covered with dust and dirt when he found him ; that he looked as though he had just crawled out from the road. I deemed it judicious to withhold Ray's testimony till I had opportunity to see Beverly's defence. He introduced Neal, as I anticipated, who swore that he saw nothing of Giles ; that his horse became frightened at something in the road, and unmanageable, which occasioned the accident in reference to Deming's yard-fence, etc. Beverly made a long speech, in which he attempted to show that according to all probability, Old Giles was lying in the road, drunk, and occasioned the whole mischief. He was terribly bitter on poor Giles : ' his known reputation as a loafer and vagabond ; ' ' his unreliability ; ' ' his worthlessness. ' ' Why, ' said he, ' the miserable vagrant has doubtless hoodwinked his counsel, stuffed him with a plausible story of his wrongs, and promised large recompense in case of the successful issue of this suit. I am very sorry for the youthful simplicity of his counsel : but must the misfortunes which are incident to vagrancy have such a claim on pity as to over-ride justice ? Must the miserable outlaw, who, by a criminal act, has occasioned one unhappy piece of litigation between two of our most respectable citizens, be made the beneficiary in another suit, which he has the beggarly audacity to bring against parties whom he has injured, for injuries which he has himself occasioned ? Preposterous ! — doubly preposterous ! '

At the close of his speech the court-room rung with applause, and I was almost ready to despair. I rose, however, and stated that the learned counsel's defence had somewhat surprised me, but that I was, nevertheless, prepared for it. I here introduced Dr. Ray, to testify as to the nature of the injuries. His testimony, despite the cross-examination, which, however, was blind, and of not much account, im-

parted the facts as I have given them heretofore ; but nothing was said about the piece of scalp. I then went on to speak of ' the singular nature of the injuries ; how insupposable it was that Old Giles should be run over as my learned friend would have us believe, and yet not be more *or less* severely injured, than was the case here ; ' and finally developed what I deemed to be the true theory in the case : stated that I had estimated every thing in connection with it, and that my hypothesis was indisputable.

The jury and spectators were getting strongly impressed with my elaboration of this theory, which took over an hour, when Beverly arose, and said he wished a moment's indulgence : he perceived the jury were somewhat interested in what he deemed to be the sheerest fiction. Fiction, said he, in the closest and purest sense of that term, perfect and harmonious in all its parts, symmetrical as any piece of architecture. He would give the youthful counsel credit for possessing great constructive powers. His theory tallied well with his testimony ; but how does he know that all this did not take place in the *road* instead of on the side-walk ? There is the flag-stone walk which crosses the road just above the corner, sufficiently raised to answer every purpose which the gentleman's theory requires. He has told us *how* the thing was done, and I admit the plausibility of it : let him now tell us *where*.

I rose in reply, and stated that I had one witness more, whom they might object to as being connected with the case.

' You can't introduce the plaintiff ! ' ejaculated Beverly.

' No,' said I coolly ; ' I wish merely to introduce the plaintiff's *lost scalp*.'

There was peal on peal of laughter. Ray was again on the stand, produced the scalp, and swore to the circumstances of finding it. The facts which constituted my case were proved, and I had simply to make my closing appeal.

' The jury will consider,' said I, ' that in the new phase which this case has now assumed, all which my learned friend has said to disparage my client has no application. There is no evidence before you that his former course was vicious or unworthy. He stands before you now, an injured man ; a man stricken in years, to whom these personal injuries may, with no slight degree of probability, result in decrepitude and total imbecility for the remainder of life. He was molested while in the peaceable possession of his rights, and in consequence, now lies a cripple, unable to help himself even in the slightest degree. The same wanton act of violence trespassed upon the person of one of my clients and the property of the other. The verdict which was here rendered yesterday, repairs the damage done to one of the injured parties. No verdict which you *can* render to-day, not even the apparently exorbitant one demanded in the declaration, can make good the other. The jury yesterday saw fit to lay these defendants under contribution for the destruction of another's property. Can they do less to-day than rebuke that high-handed lawlessness which permitted them to do rash violence to the sacredness of another's person ? Shall opulent insolence be allowed to invade every place, and trample under foot the most sacred human rights with impunity ? Is the sphere of the common law so

narrow that it cannot embrace the cause of the poor, destitute, and helpless? If so, where is the immunity from murder and every species of outrage to male or female, except in freehold estate? Where are the rights of man, held sacred even by heathens? Your verdict to-day shall tell what estimate you are disposed to put upon that which God has exalted above every thing else earthly, and made only a little lower than the angels.'

My peroration, delivered with nervous earnestness, had all its desired effect. The jury brought in a verdict in my favor, and assessed the damages at eight thousand dollars. The tidings of my success, through the papers, anticipated my report; though the pecuniary part of it still remained to be disclosed. Neal did not wait for an execution, but promptly satisfied the judgment with his check for the amount, half of which of course I retained. The suit was tried in the early part of October, and by the middle of the month the settlement was completed; and after cancelling all assets against me, I found myself the independent owner of three thousand five hundred dollars in cash, the avails of my first year's practice, beside the reputation of being the first junior at the — bar. Eligible connections were proposed by several of our first lawyers, among whom was the notable General Beverly; but at that time there was another matter uppermost in my mind, and I deferred every thing of a business nature. I wrote to M — 's father, hinting that my *year* expired on the twenty-fifth instant, saying also that my *report* was ready for that day, and begging that our nuptials might not be longer delayed.

I have already said that it was October; a month, in my estimation, not surpassed for beauty by any in the calendar. Arm-in-arm M — and myself walked the fields near her father's house.

It was near sun-set, and the air was dreamy. Every thing in nature, the grass under our feet, the fruit-trees, the staunch old mountains in the dim distance, and even the western sky, wore the russet, autumnal hue. That evening we were to be married. I in my twenty-third year, M — in her twenty-first: we were both silent. Here was a drama fraught with all the thrilling effects of deep and vital contrast; the old year waning with its sere and yellow leaf; the dying day, serene and suggestive in its sombre twilight: on the other hand, we, young, hopeful, and just on the verge of Love's coronation. There was too much for reality, and I choked with tears as I attempted to speak. Bliss, especially the bliss of love, is capable of an almost painful intensity. Tenderness waxes too deep to be earthly, and the whole being swoons away into speechless and indescribable transport. How all things sweet and heavenly seem to well up from the heart's depths, and gather upon the auspicious hour of love's consummation. It needs the pencil of a Raphael and the pen of a Milton to describe it. In addition to all the happiness incident to the occasion, I had the satisfying consciousness of having *earned* my bride, as Jacob did. And here let me venture to say that I know not why people should not earn their bride as well as their fortune, or their *salvation*, or any thing else valuable. The consciousness of having earned a thing enables us to confide more strongly in its possession; and through all the recent agitation about 'woman's rights,' 'individual sovereignty,' etc., it never

has occurred to me that I did not own M — as well as our two boys, and little M —, who looks very much like her mother, and bids fair to set some college boy crazy when her turn comes.

But one word at parting ; I don't know but I may be considered a *senior* now : if so, let me hint to the *junior* who reads this, that there is nothing like making a persevering trial. Days and years flit by, and there is no staying the onward march of things. Work yourself thread-bare to make *some one* happy, and success and happiness come unthought of.

. ' L I T T L E A L A N . '

SOFTLY press the silken fringes
O'er his eyes,
Where no more on earth shall sparkle
Sweet replies ;
But in those clear depths shall never
Tears arise.

Gently clasp the snowy fingers
On his breast :
He hath need of prayer no longer :
He doth rest
In the arms of his REDEEMER,
Fully blest.

Close the tiny mouth, where dimples
Used to smile ;
Whence sweet child-like thoughts were uttered
Without guile ;
Thou must miss his tender kisses,
For a while.

Smooth the hair above his forehead
Calm and pure ;
Thou for him wilt have no anguish
To endure :
He is safe, and of his gladness
Thou art sure.

Gaze beyond this hour of darkness —
Sorrow's night —
To the realms where joy endureth
Ever bright ;
There a little angel soareth,
Clothed in light.

Thou ere long shalt join thy darling
On that shore
Where all pain, and grief, and parting
Shall be o'er ;
There to dwell in love undying,
Ever more.

Charleston, (South-Carolina.)

MAY.

A N I N V O C A T I O N .

'BE NOT VOICELESS, O MY SOUL!'

BURST thy bonds, immortal SPIRIT!
 Fly unto the realms of THOUGHT:
 Tell the wonders thou 'lt inherit —
 Catch the gems that TIME hath wrought,
 Weave them in a wreath of fame,
 Till immortal is thy name!

Dip in *truth* thy words — then utter
 Them to every distant clime;
 Let but gems of purest water
 Crown thy brow throughout all Time:
 And till ages cease to roll
 Be not voiceless, O my SOUL!

Like the eagle's soaring pinion,
 And its bright sun-gazing eye:
 Soar thou far from Earth's dominion
 Till thou reach the realms on high:
 Seek not Earth's fast-fleeting praises,
 But to GOD thy anthems raise!

See how fast the hours are flying:
 There's *no* moment for thy rest!
 Mount! — no time now for thy sighing,
 For the slothful are unblest:
 Up! and labor now, my SOUL,
 While the ages ceaseless roll!

Let thy fancies, freer, brighter,
 Touch anew the strings of art;
 And thy spirit-fingers lighter
 Wake the Music of the Heart:
 Let new beauties ever roll
 In thy numbers, O my SOUL!

Burst thy fetters! — by they broken!
 Let not silence chain thy song:
 Bliss awaits thee by this token —
 Angels shall thy lays prolong:
 Wisdom, pleasure, *hope* are thine,
 If thy songs with TRUTH entwine.

Burst thy bonds, and sing a measure
 Of the brightest realms of thought:
 Chain the heart of man with pleasure
 By the seraph strains thou 'st wrought:
 Twine them in a wreath of fame
 Till immortal is thy name!

NINA.

Savannah, (Georgia.)

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

Book Second.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

SHE sat like a sculptured woman, and the light from a riven cloud fell over and around her. It was a vision of sun-light and woman-light, and that spot where she was sitting shone like an altar in a shadowy chapel, so bright was the beam around her, and so dark were all other parts of the apartment.

The common mystery that imparts to woman in the ordinary occupations of life so much of interest, and such a wealth of charm, is an endowment that at first gives to our hearts the incitement of devotion, and afterward rewards us with the assurance that the mystery was no fiction. Too frequently, however, it happens otherwise.

But as I came so suddenly upon this drooping figure, whose presence in that lone turret-room was, for the instant, like a thing of dreams, (for surely I knew nothing of that visit when in the morning I left the Hut,) a sensation like to that of awe came over me when I discovered her sitting so calmly in the old sad scene; and that mystery of her sex, which interweaves itself into every thing, the eye-look, the hand-gesture, the foot-move, the winning smile, the repulsive and inexplicable flash of appreciative comprehension of opposite character, and that so makes up the woman, was here, if I may use the phrase, in all its combinative forms around her, the very essence and might of mystic majesty. I knew at once who the woman was. It was Mrs. Danbrey.

It was my intention to withdraw as quietly as I could, hoping that I had not aroused her attention; but though my approach, as I before intimated, was without noise or hurry, yet it was not sufficiently so to prevent her being cognizant of my presence. Without turning her head, or changing her position, she said, in a quiet, steady voice: 'Come in, Mary.'

I was closing the door without speaking, when she again spoke. Her voice this time had a tremor of anxiety in it:

'Is that you, Mary?'

Fearing that possibly she might learn afterward that it was I who was at her door, and fearing also that she might attribute my visit to other motives than the real ones, I was now forced to undeceive her. My position was an awkward one. I knew who she was: would she understand who I was? All these thoughts that I have been expressing from the time I commenced this chapter, passed rapidly through my mind upon that occasion, quicker even than it takes me to write this brief sentence of explanation:

'It is not Mary, Madam.'

‘It is not Mary! Then who is it?’

This time she turned quickly, with a countenance evincing great alarm, and as she did so, I hesitated what next to do. Was I to advance, or back myself out of the door-way, leaving the issue and the explanation to some more favorable opportunity?

A man makes either a foolish figure or saves himself in such a dilemma. There is no medium in such positions, for it is either a time for disgraceful failure or of saving inspiration.

An old courtier in the ante-chamber of Louis the Fourteenth would have had no trouble about it in the least; but to me it was one of the most difficult moments of my existence; nor was it improved when I caught the expression of that face that half in fright and half in anger turned questioning upon me. People very seldom see such faces now-a-days. They are faces made by nature and by circumstances, and seldom do such circumstances exist as helped the mother Nature in the chiseling out and filling up of that great expression that stared me at that instant out of countenance, I should say, out of present courage. There was beauty enough even in its comparative decay, to set up a phalanx of modern belles; and there was, beside the beauty that so much prevailed, a stately dignity, a haughtiness, a personal pride; I was going to say majesty, but she was simply a country lady, and majesty belongs by right and universal suffrage alone to queens; at least, so I learn; and when she turned and asked me, ‘Then who is it?’ I would have thanked a bountiful PROVIDENCE if it had allowed two of the planks beneath my feet to have given way, and permitted me to have passed unobserved, like a ghost in a pantomime. Peeping Tom of Coventry flashed across my mind, and all the exaggerated ideas of peeping in general, as I pondered over the situation into which my unlucky stars had placed me. However, I suddenly thought of a method that would satisfy the emergency, and so, with the steadiest voice I could command, I said: ‘I am a friend of Father Thomas.’

Like a true lady, she rose from her chair and crossing the room, without more ado, with a gentle manner, she extended her hand to me, and I took it, and we were acquainted.

‘I might have known who you were without frightening myself, or annoying you; for old Mary told me that you were here; but I understood also that you had left, and it was so droll to have the door of this old turret-room opened in silence. Nervous people,’ she continued, ‘are more startled by silence than by noise, and, to tell you the truth, I am a nervous woman. Now if you had stamped up the steps, I would have thought at once that it was Sampson, but you came like a spirit, or like Benny Brown, the Indian. By-the-by, have you seen Benny?’

I told her that I had, but I did not tell her how lately, and under what circumstances I had seen that worthy aborigine.

As the frigid zone of new acquaintanceship gradually yielded to the gulf-stream of conversation, I related with as much eloquence as I could command, my adventure with the Indian on the preceding evening; and while I spoke to her, I could not but observe that a new sentiment began to express itself upon the countenance of my companion. That sentiment was expressed with great distinctness and singularity, and

only the previous knowledge that I had upon one or two particular points, enabled me to understand it as plainly as I read this word that I am writing now. At times she certainly did not hear one word that I was saying, and again she was absorbingly alive to every minutia of the incidents. When I told her about Lizzie, and how totally she was unlike in face and manner either her father or her mother, an anxious shadow passed across my listener's countenance, and she muttered to herself: 'Too long postponed, too long, too long.' Several times during my narrative she fixed her large strong eyes upon my face, and then it was that I knew she did not hear one word I uttered, and the blood almost ran chilly in my veins, when at such moments I remembered what the old negroes had said about my resemblance to Richard Danbrey, the dead. When I finished the recital of the adventure that in part composes the pages you may have read before in this tarrying narrative, if narrative it be, she drew her breath heavily, as if she had been undergoing physical suffering. Once or twice I saw that she was upon the point of asking me a question, but she did not, (a question that I almost desired to anticipate,) though I knew that she was anxious to find out about my connections, thinking that possibly in that way she could discover some blood affinity that might explain the resemblance; for in the primitive country where we lived, family shoots radiated to all divisions of the social wheel, but were sometimes lost in the rapid motion of the social vehicle and the impenetrable dust of the life-road we were travelling. I was afraid now to look toward the panel on which was painted the portrait of her husband. Did she, with the aid of that mysterious intelligence that comes to us at times upon peculiar and almost equally mysterious occasions, read me as I read her, and did any other sentiment arise in her heart like that which gradually was arising in my own, and that made the interview in my eyes one of deep and peculiar interest and importance? Did she already feel toward me as I felt toward her, I the lonely, she the lonely too, with the memory of the lost? What spell of thought was it that made me think then as I had not for a long time thought, or even had hoped to have thought or felt again? In the fairy theatre of the brain, when all by themselves, how do the players rehearse their several parts. Now they wander amid wild scenes, where the sands of the desert blow off from a dreary shore into a dreary sea; or when, shifting with the aid of their quick assistant elves, the scene is made to change to orange-blossomed groves, with streams meandering through, made golden in the reflection of the sun-gilt fruit, with nymphs bathing in the brooks, sprinkling with sparkling stars of the refracting flood, their nude forms of witchery and of woman; or sometimes, when the house is full, they play the part of heroes, mad with ambition, of lovers crazed with love, and drunkards dim with wine, or all three in one brave devil of a demi-god, who sits upon his throne in a grand palatial realm of exquisite delight, and bids the hours turn to glories, and the minutes of the fleeing time to troops of garlanded goddesses, who, with black eyes and wavy hair, and palpitating bosoms bared like swelling billows to the eyes of Jupiter the star, whirl before him, and, whirling, shed around the aroma of a past Paradise, wherein one woman was an element of bliss, and revive, to all who see, the

dreams of the great sad poets, who wept and worshipped while they sang ; or changing suddenly from all this pomp of passionate devilment, or by whatever name your morals and your education may think it best to call it, how the scene shifts in the great amphitheatre, and the moon comes out with stars attending her, she looking through the mists of the low horizon first, looking, and hoping, and rising gradually, while she calls her maidens around her and bids them bring their lamps and set them all about in heaven, that she may see the plainer whither *he* has gone ; and how she moves in her majestic pace of wifely loving ; and at last the arch is reached, beneath which she knows he bent his proud head of light ere he went down from the skies and away from her, and then she catches sight of him from that high place, her sovereign and her lord, and on the sudden how the enraptured wife breaks out in one broad smile of light as he too sees her fully now, and thus she watches him marching with his spears and his shield among the frozen giants of the north, and sees him send the aurora of the ice before him, as banner-bearer among the snowy realms of eternal silence and eternal gloom, if he came not ; and then the cunning elves cross over to the sides again and shift the painted imagery, and lo ! we see our homes where we were raised, and players are playing over again the comic or the sad dramas of our childhood days ; we see mothers kissing us in the broad light of the nursery fire, and fathers hearing, as they stretch themselves, after the day's work is done, upon the old loved sofas of their rest, in the parlors with the rich chintz curtains hanging at the windows, hearing the night-prayer to the young child's FRIEND and the old man's God ; and then the curtain drops and the players are dismissed, the lamps put out, the theatre is dull and dumb, and sleep and forgetfulness weave their webs around the gilded ornaments and over the dresses scattered everywhere about in the quick vanishing, and the sound of the sweet orchestra that awhile ago was playing such grand, high tunes of battles, soft tones of languishing love, or ' Sounds from Home,' is now mute as the lover's tongue, when he feels that silence is the eloquence of truth, and a syllable of joy. While I sat and looked at Mrs. Danbrey, my heart beat with a calm throb of rapture, in which was mingled something of despair, for as I looked at her I thought of one who was dead, and the vision of my mother stood before me, and gradually through the mind's tears I saw my mother place her pale hand upon the living lady's head ; and when she went away, as the vision did, I thought that she meant that I should love this woman nearly as I had loved her. But I dared not let her see the impertinence of my fantasy that came out of this dream or reverie ; but there I stood by the window, as calm and as stoical to all appearances, as if I had neither the memory of a mother in my brain, or the hope of a mother's kindness ever coming back to me through some other medium. (Those who do not like my sentimentality may go across the street and buy a novel, wherein a man blows out his grand-mother's brains in the dedication, and the hero fights six duels in the preface, for I am not writing a 'sensation story.')

'You are brave to think of living here alone,' remarked Mrs. Danbrey, after a long pause, (I had told her a portion of my plans ;) 'but

have heard it said, that ever since De Foe wrote his *Robinson Crusoe*, the love for solitude has increased upon mankind, and particularly, if not entirely, upon the young.'

I was willing that my desire for retirement should be placed to the account of the great solitude biographer, and so I told her that in part at least her theory might be true; however, I could not but express to her the hope, that even in this wilderness I might be able to find some body whom I might visit; 'some family,' I said, laughingly, 'with whom, as in the good time of old, I might go to church on Sundays.'

Was it that she thought of her young Emily as I spoke? — for again the anxious shadow crossed that countenance, so beautiful and so expressive, of Mrs. Danbrey. Had she any peculiar vision, whose presence she would shut out, in which I dimly figured in connection with that Emily? I do not know, I did not know what were the lady's thoughts; at all events, she told me that her home was over among the hills, a lonely home, almost as lonely as the Hut, but that there I should always be a welcome guest; and then we talked about Father Thomas, and she told me that no flaw had ever existed in his character; and of many pleasant things that pleased me as they pleased her, for we both held him in high esteem. We talked about Lizzie, and she gave me to understand that she had doubts about her being Rude Keller's child; strange stories had got about, as will always float around in rural and remote districts, where every trifle is turned into importance, that made her feel a deep and deeper growing interest in the girl; and she felt assured that Father Thomas knew more of her situation than any other person, but that he would divulge nothing until the proper time; and so we chatted, while over the great sky all the while the storm was gathering its army of scattered clouds, and bannered them to the very zenith, and placing them in positions along the murky horizon. The gloom had long ago swallowed up the shrine-like light in which she had been sitting, and our converse was broken in upon not unfrequently by distant peals of thunder, that died away even in their cradle, far among the wooded hills; but no report had been severe enough to silence us entirely, and I could not but tell Mrs. Danbrey of my first night's adventure in that room, and of how old Mary, out of her own mind, sent spirits up into the deserted turret, and made them residents at her scared pleasure. While I spoke, the gloom darkened throughout the room, and I observed that Mrs. Danbrey also seemed to share the physical condition of the scene and time, and I could evoke no smile at the fright occasioned to me by the ghost-playing cat that hunted vermin in her old home. She rose from her chair, where she had re-seated herself after she had given me her hand, and was now standing by the window, looking toward the meadow and the river. There was a universal pall thrown over the landscape, and at that moment a vivid flash quickened through the air, and on the instant the loud boom of the thunder swept the earth, and before I could recover from the effect of the sudden report, Mrs. Danbrey shrieked:

'He is dead!'

I naturally looked over the space before the window, and in the midst of the darkening storm, I could see, within three hundred feet of

us, where a small arm of the river had diverged from the main current, and had forced itself through the long grass, a tree, splintered by the lightning, and beneath, on a bank that rose from the sluggish water, was stretched the body of a man. We stood in silent awe for a moment, and it was Mrs. Daubrey who was the first to break the solemn and terrific hush :

‘Go to him, for God’s sake !



I descended the turret-steps, and in a few moments I was standing over the senseless body of Colonel Blackford.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

THE rain was falling in torrents, one of those deluge sheets of tempest-shower, so remarkable in the middle section of the United States, and through its liquid curtain flashed at quick intervals the bristling battery of the storm. Autumn seemed to have robbed the summer of its attributes, and so it happened that mercy and rescue came down with the heavy and all-deluging rain, without which, vain would have been my exertions to relieve the thunder-smitten Blackford. It was evident, after a few moments, how he was affected ; and I was greatly rejoiced at the discovery that he had only been stunned by the blow that had shivered the tree, near which lay his course at the moment of the electric contact. I raised his head upon my knee, and looking down into his face, I could not be otherwise than struck with the form of the countenance so singularly placed before me. His age ranged between fifty and sixty, judging it by the silvery scattering that mixed with the original ebon color of his hair. The forehead was broad, and in the

centre was a deep indenture, that at first sight appeared to be the result of some physical injury, but that was not the case. Even in the rigid condition to which his whole face was now terribly reduced, there was a look of unmistakable melancholy, mingled with a development of firm and unflinching resolution. Vaguely as I had been impressed against this mysterious person, my prejudice gained no new force by my scrutiny of his marble and death-like face. On the contrary, there was a something lordly in its dread composure that won me in an instant to the man. Thoroughly military was the contour of the head and outline of the features, and the idea was confirmed by a survey of the tall, thin, but muscular body, that so helplessly lay stretched before me, dripping with wet, and numbed by the concussion. I chafed his temples, and endeavored, by active friction of his hands, to recall animation; and the thorough soaking he had undergone since he received the shock, aided me most effectually in restoring him to partial sensibility.

While I was engaged in these offices of restoration, old Sampson, doubtless sent down to my assistance by Mrs. Danbrey, had joined me, and I was in the act of lifting him, with the negro's assistance, with the intention of bearing him to the house, when the Colonel opened his eyes, and gazed wildly around him. In their wandering they were lifted toward the dark vault above us, and as I stood leaning directly over him, I came into his view. He gazed steadily upon me, examining me with the most fixed and wondering scrutiny. Then he withdrew his regard, and for an instant Sampson, kneeling near his feet, attracted his attention. I looked down upon the singular workings of his face with a vague suspicion, an undefined intuition; and though the storm poured down its flood, and the thunder rolled its peals, I had no power, indeed no wish, to check the coming revelation of the sufferer. After he had for a moment looked steadily at Sampson, his eyes reverted to my face, and as they did so, his chest heaved, and his firm-set lips parted, and he vainly tried to raise his right hand, as if with the intention to take mine, that lay within reach upon his shoulder.

'My God! has it been a dream: oh! has it been nothing but a dream?'

I half-understood the meaning of this speech, and well could I read the wild delirious gleam that had flashed in his eye, as, but a second's time before, he had gazed upon my face; and a human kindness in my heart honored the deceit I practised, as I said, while by a sign I directed Sampson's aid, and lifted him from the ground: 'It is but a dream, Colonel Blackford. Let us take you to the house.'

'Then these are not the widow's tears that have fallen on me,' spoke once more the lightning-shattered man. 'These are not the daughter's tears that wet me so. I am not the slayer. Thank God: thank God: He tells me it is but a dream.'

He spoke no more; and as gently as we could, we lifted him from the ground, and commenced to carry him by the narrow path, and through the long, dark grapes, to the Hut. It was well that both Sampson and I were not of the pigmy race, else difficult would have been the task of bearing that helpless and almost inert mass over the slippery soil. We struggled on, however, I with what strength I had,

and with full willingness, Sampson, with his giant force, but not with a giant will, until we reached the clump of trees that screened the stables from the house. Arrived there, we halted in the shelter of the grove ; and no sooner had I placed Colonel Blackford in a sitting posture, with his back leaning against a tree, whose thick branches afforded an opportune protection from the driving rain, than another personage was added to the group, and one whose presence I would very willingly have dispensed with. This was no less a person than Benny Brown, the Indian. He came upon us as unheralded by noise, or even sound, as ever, and seating himself at some distance, but within easy sight of Colonel Blackford, he rested his chin upon his hand, and without the movement of a muscle, he fixed his eagle glance upon that pallid face, whose unopened eyes and deep expression of suffering would have appealed to any other foe than the stern fanatic of vengeance that sat in silence before him, grudging the fatality of heaven, that seemingly had rescued the victim from his grasp. It was a group well worth the painter's pencil or the Christian's prayer.

'Let us lift our friend again, Sampson, and get on into the house ;' and as I spoke, I proceeded to perform in part my own proposal.

'Friend ? humph !' ejaculated the Indian, with an air of sovereign contempt.

'Yes ; *friend*, I say, Benny Brown ; and friend he shall be considered.'

The Indian obliqued his half-closed eyes upon me in silence, and there was the copperish look of a serpent in the expression, that awoke all my defiant nature. I was a white man, and his white enemy's protector, and that was enough, under any circumstances, to excite the latent violence of the demi-barbarian.

'Humph !' again from Benny ; but this time his eyes were upon the white, dead-looking face of Colonel Blackford, and as he looked, I saw his fingers play over the rifle-stock, and the fierce, brazen gleam of the eyes deepen.

'Whom the white man's God strikes, HE makes sacred : after HIM, no man shall touch.'

As I said this, adopting the language best suited to the style of my red companion, I tried to express to Oga-ka-nin, or Benny, by the strongest look that I could muster into my countenance, that I meant my rhetoric to have peculiar application on that occasion. The Indian kept his seat upon the damp earth, and was as calm as any sweet May morn you ever saw in all your lives ; and there was nothing in the world but a good blow over the head with a club, or his own sense of opportunity and propriety of circumstance, to prevent his slipping those old, brown, bony fingers of his, half-an-inch higher up the gun-stock, and letting Colonel Blackford have the full benefit of the contents of the barrel. But as yet the fingers moved not up the 'imminent deadly breech,' and all that Benny did was to reply to my aphorism :

'When the white man's God strikes a tree, and shatters the green branches, the white man's axe cuts the trunk down, and burns it.'

'Because in the forest, the tree is of no longer any use, and the white man cuts it down to make the hearth brighter, and the home happier, when the snow falls, and the cold rain will not let him into the wet woods for timber that will warm him.'

'Massa,' chimed in old Sampson, with a sort of grim chuckle running up and down and all over his face, 'if Benny do n't get off de wet grass de rheumatis will git hold of him agin, and whar 'll he be den?'

This taunt of Sampson seemed to revive all the past services of Mrs. Danbrey to Benny, when he was laid up in his cabin with the long spell of illness, and helped to rekindle in his glowing temper of vengeance the full fury of his nature; for as Sampson finished speaking, Benny jumped from the ground, his nostrils dilated and his eyes flashing, and what his purpose was, I was only left to conjecture, for he uttered no threat, but was in the act of advancing closer toward Colonel Blackford, when that gentleman, whom I had lost sight of for a few seconds, but to whom I now turned with motives of assistance, met the fierce look of the Indian with an expression so calm and unflinching, that I saw it had its effect even upon the now fully-developed savage before him.

'I thought that it was a dream, and your presence helped me in the delusion;' he addressed himself to me; 'but your advice tells me something else; but that cannot be, it is not so; you are not his son; he had none, and you are not *he*; no, no, O my God! no! I am helpless. What has happened to me? I am here, with that Indian glaring at me, and you speaking strange words to him. A moment ago, but a moment, it seems to me, I met you far from this spot; and now I am here, that moment only passed, shattered and helpless. Tell me what does it all mean?'

I always have found it the wiser course to let a man know exactly what he wants to know, under the class of circumstances like this one of which I am treating; and so, without more ado, I told Colonel Blackford how I had first seen him from the turret-window, (leaving out of course any mention of my companion,) and then directing his attention to the shattered walnut tree that was in view, I told him that the electric concussion had paralyzed him for the time, and that I was too happy to have it in my power to offer him the assistance I had, and that if he would allow me, I would renew our return to the Hut, where he should, I assured him, be properly cared for. 'My shoulder is strong; lean on it, if you please.'

'I lean on your words more than I do upon the strength of your arms, my friend;' and as he spoke I raised him from his sitting position against the tree, and placing one of his arms over my shoulder, with Sampson supporting him on the other side, we proceeded toward the lower gate of the garden, by which egress was had from the house to the stable grounds.

I had so arranged it, that, even if Benny Brown should bring up the rear, my eye would be almost constantly upon him, thus making sure that no sudden impulse should accomplish what the mercy of DIVINE PROVIDENCE had deemed it best to leave undone.

And thus, with the anxious thoughts about the interview that was likely to take place between the man leaning on my arm and the inmate of that lone turret-room, we passed through the gate and beneath the arbor clothed with masses of vines and heavy with the rich grape harvest, until we paused to rest upon the broad lawn that lay between us and the steps by which we were to ascend the little porch, and thence into the dwelling; and as we paused, the autumn sun for a moment

broke once more through the curtain of the storm, and with one bright lance of light, waved a flood of glory all around, and made the dripping eaves, and the grass, (the rain had paused in its heavy falling,) and the trees, look as if they had been standing and growing there in a perpetual veil of diamondry and pearls. The Colonel breathed heavily, and I felt his hand grasp my own with a great nervous pressure, but I dared not look at him, for he was about entering the home he had made desolate with the very hand that now pressed mine so convulsively. I did, however, cast one look up to that window in the turret, but whether she was standing there or not I could not tell. But could she have failed to watch that approach, under circumstances so like a retribution?

We paused only for a breathing space, and then we went on, and at last we reached the rustic porch, and the Colonel lifted his feet heavily over the step; and I remarked one small act that in the doing was singularly significant under the circumstances, and that he would have been well excused from doing; but he turned away from me with a sudden effort, and stopped to scrape the mud from his boots upon the little iron rack that had entirely escaped my notice. With great care he removed the soiling evidence of his walk, and having done so, he turned and with my assistance, stood upon the platform.



COLONEL BLACKFORD.

'I will go into the old parlor, if you please; I know it well. To the right from the front entrance, the portrait is there.' He attempted to take his hat from his head, but Sampson anticipated him with the natural instinct of his class; indeed, Sampson's conduct during the whole affair, was marked by that quiet courtesy for which the old family serv-

ants of the South are so distinguished ; and I led Colonel Blackford into the quiet old parlor, and I made Sampson draw the chair up to the centre-table, that if need be, the Colonel might rest his arms upon it, intending to search out old Mary and have the bed prepared for his reception in the adjoining room.

He sank heavily into the chair, and drawing a long and heavy respiration, that sounded like the sigh of an inexpressible melancholy, he with difficulty raised his hand to his head and pressed it against his temple. Sampson now left the room, and the Colonel and I were alone. The sensation was so painful to me that I at once, as if for some purpose of arrangement, stepped into the little bed-room to which I have before alluded ; but I had scarcely passed the door-way, when my attention was arrested by an exclamation of Colonel Blackford. I had left him with his hand pressed against his temple, and fronting one of the windows, through which occasionally the struggling sun threw fitful gleams, dispensing light and dispersing the cloud masses at the same time.

'For mercy's sake, come near me ! Speak ! I pray you speak ! FATHER of Heaven, was it but a shadow ?'

I turned, and there upon the floor I saw a shade cast by a human form : it rested but a second, and then it went away. I did not stop to examine by what accident of light that shadow could have got there, for my whole attention was attracted by the actions of Colonel Blackford. He sprang upon his feet, stretched out both his arms, attempted to advance, but as he did so, he pitched forward and fell with a heavy crash upon the floor.

T E M P T A T I O N .

I STOOD with sweet MAUD on the hill-side,
Half afraid to utter my vows :
The apples above and around us
Hung crimson and gold on the boughs.

It was autumn, and in the meadows
Were piled the shocks and the sheaves,
While below us twittered the swallows,
A-feeding their young in the eaves.

The soft wind went moaning and sighing,
And pelting the great apples down,
Until every spot on the hill-side
Had rubies enough for a crown.

Then MAUD stooped and gathered a handful,
And calling me ADAM, she gave
The fruit of temptation unto me,
And wondered if I could be brave.

O MAUD ! it's enough to be ADAM !
I, taking the golden fruit, cried :
But apples more rare and more tempting,
On the lips of MAUD I espied.

R. A. OAKM.

T H E O L D D R A Y - H O R S E .

BY GEORGE W. CHALMERS.

ALONG the dusty road,
Along the granite pave,
A lean old horse is dragging his load,
A patient and humble slave:
In hunger and pain he tramps
From dawn till close of day,
And still by the light of the dim street-lamps
He drags his rumbling dray.

His heart is dreary and cold,
His limbs are spavined and sore,
His withers are wrung, and with stripes untold
His back is calloused o'er:
And still he onward crawls,
The meek and tired old gray;
But reproachfully turns his sightless balls
To apostrophise his dray.

O weary, lingering mate!
O clinging, tiresome dray!
Wast thou ordained by relentless fate
To waste my strength away?
With shaft, and breeching, and pad.
With strap, and buckle, and chain,
To hang on my steps like a weight of lead
I strive to escape in vain?

For many weary years
You've pressed upon my back,
Till my sight has melted away in tears,
And pains my members rack:
No word of kindness I know
From the pitiless brute I serve;
His softest caress, a truculent blow,
Bestowed with a villain's nerve.

To rid your close embrace
I've walked and walked away,
But you always double your rumbling pace:
Do you fear to lose your prey?
Like the felon's chain and ball
You come, with your creaking wheels,
And grudge me the time in my cheerless stall
I'm eating my scanty meals.

Sometimes in dreams away,
As listless I drag my load,
I see a frolicsome foal at play
Upon the velvet sward:
The sun is shining warm,
And a streamlet gurgles there,
And the colt is prancing around its dam,
Cropping the herbage near.

'I stop to taste the stream,
 Or gaze on the lovely place,
 But a painful awakening ends the dream :
 'Tis a blow to mend my pace.
 Oh ! has that gay young form
 Which sported beside its dam,
 From blows, from labor, from famine and storm,
 Become the wreck I am ?

'But I shall be free again,
 My bondage goes with my breath ;
 And your strap, and pad, and buckle, and chain,
 Will be cut by merciful Death !'
 And along the dusty road,
 Along the granite pave,
 The mute old horse goes dragging his load,
 A patient and humble slave.

Milwaukee, Dec. 12, 1856.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER FIFTEENTH.

PART FIRST.

WE are attracted by the music, at the mounting of the general guard. It seems almost a desecration to raise such a hubbub on this romantic ground every morning when the ceremony is performed ; but then drums and fifes and bugles cannot be expected to be silent in veneration, when all else is bustle and stir. Verily, the advent of us Yankees was a sad affair for the peace and quiet of Auahuac.

We stand in the Grand Plaza. Upon good authority, it is pronounced to be unsurpassed for magnificence by any such square in the world. Turn on the heel, and let the eye sweep around the entire space ! What a *coup d'œil* ! The National Palace on the eastern side, although a plain structure, has an imposing frontage of five hundred feet ; the famous Cathedral, and the parochial church of *El Sagrario* bound the northern ; and the ornate palace *del Marquisado del Valle*, bestowed upon Cortes, when, Columbus-like, he was smarting from the fangs of jealousy and slander ; and other splendid old architectural piles fill up the western and southern sides.

The din of martial music having ceased, and the troops and crowd of native idlers gone, we will improve our leisure time by looking into some of the edifices. Passing by the monument sacred to Santa Anna's leg, (which monument, by-the-by, like many of our western cities, exists mostly in imagination,) and crossing a two-fold avenue of orange trees, we stand in front of the main-entrance to the Cathedral. No grand flight of stairs adds to the appearance of the façade, nor furnishes roosting-places for pious rogues, who are in the habit of killing two birds with one stone : looking out for the benefit of the soul and pocket at the same time. Rather a tame-looking front elevation, after

all. A true disciple of Vitruvius might justly find complaint with it ; for although strikingly grand at a little distance, a near view shows it to be a *melange* of license and architectural caprice, a superfluity of ornament that renders a very near sight of it any thing but pleasing. Perhaps the anomalies there presented arose from a democratic idea that all the orders should be represented ; and what makes the fault more glaring is its contrast to the chaste style of the adjoining church. However, as we are not hypercritical, we will look inside, and let the façade alone. Here we stand in the centre of a vast and beautiful cross. We scarcely know what to fasten the eyes upon in the multiplicity of carvings and gilt decorations, and the almost endless variety of objects consecrated to this system of worship. The Roman Catholic religion is truly the protector and patron of the sister arts of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture ; but connoisseurs complain that many *chef d'œuvres* of old masters have been hidden in corners, because not showy enough — the way of the world. The representations of the elegance of form, the expressive symbolism of ideal beauty, and conceptions of the divine, have charms heightened to the eye of the avaricious, by the profusion of precious metals with which they are surrounded. We are not particularly struck with the display of the Cathedral's interior, for it is only showing on a larger scale what exists in many other gorgeous temples in Mexico. The custodian, in which is deposited the consecrated host for extra occasions, is of solid gold, studded with precious stones. The golden figure of an angel adorns each corner of the supporting pedestal ; and the exhibition of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, give an idea that religion must be an expensive article ; but considering the immensity of the church-property, all that does not show prodigality, and even if it did manifest an extravagant spirit, it is well known that there is a sufficiency in reserve for the maintenance of the professors, who abound. We see, now and then, one of our soldiers strolling through the sacred precincts, looking very much as if he wished that the floor had less polish, and more seats. Ah ! how many sighs our poor fellows give as they eye the gemmed ornaments of the church : but their sighs are not those of penitence, such as emanate from the exquisite and loafer, who kneel side-by-side, and thump their breasts until they must be black ; no, it is rather owing to the vain regret of the irreligious, that the church properties had not been included in the list of lawful plunder that fell to the sackers of cities. There is a peculiar plaintiveness in the tone of the stout military gentleman, who ejaculates, as his gaze fastens upon ecclesiastics in an advanced stage of plumpitude : ' Yes ! yes ! those chaps must live like fighting-cocks.'

We think of the different scenes that have been enacted on this spot in the name of religion. Here, in this Cathedral, we stand on the site of the Grand Yeocalli, the great pyramidal edifice founded by Ahuitzotli ; and here stood the tower of grinning skulls. From the chaos of absurdities, superstitions, fables, impostures, and horrid rites of the sacrificial priesthood, the Spaniards released the people ; but they introduced a system no less magnificent in its proportions, nor less captivating to the mind, in its dazzling yet harmonious intricacies. Mexico

was made the holy city of America, and its shrines are accounted the most sacred in the Western hemisphere. Nowhere do the ecclesiastics seek more to strike the senses by display than here. Look at that procession that so majestically moves through the Cathedral. Swinging censers fling their heavy odor on the air, and clouds arise from the incense. The apparel of silk and brocade, glittering with gold embroidery, enchant the weak-minded female worshippers, who would almost be willing to forego the pleasures of paradise for a wardrobe as splendid as the vestments worn by the ministers of religion. These many priests could not be spared. They are the caryatides of the Church: remove them, or even strip off their vestments, and the fabric is that soon despoiled of much of its attraction, and its influence on the minds of its votaries becomes weak. Nor could they spare the solemn music, that seems to give utterance to the deepest emotions of the human soul. What different sounds from those that rent the air when the victim was held down upon the stone of sacrifice by six pagan priests, while the appalling operation of cutting out his beating heart was performed in the full sight of the people! There is an exhibition of shrewdness in preserving the sacrificial stone, and other ghastly testimonials of barbarism; because thereby the descendants of those cannibals are reminded how much matters have been improved by the new religion.

My old friend, the monk Augustin, observing the interest I took in relics of antiquity, has been so kind as to lend me a book from his library, that treats at some length of the ancient rites and ceremonies. We will leave the Cathedral, and seat ourselves in a cool shade on the opposite side of the Plaza, and amuse ourselves by casting reflections. The book is entitled '*Le Mexique*,' and is by Bettromi. It has been but little read, because nobody cared a *tlaco* whether one building or another happened to stand in just such a locality, so long as the title is indefeasible. Four great gates opened into streets laid out by the cardinal points; the street of Yescuco to the east, of Yacuba to the west, Yezlapalapa to the south, and that of Yepayaca to the north. Over each door was erected a square, which served as a little arsenal, having a plentiful supply of the arms of the country in case of emergency. The interior of the place was paved with marble, so highly polished that the heavily-equipped Spaniards slipped at each step they trode upon it. The temple was of five stories, terminating in a truncated pyramid having a wide plain at the top; and that was the altar upon which they represented their great solemnities, and offered the terrible sacrifices of young men and maidens, of warriors taken in battle. The great stone of sacrifice was of a convex surface, so that the victim's stomach might be elevated for the knife that opened a passage for the hand of the priest, who, tearing away the heart, offered it to the god of the day, and burned it in the sacred fire. If the person thus victimized was a prisoner taken in battle, his body was pitched from the top of the temple to his fortunate captor; and to the house of that individual it was immediately taken, and his friends and acquaintances invited to partake of a dainty banquet of human flesh. If the victim was a slave, his master did the same for him, though in a more quiet way.

That was certainly one mode of mixing the blood of the races. They had refined epicurean tastes, eating only the more delicate parts, and rejecting the remainder for the use of the ferocious beasts in the menagerie, and the birds of prey. They were too dainty, as a general thing, to feed upon the Spaniards, who were so lean and tough with hard work and poor fare. According to the historian, Clavigero, seventy-two thousand three hundred and forty-four prisoners were ranged in files a mile-and-a-half long, and were immolated at the dedication of the great temple. Doubters have questioned the truth of this statement, wondering where so many unfortunates came from, and what their names were. Be that account true or not, there is no doubt that they served up all they caught.

While in the great square, we must not forget to glance at the Yottec Calendar, which is built into the south wall of the Cathedral. The Calendar is a mass of basaltic porphyry, twenty-four tons in weight, and covered with the most symmetrical and admirably-worked hieroglyphics. But enough; every body has read or heard a description of it. We have turned toward the north in search of the Inquisition, which is difficult for a stranger to locate, for the reason that it stands conspicuously at a corner of a street, just where one would not expect to find such a renowned edifice. Its proximity to the churches is very suggestive. It probably turned out to be but a poor imitation of its great European original; and now there is nothing remarkable about its exterior, while its original occupation is gone.

We will now enter the National Palace, a great isolated square, said to be a mile round. I always had enough to do without measuring its circumference, and therefore give reliable hearsay. That spot has been the residence of many distinguished personages, from Montezuma, the Viceroy, the Presidents, down to an American General. It also has been used partly for a garden for beasts the most ferocious, and a receptacle for reptiles the most venomous; but latterly, in our days, it has been appropriated to the tribunals of justice, the Legislature, heads of administrative departments, and for the purpose of a botanical garden; and still more latterly, as we examine for ourselves, we will find a regiment of South-Carolina volunteers, and some other troops, literally 'revelling in the Halls of the Montezumas.' We enter the chamber of the Legislature, and find it in session. The presiding Senator is fantastically arrayed in rich crimson robes, beneath which peep out the light-blue trowsers of a soldier. He has some difficulty in keeping order among his republican compatriots; and he has to rise sometimes and collar an excited member, who so far forgets his dignity as to play at leap-frog with a grave individual, who is making an harangue upon the condition of the treasury, and the policy of making a forced loan from the people. A noisy person now rises, and briefly suggests that certain images might be removed from the churches; and he is so bold and impolitic as to confess that that was his principal errand in coming to this city. His boldness does not consist in using such an expression at this time and place; for the sly laugh that greets him, shows that many others are of the same mind, though less candid; but his boldness — we might say temerity — consists in making such a de-

claration after the American Commander-in-Chief has decreed the commission of such an act, by any one, to be felony without benefit of clergy. The President of the Assembly immediately orders the speaker into custody, for breach of privilege; and he is accordingly seized and carried off. Several members rise at once, and attempt to speak. The hammer raps, but order is not restored for nearly a minute. President looks at his watch, and endeavors to hasten the proceedings, for the session must terminate at a certain minute, and that time draws near. The order of business is suspended, and a motion made that the American troops stationed in the vicinity, be invited to partake of a collation with the members of the Legislature. The suggestion takes well. All rise in their seats and on their seats, and answer to the names of men who figure in all the political parties of the day: the Polkos, and Puros, the haters of, and adherents to, Santa Anna; and if we may credit our ears, many of the most prominent officers of the Mexican Government are before us, conspicuous for fidelity in misfortune. As they have risen from the desks, we perceive their official costumes to be motley to a ludicrous degree. The knaves! They have cheaply arrayed their persons by despoiling the chamber of its costly hangings, most of which have been torn, or cut down, and thus appropriated. Were it not for the gravity that all but the mere lookers-on so studiously preserve, the proceedings would at once be set down as a farce.

Hark! the roll of several drums in the open quadrangle of the Palace. The effect is instantaneous. Down comes the hammer of the presiding officer, and off he flings his fantastic robes, and we see that his sleeves bear the *chevrons* of a sergeant. The members all scamper down the broad staircase. We look over into the parade-ground, and behold a regiment forming by company, while the first sergeant of each with mechanical speed calls the roll. The wild rogues! Among them we recognize the late sage representatives; they who played the part of Mexican legislators. The dinner-call is beating the merry but oftentimes ironical tune of 'Roast Beef;' and off they march to consume their rations.

Our quondam friend, Mr. P. O'G —, now a clerk in the quartermaster department, makes his appearance, bowing, and courteously tenders his services in showing us through the various rooms, halls, apartments, and courts. We return his salute, wonder how he got that black eye, and beg leave to decline his polite offer to escort us through a labyrinth of wagons, and all manner of Yankee baggage, that now encumber the ancient seat of royalty. We think of an invitation to dine with a party of citizens in the Calle Véejo, and again go into the Plaza. Romance, associations, all may go the dogs: we hunger.

PART SECOND.

THREE hours make a great change in our feelings. Now we incline to quietude, and were it not that our quarters are at some distance across town, and an appearance at evening parade is necessary, we would much prefer to remain in-doors and do nothing but chat. As it

is, we will improve the walk, and on our way drop in at a *pulqueria*. We hear lively music from stringed instruments, and the pattering of feet on the smooth earthen floor; then come long-winded strains of vocal melodies delivered in a nasal twang, generally drawn out in a loud refrain. They sing to the praise of the maguey plant, that supplies the liquor they drink — the *pulque*.

It is well to be grateful for the beneficent provision that nature has made, in sowing that shrub in soil so sandy that nothing else will grow there, and where are no wells to refresh the parched tongue. The *Agave Americana* — sometimes called the century plant, from the erroneous belief that it blossoms but once in a hundred years — is a wonderful provider for the wants of man. It is justly a favorite. One species of it may be seen rising like a fluted column forty or fifty feet, crowned by many greenish-white blossoms, seeming to the wayfarer like a guide 'with floral banners bright' to indicate the way to a plantation of magueys. The term plantation is an apt expression; because the indigenous plant is improved by culture, and large fields of it may be seen laid out in rows. I have even seen the name of the owner branded upon the broad leaves, perhaps as an additional precaution against theft, though an apple tree might be far more easily removed. What native would willingly give up the tree that so bountifully administers to his wants! The superb magnolia grandiflora, with its altitude of ninety feet and diameter of three, its leaves of eight or nine feet in length, and profusion of beautiful white blossoms, excites emotions more sublime but less grateful than does the branched spike of the cactus or maguey, with its hospitable breast of cooling milk. When the plant is in an efflorescent state, usually when it is from seven to ten years of age, the centre stem is cut off and a bowl formed in the heart. Into that the teeming sap runs from the succulent leaves, sometimes gallons in a day; and it is drawn therefrom by a simple kind of syphon-pump, and deposited in capacious vats of undressed cowhide. The flavor it thus acquires during a slight fermentation is added to, by its being poured into bottles formed of the whole skin of the smaller domestic animals.

Let a De Quincey dream of his preparations of opium; of happiness that can be bought for a penny and carried in the waist-coat pocket; of portable ecstasies that can be corked up in a pint-bottle; and of peace of mind that can be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach: the Mexican laughs in his sleeve at all such, and thanks his stars that he enjoys a condensation of all their pleasing, without any of their deleterious qualities, for he has his *pulque*. Speak not to him of the toddy of the palm, the juice of the sugar-cane, or that of apples or pears — he finds a panacea for all his woes in another juice — his own *pulque*. The fastidious foreigner gazes upon the bloated pig-skin with disgust; and, as he quenches a raging thirst for the first time with this beverage, he holds his nostrils between finger and thumb. Soon he wonders what it is that is so peculiar in the drink, for his feet become light as air and scarcely feel the ground beneath. He again imbibes, and his blood becomes an ethereal fluid, and the sun shines in upon every thought that

flits through his brain ; and unless he decants half a gallon of it, he will not hear a coffee-mill whirring in his head, nor feel a corresponding depression of spirits when sober again. No one more delights to riot in the national beverage than the *lèpèro*. He deposits nearly all his income in the bank that pays no dividends except broken bones or swelled heads — that resort of the idle and the vicious — the low *pulqueria*.

We enter one of the most respectable houses of its class, and enter an interior room, from which we can observe all that passes without being subject to intrusion. Between the stanzas of the song all but the musicians join in a not ungraceful dance ; and as frequently as it can be done without interrupting the performances, they reverse their cups. We will be content with a single song, a very free translation of which follows. The violins squeak, the guitars thrum out a few lazy notes, and the chief vocalist washes down the huskiness of his pipes by copious streams of the *pulque*. Hark ! listen to him sing the praises of

THE PLANT OF PROVIDENCE—THE MAGUEY.

Oh ! joy of our eyes ! 'tis the maguey-tree towering,
A herald of cheer that will lighten our hearts :
How we dream, as we gaze at her coronal flowering,
Of the sun-shine of thought that her nectar imparts.

CHORUS. — Oh ! the juice of that tree,
Still our draught shall it be :
It enslaves not the brain,
Nor brings sorrow nor pain :

Oh ! drink deep ! drain the flagon ! and feel ye are free !

Drink of gods ! mead ambrosial, we 'll on it get cheerful,
Only fools, to kill care, quaff the blood of the vine,
While we wits swig a mead that can make no eye tearful,
But lends strength and exhilarates more than red wine.

CHORUS. — For wine's fumes make men mad,
Else wild, gloomy, or sad,
If they take but a gill,
While we Dons our skins fill.

Let us dance ! let us sing ! for our bosoms are glad.

We cannot forget, when hot throats we are laving,
The numberless blessings that spring from our queen ;
Her roof-thatching leaves, from sun and rain saving,
Her fibres for raiment, her thorns needles keen.

CHORUS. — She 's a boon from the skies !
She 's a wife that supplies
Without fretting or broil :
More than corn, wine, and oil,

Freely drops from the queen-tree, our land's greatest prize.

Then to pleasure give reins as our goblets are sparkling,
And unclouded our wits, like the stars, do grow bright :
No care for the morrow is on our brows darkling,
But we cull from to-day, ere it flies, true delight.

CHORUS. — Oh ! the juice of that tree !
Still our draught shall it be :
It enslaves not the brain,
Nor brings sorrow nor pain.

Oh ! drink deep ! drain the flagon ! and feel ye are free !

They appear really to be enjoying themselves over their potations ; and yet we see not the least appearance of intoxication or of a quarrel-

some spirit. Then they pull away at their cigaritos, as if inhaling a supply of steam for another musical effort. How they do smoke, too ! The first white men, three centuries ago, found them using the rolls of tobacco in that way, and they have not yet tired of the habit ; but 'from youth to hoary age' they remain in a state of slavery to the weed. As we are about crossing the threshold, we meet a gentleman from 'Lunnun.' He tells us that he has been in Mexico for ten years, but he has not yet so far conquered his prejudices as to learn the language nor how to drink *pulque*.

'Orrid rancid smell, the blowsted thing 'as now ; 'as n't it ? Give me one good noggin of 'alf-and-'alf to a 'ogshead of pulky.'

Dear me ! his opinion, thus bluntly given, sets us a-thinking about the variety of tastes that exists. Suppose we go. W. H. BROWN.

S T A Z A S .

OH ! BURY ME DOWN IN THE VALLEY !

Oh ! bury me not in the church-yard,
In that city of slumbering clay :
Where the shadow of sorrow is heavy,
And the tomb-stones are crumbling and gray :

Where the fences are ragged and broken,
And Nature is clothed in decay :
Where the leaves ever rustling, are dropping
On hopes that are blighted as they.

The wind whispers dolefully, dolefully !
And shrieks o'er each down-trodden bed ;
And the cricket is mournfully chanting
The song of the mouldering dead.

Oh ! bury me down in the valley,
By the side of some musical rill,
That chants to the note of the robin,
And sighs when the songster is still :

Where perfumes rare and supernal
Clog the flight of the zephyr-wing'd hours :
Where the air is filled with soft murmurs,
The breathing of half-wakened flowers :

Where the violet shrinks from the gaze
Of early morn's rosy-hued sky ;
And the dew in its azure cup brims,
Like the tear in a fair maiden's eye.

Troy, (New-York.)

E. S. Q.

CHILDHOOD: A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

'Cottage-Home, G — n, Pa., June 11, 1857.

L. G. CLARK, Esq.:

'DEAR SIR: Although personally unknown to you, yet I feel as if I were writing to an old friend; for there is so much of genuine *companionableness* in the Editor's Table of *'our Magazine,'* (as my husband and I are wont to call the *KNICKERBOCKER,*) that I am disposed at once to come to the reason of sending you this epistolary infliction. I want you to do me the favor to insert the accompanying article in *'our Magazine.'* It emanated from your pen long ago, and the within copy has been cherished carefully by its owner. I have read it aloud time and again to those who could appreciate it, and never yet without wishing I might once more see it in print.

'A few evenings ago my husband read it to me. We are parents of two little ones, who are neither of them yet two years old, and, young as they are, I feel that they will be the better for your kindly advice to parents: even to those whose eldest child has not yet caught up to your little *'Five-Year Old.'* Blessings be upon the *'Little People,'* these sun-beams of our homes!

'Trusting you will pardon me for this intrusion upon your time and attention, and also that you will gratify me by assenting to my proffered request, I remain, dear Sir, your friend and well-wisher,

M. W. D. S.

'Should you wish to publish any part of the above, you will please omit my name. I have given it to you because I thought it too uncourteous to send such a letter anonymously.'

LET us begin at the beginning. 'The child is father of the man;' and by permitting us to commence with the following letter to a brother-editor, written in the first person singular — a thing in itself very 'singular' in the present book — the reader will have at once before him the longest paper he will be called upon to encounter 'from title-page to colophon.'

MY DEAR FRIEND: I love children. I used to think when I was a bachelor, (it is a good many years ago now,) that there was something *rather* presuming in the manner in which doating fathers and mothers would bring their 'wee things' around them, and, for the especial edification of us single fellows, cause them to 'mis-speak half-uttered words,' and to go through with divers little lessons in manners and elocution. But both parents and children were made so apparently happy by it, that I never could think, as certain of my irreverent companions were wont to think, and to say, that it was 'a bore.' No, I never thought, or said that; but I *did* think, I remember, as I have said, that there was a little bad taste, and not a little presumption, in such a course.

I don't think so now.

When a father — and how much *more* a mother — sees for the first time the gleam of affection illumining, with what the Germans call an 'interior light,' the eyes and features of his infant child; when that innocent soul, fresh from heaven, looks for the first time into yours, and you feel that yours is an *answering* look to that new-born intelligence; then, I say, will you experience a sensation which is not 'of the earth earthy,' but belongs to the 'correspondences' of a higher and holier sphere.

I wish to gossip a little with you concerning children. You are a full-grown man now, my friend, yet you were once a boy; and I am quite certain that you will feel interested in a few incidents which I am going to relate, in illustration of my theme; incidents which I hope you will judge to be not unfruitful of monitory lessons to 'children of larger growth' than mere girls and boys.

Do n't you think that we parents, sometimes, in moments of annoyance, through pressure of business or other circumstances, forbid that which was but innocent and reasonable, and perfectly natural to be asked for? And do not the best of parents frequently multiply prohibitions until obedience to them becomes impossible?

Excuse me; but all your readers have been children; many of them are happy mothers; many more that are not, *will* be in God's good time; and I cannot but believe that many who shall peruse these sentences will find something in them which they will remember hereafter.

'The sorrows and tears of youth,' says WASHINGTON IRVING, 'are as bitter as those of age;' and he is right. They are sooner washed away, it is true; but oh! how keen is the *present* sensibility — how acute the *passing* mental agony!

My twin-brother WILLIS — may his ashes repose in peace in his early, his untimely grave! — and myself, when we were very little boys in the country, saw, one bright June day, far up in the blue sky, a paper-kite, swaying to-and-fro, rising and sinking, diving and curveting, and flashing back the sun-light in a manner that was wonderful to behold. We left our little tin vessels in the meadow where we were picking strawberries, and ran into a neighboring field to get beneath it; and, keeping our eyes continually upon it, 'gazing steadfastly toward heaven,' we presently found ourselves by the side of the architect of that magnificent creation, and saw the line which held it reaching into the skies, and little white paper messengers gliding upward upon it, as if to hold communion with the graceful 'bird of the air' at the upper end.

I am describing this to you as a boy, and I wish you to think of it as a boy.

Well, many days afterward, and after various unsuccessful attempts, which not a little discomfited us — for we thought we had obtained the 'principle' of the kite — we succeeded in making one which we thought would fly. The air was too still, however, for several days; and never did a becalmed navigator wait more impatiently for a breeze to speed his vessel on her voyage than did we for a wind that should send our paper messenger, bedizened with stars of red and yellow paper, dancing up the sky.

At last it pleased the 'gentle and voluble spirit of the air' to favor us. A mild south wind sprang up, and so deftly did we manage our 'invention,' that it was presently reduced to a mere miniature-kite in the blue ether above us. *Such a triumph!* FULTON, when he essayed his first experiment, felt no more exultant than did we when that great event was achieved! We kept it up until 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk,' when we drew it down and deposited it in the barn; hesitat-

ing long where to place it, out of several localities that seemed safe and eligible, but finally deciding to stand it end-wise in a barrel, in an unfrequented corner of the barn.

I am coming now to a specimen of the 'sorrows and tears of youth,' of which GEOFFREY CRAYON speaks. We dreamed of that kite in the night; and, far up in the heaven of our sleeping vision, we saw it flashing in the sun and gleaming opaquely in the twilight air. In the morning, we repaired betimes to the barn; approached the barrel with eagerness, as if it were possible for the kite to have taken the wings of the evening and flown away; and, on looking down into the receptacle, saw our cherished, our beloved kite broken into twenty pieces!

It was our man THOMAS who did it, climbing upon the hay-mow.

It was many years afterward before we forgot the cruel neighbor who laughed at us for our deep six months' sorrow at that great loss; a loss in comparison with which the loss of a fortune at the period of manhood sinks into insignificance. *Other* kites, indeed, we constructed; but *that* was the kite 'you read of' at this present.

Think, therefore, O ye parents! *always* think of the acuteness of a child's sense of childish grief.

I once saw an elder brother, the son of a metropolitan neighbor, a romping, roystering blade, in the merest 'devilment,' cut off the foot of a little doll with which his infantine sister was amusing herself. A mutilation of living flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, in a beloved playmate, could scarcely have affected the poor child more painfully. It was to her the vital current of a beautiful babe which oozed from the bran-leg of that stuffed effigy of an infant; and the mental sufferings of the child were based upon the innocent faith which it held, that all things were really what they seemed.

Grown people should have more faith in, and more appreciation of, the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, in a telegraphic dispatch to one of our morning journals, from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a mother who, in punishing a little boy for telling a lie, (which, after all, it subsequently transpired that he did *not* tell,) hit him with a slight switch over his temple and killed him instantly — a mere accident, of course, but yet a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother — when I read this, I thought of what had occurred in my own sanctum only a week or two before; and the lesson which I received was a good one, and will remain with me forever.

My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed — though perhaps 'I say it who ought not to say it' — still, I *do* say it — had been playing about my table, on leaving which for a moment, I found, on my return, that my long porcupine-quill-handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it. He answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me earnestly in the face, and said:

'No, I *did n't* take it, father.'

I then took him upon my lap; enlarged upon the heinousness of tell-

ing an untruth; told him that I did not care so much about the pen; and, in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered him a reward for the confession — the reward, be it understood (a dear one to him) of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had welled up into his eyes, and he seemed about to 'tell me the whole truth,' when my eye caught the end of the pen protruding from a port-folio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to one of the compartments. All this may seem a mere trifle to you — and perhaps it is: yet I shall remember it for a long time.

But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for, their children. That it is entirely true, you may be well assured. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B——, which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was *but* a boy, and 'boys *will* be boys,' and we ought more frequently to think that it is their *nature* to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a '*boy-man*!' But to the story.

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire, in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

'HENRY has just come in, and he is a perfect fright! He is covered from head to foot with dock-mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat!'

'Where *is* he?' asked the father sternly.

'He is shivering over the kitchen-fire. He was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home.'

'Tell JANE to tell him to come here this instant!' was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half-perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morn-

ing, as the penalty for his offence ; and, in a harsh voice, concluded with :

‘ Now, Sir, go to your bed ! ’

‘ But, father,’ said the little fellow, ‘ I want to tell you —— ’

‘ Not a word, Sir : *go to bed !* ’

‘ I only wanted to say, father, that —— ’

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without other speech, again close the door of explanation or expostulation.

When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared ; and, at tea-table, ate but little. His wife saw the real cause, or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark :

‘ I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what HENRY had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. HENRY is a good boy, after all, if he *does* sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was.’

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of MERCY, in ‘ the house of the Interpreter,’ as recorded by BUNYAN.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up ; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy’s cheek, and rested upon it ; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son ; he felt also the ‘ sense of duty ; ’ yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad’s mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy’s aggrieved spirit in the morning for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to the poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered ; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterward, the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a play-mate of the deceased boy ; bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall.

'I was with HENRY,' said the lad, 'when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, HENRY, and FRANK MUMFORD, and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and CHARLES got out on it to get a fish-line and hook that hung over where the water was deep; and the first thing we saw he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water! HENRY threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got CHARLES out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up the side. CHARLES told HENRY not to say any thing about it, for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. HENRY was very sorry; and, all the way going home, he kept saying:

'What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!'

'Dear, brave boy!' exclaimed the bereaved father; 'and *this* was the explanation which I so cruelly refused to hear!' And hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes! that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity, as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep into the hearts of every parent who shall peruse this sketch:

'Every thing that I now see, that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday I found some rude pencil-sketches, which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now 'most precious to me.') And every morning and evening, I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his play-mates.

'All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot — though I have often tried — I *cannot* recall any other expression of the dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. . . . Then my heart bleeds afresh!

'Oh! how careful should we all be, that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind PROVIDENCE, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!

'Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature!'

I will add no word to reflections so true — no correlative incident to an experience so touching.

L. GATLORD CLARK.

'S I C T R A N S I T G L O R I A M U N D I . '

BY MARY WENDELL AND SPENCER GIBSON.

THIS world is but a dinner-pot, where we
For our worst sins, are boiled continually:
Its trident legs, Fame, Riches, Happiness,
Rest always on the ground. Our cries and groans
Are but the crackling of the fire beneath:
Our sighs and tears, the rich and heavy steam
That rises, incense offered to the cook.
Beside the fire she stands, a portly dame,
Hard is her eye, and BUSINESS is her name!
Gaunt Care and Sorrow stir with iron spoons,
And Shame and Evil steal the fragrant broth;
While, dancing wildly round the charmed spot,
A world of shapes grow merry o'er our pain,
Lift up the lid with clawing, eager hands,
And peering in the depths with hungry eyes,
Lick their thin lips, distend their nostrils wide,
And scarce know how to wait th' appointed hour.

The day wears on: the meal is almost done:
The cook's swart face puts on a deeper glow,
While here and there her emissaries come,
Bearing the castors that will season all.
Love brings the pepper, salt, and mustard too:
The butter comes with smooth Hypocrisy,
And Jealousy pours drops of acid in,
While Care and Sorrow stir the mixture well.
Meanwhile comes Sickness, tottering 'neath the weight
Of the dark dishes made to hold us all.
The major-domo, DEATH! no loiterer he,
When morsels choice await his hungry maw:
Squirm as we may, he takes us deftly out,
And lays each nicely in his separate dish,
His heart transfixed with the unfailing dart,
(Like birds still clinging to what brought them down.)
Countless deep tables willing serfs prepare,
The sad-faced sexton rings the dinner-bell:
DEATH, with his helpers, sits him gladly down.
And all grow genial o'er the general feast.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Halifax again — Hotel Waverley — 'Gone the Old Familiar Faces' — The Story of Marie de la Tour — Bedford Basin, and the Prince's Lodge — Mournful Reflections — Anticipations of the Gasperau and the shores of the Basin of Minas.

AGAIN in old quarters! It is strange how we become attached to a place, be it what it may, if we only have known it before. The same old room we occupied years ago, however comfortless then, has a familiar air of welcome now. There is surely some little trace of self left on the walls, some unseen spider-thread of attachment clinging to the old chair, and the forlorn wash-stand, and the knobby four-poster, that holds the hardest of beds, and the most consumptive of pillows, and a bolster as round, and white, and hard, as a cathedral mass-candle. Heigho, Hotel Waverley! Here am I again; but where are the familiar faces? Where the brave soldier of Inkermann and Balaklava? Where the jolly old Captain of the native rifles? Where the Colonel, with his little meerschaum pipe he was so intent upon coloring? Where the party of salmon-fishermen, the Solomons of piscatology? Where the passengers by the 'Canada'? And where is Picton? Gone, like last year's birds!

'A glass of ale, Henry, and one segar; only *one*; I wish to be solitary.'

I like this bed-room of mine at the Waverley, with its blue-and-white striped curtain at the window, through which the gas-lights of Halifax streets shine in lucid spots, as I wait for Henry, with the candles. Here I mean to rest for one night, and write out a story of Acadia; a part of its romantic history, gleaned from the earlier chapters of Haliburton. Now I am no longer alone. I shut my chamber door, as it were, upon one world, only that I may enjoy another. So I trim the candles, and spread out the writing materials, and at once the characters of two centuries since awake, and their life to me is as the life of to-day.

There is nothing more captivating in literature than the narrative of some heroic deed of woman. Very few such are recorded; how many might be, if the actors themselves had not shunned notoriety, and 'un-commended died,' rather than encounter the ordeal of public praise? Of such has the poet written:

'FULL many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

Of such, many have lived and died, to live again only in fiction; whereas their own true histories would have been greater than the inventions of authors. We read of heroes laden with the 'glittering spoils of empire,' but the heroic deeds of woman are oftentimes, all in all, as great, without the glitter; without the pomp and pageantry

of triumphal processions ; without the pealing trumpet of renown. Boadicea, chained to the car of Suetonius, is the too common memorial of heroic womanity.

The story I relate is but a transcript, a mere episode in the sad history of Acadia : yet the record will be pleasing to many who estimate truly, as I do, the merits of brave women. This, then, is the legend of

MARIE DE LA TOUR.

NOT many years after the successful expeditions of the infamous Argall, and his co-pirate, Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Virginia, by whom the earlier French settlements in Acadia were invaded, King James the First, of England, granted a patent to William Alexander, afterward Earl of Sterling, by which the lands of Acadia, discovered and possessed by the French, were deeded and given to the said William Alexander, who being a Scotchman, rechristened his possessions, and called them *Nova Scotia*, or New-Scotland, in honor of the land of his birth. Monarchs had an easy way of rewarding favorites in those days ; a piece of parchment, with a royal autograph and seal attached, gave a title to a province, without searching the record office, to see if there were prior liens upon the land. As Haliburton, quoting Freneau, says :

‘ For the time once was here, to all be it known,
That all a man sailed by, or saw, was his own.’

It made little difference who was the first holder, heathen or Christian, if he could not keep his lands, he could not have them. • An expedition was accordingly fitted out by Sir William to confirm the title, and extinguish the surviving French colonies of Acadia. But in the interval between the first expedition of Argall, and the present one, numbers of French settlers had come over to the new countries ; so that it was deemed prudent not to claim too much in the face of so large a force, but to wait instead for farther supplies of presbyters and powder.

Among the French colonists were two gentlemen of good family, by name, de La Tour, father and son. It must be remembered that in the original patent of Acadia, granted by Henry IV. to De Monts, freedom of opinion in religion was one of the primary conditions of the grant. In this respect the early settlers of Acadia presented a striking contrast to their after neighbors, of the Plymouth Rock persuasion. Hence it was that Claude de la Tour, and Charles Etienne, his son, although Protestants, held commissions from the French crown, the younger La Tour being in command of a Fort at Cape Sable, an island on the western coast of Acadia, while the elder was on board of a vessel engaged in conveying artillery, munitions, and stores from the mother country to the colonies. It so happened, that the first fillibustering exploit of Sir William was to capture a fleet of transports, among which was the vessel of Claude de la Tour, who was made prisoner, and carried to England. Here, being a widower, he fell in love with a lady, who was maid of honor to the Queen. His passion was returned, and the consequence was, that the young officer at Cape Sable had scarcely lost a father, before he gained a step-mother. At this time the new order of Knights

Baronet of Nova Scotia had been ordained by the King, and La Tour the elder was among the first to receive the honor of installation. It was not surprising, then, that the French prisoner of war should have been so captivated by these marks of royal favor as to lose his discretion, in the fulness of his gratitude; and, therefore, when I state that after receiving a grant of land from his patron, as a farther incentive, he volunteered to assist in the subjugation of Acadia, and as a primary step, undertook to reduce the Fort at Cape Sable; I say, that when I state this, nobody will be surprised, except a chosen few, who cherish some old-fashioned notions, in these days more romantic than real. 'Two ships of war being placed under his command,' he set sail, with his guns and the step-mother, to attack the Fort at Cape Sable. The latter was but poorly garrisoned; but then it contained a daughter-in-law! Under such circumstances, it was plain to be seen that the contest would be continued to the last ounce of powder.

In vain the elder La Tour 'boasted to his son of the reception he had met with in England, of his interest at court, and the honor of knighthood which had been conferred upon him.' In vain he represented 'the advantages that would result from submission,' the benefits of British patronage; and paraded before the eyes of the young commander the parchment grant, the seal, the royal autograph, and the glittering title of Knight Baronet, which would reward his perfidy. His son, shocked and indignant, declined the proffered honors and emoluments, that were only to be gained by an act of treason; and intimated his intention 'to defend the Fort with his life, sooner than deliver it up to the enemies of his country.' In vain the father used the most earnest entreaties, the most touching and parental arguments. Charles Etienne was proof against these. In vain the Baronet alluded to the large force under his command, and deplored the necessity of making an assault, in case his propositions were rejected. Charles Etienne only doubled his sentinels, and stood more firmly entrenched upon his honor. Then the elder La Tour ordered an assault. For two days the storm continued; sometimes the mother-in-law led the Scotch soldiers to the breach, but the French soldiers, under the daughter-in-law, drove them back with such bitter fury, that of the assailants it was hard to say which numbered most, the living or the dead. At last, La Tour the elder abandoned the siege; and 'ashamed to appear in England, afraid to appear in France,' accepted the humiliating alternative of requesting an asylum from his son. Permission to reside in the neighborhood was granted by Charles Etienne. The Scotch troops were reëmbarked for England; and the younger and the elder Mrs. De la Tour smiled at each other grimly from the plain and from the parapet. Farther than this there was no intercourse between the families. Whenever Marie De la Tour sent the baby to grandmother, it went with a troop of cavalry and a flag of truce; and whenever Lady De la Tour left her card at the gate, the drums beat, and the guard turned out with fixed bayonets.

Such discipline had prepared Marie De la Tour for the heroic part which afterward raised her to the historical position she occupies in the chronicles of Acadia. I have had occasion to speak of freedom of opinion existing in this Province; but for the invasion of English and Scotch

fillibusters, this absolute liberty of faith would have produced the happiest fruits in the new colonies. But unfortunately in a weak and newly-settled country, union in all things is an indispensable condition of existence. This very liberty of opinion, in a great measure disintegrated the early French settlements, and separated a people which otherwise might have encountered successfully its rapacious enemies.

But difference of opinion was not the only element of discord in Acadia. Separate and independent interests, loose grants from the crown, one patent often covering another; imperfect surveys, and oftentimes unprincipled adventurers, ready to serve under any flag, complicated matters in the new world. Shortly after the unsuccessful attack at Cape Sable, Sir William Alexander, finding his Scotch colonies more expensive than profitable, conveyed his title to the Province, with the exception of Port Royal, to the elder De la Tour.

In the mean time, another Frenchman, one David Kirtek, a Calvinist, sailing under the English flag, had effected the conquest of Canada, Champlain, then Governor-General, surrendering the keys of the city of Quebec to his countryman in 1629. Three years after this, King Charles the headless, resigned his claim to New-France to Lewis the Thirteenth, and once more Canada and Acadia were under the Fleur de Lis. The Colonies were now placed upon a different footing. The established religion was Catholic; all Huguenots and strangers were excluded, and none but native-born Frenchmen were admitted in the communities. This was the policy of Richelieu. Under the new government the younger La Tour was confirmed in his title to Cape Sable, and his patent was augmented by further grants, among others the lands on the Gasperau, and the Basin of Minas. Soon after this, an adventurer, by name Danbré de Charnisè, obtained a royal commission as Governor of the Province. This commission was granted with some restrictions, the jurisdiction of Chornisè being limited to such portions of Acadia as were not included in the grant to La Tour. But these boundary lines, instead of being barriers of peace, became bones of contention. In vain King Lewis wrote letters restricting Charnisè to the lands allotted to him. The adventurer would encroach a little upon the soil of his neighbor, complaint followed complaint, accusation was met by counter-accusation. Charnisè finally obtained the ear of the King, and a warrant for the arrest of La Tour was placed in his hands. But the forces of La Tour were equal to those of his rival, and the warrant was not served in consequence of the sturdy opposition of Charles Etienne. In this position of affairs young La Tour sought the aid of the people of Massachusetts. The Pilgrim Fathers first applied to the Bible for information, but finding authority both for granting and refusing the request, determined to adopt a middle course, that is, to connive at La Tour's obtaining recruits and vessels without giving the transaction the stamp of official sanction. The privilege, however, was all that was needed, recruits volunteered, (it must be remembered that Charles Etienne was a Protestant, if not openly in the present aspect of affairs, yet so esteemed,) and La Tour, upon his return to Acadia with his new levies, forced his adversary to beat a speedy retreat. But Charnisè was too able a diplomat to suffer long from this cause. He

laid his commission, and the King's warrant for the arrest of his rival, before the council of New-England, and partly from respect for the royal autograph, partly from dread of a dangerous neighbor, articles of neutrality were speedily agreed upon by the high contracting parties. Meanwhile Marie De la Tour arrived from England, where she had been on a visit to her mother-in-law. The captain of the vessel upon which she had reëmbarked for the new world, having carried her to Boston instead of the river St. John, according to the letter of the charter, was promptly served with a summons to appear before the magistrates to show cause why he did it; and the consequence was, Marie recovered damages to the amount of two thousand pounds in the Marine Court of New-Plymouth. With this sum in her pocket, she chartered a vessel for the river St. John, and arrived at a small fort on its banks, just in time to defend it against Charnisè, who had rallied his forces for an attack during the absence of Charles Etienne.

Marie De la Tour at this time was one of the most beautiful women in the new world. She was not less than twenty, nor more than thirty years of age; her features had a charm beyond the limits of the regular; her eyes were expressive; her mouth intellectual; her complexion brown and clear, could pale or flush with emotions either tender or indignant. She was five feet three in height, her back was straight, her bosom of the true parabola, her hand small, and her waist of the proper clasp. Before such a commandress Danbrè de Charnisè set down his forces in the year 1644.

The garrison was small, and the brave Charles Etienne absent in a distant part of the province. But the unconquerable spirit of the woman prevailed over these disadvantages. At the first attack by Charnisè, the guns of the fort were directed with such consummate skill that every ball told. The besieger, with twenty killed and thirteen wounded, was only too happy to warp his frigate out of the reach of this lovely lady's artillery, and retire to Penobscot to refit for farther operations. Again Charnisè sailed up the St. John, with the intention of taking the place by assault. By land as by water, his forces were repulsed with great slaughter. A host of Catholic soldiers fell before a handful of Protestant guns, which was not surprising, as the cannon were well pointed, and loaded with grape and canister. For three days Charnisè carried on the attack, and then again retreated. On the fourth day a Swiss hireling deserted to the enemy and betrayed the weakness of the garrison. Charnisè, now confident of success, determined to take the fort by storm; but as he mounted the wall, the lovely La Tour, at the head of her little garrison, met the besiegers with such determined bravery that again they were repulsed. That evening Charnisè hung the traitorous Swiss, and proposed honorable terms, if the brave commandress would surrender. To these terms Marie assented, in the vain hope of saving the lives of the brave men who had survived; the remnants of her little garrison. But the perfidious Charnisè, who, from the vigorous defence of the fort, had supposed that the number of soldiers must have been greater than he had been led to believe, instead of feeling that admiration which brave men always experience when acts of valor are presented by an enemy, lost himself in an abyss of chagrin, to find he had been thrice defeated by a garrison so contempt-

ible in numbers, and led by a *female*. To his eternal infamy let it be recorded, that pretending to have been deceived by the terms of capitulation, Charnisè hanged the brave survivors of the garrison, and even had the baseness and cruelty to parade Madame La Tour herself on the same scaffold, with the ignominious cord around her neck, as a reprieved criminal.

To quote the words of the chronicler : ' The violent and unusual exertions which Madame La Tour had made, the dreadful fate of her household and followers, and the total wreck of his fortune, had such an effect that she died soon after this event.'

So perished the beautiful, the brave, the faithful, the unfortunate ! Shall I add that Charnisè died soon after, leaving a bereaved but blooming widow ? That Charles Etienne La Tour, to prevent farther difficulties in the province, laid siege to that sad and sympathizing lady, not with flag and drum, shot and shell, but with the more effectual artillery of love ? That Madame Charnisè finally surrendered, and that Charles Etienne was wont to say to her, after the wedding : ' Beloved, *your* husband and *my* wife had many a pitched battle, but let *us* live in peace for the rest of our days, my dear.'

Quaint, old, mouldy Halifax seems more attractive after re-writing this portion of its early history. The defence of that little fort, with its slender garrison, by Madame La Tour, against the perfidious Charnisè, brings to mind other instances of female heroism, peculiar to the French people. It recalls the achievements of Joan of Arc, and Charlotte Corday. Not less, than these, in the scale of intrepid valor and devotion, is the story of Marie de la Tour !

Although it is late, yet I will light a fresh segar, and stroll forth upon the night. I know that this little episode in the history of Acadia has touched a key that will make sleep impossible for many hours. So for a quiet walk by the ancient wharves of sleeping Halifax, to look out on the harbor of Chebucto and Bedford Basin, where the French admiral fell upon his sword in the midst of his tempest-beaten fleet a hundred years ago.

Among the note-worthy places in the vicinity of this queer old city, I had not visited the Prince's lodge on Bedford Basin. Thither I went with my friend Robert, on the morning following my arrival. It must be remembered that Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of our gracious lady, Queen Victoria, in whose honor the island of Prince Edward was named, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in British North-America, in the year 1798. I am afraid his Royal Highness was a sad reprobate in those days, at least such is the record of tradition. Bedford Basin is a sort of large salt-water lake of the most intense blue tint, surrounded with hilly slopes, now cultivated, now in their original evergreen ; lying just back of Halifax, and connected with its harbor by a narrow inlet. Here did Edward ' a pleasure dome decree.' We rode along its ' spicy shores,' until we came to a circular edifice, with a round dome, supported on columns — the ' Music House,' where the royal band was wont to play in days ' lang syne.' Here we stopped, and leaving our horse and wagon in charge of a farmer, strolled over the grounds. Here was the Prince's mansion, now a mass of ruins ; here the library, with its tumbled-down bricks and timbers,

choking up the stream that wound through the vice-regal domains : here the bowling-green, yet fresh with verdure ; here the fishing pavilion, over an artificial lake, with an artificial island in the midst ; here the willows, and deciduous trees, planted by the Prince, the rose-bushes, the columbines, scattered in wild profusion where once had been the garden. I could not but admire the elegance and grace, which, even now, were so apparent, amid the ruins of the lodge, nor could I help recalling those earlier days, when the red-coats clustered around the gates, and the grounds were sparkling with lamps at night ; when the band from the music-house woke the echoes with the clash of martial instruments, and the young Prince, with his gay gallants, and his powdered, patched, and painted Jezebels, held his brilliant court, with banner, music, and flotilla ; with the array of soldiery, and the pageantry of ships-of-war, on Bedford Basin.

I stood by the ruins of a little stone-bridge, which had once spanned the sparkling brook, and led to the Prince's library, and as I saw, far and near, the flaunting flowers of the now abandoned garden, and the distant columns of the silent Music House, I felt sad amid the desolation, although I knew not why. For wherefore should any one feel sad to see the temples of dissipation laid in the dust ? For my own part, I am a poor casuist, but nevertheless, I do not think my conscience will suffer from this feeling. There is a touch of humanity in it, and always some germ of sympathy will burgeon and bloom around the once populous abodes of men, whether they were tenanted by the pure or by the impure.

Yet another day, and then for a ride to the Gasperau, and the shores of the Basin of Minas !

'In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides : but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-fields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the HENRIS.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them : and up rose matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
 Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers :
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows :
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners :
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.'

N E W - E N G L A N D .

BY J. SWETT.

Let us talk together, brothers, as we rest the weary hand,
 And gather round our camp-fires, of the dear old Father-land :
 The toil of day is ended, let us think no more of gold,
 But gather up the golden thoughts of home in days of old :
 Oh! tell not of the Orient, or soft Italian clime,
 Where man is but a tyrant's tool, for war, and blood, and crime :
 We better love the rugged land, which spurns a slavish yoke,
 And boasts of hardy laborers, with hearts like mountain-oak.

Let us talk, New-England Brothers, of the land we love the best,
 By early friendships hallowed, and by holy memories blest :
 Of maidens, true and beautiful, of men, the free and bold,
 Who gather round the fire-sides, as in the days of old.
 What though the pulse of passion throbs not with tropic heat ?
 No purer hearts, no *truer* hearts, in love responsive beat :
 The ties that bind us to those hearts, nor time nor space can sever,
 Our feet are on Pacific's strand — our hearts, New-England's, ever !

Oh! tell us not of Spanish girls, whose vows are light as air :
 Round the hearth-stones of our Northern land are maidens full as fair :
 Their hearts are pure as crystal streams that from the mountains flow,
 Their souls are stainless as the hills, when robed in light-flaked snow :
 The Grecian maids are beautiful in 'Islands of the blest ;'
 We better love the Yankee girls, whose sweet lips ours have pressed :
 And brighter is the sun-light which beams from love-lit eyes,
 Than the thrilling passion-glances under burning tropic skies.

God bless the rough old Yankee land, and dear old Plymouth Rock,
 And make New-England's children like the hardy Pilgrim stock !
 For her wealth lies not in treasures by golden stream or glen,
 But in priceless hearts of women, and the iron souls of men :
 And, brothers, though we labor in a golden land, we know,
 We keep the tough, true, *granite* hearts, she gave us years ago :
 And we never can forget her, though we tread a golden strand,
 Our hearts turn fondly ever to the rough old Pilgrim Land.

Feather River, (California.)

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Complete in two Volumes. pp. 628. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE noticed in these pages, we think, about two years since, a fine collection of poems, by WHITTIER; but in these beautiful volumes, (of the 'Blue and Gold Uniform Edition' of the publishers,) he presents us for the first time with a complete collection of his poetical writings. 'Here,' he says, in his preface, 'it is satisfactory to know, that all the scattered children of his brain have found a home at last.' We are glad to find the opinions we expressed of Mr. WHITTIER's genius, as exhibited in his former volume, more than confirmed by one among the ablest of our daily critics: 'WHITTIER presents a rare union of qualities, which place him in the foremost rank of our native poets. In point of originality, none will question his claims to superiority over a large proportion of the popular writers of verse in this country. Familiar with the choicest products of English song, he has adopted no favorite as the model of his own poetry. He draws from the inner fountains of the soul, with the inevitable necessity that compels the noblest effusions of bards and prophets. Experience, and not erudition, is the secret of his power. His materials are drawn from the actual observation of life, and not from the study of classical examples. Few are more truly the children of nature than himself. He lives in her presence with the freedom of a son, and from communion with her spirit derives ample and perpetual health for his own. This is a remarkable characteristic of his poetry. Abounding in touches of exquisite tenderness, showing an almost womanly depth of sympathy and pathos, and delighting more in the shadowy fields of contemplation than in the more vigorous excitements of action, it never degenerates into the record of morbid sentiment, nor loses the firm and cheerful tone which indicates a perfect soundness and equilibrium of the faculties. His strenuous ethics, sometimes, give a tinge of bitterness to his expression; but no sagacious observer can doubt the intrinsic sweetness of nature, which, in him, no less than it was in MILTON, is blended with the fiery zeal of the re-

former.' By-the-by, reader, 'and to conclude,' did the thought ever occur to you, how many of our best and most renowned poets hail from 'Yankee Land?' Let us look at this a moment: BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HOLMES, PIERPONT, PERCIVAL, DANA, LOWELL, only begin the list of New-England's bards. We had well-nigh forgotten to mention that this collection is really 'embellished' with an exceedingly faithful and well-executed portrait of the calm and thoughtful-visaged author.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES OF THE CITY OF DES MOINES. Illustrated with Eight Engravings. By H. B. TURRILL. In a small square Pamphlet Volume: pp. 114. Des Moines, Iowa: Press of REDHEAD AND DAWSON.

THIS is not a large book, but it is largely furnished with valuable information. It contains a view of the city and county of Des Moines, and an enumeration of the various advantages which the surrounding region offers to emigrants. The author has not been elaborate, nor did he intend to be. His object was to present a plain and concise statement of facts, and in this he seems to have well succeeded. The little booklet opens with a picture of Des Moines, as it *now* is, contrasted with what it was in its not remote infancy. We lamented the absence of such a *present* view of the great and greatly-growing city of Chicago, in an excellent and more elaborate, yet somewhat kindred work with the present, entitled '*Illinois as it Is*,' although that volume, like the one before us, was very liberally embellished with other illustrations of the history and progress of the place. The history of Des Moines embraces a period so recent, that even romance has not disturbed its quiet with wild tales of what was so obscure as to become suitable for imagination to enlarge upon and mystify. Human memories can yet impart interest and truth to the statements, or correct the mistakes of the historian, who would place upon record those reminiscences of interest, afforded even by the brief existence of Des Moines. To preserve those reminiscences while yet they can be derived from the lips of men who experienced them personally, and who in a few years will pass from among the people of that region, is the specified object of the present book. The flight of every year throws a shadow upon the past. What now is clear will soon become dim; what now is dim will finally be impenetrable. Passing the 'trade,' 'emigration,' 'agricultural,' 'real estate,' and other matters, we present one or two other extracts of a somewhat more desultory and miscellaneous character. The first will interest our friends, the lawyers, and the second will tickle the cockles of the hearts of our dignified peers, the unctuous and susceptible JUDGES of the land. This was the first court convened in the State. It was held in a log-shanty, and 'His Honor, JOSEPH WILLIAMS,' *he* presided:

'THE grand-jury being impaneled, sworn, and charged, were given in custody to LEWIS WHITTEN, bailiff, and went out as usual to consider on such matters and things as might perchance be brought to their notice. Happily, crimes had been but few, and

they found nothing demanding their attention, consequently they brought in no 'true bills,' except for their fees. They soon returned to court, were discharged, and the court adjourned till the next term.

JEREMIAH CHURCH, one of the jury, says in his journal, they were an uncouth and barbarous-looking set; that he felt constrained to apologize to the Judge for their rough appearance: but Mr. CHURCH does not state whether *his* habiliments were altogether up to the dignity of a grand-juror or not. JUDGE WILLIAMS jocosely told him that men might have clean hearts under dirty shirts; and that in a new country every allowance was to be made for personal attire and appearance.

Judge WILLIAMS, afterward Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa, possessed valuable and extensive legal acquirements, which his long judicial career in this State has abundantly proven. He was, withal, an inveterate joker, and never so happy as when he had an opportunity to give his mirthful proclivities full exercise. Many stories illustrating his ready wit and appetite for fun, are related. The only person, however, who ever beat him with the tongue, was a woman, MARY HAYS. The feminine CHARON of the Des Moines rather checked his loquacity, when one day he attempted to play off one of his jokes upon her. The Judge was boarding on the east side of the river—bridges existed only in the imaginations of the most enterprising—and in attending court he crossed to-and-fro in a skiff. Sometimes one, sometimes another ferried him over; but once there was no man at hand. Miss HAYS, a young, and in all probability, a very good-looking lady, was washing near the river bank.

"MARY," said the Judge, "how am I to get across this river?"

"Why, in a skiff, I suppose," MARY quietly replied.

"But there is no one to bring back the boat, and I am a very poor rower. Now, MARY, really, do n't you think you could take pity on a man in such a troublesome predicament, leave your interesting work, and volunteer to row me over? I'll pay you in any number of—kisses you ask; sweeter and heartier ones than you ever received in your life."

"Certainly, I'll take you over; but as to kisses, Mr. Judge, I do n't want any thing of that sort, particularly from such an old scrub as you."

"Oh! I suppose you have had rather a surfeit of that article lately. Has Jim——"

"Now, Judge, if you want to go across, just get in and sit still, and *be still!*"

Judge WILLIAMS waited until they had got fairly out in the current of the river. MARY plied the oars as if she had seen sea-service.

"MARY!"

"Sir!"

"Suppose I just turn this boat down stream, carry you off and marry you; would it not be a delightful plan? You would just suit me, and I would you. Certainly, destiny always intended us for mates, and I suppose a little scheming would be excusable to gain such a lovely prize as you. Here we go now, down the river to New-Orleans, or elsewhere."

"At this, MARY's provoked spirit fairly glittered in her eyes. With intensity of emphasis, she exclaimed:

"You carry *me* off! You marry *me*! I would not *have* such an old dried-up cracklin'. I would n't marry *you* if you were the last man on earth, and a woman could n't get to heaven without a husband; and if you do n't stop your nonsense, and behave yourself, I'll pitch you head first into the river, and *you* may make as long a voyage as you please; but one thing is certain, you do n't take *me* with you!"

The Judge of course stopped teasing her at this, laughing heartily at her Amazonian threats; and rumor does not say whether he paid his fare in exchange in CUBD's bank or not."

Our second and only farther extract will serve to show the influence of mind, but more especially of the God-given gift of natural oratory, even upon a lawless mob, who may oftentimes *reason* well, but always *act* wrong:

HOLLAND was travelling through the country, stopping at various places where his business demanded, and among the rest at Fort Des Moines. While here, some malicious person reported that he was a speculator, and was engaged in selecting choice claims which he intended to purchase. He was also suspected of being connected with PARKINS in his attempted frauds. These statements, although false, so far as is now known, being industriously spread far and wide among the settlers, caused no little excitement, and their exasperation soon raised to that pitch, that a crowd of them resolved to give Mr. HOLLAND a sample of pioneer justice, in the prompt application of that notorious branch of jurisprudence which Judge LYNCH has the merit of originating. HOLLAND was made aware of these inhospitable intentions; but he took it all very coolly, manifesting no uneasiness whatever. He cared not a whit for the mob, whether they were many or few, or however they were armed and infuriated. He was a match for them, and would meet them, and had no doubt they would go away faster than they came.

They probably would not come near him at all; but if they did, it was all right. He knew how to handle them. And so he did.

However, they came, a mob of fierce, determined, blood-thirsty men, bent on taking the most a gross and exemplary vengeance on the unpardonable villain, whose intentions were so detrimental to their interests, and who had audaciously ventured into their power. The infuriated crew numbered about thirty. Their oaths and murderous threats loaded the air with a pestilential burden. Surrounding HOLLAND's house with a guard of armed men, to prevent the possibility of his escape, the ring-leader ordered him to come forth and meet his doom, the doom of all men who should tamper with the interests of the citizens of Polk county, by any fraudulent schemes. As called for, HOLLAND appeared, told the mob he was perfectly willing to submit to their will and pleasure, and requested the privilege of making them a speech. None could deny him permission, though many viewed it with impatience; and HOLLAND, mounting a box that stood near, and gazing with calm, unwavering eye, into the faces of his hostile auditory, commenced his vindication.

'He was an orator, accustomed to sway at will the minds of an audience, and directed the feelings of his hearers into any channel he chose. With a voice whose deep, impressive, and skilfully inflected tones, arrested and held spell-bound the most careless listener; with language which clothed every thought, if imaginative, in the most fascinating garb; if argumentative, in an impregnable armor; and the mysterious, undefinable spirit of eloquence, permeating through, and rendering irresistibly powerful, every tone, word, and gesture, he stirred the hearts of the murderous crowd, impatient for his blood, and turned their sympathies enthusiastically in his favor. Their faces, before distorted with rage, were wreathed with smiles, not merely of friendship, but of admiration. Their hands, which lately had clenched with angry grasp the most deadly weapons, were frankly extended to him, with all the kindness of intimacy and respect. At the conclusion of the speech, they all asked his pardon for the wrong they had, in the impetuosity of passion, conceived and nearly accomplished; and having assured HOLLAND of their unflinching attachment, they withdrew, in the best of humor, to the nearest grocery, where each drank a glass of whiskey in commemoration of the occasion, the expense of which, HOLLAND, who accompanied them, generously defrayed.'

Not long since we noticed in these pages a historical sketch of the *old* relics, in an old State, (New-Jersey,) and now welcome a description of the new memorials of a *new* 'Province.' We hope to see many other comparatively new States imitate the example.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. In one Volume: pp. 418. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS is a successful effort to 'guide the traveller truly and surely;' to show him intelligently the past and the present; the *physique* and the *morale* of the great country through which he is led; its differing peoples and places from the mountains to the prairies; from the cities and palaces of the East, to the wildernesses and wigwams of the West. This work is, in some respects, a 'counterpart of one of JOHN MURRAY's widely-celebrated productions of kindred character, *plus* an immense collection of maps, plans, and wood-cuts, descriptive of famous localities and objects of curiosity. For the extreme cleverness of some of these last-named miniature sketches of town and country, as also for the perfection of neatness that marks all the embellishments, Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS must be thanked. He is already known as a popular landscape painter, and the getting up of this volume clearly shows him to be a man of great taste and intelligence. No small amount of labor and judgment must have been invested in such a work; nor is it every man,' adds our contemporary of '*The Albion*,' 'who can disci-

minate in his notices, as Mr. RICHARDS has done, distributing his space and graduating his encomiums in proportions that strike us as singularly just. On the whole, the American community is so greatly addicted to locomotion, in the way either of business or pleasure, that this excellent publication is a decided boon. When you are at a loss where to go, and how to go, or what to do, consult it by all means.'

MARRIED AND SINGLE. By the Author of 'REDWOOD,' 'HOPE LESLIE,' 'THE LINWOODS,' etc. In two Volumes: pp. 513. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

ONE of the first works of Miss SEDGWICK which we ever read; and one among the first, in its kind, by the way, from the pen of any female author, except 'THADDEUS of Warsaw,' and 'The Scottish Chiefs,' which we ever perused, was '*Redwood*;' and even now, much and well as our preëminent American 'Authoress' has written since, there are certain characters in that work, which for naturalness of delineation, for perfect *individuality* of portraiture, have never been surpassed — by Miss SEDGWICK, at least. Who, for example, can ever in the world forget the 'Old Maid' DEBBY? It is twenty-five years since we read the book, and we may forget even the name; yet we 'mainly doubt' as to even *that*; but as to the *character*, never. She stands before us now on the piazza of Congress-Hall at Saratoga, striking the whip-lash of the family horse-whip upon the floor, her true heart filled the while with thoughts 'too deep for words to utter.' As for '*Married and Single*,' the writer of this already 'popular' work must needs know, that in our own especial family circle, where she is not only an old 'authorial' but an old personal favorite; beloved of the good who are gone, as of the kindred 'good' who remain; there could be but one opinion: 'not *unbiased*,' it might be insinuated, 'under the circumstances.' Certainly not: what would a friend be worth, who was not biased in your favor? It is for a 'good and sufficient reason' that *we* have not yet read '*Married and Single*;' it has been so 'current' in a wide circle of delighted readers, that we have not found it upon our table for a single half-day, up to the 'present time of writing,' August the thirty-first. We cannot resist the inclination to quote in this place a few remarks upon the characteristics of Miss SEDGWICK's writings from a brief but very able notice of her last work by the able literary editor of '*The Tribune*' daily journal:

'SHE has never appealed for the interest of her works to the morbid love of excitement; never attempted to array her characters in any other than a natural costume; has not gone out of her way in pursuit of the strange, the fantastic, or the horrible; has shown no tendency to extravagance, either in thought or expression; but has quietly selected her materials within the range of every-day experience, gathering illustrations from the ongoings of domestic life, the buddings of youthful promise, and the ripened satisfactions of a noble career of wisdom and virtue. No American writer has been

more felicitous in the description of natural scenes in the retirement of the village, or shown more sagacity in threading the mazes of vanity and folly in artificial life. Her perceptions are singularly truthful; her observant faculties never sleep; her pictures are portraits, and not caricatures; her infrequent comments are pungent, though without bitterness. With a sound and active intellect, her highest inspiration flows from the sweet fountain of her moral nature. She always watches reverently for the motions of conscience, though she is neither a prude nor a pedant. Her instincts are not only those of a genuine woman, but of one with an inborn affinity with whatever is noble, lovely, and of high honor. She has a remarkable sense of fitness, harmony, the right thing in the right place. Discords jar upon her healthy, musical temperament. She feels keenly the beauty of moral adaptation, even the humblest routine of life. Her favorite characters are evidently those who combine a liberal stock of common-sense with quick and tender impulses, and a native aversion to wrong-doing. She has no fancy for people who are always on the verge of perdition, and who, if saved from turning out to be villains and wretches, owe it more to some happy accident of circumstances than to any germs of goodness in their own nature. Her love of moral propriety determines the character of her plot, and tinctures her style of expression. The worst persons whom she attempts to delineate are usually saved from 'deep damnation,' or a veil is charitably thrown over their most hideous features. In this respect her aversion to the recital of evil sometimes, we think, blinds her to the intentions of nature, who, in compounding the elements of a reprobate, seldom fails to afford the chance of their development. Until we know more of the mysteries of life, one is tempted to think that the formation of 'bad subjects' enters as largely into her plan as the unfolding of saints and angels from the rubbish of humanity. Miss SEDGWICK does not make sufficient allowance for this fact, and accordingly kindly restrains her desperate cases in mid career, or suffers them to slide easily out of sight, with no heart to make their demerits conspicuous, or to give a deeper effect to her story by representing the blackest shades of their character. Her diction, in like manner, takes its tone and coloring from her pure and vigorous moral sense. It has no taint of ambition, she would rather lose a point than gain it by false embellishment, and though she never sacrifices elegance and refinement, is clearly more intent on giving a faithful expression of her own mind than on exciting the admiration of her readers.

The novel now newly published forms an appropriate counterpart to her former productions. It bears the mark of the author so plainly that it would be impossible to mistake its origin. No one but Miss SEDGWICK could have written it; nor could Miss SEDGWICK have written any thing widely its opposite. The interest of the story, in general, depends less on the movement of the plot, which, though it presents some powerful and exciting scenes, for the most part preserves a tranquil domestic tone, than on its happy descriptions of character, and its accurate illustrations of the events of common life. ELEANOR and GRACE, the leading female figures in the group, are admirably contrasted in the calm, intelligent devotion to duty exhibited by the one, and the beautiful impulses and sometimes erratic vivacity of the other. Uncle WALTER is a sketch on which the author has exerted her highest skill, and he must become as great a favorite with the reader as he evidently is with herself. The whole moral of the story which is conspicuous without being too prominent, is that married life is not essential to the cultivation of the warmest affections and the noblest traits of character, but that 'in maiden meditation fancy free,' a sphere is presented for the exercise of the most gracious virtues and the loveliest natural endowments. Its force is diminished, however, by the tender relenting of the author, who seems, at the close of the volume, to have departed from her original plan, and after all, marries the heroine, who was intended to illustrate the brightest phases of single life.

The scenes and personages of the novel are borrowed from this metropolis, and some of the lovely villages of New-England. Beautifully printed.

MORMONISM: ITS LEADERS AND DESIGNS. By JOHN HYDE, Jr., formerly a Mormon Elder, and Resident of Salt Lake City. In one Volume: pp. 335. New-York: W. P. FETRIDGE AND COMPANY.

THIS is the most interesting, as it is unquestionably the most reliable, work that has yet appeared, concerning the Mormons. For our own part, we believe every word of it. Ex-ELDER HYDE not only writes well, using pure 'educated English;' but there is such an air of truthfulness, of candor, of just reasoning, in his book, that he wins at once upon the confidence of his readers. 'There is no attempt at melo-dramatic effect; no portrayal of impossible depravity. The causes that lead to particular actions are laid bare; the singular blindness of these deluded fanatics is satisfactorily explained, on well-known principles of human nature. The most important parts of the volume are those which relate to the institutions of polygamy and Mormon mysteries. The effect of the former upon the morals and habits of men and women, the social confusion of which it is the cause, the jealousies, heart-breakings, and ruin, which follow in its train, are depicted with painful verisimilitude. We have confidence in these descriptions, because they agree with accounts received from other sources, and because the facts stated are such as every reasoning man must expect to find. The unhappiness and degradation which the system brings upon the first wife, and the numbing influence it exerts upon her affections, are portrayed with melancholy power, and illustrated by numerous instances. Yet, strangely enough, some of these infatuated women are contented, and encourage their husbands in the practice of polygamy. Some of the most enthusiastic arguments in its favor are used by women.' When, several months since, we stood with our friend, Captain HULSE, by the pilot-house of the steamer 'ERIE,' coming up the Hudson one night, and listened to the singing, and praying, and glorifying of 'Brother BRIGHAM,' of a whole ship-load of English Mormons, on their way to their far-distant Mecca, we pitied their infatuation. How much more should we pity them now, especially the fair and fresh-looking young women, some of whom are doubtless now 'sealed' for some Mormon harem.

HART'S GEOGRAPHICAL EXERCISES, revised and enlarged by the addition of Maps and Exercises for Review. By CHARLES B. STOUT. IVISON AND PHINNEY, 321 Broadway.

THIS is not so much a system of geography as a series of definitions, questions, and exercises adapted to any geography and atlas, and designed to fix the leading facts and principles of the study in the pupil's memory. It must be a capital work for drilling classes in this science, and is arranged with great skill for review. Its questions are clearly stated, covering the whole field, and dwelling with due emphasis upon the more important parts. We should say that teachers who wish to make the study of geography thorough and practical, and all persons who desire to fix indelibly the grand points of the science in their memory, could hardly be commended to a manual more exact, comprehensive, and apt.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FISHING EXCURSION TO 'JOHN BROWN'S TRACT.'—Let us say a few words concerning our recent *Pilgrimage to John Browne, his Tracts*: certainly one of the most rememberable trips we ever made in our life. So it was, then, that in company with a near neighbor (only three miles-and-a-half away, a resident of one of the pleasantest villages on the west shore of the Tappaan-Zee,) and a nearer friend, we departed on our journey in the Hudson River Rail-road cars, late in the afternoon, bound for Albany. So seldom do we travel, that we felt a 'newness of life' as we swept along the broad river, past verdant lawns, sumptuous villas, and still, secluded waters; beguiling the way with much pleasant discourse—now light and jollyful, now serious, and now speculative: until some one said, '*A-a-a-l-ba-ny!*' and lo! we were at the capital city of the State, whose street-lights, rising one above another, to the apex of 'Capitol-Hill,' were reflected in the still waters of the river. It seemed like magic almost, as we deposited our carpet-bags in the office of the superb *Delavan House*, about the hour of ten in the evening, and proceeded to 'renovate,' preparatory to supper. Which being done, we repaired to the beautiful apartments of our neighbor '*THE COLONEL*,' where, after hearing the 'plan' for next day's work, indulgence was had in a mild segar, and then to bed. A good breakfast the next morning; an introduction to some of 'The Board' whom we were to accompany; and away in the morning cars, through the ever-lovely valley of the Mohawk, bound for Utica. The scene is too familiar to need description: beside, we desire to 'get on.'

Dust and grime encompassed us round about, and covered us, when we stepped out of the cars in front of *BAGG'S Hotel*—an establishment which still retains the high reputation which it held twenty years ago. (We hope it is the same with '*PHIL. RUSSELL'S Syracuse House*,' and *Blossom's Canandaigua Hotel*: for, to find such favorite resting-places unchanged, causes one to feel himself 'a boy again.') But what cared the kind friends who awaited us on the walk, for our outer man? We were made 'as welcome as the flowers in May:' were ushered into the Hotel: refreshed with a noble

ice-piled sherry-cobbler; 'straw put in the tumbler,' as 'Uncle CHARLEY,' of Louisville, says; 'stir it well, and *take it personally*;' after which we 'enjoyed systematical health.' Copious lavation and elaborate brushing prepared us for the luxurious dinner which awaited us. But BAGG's *dinners* always 'speak for themselves.' A visit from one or two old acquaintances, among them our genial and hospitable friend, C. W —, (whom Mr. SPARROWGRASS should know, to unwarp his twisted mind as touching the entire Scottish race,) and we again find ourselves in the cars, bound for BOONVILLE, our terminus by rail, in our progress toward JOHN BROWN's Tract.

Behold us arrived at Boonville, and comfortably bestowed in *Hulbert's Hotel*, a well-kept, commodious establishment, whose host contrives even out-of-the-way means to make his guests comfortable and happy. An *excellent* inn, in every respect, to which we commend all our travelling friends in that region. *Such* a table! 'But no matter:' 'still let us on.' No, not yet. It is meet *now* that we speak of a portion of our company, and its purpose. A part of the Canal Board of our State, consisting of the State-Engineer, a Canal Commissioner, and some of their first officers, were on a surveying expedition, to examine the State-work in the Black River, for facilitating the navigation of that always tortuous, and often very shallow stream; and also to visit and examine the Reservoirs for supplying the Black River Canal, when additional water is required. But of these, more hereafter. Suffice it to say, that our party was kindly permitted to accompany the State force; and that good horses and carriages conveyed us from Boonville to 'LYON's Falls,' a charming ride of some three hours, where we arrived after dusk, just in time to hear the roar of the waters in the still evening air, without seeing them, to get a good supper, and go to bed. In the morning early, N — and 'Old KNICK' were under the beautiful and picturesque Falls, with our lines out: but no trout: the morning was not auspicious. After breakfast, we repaired to the new steamer, '*L. R. Lyon*,' named after a large landed proprietor 'of that ilk,' whose cognomen 'LYON's Falls' will long perpetuate, and prepared for the voyage down the river. Presently a row-boat placed alongside a 'stout gentleman,' a lady with a large bouquet of beautiful variegated flowers, and two fair girls, whom we were not surprised to be introduced to as 'Mrs. and Mr. LYON and daughters.' Soon we steamed off; at a moderate rate, for the purpose of examining the pile-barriers, which occupy, altogether, several miles of space in the shallow parts of the river. The '*L. R. Lyon*' is a new stern-wheel boat, large and comfortable, with a nice saloon and 'addittaments' above, and open below down to near the water, for the bestowal of much lumber, etc. Black River is exceedingly picturesque in its sudden turnings and windings, and in the great clumps of shade which ever and anon settle upon its calm, black bosom. But crooked! — tortuous! Was there ever any thing *like* it? Here we pass, on *the left*, the village of Martinsburgh, the capital of the county: a little farther on, we pass Lowville, Lewis county, on *the right*: presently, Martinsburgh is on *the right*, and Lowville on *the left*! We passed a white 'meeting-house' in the same way, some half-a-dozen times. At length we reached 'BEACH's Bridge,' a forlorn-looking place, if

'place' it may be called; and the river-survey having been completed, the 'L. R. LYON' turned about and headed the other way, that is, so far as there is any 'other way' on the Black River! Returning, we sat down to an excellent dinner, previously prepared through the considerate care of Mr. LYON. Arrived at 'the Falls,' we visited the beautiful park-grounds and mansion of our host. Two things impressed us most pleasantly here: a large garden, full of choice flowers, (of which we could never tire,) with a fountain, and fish-pond, full of the liveliest speckled trout: and a level park of some ten or fifteen acres, in which ran and coursed about a herd of sleek bounding deer. We left this charming spot with regret, and at latish night-fall found ourselves back with our host HULBERT at Boonville, and 'inly ruminating the morrow's dawn,' when we were to commence our excursion into the Wilderness.

What commissaries we had! Over at BABCOCK's nice 'Saloon' that night every thing was arranged: under the supervision of Prof. ADAM CYGHTZ, one of the most distinguished *savants* of our time, assisted by T. B——, (who has no superior in his line, and there is no better *line* than his, either,) nothing was left to be desired.

Perceive us rolling on our way to 'The Woods:' three strong two-horse wagons, containing 'the party,' and one *big* wagon the edibles and potables which were to be our 'sustenance and support' in the howling wilderness. Over a good plank-road we sped, at a brisk trot, past rich but newly-cultivated fields of rye and oats, green as a leek, and beautifying even the black-charred 'stumps' which were profusely sprinkled over the fields. Now we would descend a sandy hill into a deep gorge, where the shallow Black River tumbled over its rocky bed, and saw-mills and tanneries diversified the scene; now tarry for a moment at a little settlement-inn, to eat a bowl of delicious field-strawberries and milk; and then rattling on our way again. Finally, about noontide, we drew rein at 'a place where two roads met,' and where a small house, with a quartering piazza, occupied the corner. Here we 'unlimbered:' the drivers tethered, watered, and fed their horses in the shade of an adjacent barn; while we men-folks prepared for our lunch from the 'supply-wagon.' Let us tell you who we were: 'THE COLONEL,' Chief 'ENGINEER' of the Company: Major G——, First-Assistant: T. B——, Second ditto: Professor ADAM CYGHTZ, *Sans Pareil*: quiet, contemplative W——: still but 'operative' F——: quick, active, reliable T——: tall E——, all fisherman, except what was 'good fellow' *outside* of that: while his brother

"Og," (not of Bashan,) *he* was there,
With a pretty good head, but not very much hair,
So little, in fact, that a wig he must wear,
Ri-tu-di-nu-di-na.'

Together with the chronicler hereof:

'On! that Vishing Gompanie,
Twas der *best* Gompanie
That come over de zee!'

Such was our 'goodlie companie.' Now, for the benefit of our brothers of the angle and lovers of wood-craft, let us say something of our provant,

what time we are discussing this delicious ham, with hard-boiled eggs, bread-and-butter, soda-crackers, some *eau-de-vie* of '45, and eke y^e 'Scottish Ale of Embro Town.' *Imprimis*, then :

Boiled Hams,	3
Uncooked,	2
Bread, (of Loaves,)	30
Soda and Boston Crackers, (of pounds,)	20
Eggs, Boiled,	150
" An Naturel,	100
Lemons, (<i>En Papillotte</i> ,)	150
Sugar, (Superfine Crushed,) of pounds,	6
" Powdered,	6
" Muscovado Superieur,	6
Coffee, Mocha, (of pounds,)	3
" Java,	3
Tea, Green and Black, (of pounds,)	3

These be the EDIBLES, mainly : saying nothing of sardines, old cheese, and other the like 'beverages.' Of POTABLES 'it needs not now to speak.' Suffice it that they were of great variety, of the choicest vintages and qualities, and of mature age. Thus accoutred, please to remark us upon our way into the edge of the interminable wood which is now to know no opening save by the hundred clustering lakes that spread their blue bosoms to the sky. Yea, there is *one* opening — '*John Lane's*' — one of Nature's noblemen : *there* is an opening, and the last, for many a league away : a place where few who once tarry, desire soon to depart. But we are on our way thither. — We are *there*, thank the FATES ! And *from* there, and elsewhere, in the boundless TRACT, you shall hear from us 'at large,' next month, life and health permitting. Consider us as having only arrived at our *point d'appui*. We are going now to '*have a time*.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Ah, ha ! — we *thought* so ! We said, when we read the last number of the '*Blue Noses*,' (which we saw not until we read it in a bound copy of the KNICKERBOCKER at Cedar-Hill, as the writer reads his own proofs,) that Mr. SPARROWGRASS would 'catch it,' and he *has*, and will again, elsewhere, we dare say :

'DEAR CLARK : You doubtless remember the story of the Frenchman who addressed his wife thus : 'You are a good-for-nothing bitch, my dear !' And while your thinking-cap is on, call to mind the letter of CHARLES LAMB to Miss HUTCHINSON, in which he heaps playful abuse upon his sister MARY's chirography, simply because, as his genial biographer, TALFOURD, has it, all the affectionate epithets he was master of, were inadequate to express his unbounded brotherly love. I dare make 'a lively bet' that *you* have felt the same impulse strong within you when you have observed, with a paternal eye, the various exhibitions of any one of the younglings of the House of KNICK ; the impulse, from overflowing, overwhelming love, to put out your strong arms and *crush* the tender, delicate limbs of your own child. At any rate, *I* have felt such an impulse. And I feel a kindred impulse when I hear a good man say a good thing about another good man, who has been abused or depreciated. And this brings me to the point I have been aiming

at, which is this: When I read your paragraph in the September *KNICK* about ROBERT BURNS, I felt so good that I wanted to take that genial, appreciative old head of yours and pound it with a big stone! That's a fact. You never said a better word at a better time than when you penned that estimate of ROBERT BURNS. And I'll tell you why it was peculiarly fitting that you should say what you did, as you did, and when you did. Our friend, Mr. SPARROWGRASS, has been giving us, through your pages, from month to month, his impressions of the Blue Noses. Being an old-fashioned reader of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, I have read, slowly and deliberately, the whole series — *every word*; and possessing, beside, a share of the faculty of appreciation, I feel I have a right to say 'Good for SPARROWGRASS!' The letters are like the man — first-rate company. He who neglects to read them deprives himself of a good thing, and is a sinner by omission. I like Mr. SPARROWGRASS. I always read what he writes. I have followed him under all his varied manifestations of himself; whether as RICHARD HAYWARDE, as Mr. SPARROWGRASS, as the concocter of the BUSHWHACKERIAN discourses in *The Wine-Press*, or as plain F. C. I do not hesitate to say — in fact, 'I say it boldly' — he has written the best mock-heroic that has yet appeared on this side of the Atlantic. Of course I mean *Captain Davis*, *Jonathan R.* Match it who can! Well, you are doubtless aware that SPARROWGRASS, in his Blue Nose Letters, is 'down' on the Scotch. He has had, I must confess, a sorry experience of some of them; and I should not be surprised if they had a sorry experience of him before he gets through. Good! No word of mine shall save the sinners from the stripes of his keen satire. But I felt that SPARROWGRASS was unjust in his Letter in the September Number. Why, my dear Mr. S., should you take 'half-views of men and things'? Why should you, when expressing your disgust at what was narrow and mean in your friends in the Province, strike an unfair blow at ROBERT BURNS? I was sorry to see you do so unworthy a thing; and all the sorrier because you told 'PICRON,' when speaking of some of the 'States' that cannot pick their way out of the shell of provincialism, that 'there are some States, and those the very greatest in the Union, that neither claim to be, nor make a merit of being, provincial.' Now, Mr. S., you *must* have meant to include among these States, the Empire State; and as you belong to, and go a good ways toward 'constituting the State,' (for the *Literature* of a State is its brightest glory, and you hold an honored place in our literature;) as you are a representative of the State, we stay-at-home men had a right to expect in you a truly enlarged — a cosmopolitan spirit. You will admit that. And I think you will also admit, now that you have shaken the last atom of provincial dust from your sandals, and have again breathed 'the broad and general air' of the Metropolis, that you hardly manifested a cosmopolitan spirit in damning ROBERT BURNS because ROBERT MCGIBBERT, of *Get-Along Lake*, was a mean, griping carle. Yes, you ought to be ashamed of that passage in your Letter; and I hope your generous nature will induce you to draw your pen through it when you come to put '*A Month with the Blue Noses*' into shape for SCRIBNER or PUTNAM.

'It is for *your* timely words of appreciation that I thank you, my dear L. G. C. It is owing to your prompt and noble sympathy that the same number of our glorious 'OLD KNICK,' which carries all abroad, on its countless flying leaves, the blow at BURNS, carries also the intercepted arm: the poison and the antidote, bound up together.

'Dear me! what a field of poetic vision should we lose, if 'BURNS' Works,' were blotted out. And what a goodly company of Scotchmen would go with BURNS,

if F. C.'s wild will had its way! At one fell swoop, we should lose ALLAN RAMSAY, with his beautiful pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*: and Sir WALTER, (Scotch to the back-bone,) author of *Ivanhoe*, and high-priest of the picturesque school of poetry; and WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, and his *Jeanie Morrison*; and brave, eagle-eyed, warm-hearted JOHN WILSON, he of the Nights Ambrosial, and of papers, noble and appreciative, on HOMER; and last, not least, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, whose *She's gane to Dwall in Heaven, my Lassie*, has made sweet tears to tumble from our eyes: yes, and he, a 'beggarly Scotchman,' wrote '*The Lass of Preston Mill*.' Read it, dear SPARROWGRASS, and never depreciate Scotland and her sons again, *because* you happen, in an obscure, fossilized Province, to come in painful contact with her degenerate sons:

"The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath among the flowers
Scarce stirred the thistle's tap of down:
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking o'er the hill;
As I met among the hawthorns green,
The lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"Her naked feet among the grass,
Seemed like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair;
Her brows shone comely 'mang her locks,
Black curling owre her shouthers bare:
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;
Her lips were like a honey-well,
And heaven seemed looking through her een,
The lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"Quo' I: 'Fair lass, will ye gang wi' me,
Where black cocks crow, and plovers cry?
Sax hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Sax vales are lowing wi' my kye:
I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass,
By Nithsdale's howmes an' monie a hill:'
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"Quo' I: 'Sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and gae wi' me:'
A lovelier face, oh! never looked up,
And the tears were drapping frae her ee:
'I hae a lad, wha's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already fu' o' love,'
Quo' the lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"'Oh! wha is he could leave sic a lass,
To seek for love in a far countrie?'
Her tears drapped down like simmer dew,
I fain wad hae kissed them frae her ee.
I took but ane o' her comelie cheek:
'For pity's sake, kind Sir, be still!
My heart is fu' o'ither love,'
Quo' the lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"She streaked to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery ee;
'Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my ee;
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
Till my last drap o' blood be still,
My heart sall haud nae ither love,'
Quo' the lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

“There’s comelie maids on Dee’s wild banks,
 And Nith’s romantic vale is fu’;
 By lanely ‘Clouden’s hermit stream,
 Dwalls monie a gentle dame, I trow!
 Oh! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
 As ever shone on vale or hill;
 But there’s a light puts them a’ out:
 The lovely Lass o’ Preston Mill.”

‘Beautiful exceedingly!’ - - - ‘PETER PROTEUS’ is a good fellow, after all, and a clever satirist, if he *did* ‘fall a-cursing like a very drab, and unpack his heart with words,’ while touching upon our friends, the *Target Excursionists*. In the subjoined ‘*Essay upon Essayists*,’ he has tapped a ‘better vein:’

‘I WAS much amused a few days since, when passing down a by-street of our city, to see a little boy, about ten years old, place himself in the attitude of a pugilist in front of another urchin apparently of the same age, and exclaim: ‘Shall I show you how TOM HYER puts in his left?’

‘The child spoken to seemed tacitly to acknowledge the superiority of the other, and I have no doubt verily believed that the young pugilist would not be long in acquiring the skill and prowess of his great prototype.

‘This egotism and self-extolling of childhood (which we have all possessed in some way) does not leave us in after-years. In every calling in life we find men who think they can show others *how to come in with the left*. Lawyers are only waiting an opportunity to become STORYS and KENTS. Physicians think it far from improbable that they may reach the eminence, and attain to the fame and reputation, of a WATTS, a HOSACK, or a FRANCIS. Surgeons are MORRIS, but without practice. Episcopal clergymen are HOBARTS, without the lawn-sleeves. Navy officers are DECATURS; and army officers, SCOTTS. All these have their circles, who think as they do. For men of any education at all can always find those who will regard them with wonder and approbation. These stand, like the admiring boy opposite our youthful friend, so anxious to show him how TOM HYER *puts in his left*.

‘The deeds of great and good men should be emulated, and no man ought to be discouraged in an endeavor to equal the learned in acquirements; but the vain madness and presumption of mediocrity, or, worse than that, ignorance and indocility, it is proper to check within the bounds of courtesy. Let no one suppose he possesses genius until it is acknowledged by those whom he knows to be his superiors!

‘The infantile showing *how to put in the left* is found among our literary men, too. These generally take for their models writers on the other side of the Atlantic, or the grave; though some of our own eminent living authors have their imitators.

‘Ever since THOMAS CARLYLE first commenced Germanizing English, and breaking the surface of the not-too-smooth sea of our language into toppling billows and frothy tide-rips, essayists of every degree have attempted to follow him. As it is with our youthful pugilist compared to TOM HYER: they sometimes resemble his style, but never approach his strength.

‘A young man, devotedly attached to periodical literature, and writing for the magazines, placed in my hands the other day, a manuscript of somewhat bulky proportions, saying to me, with gleaming eyes, and face suffused by the deepest crimson: ‘Read that when you have leisure!’ As I then had abundance of

leisure, I commenced the perusal of it immediately, but did not over-task myself, for it was, as I confessed to the writer, rather too obscure for me. The treatise of my friend was entitled 'WHY?' and began thus :

"WHY? Because! Ay! there it is: the cause why. But there is opinion, and from opinion comes discussion. And discussion draws forth our thoughts. But opinion cannot be individualized. It has, so to speak, no *oneness*. No! nor twoness; nor yet one-hundredness. It is for all, of all, and in all. 'Every man has a right to his own opinion,' is a cant phrase. And beside being a cant phrase, it cannot be as the phrase would have it. For one's 'own opinion' is not his opinion. It is the opinion of many — of hosts. No man can have an opinion of his own. For conversation is profoundly eliminated, and opinion cannot be freehold held. If I think yes, and you think yes, our opinion is the same. But this opinion belongs neither to you nor me. CESARIUS thinks yes, but the opinion is not his. Why, therefore, should any man presume to say: 'It is my opinion?' This is bold-speech conceit. Rather let him say: 'I am of the opinion!' It does not do for me to say, 'I am of your opinion;' for the opinion is no more yours than mine. But I may say, 'I agree with you.' Even the opinion of the justice upon the bench cannot be said to be an individualized opinion; for many will be found who think as he does, more especially after his opinion is delivered. The opinion of the judge-disguised POETRIA, in regard to SHYLOCK'S pound of flesh was not her own. Here was IDEAL! But after the opinion was delivered it became the property of nearly all Venice. And thus, so far, we see Why?

"But let our thoughts, when low, bounce India-rubber-ball-like into the great area of speech. Let us open our ears to convince-talk, yet not allow our opinion, in height of argumentation, to circumlocutionary admission of conviction, if against the will. Here the Will is Why! But it is not the inductive Why.

"Things that are doable should be done; for doable things can be done. Yet where is the Why? The life-fountain of good men and evil men is set flowing: that things doable, good or evil, may be done. And man becomes example-taught: and this is Why!

"But why the UNIVERSE? In this part of his subject the author gets so deep, that I think it better not to bewilder my reader with his profundity. I have given enough on this dissertation on 'Why?' to show the style; or, in other words, I have brought to view our young writer showing the world *how Tom Carlyle puts in his left*. It was intended for a philosophical essay, and is, doubtless, on file for publication somewhere, and will, ere long, be given to the public.'

What plummet-sounding 'depth!' - - - This comes to us all the way from Grand Rapids, Michigan: 'While in the 'City' to-day, gazing about me with the curiosity common to countrymen who seldom visit town, I descried a paper on a conspicuous post, containing the following luminous

NOTICE.

"THERE is A very good looking liteish Red Cow Slim tale and Slim hornes one horne Stands up a little to high or Else the other down to low the Owner had better Come and githur for She has been here Some time and gives milk you will find hur at my house in the morning or evening East of the City 8½ miles J — E —"

The owner of the Cow will doubtless pay for advertising, when he comes to 'githur.' If not, the bill may be receipted, and sent to 'my house in the morning or evening.' - - - We have the following implicit belief:

namely: that from the period when the FIRST of our Four-Fathers was snaked out of Paradise, (we now allude to Mr. F. ADAM,) there was implanted in the heart of *general* Humanity an aversion to SNAKES. We say 'general Humanity,' because there be some folks that *like* them, and make pets of them; as any one may see at Lake George, (would we were *there* this blessed day!) where, in a dirty pine box, you can see 'through a glass darkly'

'Cix Liben Libe Battall Snair'

for a sixpence of the current coin of this free and independent ked'ntry, and long may it wave! But *per se*, a snake is not a handsome object for to behold. We saw a BLACK SNAKE the other morning that was terrific. He was apparently about eighteen feet long, (more or *less*,) and was revolving in his own orbit in the middle of the road, around an object that, in shape and gesture, was not proudly eminent, but squat, and aperiently fearful, and did n't *at first* 'seem to take no interest' (like our army at Bladensburgh) in the evolutions 'going on *around* him.' It was a TOAD. Never have we seen any thing so splendidly gorgeous as the blue-black of that snake shining in the sun as he swept his 'awful cycle' around that varmint. It was like a dark-blue smoke just kindling into a blaze. The TOAD was doomed. In a moment he was in the SNAKE's mouth: we beheld him undulating along the coils of the 'p'ison-sarpent;' and with his morning lunch safely bestowed, the SNAKE presently went on his way, and we saw him no more: and do n't *want* to see him again, either. Ah, but that TOAD's eye when the SARPENT was spinning his swift blue flame around him! It was 'a precious jewel in his head'—but how soon was its brightness to be quenched! How in creation *any* body can like a snake, we can't conceive. Yet when we were a green lad, living in the country, we knew a boy (his name was JUDSON HULBERT, but we called him 'HALBERD,' not having learned to pronounce at that early stage of our being) who had a cane covered with the skin of a milk-snake, that he had stripped off as you would skin an eel. The snake's head was stuffed and varnished for the 'nob,' and garnished with the eyes of a 'scurvy politician,' made by our blacksmith, who was also a dentist and an 'eye-oculist.' But after all, a snake is n't as bad as a SPIDER. The other day, going on our invariable morning walk, with our little 'Five-Year Old,' ('going on six' now, 'alack and well-a-day!') we stopped at the side of the road to pick some black-berries. It was a sweet glade, overhung with vines, that led to the bushes. It was a spot not known 'to the general,' and therefore unmolested. The berries, big as thimbles, each a botanical 'specimen,' lustrous and orbicular in its divisions as a big fly's black eye, were as thick as they could be. We picked handful after handful for the little boy, until his little white seed-corn teeth were discolored, and his rosy lips empurpled—black, perhaps, would be the truest expression, that is, if there is any *degree* in TRUTH, which we doubt. Well, Sir, while we were eating this luscious, melting, dissolving fruit, on a high bush, surrounded by such a web as no kindred spider ever 'builded in kings' palaces,' hung, suspended by his silken mesh, amid diamonds of dew, the most un—— We had previously seen

SPIDERS : but *never*, NEVER such a spider as that ! He was horribly beautiful ! He was over three inches across the 'broad of his back,' and at least two inches-and-a-half thick, measuring from the spinal column where it connects with the pineal gland, and unites intercanicularly with the peritoneum. (The little boy who was with us is not 'evidence' in this case, being under testifying age. But if he was old enough, he would swear to the exact correctness of this measurement — if we told him to.) We smote that SPIDER with a stout hickory stick : laid him low : stuck a long Yankee pin — every one of which is made of such soft sham wire that they bend at the slightest pressure — through his person : and gleaming in golden yellow, glossiest black, and pi'son-green spots, he may now be seen in the KNICKER-BOCKER SANCTUM, from four to ten o'clock in the evening, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Children, half-price. - - - Much amused just now, in reading the following :

'A SHREWD countryman was in Gotham some days ago, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality with his eye-teeth cut. Passing up Chatham-street, through the Jews' quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last, one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

'Have you got any shirts?' inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.
'A splendid assortment, Sir. Step in, Sir. Every price, Sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, Sir.'
'Are they clean?'
'To be sure, Sir. Step in, Sir.'
'Then,' resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, 'put on one, for you need it!'
'The rage of the shop-keeper may be imagined as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.'

WE are reminded by this of a circumstance mentioned by a friend, who laughed so much while he was narrating it that he could scarcely 'get it out.' He was walking along Chatham-street, he said, with a Connecticut friend. His friend was n't green, although he *looked* exceedingly verdant. They were in the Jew quarter : and the Yankee was hailed to buy 'a uncommon fine pattern of a ves'coat.' 'What is the price?' 'Three dollars.' 'Oh ! git eout ! — I'll gin you twelve shillins.' 'Can't do it : s'elp me GEN, cost more 'n that to *make* it — let alone the stuff.' 'I'll gin twelve shillins for that jacket.' 'Well, you can take it ; but there won't be *another* vest go out of this store at that price.' 'Xpect *not*,' said the Yankee : 'you would n't be liable to sell many at *that* rate, would ye ? Oh ! yeod git eout !' Same time we heard this : He had been abused, the man had : he had been cheated : he had bought a coat and pantaloons in Chatham-street at something like five times their value. He told his grievances to his friend. A plan for revenge was at once concocted. They repaired to the store. The 'friend' tried on one of the finest and best coats in the establishment. It was 'too small !' In straining to bring it together in front, he split it from bottom to top, up the back. He was 'very sorry,' and *said* so, which was not very well received on the part of the proprietor, as he thought at the time, (and afterward said so.) Howbeit, he asked for another coat, of like quality and finish. It was furnished him, and he put it on. When he had put himself comfortably inside of it, he was seized with a violent epileptic

fit: he squirmed on his back toward the door: ground the dirt into the garment: tore it beside: 'came to:' took it off: apologized: said he was sorry: and added, that that was the first *fit* they had ever had in *that* store, any how.' It was his *last*, too. - - - The following comprehensive and every way faithful tribute to the character of our old and long-esteemed friend, the late lamented RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, we copy from the *New-York Daily Times*. This, with an elaborate biographical sketch, from the pen of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, published some time since in these pages, will afford a full and complete history of the career of one whom America and the world of letters will 'not willingly let die:'

'THE sun of an American literary celebrity has set. RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD is no more. A lingering illness, under which he has labored for a number of years, last evening assumed a fatal termination, and he breathed his last at his residence in this city, at fifteen minutes to seven o'clock, at the age of forty-two.

'Wherever American Literature is known, the name of Dr. GRISWOLD is familiar. It is to him that a large class of our young authors stand indebted for a favorable introduction to the world of letters, while his quick appreciation of literary merit, especially of that which was purely native in its growth, insured him the grateful regard of aspirants whose first words of cordial sympathy were his. Of the standard literature of the country, Dr. GRISWOLD was a careful critic. His compilations are the completed record we have. His judgment in selection and arrangement was excellent. His works have a strong vitality, and the story of his life is possessed of no common interest.

'RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD was born in Rutland county, Vermont, February fifteenth, 1815. He was of the ninth generation from GEORGE GRISWOLD, of Kenilworth, England. On the mother's side, he was the eighth in descent from THOMAS MAYHEW, the first Governor of Martha's Vineyard. The records of the family of GRISWOLD go back to the later periods of the fourteenth century. PHILIP GRISWOLD, an ancestor, was honorably distinguished for military services, in the time of HENRY V. Others of the family were noted for important Parliamentary services. GEORGE GRISWOLD, of Kenilworth, from whom RUFUS was descended in direct line, had a family of sons, all of whom, with a single exception, emigrated to New-England. EDWARD, one of these sons, was one of the first settlers of Windsor, in 1630. Another son, MATTHEW, also established himself in the same place; but having married a daughter of the first HENRY WALCOTT, afterward removed to Saybrook. Others of the family advanced further into the interior, and founded new towns and villages, which still flourish, bearing the names they gave.

'The early years of Dr. GRISWOLD's life were given to travel. Before he was twenty, he contrived to see nearly all in this country that was worth seeing, and explored Southern and Central Europe. With a mind enriched by the experiences of travel, and improved by his encounters with the world, he once more turned his steps homeward, and when again domesticated, found in an Eastern lady the qualities which make a married life attractive. So he married. The attachment appears to have been warm and lasting. The fruit of this marriage was two daughters, both of whom survive him. One of these daughters, it will be remembered, narrowly escaped death a few years since, at the time of the dreadful accident which occurred on the New-Haven Railroad, near the town of Norwalk.

'Soon after his marriage, Dr. GRISWOLD entered upon the profession of a man of letters. He had been bred to the ministry, and had taken orders as a preacher in the Baptist denomination, but occupied the pulpit only at intervals comparatively rare: for while his studies in theology were sufficiently profound to justify the assertion of a distinguished critic, that 'in theology he was all muscle and bone,' his peculiar *forte* was that of a literary man, without a speciality of department, but with a power of generalization, a comprehensiveness of view, and a fund of information, which were wonderful indications of industrious application, and in which he was entirely unequalled. The Doctor was 'cut out,' as the saying goes, for a *litterateur*. The peculiar cast of his intellect gave him facility in collecting, shaping, pruning, regulating. He decided rapidly, wrote readily and well, was somewhat tainted with prejudices, as most men are; but gave to the public freely from his stores of knowledge, and made himself a name that will not be forgotten. His first habits of writing were formed from the intimate companionship of an elder brother, HEMAN, a successful merchant and accomplished man, at whose residence in Troy RUFUS passed the winter of 1830. Under the guidance of this brother, the young writer became proficient and prolific; yet he could never be brought to acknowledge that he had done any thing before the age of twenty-two. Once he tried his hand at the editing of a country newspaper, but the task pleased him as little as it has many men before and since, and the paper was given

up. His next literary enterprise found its locality in this city, where he became associated with Mr. GREELEY, in the conduct of the *New-Yorker*—a weekly half-literary and half-newspaper, which expired about the year 1841. After this he aided PARK BENJAMIN and EPES SARGENT in the conduct of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *New World*, both of which papers had a large success, and were then esteemed novelties in literature. It was about this period also that he published a small volume of poems.

'During his residence in New-York, in 1840, Dr. GRISWOLD became much interested in the cause of poor debtors. As the laws were then framed, men, however honest, who found themselves unable to pay their debts, were consigned to prison in the company of common felons. Against the tyranny of such measures Dr. GRISWOLD spoke and wrote with his accustomed ability and vehemence. Together with WILLIAM LEGGERT, RUFUS DAWES, and a few others, he established a library in the City Prison in New-York, for the benefit of such unhappy gentlemen as had the misfortune to be incarcerated for debt. Two gentlemen, who were in confinement at the time, subsequently presented Dr. GRISWOLD a piece of plate, as token of gratitude for his endeavors in their behalf, inscribed: 'To RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD, who brought pleasure to our prison, and made us forget our homes when we were with strangers. *Ingratus unus missens omnibus nocet.*'

'In the winter of 1842, Dr. GRISWOLD accepted the position of editor of *Graham's Monthly Magazine*, and removed his residence to Philadelphia. During the time he occupied this position, the Magazine underwent a marked improvement. The new editor was profoundly impressed with a sense of duty to American authors. He urged their claims on all occasions, and battled sturdily for them. Through the force of his representations, a more liberal policy toward native writers began to prevail. Foreign mental merchandise was put, as it were, into a secondary position. It now began to be acknowledged that American genius was strong and ample; and so *Graham* presently reaped the fruits of a genial appreciation. The list of its contributors was enriched by the addition of the brightest lights of current American literature; the result being an unparalleled increase in the circulation of the work. In its pages there began to appear contributions from RICHARD HENRY DANA, WASHINGTON ALLSTON, COOPER, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, HOFFMAN, and WILLIS, and the circulation went up, at last, from seventeen thousand to twenty-nine thousand. It was a new era for Magazine literature in America.

'In 1842, the first of Dr. GRISWOLD's admirable *Histories of American Literature* was issued from the Philadelphia press. *The Poets and Poetry of America* was a work upon which the Doctor bestowed a wonderful amount of careful research, and critical analysis. That the literature of the country demanded such a labor was his firm conviction, and it was with no little love and enthusiasm that he assumed the task of preparation. He says, in his Preface to the first edition: 'This book is designed to exhibit the progress and condition of Poetry in the United States. . . . Considering the youth of the country, and the many circumstances which have had a tendency to retard the advancement of letters here, it speaks well for the past and present, and cheerily for the future.' A historical introduction to this work furnishes a comprehensive view of the early poetical literature of the country. The list of authors is headed by PHILIP FRENEAU; and the Young Poets have been added, in successive editions, as they have made their appearance in the ranks of authorship.

'The warm reception which awaited the *Poets and Poetry*, led to the production of another work of a similar character, *The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century*, published in 1844.

'Two years afterward (1846) appeared a third volume, the second of the American series, entitled, *The Prose Writers of America*. In this volume, which had a success second only to that of the *Poets and Poetry*, Dr. GRISWOLD struck sledge-hammer blows in defence of our native literature from the overwhelming flood of foreign works which poured in upon us in the absence of an international copy-right: a measure, the importance of which he earnestly urges in the prefatory remarks. 'Our country,' he writes, 'has been regarded as a Nazareth of mind. The old question, 'Who reads an American book?' is asked with most pertinence in the United States. . . . Foreigners have out-grown the ignorance and prejudice which first suggested it; and many of our authors are now much better known in London and Edinburgh, than in New-York, Boston, or Philadelphia.' He censures that 'absurd and wicked policy of our Government,' which by refusing to protect copy-rights of foreigners, only furnished a ready market for 'legalized piracy,' and threw upon us a host of corrupt works, which should be replaced by a healthy native growth. 'Our law-makers,' he adds, 'think they are shrewdly cheating the foreigner of so much money for the 'dear people,' but the denial of copy-right proves but a theft of poison.' In this belief the Doctor never wavered. He was sincere in his warfare in behalf of native interests, and will be remembered as a champion who dealt trenchant blows.

'In 1848, *The Female Poets of America*, a work similar to the three volumes which preceded it, was issued. It has scarcely met with the degree of success which attended its predecessors—possibly on account of the inferior attractiveness of the original

material; but it is, nevertheless, marked by similar evidence of industrious application and careful revision.

The Sacred Poets of England and America was a later publication, edited by Dr. Griswold, but bearing fewer indications of his peculiar genius.

Still the preparation of these works, involving as it did, matters of continuous, and very arduous labor, proved insufficient to satisfy the Doctor's ambition. He could not abide idleness. Leisure was not at all to his taste. The activity of his mind rendered him restless in the absence of industrious application. While, therefore, his elaborate researches touching the Progress of American Literature yet remained in process of development, he had other irons in the fire. In the year 1847, he engaged (residing still in Philadelphia) in the preparation of a series of Biographies, one entitled *Washington and the Generals of the American Revolution*; the other, *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire*. He also prepared, about this time, an Appendix to the American edition of D'ISRAELI's *Curiosities of Literature*, wrote numerous miscellaneous magazine articles, and prepared elaborate newspaper criticisms, with an industry that was perfectly indefatigable. The Doctor was a good worker.

In 1850, having resumed his residence in New-York, he projected the *International Monthly Magazine*—five volumes of which were published by Messrs. STRAINGER AND TOWNSEND, under his editorial supervision. This was a portly serial, established chiefly to develop the Doctor's methods of thinking and acting. In its pages he labored in behalf of copy-right, and admitted native writers freely to its privileges. So long as it lived, the *International* was lively, readable, and independent; but it died one day, and has never since seen light.

The latest complete work from the pen of Dr. GRISWOLD, was his *Republican Court; or, American Society in the Days of Washington*. This was intended as a holiday gift-book, and was issued by a New-York house, in 1854, in splendid style. It is attractive alike in style and matter. In it Dr. GRISWOLD has compressed a graphic view of the customs, opinions, lives, fashions, whims, of the ladies and the gentlemen who formed that brilliant circle, of which the First President was the centre; and the picture is pleasant, marked here and there by sharp touches, made with a skilful finger.

After the publication of this work, Dr. GRISWOLD undertook the preparation of an *Illustrated Life of Washington*. Several numbers of this work were issued. But while engaged in this effort, his labors were suddenly suspended. The ravages of that deceptive disease, consumption, which had begun years before to tell upon his system, assumed an alarming shape, and the Doctor was compelled to relinquish active exertion. Growing rapidly worse, he was forced to essay the trial of a change of scene, but continuing gradually to fail, and at last reduced to a skeleton, harassed by a racking cough, and too feeble to move, he gave up hope of life and resigned himself to fate. For some months past, he has lingered, scarcely alive, among his books, in an unpretending residence on Fourth avenue; and died without a struggle.

A number of unfinished works are left by Dr. GRISWOLD. Beside the *Life of Washington*, which he did not live to complete, he had nearly ready for the press an *Essay on the Introduction of Printing into the Middle Colonies, and our Early Printers*. This paper will be completed by his Literary Executors, and will appear in the posthumous edition of his works. Other valuable manuscripts and papers, the result of years of literary application, also pass into the hands of his Executors.

Dr. GRISWOLD was actively engaged, when interrupted by his last illness, in completing the revision of *The Republican Court*, a new edition of which was to have been soon published, with important additions. He had also in progress new editions of all his works on the History of Literature, and had completed a thorough revision of the *Poets and Poetry of America*.

It may be stated, without impropriety, that the gentlemen named by Dr. GRISWOLD as his Literary Executors, are Mr. JOHN Wm. WALLACE, of Philadelphia, and Mr. GEO. H. MOORE, of this city. Mr. WALLACE is a brother of the late HORRACE BINNEY WALLACE, with whom Dr. GRISWOLD was on terms of great intimacy, and from whom he received perhaps the most just appreciation that fell to his lot at the hands of his literary compeers.

In personal appearance, Dr. GRISWOLD was above the medium height; spare, light-complexioned, with hazel eyes, and dark-brown hair. He had a laugh that was contagious, a voice that was pleasant, and a manner peculiarly earnest. In social circles he was full of life, overflowing with anecdote, and given to a joke. No better dinner-companion could be found than he. In the pulpit his manner was sedate, with no affectation of solemnity, and his discourses were orthodox and able. A volume of his *Sermons and Discourse on Philosophy* have been published. He had enemies, as every man must have, and some degree of scandal attached to his matrimonial relations; but he defended himself with vigor, and replied in pamphlet publications to charges that were urged against him. It is not necessary to revive the memory of scenes in private life which have been brought only too prominently before the public. Dr. GRISWOLD was three times married. Three children survive him, the youngest a boy, and still in infancy.

'Dr. GRISWOLD was attended, during his last illness, by Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, a warm personal friend, and for a long time his medical adviser. Aside from the possession of a valuable library, rich in all that relates to American literature, and remarkably copious in collections of early American periodical publications, added to a large copy-right interest, we are not aware that Dr. GRISWOLD had accumulated any considerable amount of property.'

May he rest in peace! - - - HERE ensueth a well-deserved satire upon that class of legal gentlemen who talk so learnedly to their clients and before a jury. We are assured that 'both the facts and the language are authentic:'

Effulgent Class Ekkel, Esquire.

A POSITIVE FACT.

'In a narrow, low room unswept,
His feet aloft, he sat,
Mutt'ring: 'Shall I go down unwept?
Shall I be deemed a flat?
How sweet to hear a nation sigh:
To see it shake its head,
And loud proclaim, with tearful eye,
Great So-AND-so is dead!

'How sweet — By CHITTY! some one
knocks!
(He grasped a musty book,
And hauling up the spitting-box,
Put on a knowing look.)
'Come in! Come in! Just push the door,
But wait: it's locked, I see;
My clients here are such a bore,
I — ('egad I scent a fee!')

'How are you SQUIRE? My name is
SMITH:'

'I'm well, and how are you?'
'BILL JONES I've had some trouble with,
And want to put him through.
You see, his cow got in my ground,
And after getting filled,
Jumped on the fence and broke it down,
And she was badly killed.
My fence is broke — his cow is dead:
Now which had ought to pay?'
'Abem! Just now,' CLASS EKKEL said,
'I'm not prepared to say.'
'Mercer, (Pa.)

'Well, 'SQUIRE, I'll go and let you be,
And call some time again:
But I forgot, Sir — here's a V: '
'Ah! now the case is plain.
Dear Mister SMITH, pray take a seat,
Your face I'm glad to see:
And as this JONES you want to beat,
It's well you came to me!

'If BILL JONES' cow the fence had broke,
Why, then, *nudum pactum*,
And damages would lie, (see COKE,)
For a *non est factum*.
Looking in that way at the case,
He'd take a nul, friend JOHN,
And then sue out a *fieri-facie*,
With a *de bonis non*.

'But if JONES' cow had broke the FENCE
Testament annexum,
Et doli capax se prepanse,
We'd very soon perplex him!
You see this cow was held in trust
For this BILL JONES's uses,
And now, to come at her, we must
Get out a *tecum duces*!'

'I see! I see!' the client cries;
I have it in my eye!
I'll go straight home — my friends sur-
prise,
And blow BILL JONES sky high!'

W. McK.'

THE subjoined, if true, as is positively alleged, is good: if *not* true, it is a good '*story*,' any way:

'DEAR KNICK: If you will bear with me for a few moments, I will relate to you one of my numerous experiences. It occurred during one of those heated terms, so eloquently and feelingly described by 'E. M.' in the columns of the daily papers. I was rolling smoothly over the 'Russ,' in one of those golden-lined omnibuses which gladden the hearts of the Fourteenth-Streeters, (when they are not full,) in company with three or four merchants on their way to dinner, and an equal number of ladies, evidently returning from 'shopping. I was *in* the city, but not *of* it; my thoughts being turned away from the surrounding dust and turmoil, toward my pleasant home on the banks of the Hudson, which I hoped soon to reach, *via* Thirty-first-street and Hudson River Rail-road. While in this pleasant state, my reverie was suddenly brought to a stop,

as was the omnibus. The cause of the obstruction was evident in a brace of 'Deōwn Easters,' who appeared to be taking a bird's-eye view of the 'elephant.' The male specimen (for they *appeared* to be man and wife) carried with extreme care a huge basket containing some living object, whose genus and species were carefully concealed from vulgar eyes by a white cloth. Much to our satisfaction, the basket was handed up to the driver, through the end-window, and the stage rolled on, its burden being increased by the two Yankees. I was somewhat surprised at the smallness of the hands and feet of our new companions; and when I looked in their faces to discover the cause of the anomaly in their appearance, I recognized in the gentleman; my young friend, NED B —, at present an under-graduate in Columbia College, and in the *lady*, his aider and abettor in mischief, FRED T —. Admonished by a wink from each of them, I held my peace, and resolved to see what would happen.

'Nothing special occurred until we reached Fourteenth-street. Here the increased jolting seemed to incommode the occupant of the basket, for cries proceeded therefrom, which, to my practised ear, (I have eleven children at home, six of whom are twins,) seemed to resemble the cries of an infant. My judgment was apparently corroborated by the gentler portion of our fellow-passengers, and eventually, as the cries became louder, by the gentlemen also. The silence was broken by the fair down-Easter, who observed to her lord, in dulcet tones of Yankee land:

'HEZEKIAH! deōnt yeōu think that ICHABOD's gittin rayther oncomfortable up ther in the sun?'

'Wall, I deōnt kneōw,' replied HEZEKIAH, taking it coolly.

'May I ask who is ICHABOD, my friend?' interrogated a portly old gentleman, with a consequentio-benevolent phiz, and a huge watch-chain.

'Wall, he's the baby; five months old, and a regular whopper, too!'

'But you should not leave him up there, in the heat,' urged the fat philanthropist. 'Get out, and bring him in here.'

'No — guess not. The man down there at the hotel said we was n't to take him into the stage, 'cause there's a law agin it.'

'Nonsense: he was only hoaxing you: get out, and take your child in: he'll suffer up there.'

'No, Sir; I deōnt dew eny sich thing. I know what 'cute fellers yeon Yorkers air: and I guess you're the mare, (Mayor,) and want to git the fine to put in yeōur own pocket.'

'Well, if you won't, I *will*: I can't bear to hear the poor thing's cries,' said 'PARLO-RARY,' pulling the check-string. He got out, and spoke to the driver, who delivered to him one baby, on demand, in a basket, and in good order and condition. He reentered the omnibus, and lifted up the corner of the towel, when out popped the huge black head of a Newfoundland pup!

'Why!' exclaimed the benevolent old gentleman, indignant at the sell: 'I thought you said it was a baby! What do you mean, Sir?'

'Why, did n't I tell you it was a dog-baby?' demurely questioned NED.

The old gentleman left the stage at the next corner, his nose being quite out of joint at the new baby. When he was gone, NED explained to me how he had a grudge against him, for having on one occasion spoiled some sport; and how, having procured this dog, remarkable for the similarity of its cries, to those of 'a lactiverous human,' he lay in wait for the stage which usually conveyed his antagonist to his fat dinner up-town, with the determined purpose of 'selling' him on his weak point, namely, babies. Do you think he succeeded, Mr. KNICK?

We do n't believe the 'story!' - - A FRIENDLY correspondent, writing from Washington, (Pa.,) says: 'Like most other small towns, we have here a 'colored church,' where many amusing things are said, highly exhilarating to the spirits of the few who occasionally visit our 'Hayti' meeting-house. 'Hayti' is the name given to that part of our town where 'pussons

ob color' reside. One winter evening, when the colored preacher was in the midst of his sermon, making a most violent, if not a most eloquent appeal to his hearers, one of the legs of the stove, which had been loosened in some way, fell out, and as a natural consequence, the red-hot stove tipped over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of fire. The audience of course commenced crowding out of the door like a flock of black sheep. But the preacher was equal to the occasion. Addressing one of his prominent members, he cried out: 'Pick up de stobe, brudder BOLAH!—pick up de stobe! De Lor' won't let it burn you! Only hab faith!' Poor brother BOLER had unfortunately *too much* faith, and immediately seized it, all glowing as it was: but no sooner had his fingers come in contact with the fervent iron, than he dropped it again, and dancing around on one foot, blowing his skinless fingers, he exclaimed with all the energy which he could throw into his voice: 'De h—l he won't!—de h—l he won't!' The entire truth of this story can be vouched for.' - - - SEVERAL years since we published in our friend GODEY'S '*Lady's Book*,' of Philadelphia, the '*Gossip about Children*,' which appears in preceding pages. It is not without reluctance that we have complied with the request which precedes it—one of many similar, heretofore received. We were led, even now, to re-publish the article from seeing in the daily journals an account from the '*Union Democrat*,' (what '*Union Democrat*,' and *where*?) of a man whipping his little boy so brutally, that the poor little fellow *persevered* in killing himself, to be rid of such tyranny. Who would be that—— We were going to say *Father*—but we can't. - - - A FRENCHMAN'S comprehension of the English language is very peculiar, oftentimes; but not more so, we dare dare say, than an Englishman's perception, not unfrequently, of the French '*lingo*,' as HOOD terms it. Be that as it may: we are struck with this blunder in the '*Mémoires Historiques des Celebrités et des Notabilités*,' now publishing in Paris. DR. BUCKLAND'S '*Bridgewater Treatise*' is spoken of as '*Le Traité de la Construction des Ponts du Dr. BUCKLAND*'—an essay on the construction of *Bridges*! This reminds us of a remark we heard made by a weazen-faced Frenchman, in JOLLIE'S popular music-store in Broadway, while were buying some music for 'the girls,' about the time that '*Pop goes the Weasel*' was in the height of juvenile vogue: 'You aves the musique most extraordinaire in zis countree,' said the little Frenchman, with the invariable shoulder-elevation. 'Par examp., you aves '*Por-rup goes Oozel*': leetel boy, he sings zem in ze ster-r-reet ver' mosh. Vill you tell me, sare, vat is '*Oozel*?' ' He was courteously enlightened, and there-upon went his way. - - - '*Virginia Illustrated*' first appeared in numbers in *Harper's Magazine*, where it was very generally admired. The various adventures of the party, some humorous, some terrific, and othersome ridiculous, are recorded with a good degree of spirit. Visits are paid, among other celebrated places of resort, to the '*Natural Bridge*,' the several Sulphur Springs, and the North and South Peaks of Otter; and the engravings of them, especially, are excellently well done. We do not marvel at the patriotism inspired by the view from those splendid heights. Right heartily do we wish that we could have been of the party on *that* occasion, whatever

may be said concerning other and less pleasant adventures. The volume is beautifully printed with large types. HARPERS. - - - ALMOST any body, we think, would have laughed, as we did, the other day at the Astor-House Restaurant, what time we were taking a bowl of most delicious Green Turtle Soup, with a friend. And it was that friend who said: 'C——, do you see that party sitting at the second table from us?' 'Yes.' 'Well, there is a *collection*.' 'What do you mean by 'a collection?'' we asked. 'Simply this: that there is a 'Wolverine,' there are two 'Pukes,' one 'Plug-Ugly,' and two 'Suckers.' 'Good GED?' exclaimed a small and young-looking Englishman to his friend, who was seated at an adjoining table, both of them with small whitish moustaches, and eye-glasses screwed into their watery-blue eyes, 'what an extraordinary wawietty of the 'uman specie to be sittink at the same table!' Now many persons may consider this fabulous: but there is *one* man, who with us can bear testimony that it is a simple and exact *fact*, without one word of exaggeration. - - - THEY have 'right smart' steam-boats at St. Joseph, Missouri. An editor 'thereaway' says: 'Those who doubt the business appearance of our wharf, should have looked on Monday morning. *Six steam-boats were all arriving and departing at the same time!*' - - - THERE is wholesome satire, and not a little fun, in the following from the pen of Prof. G. SPHYNX, Moral Fabulist, Plank-Road Director, etc.:

'A Specimen Brick

From Sphynx's great Tragedy of 'Flat Burglary, or the Atrocious Villain.'

'ACT V. SCENE VII.

'(SCENE: a perpendicular rock two hundred feet high; six yards square at the top. Captain HERCULES CLAPPERCLAW, R.N., stature, five feet six; circumference, five feet precisely; hair red; complexion blue; appears mounting a ladder to the summit. As he reaches the fourth round from the top, the head and shoulder of CLARENCE MONTMORENCY, the ardent and chivalrous young American, the defender of ISABEL DE COURCEY, appears at the top of a ladder on the other side. His elegant figure is attired with fastidious taste. The rivals stare for a moment in mutual astonishment.)

'MONTMORENCY, (in clarion tones.) 'Fiend!'

'CLAPPERCLAW, (hoarsely.) 'Ape!'

'MONT. 'Demon!'

'CLAP. 'Baboon!'

'(MONTMORENCY leaps upon the rock.)

'MONT. 'Here, monster, if you dare the encounter, our mortal feud shall end, till I meet thee again upon the blistering crags of the infernal world!'

'CLAP. 'Fool! give bail against flight by doing thus!' (He mounts the rock and hurls his ladder into the abyss.)

'MONT. 'Boastful bully of the seething surge, behold my pledge!' (He tips his own ladder into the chasm.)

'CLAP. 'Now, dainty Sir, can you tell me what is the difference between the ruler of the Tartar hordes and an unsuccessful aspirant for renown?'

'MONT. 'Wretch! I can. The one is a great Khan, the other is a great Can't.'

'CLAP. 'For a carpet-knight, not bad: but now, nincompoop, tell me, into what insect is an iceberg transformed when it sinks to the bed of the illimitable ocean?'

'MONT. 'Execrable assassin! I smile in serene derision at thy poisoned dagger. Thus I answer: it becomes a bed-berg, of course.'

'CLAP. 'Perhaps then, perfumed jackanapes, you can explain the electro-magnetic difference between the functionary who commands yon distant rail-way train and the minion who 'tends the brakes?'

'MONT. 'With ease: the former being the conductor, the latter is of course a non-conductor.'

'CLAP. (Losing his temper.) 'Sheep! I will trifle no longer. Tell me now why the Atlantic Telegraph Cable should be styled the modern Bosphorus?'

'MONT. 'Because, being attached at one extremity to Ireland, 't will become a famous crossing-place for bulls. And now, ruffian,' (clarion tone again,) 'answer me this: why is a paralyzed cock-roach like a fictitious narrative?'

'CLAP. (With a sinking sensation in his stomach, but keeping up a bold face in his desperate predicament.) 'Solve that disgusting problem yourself, puppy! *HERCULES CLAPPERCLAW*, R. N., disdains such butchery of his royal mistress's English.'

'MONT. 'Because, monster, it is a numb bug,' (an 'umbug.)

'(CLAPPERCLAW staggers — falls over the precipice.)

'MONT. 'Down with thee to Pandemonium, remorseless wretch!'

Curtain falls: Finis.

[NOTE.—An injunction against the publication of the thrilling tragedy, of which the foregoing is the closing scene, has been served on the author. He is ready, however, to give public readings in the principal cities of the United States and Canada on short notice. Persons of weak nerves not admitted.]

Vice the great SPHYNX! - - - AMONG the numerous 'splendid' and 'unrivalled' illustrated works of the day, we believe that of a correspondent at 'Blossom-Hill, Caddo County, Louisiana,' is destined to be preëminently 'conspicuous. He sends us a prospectus of '*The Mammoth Illustrated Dictionary*.' This great proposed enterprise is thus announced and described:

'HAVING long seen and appreciated the want of a Dictionary with such illustrations as should impart to the mind of the reader a thorough conception of the subject matter, I have been preparing for publication, and shall shortly have ready for the press, a work with the above title — '*The Mammoth Illustrated Dictionary*.' I am satisfied the genius of our people requires a work of the kind. 'Old Fogies,' as they are called, may ridicule the idea of converting all our text into picture-books, and grumble because the space that should be devoted to interesting reading-matter is given up to villainous wood-cuts, (as they irreverently term them,) that afford neither instruction nor amusement: but is not 'Young AMERICA' 'with' the picture-movement — this revolution in literature? Echo answers: 'Indubitably, Young AMERICA is!' By dint of extraordinary exertion, I have succeeded in securing the services of the world-renowned wood-cutter, Professor DAUB, assisted by Professor BORTCH, and several lesser lights in the world of pictures. This is all that need be said in regard to the style of the engravings.

'To illustrate the character of the forthcoming work: I shall discard most words of less than three syllables, as the use of 'small words' is being dropped by most of our literary men; but the introduction of some few will be unavoidable. For instance, the word '*Man*,' or '*Anthropos*:' now this word will be illustrated by a wood-cut of ADAM, taken from a daguerreotype, and said by those who have seen the original, to be a perfect likeness. Again: the word '*Bulldogiana*' will be illustrated thus: Bull seen in mad career after a lap-dog, which is running for protection to an interesting female, who is in turn scooting for the fence with considerable velocity. An Eye seen in the distance, complacently contemplating the curious concatenation.

'The work will embrace two thousand pages: but owing to the space occupied by the illustrations, can be supplied at the trifling cost of two 'bits.' Sent by mail to any part of the United States or the Canadas, provided a stamp be inclosed to pay return postage. Ministers of the Gospel furnished at the above rates without the extra stamp. Editors of newspapers giving this prospectus an insertion for three years will be entitled to a copy *gratis* — paying their own postage.'

'Subscriptions received at this office.' - - - 'PASSING along the streets of one of our Southern cities,' writes a travelling correspondent, 'I saw a crowd around a man who had just met with an accident, by which one of his legs was badly crushed. I listened to the various comments which are usually heard at such a time, and was struck with the remark of one who evidently felt a sympathy for the sufferer: 'Dear me, that leg must be amputated!' And still more by the instant reply of some one in the crowd: '*Amputated!* amputated the d—!! — that leg *will have to be cut off!*' A 'distinction without a difference,' it strikes us. - - - UNQUESTIONABLY, the handsomest paper in the United States is '*The Press*,' our old friend JOHN W. FORNEY's new daily, of Philadelphia. Nor does its 'outward man' belie its internal characteristics. It is most ably edited, as its copious and well-filled columns abundantly show. An old friend and correspondent, R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Esq., with abundant industry and ample capacity, fills the important chair of the Literary Department. - - - A WRITER reporting the recent proceedings at the 'Montreal Scientific Convention' ventures to say that the inventor and expositor of '*The Gyroscope*' did not advance a single idea not completely befogged in algebraic and geometrical terms, repeated with lightning-like rapidity.' Now if this writer will glance over a brief notice of '*The Gyroscope*' in our last number, he will perceive that opinions as well as tastes, sometimes *differ*. 'We say nothing:' let the people judge. Hear the 'voice of the Vox Populi!' - - - WE have received the *Medallion Pen*. It lacks the quill-like elasticity: otherwise, it is a good pen. It makes a clear mark, and does not blot. But *is* there any thing, after all, like the quill-pen from a native Goose, made by your own hand, with a sharp pen-knife? 'Surely not.' - - - THE following publications, received at this office, deserve, and (D. V.) shall receive, adequate notice in this Magazine: MADAME LE VERT's 'Souvenirs of Travel'; HAMMOND's 'Wild Northern Scenes'; 'Verse Memorials,' by MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, late President of Texas; 'Fresh Fern-Leaves'; 'Floral Home, or First Years of Minnesota'; 'SAM SLICK, the Clock-Maker'; 'The Mystic Delvings,' by BARNITZ; 'RUSKIN's 'Elements of Drawing,' and the 'National Academy Students' Testimonial to T. S. CUMMINGS, Esq.' Other publications, recently received, will meet with present attention. Our *Little People's Table* is too full for our small 'room,' this month. FIVE pages of this department (including '*Sparks from a Grate-Blower*,' and many other good things,) although in type, 'can't come in' *this* month.

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A NIGHT ON THE FRONTIER.

BY U. DUNNOROO.

I HAD been sitting for several hours in pretty close contact with a pocket-edition of one of 'Resor's Air-Tights,' located in the north-west corner of Harry Jones's store, at the Cross-Roads, amusing myself at the chaffering of the women exchanging their 'wool-socks' bees'-wax, tow-linen, and other domestic manufactures, for 'spun truck,' apron-check, dye-stuff, and so on; and the excruciating scenes of tribulation through which they were leisurely trotting the inexperienced clerk, a gawky-gosling green-horn, whom Harry had left in charge of the store, while he made a flying visit to the city, to replenish his stock.

It was getting late in the afternoon. The sun had shut in again, and it had commenced snowing for about the twentieth time that day, and out of a cloud apparently about the bigness of a bed-quilt, when the door opened, and in stalked a stout and rather elderly-looking man with exceeding black glossy hair, black eyes, and withal a very black face for a white man, or a man who, residing in a slave State, was in the habit of being addressed with the title of 'Mister' prefixed to his name. Threading his way through the women and children with which the narrow pass-way between the counters was crowded, as best he could, with an occasional nod of recognition or friendly salutation, he approached the clerk, who at the moment was vainly endeavoring to tie up ten pounds of coffee in a sheet of brown paper that was barely large enough for eight, and addressing him by name, inquired: 'Whether the gentleman who was buying cattle was still there?'

The agonized clerk, hearing his name pronounced by a familiar voice, looked up from the vexatious job, which seemed to have over-tasked his ingenuity, and beheld the father of a sylph-like female woman of some two hundred and odd pounds avoirdupois, (toward whom he had for some time, as he expressed himself to a confidential friend 'had a mighty

powerful strong bankerin' a'ter,) a witness to his awkward attempts to play the merchant. Making a desperate effort not only to retrieve his character, but to astonish by a display of his skill, he first pointed, and then ducked his head, in the direction where I sat hugging the afore-said pocket-piece of a stove, and where I had been for the last hour or so, vainly endeavoring to delude myself into the belief that I was more comfortable the nearer I came in contact with cold iron; after which telegraphic performance he gave his arm a circumgyratory movement, and succeeded by one bold stroke in dividing his ten pounds of coffee into three tolerably equal parcels, one of which lodged on the floor, another in a barrel of mackerel, and the third in a tub of soft-soap that stood open under the counter.

This unparalleled feat of dexterity seemed to astonish the performer infinitely more than the spectators; so much so, in fact, that from towering a head and shoulders above his customers, he suddenly wilted down, until he was entirely concealed from my view by a quart-pot which sat on the counter.

And what a wonderful quart-pot that was! It was a 'medium,' a real *spiritual* medium; a medium through which the spirit of the potent Sir John Barleycorn has continued to pour for lo! these many years as unfailing a stream of gold into the pockets of Harry Jones as did, and for aught I know does yet, the accommodating spirit of Samson into those of the Misses Fox and Fish, in that interesting game of 'Fox and Geese,' where the cunning fox contrives to pull the feathers over the silly geese's eyes, willing victims generally, and then go in to win at 'Three pluck One.'

The old gentleman approached and saluted me with a nod, and a 'How d'ye do?' and then, after mutually 'comparing our views,' not only on the actual state of the weather for the day that was then drawing to a close, but the probable qualities of the one that was expected to follow, and the night that would necessarily lie between, he inquired:

'Are you the gentleman that's buying cattle through here?'

'Yes: I have bought a few in this neighborhood.'

'Want to buy any more?'

'Yes.'

'How many?'

'All I can get, of the right sort, and at the right price.'

'What kind are you buying?'

'Three and four-years old steers.'

'What are you paying?'

'That depends altogether on the quality.'

'Say a good average lot?'

'The fact is,' I replied, 'I seldom ever 'price' another man's property; *never*, until I see it. If you have cattle for sale, I'll look at them, and then I shall be better prepared to make you an offer. How many have you of the kind I want?'

'Do n't you buy any over four-years old?'

'Yes: if they are in good order, I'll take them up to twelve. How many have you?'

'Well, I suppose I could make out somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred head.'

'How far do you live from here?' I inquired.

'Ten miles.'

'You are not going home to-night?'

'Yes: suppose you go with me?'

I went to the door and looked out. The bed-quilt had stretched itself into a curtain, entirely obscuring the face of heaven; and strange to tell, the broader it stretched the thicker it grew. And great Gewhili-kins! *was n't* the snow peppering down! The wind had sprung up from the north-east, and came driving across the prairie direct from Spitzbergen, cold as the charity usually shown by one Christian denomination toward another; yea, even though that other be a seceding branch of the same; and with an impetuosity that threatened destruction to its 'cheeks,' provided there be any foundation in fact for that poetic simile. I consulted my watch, and found that the sun was nearly down.

'My dear Sir,' said I, 'this is going to be an ugly night to be out in, and it will be dark before we get half-way to your house, and the pitchyest *kind* of dark, at that.'

'What of that?' said he: 'when I was a young man, like you, I should have thought nothing of getting on my horse and riding all night such a night as this threatens to be. I've done it many a time, and could do it again, if necessary.'

Well, suppose he *had* — what then? Why just this, that his telling it under the circumstances was nothing more nor less than a vain-glorious bravado, inasmuch as there was no evidence whatever going to show that it was at all necessary for *me* to turn out on such a night. I could just as well, for aught he knew, have remained all night where I was, and rode out in the morning. Of *course* I could, and why did n't I? Well, no matter *why* I did n't stay, but I *did* n't. Ordering my horse with as *nonchalant* an air as I could assume, thereby doing violence to my feelings, I donned my travelling gear somewhat desperately, and we set out across the prairie in a northerly direction.

Many city-bred individuals become enamored of country life; some by the perusal of highly-wrought sketches, wherein the author's imagination is more severely taxed than his observation; others by witnessing the results, on some well-regulated farm, of long-continued, untiring, systematic labor, in the neat, snug-looking cottage, smooth verdant lawn, well-arranged garden and orchard; large, plethoric barns, and well-stocked parks and pastures; and needs must buy *themselves* a country-seat, in order that they may 'go and do likewise.' But alas! when they come to 'realize' the trouble and expense, and more especially the amount of brains, necessary to the production of such results, the disgusting matter-of-fact details inseparably connected with rural life, which, though smoothed over by the mellifluous cadences of the pastoral poet, still remain stern, unbending realities, requiring to be attended to, each in its proper season, they sigh over their delusion, and would fain once more return to their cod-fish and candles. So it is with a snow-storm. The results are oftentimes delightful. A calm, frosty, moon-shiny

night ; a clipper of a sleigh under you ; a pair of ' fast crabs ' before you ; and a pair of sparkling eyes, illuminating a pair of rosy cheeks, by the side of you ; and the sleigh-bells making such a noise that you and the owner of the eyes and cheeks have to put your heads together in order to make yourselves heard. ' Git out of the way ! — the amokomotive 's a-comin ! G'lang ! '

But the getting up of snow-storms in a new country is sometimes attended with serious consequences. The wayfarer upon our interminable western prairies, overtaken by a snow-storm, is frequently as much at a loss how to proceed as is the mariner on the pathless ocean, without chart or compass. Many, very many, perish miserably every winter, caught in snow-storms out on the trackless wastes of our western wilds ; their only requiem the ominous howl of the wolf — their only grave his insatiate maw !

But to return from our digression, and proceed with our narrative. We pushed ahead : at first at a pretty brisk gait, sometimes in a trot, and sometimes in a gallop ; my dark-featured guide in advance, and I following : the wind driving the snow almost horizontally into our faces. Presently the sun went down, and gradually drawing a set of extra-thick curtains around, shut off the light so completely, that the only idea I had of terrestrial objects, even of a horse's head and ears, was from memory. As the sun gathered in his rays, and tucked the curtains closer, my guide gradually slackened his pace, and finally came to a halt.

' Confound the luck ! — I wish I'd staid at Jones's ! ' I heard him ejaculate.

Now I had been wishing that very thing ever since we had started, and for the last half-hour had been reflecting upon myself for being such a fool as to get into a scrape of that sort with my eyes wide open ; and threatening, if I got out of it, to apply at the next court for a guardian : but knowing, from the distance we had travelled, that it would be equally if not more difficult to find our way back than forward, and wishing to give a ' lick back ' for that bravado of my dark friend's that had been the sole cause of my turning out, I shouted out to him : ' Go ahead ! It is a fine night for travelling. I guess we shall find ourselves in the morning ! '

My teeth chattered, and cut the words into all sorts and sizes of syllables that could be imagined, as I uttered them.

My guide answered with a grunt : but whether intended as a token of approbation or of contempt, I was unable to determine — and we started on.

We had proceeded but a short distance, when I discovered that the wind was changing. Instead of coming quartering, it met us right in the face : presently it took us on the other quarter ; and not long after it was on our backs. I was confident that we were changing *our* course, and not the wind its direction : and I shouted to my companion, and asked him if we were not lost ? He answered that we were, and *had* been for an hour. I asked him what direction he lived from Jones's ?

' Due north.'

'How long have you owned that horse you are riding?'

'I raised him.'

'How long have you lived at the place where you reside at this time?'

'Twenty years.'

After a few minutes of silent progress, during which the wind had changed from our backs to another quarter, satisfactorily proving to my mind that we were certainly going round in a circle, or in some round-about sort of fashion, I proposed to my guide that if he would exchange horses with me, and let *me* take the lead, I would take him home in less than two hours.

'I've no objection,' said he, 'to your taking the lead, for I confess that I am lost; but I don't see why, if you can find the way *at all*, you can't do it as well on one horse as another.'

As he stopped, however, without farther urging, and dismounted, I did n't deem it necessary to explain to him my reasons, which were simply these:

I had had experience enough in the sagacity of horses to know, that as a general rule, when a man gets lost in the neighborhood of his residence, particularly in the winter-time, when his horse is in the habit of being *fed*, if he will just give him the rein, he'll take him straight home. So, mounting my companion's horse, and turning his head in the direction I supposed to be about right, we started on again. I soon found, notwithstanding my experience and unbounded confidence in equine sagacity, that my new guide and myself were differing very materially, and most unaccountably, considering I knew nothing about it, in our views as to the right direction; and I caught myself repeatedly checking and trying to turn his course. Giving him the rein, I put him into a gallop, when the wind changed rapidly for a while, but finally settled down in one quarter. I now felt safe, and informed my dark friend in the rear that I would soon land him at home. I did n't hear his answer distinctly; but from what I *did* hear, and from the tone of his voice, I'm disposed to believe that just about that time he was pretty well satisfied in his own mind that I was a thundering fool. The event, however, justified my prediction; for in a very short time my companion was at home beneath the shelter of his own roof, in the bosom of his family.

Yes, he was at home: and *such* a home!

Here was a man, or a being in the likeness of one, who owned between four and five thousand acres of land, over a thousand head of cattle, and scores of negroes; whose dwelling consisted of but a single room, built of unhewed logs, covered with clap-boards and weight-poles, without a particle of loft; the cracks filled with clay, and altogether innocent of white-wash, either outside or in. The yard was but part and parcel of an immense pasture, where cattle, horses, hogs, dogs, geese, and young 'niggers' held a disputed possession! Not a tree, bush, vine, or shrub, either for shade, shelter, or fruit, was to be seen!

However, I was under a shelter, and *that* was some consolation; for notwithstanding it might be a standing monument to its owner's swin-

ishness, the inside of it was much more comfortable than the outside, on such a night.

The only furniture visible was a couple of roughly-made bedsteads, an old rickety table, and half-a-dozen chairs. The family of my host consisted of his wife and two daughters. The wife occupied one corner of the huge fire-place: her meaningless, lack-lustre eyes were fixed on the fire; nor did she withdraw them on my entrance, but remained apparently unconscious of all that was transpiring around her. Her presence seemed to be entirely ignored by her husband and daughters. At first I supposed her to be much older than her husband; but before I left, I became satisfied that it was not age so much as some mental agony that had furrowed her cheeks and frosted her locks. The daughters were huge and sluttish.

Partial as I am to a rich and productive soil, I have never yet been able to appreciate, or even account for, that taste which causes persons frequently to make such liberal displays of it on their own persons.

If patriotism, or the love of one's native soil, were to be measured by the amount of it which each one carries about with him, (or her, as the case may be,) and rewarded as patriotism should be, those two maidens before me must undoubtedly hold a high rank in the State, when that 'good time coming' which has been so long on the way, shall have 'aroven,' and Woman asserted her rightful supremacy: when some daring and martial Presidentess, marching beneath the protecting ægis of a silken parasol, with the imposing rotundity of a hooped-petticoat for a banner, shall have asserted the principles of the Monroe doctrine practically, by absorbing the Canadas and the Russian Possessions, Mexico and Central America, and then annexing all South-America, along with the balance of the Western Continent, together with all the adjacent islands to this great, grand, and gel-lorious Model Republic!

The dirt was not confined to the young ladies, however, but was distributed with great impartiality to every object in the room. The negroes who came at the call of the eldest of the dirty Hebes, to 'fix the table for master's and the gentleman's supper,' and whose eyes expanded at the sight 'ob dat strange gemman what's got har' all ober he face and mouf,' until the whites fairly illuminated their sable visages, were as dirty as their young mistresses, and ragged to a degree that a fig-leaf would have been positive decency in comparison; suggesting to my mind the propriety of their acting as maids to the lady who was 'going to wear a bustle to church — *she* was: she was n't going to wear any thing else!'

An ancient specimen of caninity, in the shape of a blear-eyed, uncomfortable-looking hound, afflicted with the mange, or some other distressing cutaneous affection, would come bolting into the house every time the door opened, which was on an average about every two minutes and a half, and, running to the hearth, would drop down in the ashes with which it was covered. A kick, or a punch with a stick, would evoke a most dismal sound, a kind of cross between a whine and a howl, and send him out doors again, raising a perfect cloud of ashes at each repetition. I could n't help but admire his 'perseverance in a

good cause,' while I pitied his afflictions and the shortness of his memory.

But where was I to sleep? Echo did n't choose to answer the question. There were but two beds in the room, and no extra bed-clothes visible. Two beds and five persons. Some body had to sit up, or sleep three in a bed. Was I to be one of the three? I'd sit up first. What a fool to leave Jones's, where I had a good, clean bed all to myself!

My cogitations on the interesting question of where I was to sleep were cut short by the announcement:

'Supper's ready.'

I drew my chair up to the rickety concern that answered to the name of table, with an appetite whetted by my evening ride, to such a degree, that under ordinary circumstances I should have eaten a very hearty meal.

The first glance at the 'provender,' however, took off the wire-edge, and each succeeding one wore it away still more. In the centre of the table was a huge pan of yellow corn-bread, supported on the left flank by an empty pepper-box, and on the right by a salt-cellar, partly filled with a mixture of something which I took to be salt, ashes, and dirt, in about equal proportions, while the rear was brought up by a deep dish, which was filled nearly to the brim with grease, in the midst of which were floating small pieces of something bearing a slight resemblance to meat. That pan of corn-bread rather 'fetched' me! That depression in the centre *might* have been the print of the cook's hand; but if it was n't made by a juvenile darkey, who, in playing about the hearth while the bread was baking, had made a mis-step, and set his naked foot in it, I must acknowledge that my three months' attendance at the guessing-school, at ten dollars a session, was so much valuable time lost, and money badly invested. It was a little nigger's track, as sure as you're born! My host broke off a large chunk, and handed the balance of the pan over to me. I attempted to break off a small piece, but it seemed to adhere by some invisible agency. Giving a twist and a pull at the same time, a sound as of something tearing reached my ears, and the piece was detached. Upon examination, I found a piece of rag just above the bottom crust, that had been baked in!

Helping himself to a liberal supply of the contents of the dish, 'our host' handed it over to me, saying: 'Have some of the fry?' After a few awkward plunges with the one-pronged fork with which I had been furnished, I succeeded in securing one of the floating morsels, and depositing it on my plate. Breaking off a small crumb of bread, I put it in my mouth, following it with what I supposed to be a piece of fried meat. On tasting it, however, I concluded that I must have been mistaken. It tasted like something that had undergone the different processes of preserving, pickling, and then frying. With the help of a big swallow of coffee, I managed to swallow it. The coffee was bitter, without cream or sugar, and black as pitch. I asked my host, who by this time had worked into the centre of the pan, what that was in the dish? Without looking up, he answered: 'Fried meat and gravy.'

'Yes: I know that: but what *kind* of meat?'

'Pickled pork.'

At length the table was ordered to be cleared away. By the time that had been accomplished, and the door closed on the afflicted hound for the fiftieth time, the young ladies had commenced undressing, preparatory to going to bed. Now modesty, pure and unadulterated, is always attractive, wherever found, be it in the lowly cabin or the aristocratic mansion. Like every thing good, however, it has its imitations. There is a kind of spurious, mock-modesty, that bears about the same relation to the genuine article that brass does to gold, or hypocrisy to religion. It is *this* kind that mantles the cheek so often at the mention of such words as 'leg,' 'shirt,' etc., and throws its possessor into convulsions at the sight of a 'nude statue;' good indications of a weak mind, an impure imagination, and vulgar associations. Modesty, like Scruggs's gold, is always appreciated.

Scruggs thought he was going to die, and sure enough he did. His children were all gathered around him, and his money all lay before him. Taking the paper-money, he divided it equally among his children. Then drawing the gold and silver toward him, he said: '*I'll* keep this. It'll pass in *any* country!'

Whether the young ladies in question, who were quietly undressing in my presence, were possessed of the 'true,' or the 'false,' or neither, I shall not take upon myself to decide. I was evidently not in their way in the least. Had I been a pitch-fork, or a pair of tongs, in the place of a 'nice young man,' hirsute and vigorous, dressed in the latest mode, they could not have manifested less concern. They disrobed to a single garment; and that looked as though it had originally been a 'scant pattern,' and had shrunk a good deal since making, particularly at the upper and lower extremities. The fact simply is, I have seldom if ever seen a more liberal display of female charms, not even in a crowded ball-room, or at a fashionable church, than I was the involuntary witness of, on that occasion.

'But where was I to sleep?' Echo, that universal 'attorney for defendant,' failed to respond. My taciturn host, having finished picking his teeth, took a cob-pipe down from a shelf over the fire-place, filled it with tobacco, lighted it, and then settled himself down in a chair in the opposite corner from where his wife sat motionless as a statue, and equally silent, gazing fixedly into the fire.

Left to my own resources by my host, who was silently puffing away at his short-handled pipe, his head enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and my nostrils invaded by the unpleasant odor which he exhaled, I passed the time as pleasantly as I could, in studying the group which surrounded me, and in making fancy guesses as to the number of additional bristles it would require to convert the male member thereof into a regular porker.

My curiosity was excited to know something of the family history: and I resolved, before leaving the neighborhood, to gratify it, as far as might be possible. So far, however, as their early history was concerned, I was doomed to disappointment. All I could find out was, that my host's name was JOHN ROUSE: that he had come into the country many years before, with a wife and an infant: that they came

in a one-horse 'carry-all,' and were apparently very poor. That he had built a cabin remote from any settlement; avoided society as much as possible, and commenced 'opening a farm' with his own hands. That some four or five years after he had moved into the country, a wealthy relative in the South had died, and left him a large fortune in money and negroes; and that from that time he had treated his wife and daughters with the grossest neglect; spending the most of his time with his negroes, and constantly occupying the couch of some one or other of his amorous and odorous dependents. I was farther informed that his wife, in her younger days, was a remarkably handsome woman, and had the manners of a highly-accomplished lady; but owing to the treatment of herself and daughters, she had become a complete wreck, in mind as well as in body.

I learned afterward that Rouse was an Italian, who had had the good fortune, when a youth, of accidentally rescuing from some extreme peril, a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman from the South. That the gentleman, grateful for the act, had brought him home with him, and educated him; and that the little girl, now grown to a woman, more grateful still, on being admonished by her father to beware of the captivating graces of the young Italian, whom he had reason to suspect and fear, ran off with, and married him, in spite of all opposition. That little girl, and that disobedient young woman, were now both before me, in the person of that miserable wreck of humanity. Marvellously well had she verified the truth of the proverb of 'marrying in haste, and repenting at leisure.'

But to return. My host having finished smoking, and laid his old dingy pipe on the shelf, remarked that he 'thought it was about bedtime;' and going to the side of the bed occupied by the girls, he reached under, and drew out a small bundle of bed-clothes. The mystery was explained as to where I was to sleep, and I felt relieved. Yes: in less time than it would take a Jew or a 'Corn-plaster' to remove the warts from a toad's back, I was free from pain — the pain of suspense.

Spreading the clothes upon the floor, in front of the fire, he observed that when I felt like lying down, I could turn in; then taking up his hat, he went out; and that was the last I saw of him that night.

I went to the door, and looked out. It was still stormy. I sat down again by the fire, and said to the old lady, who was still gazing intently into it, that it was a stormy night. She turned her head slowly, until her eyes met mine. I could read misery and resignation in them, as though written with a pencil of light. She said never a word, but shook her head sadly, and resumed her former position.

I sat and mused awhile, and then undressed, and went to — I was going to say *bed*, but that would be taking unwarrantable liberties with our language. I lay down on a couple of dirty, ragged quilts, and covered myself with a couple more.

I lay awake a long time; but at length I dropped off into an uneasy slumber: and as I slept I dreamed a dream: and *what* I dreamed, I am now going to relate.

Methought it was a cold but cloudless day in December. I had gone home from church with MINNIE — dear, charming, lovely, incomparable Minnie! — who is now and ever will be (for the next three weeks, at least) a considerable improvement upon perfection. The old gentleman, the respected 'parent' of Minnie, met us at the gate. He had the reputation of being a warm friend, when he *was* a friend, but a bitter *enemy*, when he *was* an enemy. I rather suspect, from one or two little circumstances which I remarked, that he did n't aspire, on the present occasion, to the high honor of being considered 'a friend of mine!' At all events, his deportment was frigid as an iceberg. Pointing to the house, he ordered Minnie to go in, in a rasping tone of voice, that sounded like sawing dry gourds, and as authoritatively as a Sergeant-Major in the 'Hill Militia' on parade. Was I to stand by and hear Minnie talked to in that way, by any body? No SIR: 'Old man,' said I, 'you must n't talk in that way to Minnie, if she *is* your daughter;' and I pulled off my coat, to let him know I was in earnest. He pulled off *his*, and his *hat*, and hung them on the yard-fence. I put mine on again. Respect for his gray hairs, and parental authority, prevailed. He had prodigious fists, and the muscular power by which they were worked, seemed to me at the time immense. Resuming his hat and coat, he invited me across the lane to a large stable, which had been recently erected. The air was keen; the stable was open; and my clothing was much better adapted to a high state of Mercury, than to such hyperborean blasts. My jaw-bones had formed themselves into a pair of castanets, and were playing an uninterrupted series of the liveliest tunes imaginable. The old gentleman noticed it: 'What!' said he; 'you an't *a-cold*, are you? Look at *me*. I an't a-cold; and you, a young man, and coming here to see my *daäter*! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

The castanets struck up a still brisker air.

'What in the ——' And here the old gentleman named a region of country supposed to be located very far South: 'what do you come sneaking around here after, *any* how? You ought to have had sense enough to know that Minnie would n't marry you, to save you from the ——' And here the old gentleman mentioned the name of the king of the country before spoken of.

'It's a lie!' I shouted. 'Minnie will marry me; and she's going to *do it*, in spite of you and that poor ornary cuss of a red-headed, cross-eyed, grocery-keeper, that you are trying to force her to marry! You ought to be *ashamed* of yourself, you flinty-hearted old wretch!'

The old gentleman, instead of pitching into me, softened down considerably:

'Why,' said he, when I had got through, 'you are more spunkier than what I thought you was. Give us your fist!'

'Bob,' said he, to a little nigger, who was at the wood-pile, after a 'turn' of wood for the house, 'bring a chunk of fire out here.'

Bob brought the fire, and his master gathered up some corn-cobs, and built a cob-fire in one corner of the stable. Looking through a crack, in the direction of the house, I missed the well, and inquired what had become of it.

'Moved it,' was the reply.

'Moved it! — how?'

'You know,' said he, 'that Minnie is a medium. Well, I got her to call up Samson's spirit; when I told him that my well was in the wrong place, and asked him if he could n't help me to move it around to the back of the house.

'Certainly,' said he: 'just take hold of the pump-handle, and when I give the word, go ahead to where you want it.'

'I did as I was directed; when presently I heard coming up from the bottom of the well: 'All set: let her rip!' So I just walked around to the back of the house, with my hand hold of the pump-handle, and the well followed me like a lamb.' Thinks I to myself, 'Old fellow, you'll do;' and I put my hand in my pocket, to get out my knife to present to him. But instead of finding, as usual in that convenient receptacle for knives, combs, and hands that are in one's way in company, a single venerable BARLOW, I found it filled with a multitudinous assortment of cutlery, hardware, and odds-and-ends in general. Drawing out a handful, and then another and another, among which were 'Barlow-knives,' 'Jack-knives,' 'Congress-knives,' 'razors,' and 'the deuce knows what all,' I placed them in my hat, which had been placed on the floor of the stable. As I continued to disgorge, first one pocket and then the other, my worthy host commenced distributing the articles around the stable. Some he scattered over the floor; some he stuck in cracks in the wall; and other-some he stuck in the loft. Having finished the distribution of the cutlery to his satisfaction, he took up a corn-cob, and drew a circle some five or six feet in diameter around the fire. Pushing me outside the circle, and placing himself within it, he muttered some sort of gibberish; took from his vest-pocket a pinch of — something; and exclaiming, 'Presto, change!' threw it into the fire.

In a moment every thing was changed. Instead of crouching over a corn-cob fire, in an open stable, I found myself in a magnificently-furnished apartment; the costly mirrors, paintings, rose-wood piano, carpet that yielded to the tread, centre-table covered with elegantly-bound books — every thing, in fact, indicating a union of wealth and taste, surpassing any thing I had ever beheld so near 'sun-down.'

Bewildered, overwhelmed with astonishment, I turned to the magician to demand an explanation; when, to my dismay, I discovered that he had disappeared, and that I was left alone! Sinking into an easy-chair, I abandoned myself to the thick-coming fancies that were conjured up by the wonderful transformation that had just taken place.

Hark! — a footstep! The door opens, and MINNIE, more radiant and charming than ever, enters the room. Seating herself at the piano, she began to play one of my favorite airs. Rising from my seat, I approached the fair musician; and as the last note died away, leaning over the back of her chair, I whispered — well, no matter *what* I whispered. Suffice it to say, that as I felt her raven tresses mingling with my own 'soap-locks,' and while her precious breath was perfuming my whiskers, a scarcely audible whisper in reply, made me perhaps the 'happiest man out of jail!'

Clasping her to my bosom with an energy commensurate with the intensity of my affection, I was just in the act of imprinting a burning kiss upon her lips, when she shrank back, and uttered a most unearthly howl!

I awoke. The door was open. I was nearly frozen; while by my side, with my arm encircling his neck in a loving embrace, lay the unhappy canine, whose pursuit of shelter under difficulties I had admired the night before, and who, just at that time, was adding very materially to the hideousness of night, by a succession of the most dismal, gutturalish, trombonified howls I ever heard! Relaxing my grasp, I lent him a kick that sent him howling forth into the yard; shut the door, and fastened it securely; and then sought my couch again, and drawing the old quilt close around me, resigned myself once more to the influence of the drowsy god. I arose early next morning, and left before breakfast. And I did n't buy 'nary cattle.'

W E L C O M E H O M E .

BY WILLIAM H. C. DOBNER.

Oh! this vale forever, this lovely vale,
 So rich in romantic lore:
 My heart will freeze, my cheek grow pale,
 When its beauty inspires no more:
 Elsewhere my thoughts grow dull and cold,
 But a fire lights heart and brain
 While this scene, like a picture fair unrolled,
 Delights my glance again.

On the flowery banks of the Genesee
 I have reared a poet's cot:
 Not dearer were the Tweed and Dee
 To the hearts of BURNS and SCOTT:
 On the hill-side sloping to its wave,
 Where the sun-set lingers last,
 Is a mother's tomb, a daughter's grave,
 And the scenes of a storied past.

Oh! this vale forever, this lovely vale,
 In the glory of summer clad,
 Where the dead seem whispering on the gale
 To the minstrel a welcome glad:
 And a voice I hear from the willowed shore
 Of my own dark Genesee,
 Cry, blending with its sullen roar:
 'Why absent so long from me?'

D R E A M O F A M I D - S U M M E R N I G H T .

BY S. H. MEAD.

THE distant knolls of the rocky farm
 Were flooded with sun-shine soft and warm,
 And the long green leaves of the gold-crowned maize
 Trembled with joy in the grateful blaze,
 And the quivering air from the earth arose,
 Like a long-drawn sigh of deep repose :

On the mow, in the barn, at his noontide rest,
 Near the mud-swallow building her fragile nest,
 Where the wasp was making its paper cell,
 While the locust his kettle-drums beat in the dell ;
 And the open doors with the light of day
 Admitted the scent of the new-mown hay ;
 With down-cast looks and a visage sad,
 On his fragrant couch sat a farmer lad,
 Moodily singing his pensive lay :

‘ Happy the man with a mind to plan
 And the means his ends to gain :
 From his teeming brain come the rushing train,
 And the ship that ploughs the main.

‘ His office-chair is a throne more rare
 Than that of a king or queen,
 And his magic pen o’er his fellow-men
 Is a sceptre of might, I ween.

‘ Oh ! blissful thought, that his mind hath wrought
 On the earth a work of good,
 And the whole world pays its cheerful praise,
 And its wealth in a golden flood.

‘ He writes his name in words of flame
 All over the land and sea,
 And his deathless fame will both proclaim,
 As long as the earth shall be.

‘ But a mindless toil in the rugged soil,
 My hopeless lot will be :
 And the ox will tread, and the plough be sped
 O’er the sod that covers me.’

Nature was singing her evening hymn
 For the blessing of life so freely given ;
 From the meadow and marsh and forest dim
 The quivering anthem rose to heaven ;
 And incense rolled to the hazy skies
 From flow’ret cups of a thousand dyes,
 And the saintly moon with a halo crowned,
 Such pure and sinless radiance shed,
 That it made the earth seem holy ground,
 Where man should walk with a reverent tread :

And the pale stars watched with earnest gaze,
The fire-fly's lamp with its fitful blaze,
As the blissful spirits above might scan
The life and death of a mortal man.

In the dewy garden walked the youth,
While leaned upon his stalwart arm
A being bright with love and truth,
And over all the nameless charm
Religion sheds with its holy calm,
And her sweet words dropped like a soothing balm :
' Dear GODFREY, is not ours a lot
Thrice blest above all other fate ?
Those breezy hills that guard this spot,
Look out upon the rich and great :
On us descends the better wealth
Of hopeful youth and ruddy health.
What more could kindest HEAVEN bestow
On those who bask in its brightest ray,
Than that blest privilege we know,
To love, to labor, and to pray ? '
Her lute-like voice and loving smile
His spirit charmed with sweetest wile :
But he broke from the spell in sullen gloom,
And in moody silence sought his room.

That night by his couch stood a radiant form,
In silvery robes of the cloudy storm,
With a girdle of pale heat-lightning bound,
And gemmed with icy pearls around,
And the golden grains of the Indian corn
In an emerald diadem were borne ;
And thus in a low, sad voice it spoke,
As the south wind murmurs through the oak :

' Away ! from the breezy hill,
Away ! from the laughing rill,
From the lowly cot, and every spot
In childhood's love enshrined :
Away ! to the dusty mart,
Where the dust begrimes the heart,
To the strife and toil for the worthless spoil,
And the lust of the greedy mind.
Go ! sweat with brow and brain,
And find in the end amain,
That the fool hath got, by Fortune's lot,
The credit and the gain :
Toil of the public, go !
Awake ! HITMISS AND Co. '

' Your pardon, Sir, but I saw you nod :
This scheme, as I said, needs a million odd ;
Or say a paltry million or two,
(And your name, dear Sir,) to put it through ;
And the whole community look to you,
As a wealthy and public-spirited man,
To push the improvement as fast as you can.'
The public must have what they require,
And so, in the end, the vast concern
Had also this iron in the fire.
Unwieldy it was, and hard to turn,
And also extremely like to burn
The fingers of public-spirited men :

But every prominent citizen,
And the public, applauded with voice and pen.

A wonderful firm were HIRMISS AND CO.,
There was nothing their energy would not do,
And no place their enterprise would not go.
They would undertake to spread their sails
For the uttermost bounds of the farthest sea,
Or to ride the Japanese on rails,
In case they could get the right of way ;
Or to tunnel the Isthmus at Panama,
In order that ships might sail straight through ;
Or to keep Erie Rail-road stock at par —
But *that*, I believe, they failed to do.
The earth had n't scope enough, by half :
They started the Lunar Telegraph,
By which 'twas proposed to register
The prices of stocks, both here and there :
That was n't much out of the common line,
Most sales of stocks being mere moonshine.
But those who could readily descry
Their wonderful wealth, yet failed to see
That the only way that their wealth was won,
Was by doing a hundred days' work in one ;
And that after all, it was no great gain,
For the use they gave of such mind and brain.

Right glad was the public to understand,
That *they* had the public's scheme in hand ;
And a comprehensive monopoly
Of loss, the scheme turned out to be :
All parts of the whole community
Were prospered by it, saving those
Whose means and tireless energy
Had brought it to its wondrous close :
The desert blossomed as the rose,
And poured to the crowded city's side
Its wealth of food, in a ceaseless tide.
The thing was done ; and what mattered then
The losses of enterprising men ?
On the contrary, every one could see
That they held an odious monopoly ;
And yearly the State official yearned
To clutch at the trifling sum they earned ;
And the city fenced them with legal bars,
And waged a civil and savage war,
Because they encumbered the streets with cars,
Where never a street had been before.

All alone, in his office-chair,
Sat the head of the firm, at night ;
His eyes were fixed with a vacant stare,
And his hair was turning white.
His imminent bankruptcy,
To-morrow the world would know ;
And friends would tell, with a smothered glee,
How they knew it long ago ;
And the crowd would gape, at the great mishap,
As they would at a conflagration :
And the news would go with the winds that blow
To every clime and nation.

It was not his ruin he sought to see,
 As he sat in his office-chair,
 Nor the verge of his imminent bankruptcy,
 With his fixed and mindless stare :
 But a lovely vision, dimly seen,
 Of breezy hills, and of meadows green :
 The voice of love he could faintly hear,
 Nearer it seemed, and yet more near ;
 And he yearned for the peaceful place of rest,
 As the infant seeks its mother's breast.
 The flaring gas-light vanished away,
 And cheerfully shone the full-orbed day ;
 And the farmer lad from his couch arose,
 At the merry call of his dearest one,
 And he told her the dream of his night's repose,
 As they walked in the fields, when the day was done.

Fishkill, (New-York.)

THE CIVIL LAW AND ITS TRIUMPHS.

DEMOSTHENES has well said, in his first oration against Aristogiton, that the design and object of laws is, to ascertain what is just, honorable, and expedient, and when that is discovered, it is proclaimed as a general ordinance equal and impartial to all. This much-admired definition, or rather description, is eminently applicable to the Civil Law. Its justice and honor and expediency have given it a world-wide celebrity, and without the aid of formal proclamation, or authoritative declarations, it has incorporated its principles and its reasoning with every other code of laws, written or unwritten, of ancient or modern times. From the day of its origin to the present moment, its history and character have been marked by a diffusibility or expansiveness, a facile adaptation to the wants of every community, which have made it the wonder and admiration of all ages.

The Civil Law claims birth and nurture in Rome : not in Rome, the arrogant dictator to decayed empires ; nor in Rome, the humbled slave of Northern robbers ; but in Rome, the little village of fishing-huts on the south-east bank of the lower Tiber. It sprang *ex necessitate* from the wants and fears of the people ; it became a part and parcel of their very being and existence in organized society ; it insinuated itself into their simple form of government, and every year added strength and solidity to the foundation which was then laid for the most magnificent and capacious legal structure that the world ever saw. Apart from its mere connection with their social organization, it became interwoven with their religious creed and discipline. To use the emphatic language of the historian Tacitus, in reference to one of their early rulers, but equally applicable to all : '*Numa religionibus et divino jure populum devinxit.*' With the growth of Rome in power and territory, her Common Law gained character and strength. She was on her march to universal dominion : the sword of conquest glittered before her, and carnage waved high his blood-red banner. The whole peninsula, from

the Alps to the Straits of Sicily, was Roman. Italy was too narrow and contracted for her giant power; and when in the full pride of her strength and beauty, she strode forth exulting, the world that then knew her, trembled and made obeisance. But universal empire was only a part of her destiny, grand in itself and yet inferior and subordinate. Sum up the political history of twenty centuries; her wars and conquests as monarchy, republic, and empire; her triumphs and her defeats; her deeds of prowess and her acts of shame; her military usurpations and her territorial aggrandizement, and how stands the reckoning? It is simply this: once, Rome, a miserable hamlet, the abode of fugitives and outcasts; then, Rome, the colossean Empire that stretched her grasping arms from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates — from the German Ocean and the Grampian Hills of Scotland to the Cataracts of the Nile and the borders of the great Sahara: and now, Rome no longer known or remembered, save for what she was.

What then was that grand mission of old Rome, that lofty achievement which should completely veil her military glory? It was a mission of peace, of the most active and world-extended benevolence: it was to embody a universal system of jurisprudence; to girdle the earth with a chain of legal restraint, that rulers and people could not break: to establish an empire of law, whose metes and bounds should as far exceed those of martial Rome, in the noon-day of her prosperity, as old ocean surpasses the noblest river of the earth in magnitude.

The Civil Law originated in the absolute necessities of the Roman people. It was, of course, carefully nurtured in their intervals of peace; and in the years of foreign war, it remained *proprio vigore*, firm and steadfast. At home, the administrative talent of the rulers, and the untiring energy of the citizens, infused into it strength and copiousness; abroad, the system of colonization and fraternization practised with dependent and vanquished nations, gave it a wider field, and in time a gigantic scope. Conquering Rome advanced, extending in one hand the sword, and with the other she proffered the boon of citizenship, under the protection of her laws. The subjugated tribes and peoples thus became members of one body politic, parts of one grand whole. Roman citizens did not all live within sight of the Capitol: the officers of state indeed were there; the ministers of religious rites, and the symbols of their faith, were there; the *Patres Conscripti* were there, with all that could lend dignity and honor to the Roman name. But the immunities and privileges of the law were as freely scattered in Latium and the Provinces, as they were within the very walls of the Imperial City. '*Romanus Civis sum*' fell with equal freedom and truth from the lips of the Romani, the Latini, and the Peregrini. Hence, Rome and her Colonies formed a complete unit, bound together, as they were, by interest and law. The same life-blood warmed the whole political body; and the mother city felt the wound which might be inflicted upon the remotest of her offspring, as keenly as if it had been inflicted upon herself.

Thus much for the growth and origin of the Roman Civil System, under the monarchy and republic. The period of empire witnessed

its largest development. The master-hand of Justinian rescued it from the imminent perils of generality and obscurity, and transmitted it, clad in fair proportions, through his immortal Code, as a legacy to after generations. How well merited the brief but eloquent eulogium of Gibbon: 'The vain titles of the victories of Justinian are crumbled into dust; but the name of the Legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument.' Justinian's labors gave a power and authority to the civil law, which it had never before possessed. The glory of military Rome was fast departing; that of legal Rome increasing; while all around this precious structure of Jurisprudence stalked decay and desolation. A struggle, indeed, was at hand, a contest for supremacy, but the result could not fail to clothe the Roman code with additional lustre and beauty. The cold North vomited forth her Gothic legions, and the fair plains and sunny hill-sides of Italy became the prey and habitation of the spoiler. The time had come when the strength and durability of the civil code was to be tried by the severest test. It had to conquer Northern and Eastern barbarians; to restrain with its heavy fetters the action and the will of the free German and the untutored Frank; to do what Rome herself could never do—control, govern, and subdue those Northern men who had grown great in the forests which they inhabited. But all that was then needed for the diffusion of the Civil Law, was free and unrestrained action; and the policy of the rude conquerors granted this. Goths and Burgundians, Franks and Lombards, each had his own common law and national usages to protect and guard him, while the vanquished Romans fared as well. 'It often happens,' says Bishop Agobardus, in one of his epistles, 'that five men, each under a different law, may be found walking and sitting together.' In such a state of things, need we wonder that amid all the gloom and darkness that settled upon the dismembered fragments of the Roman Empire, the Civil Law shone out, a bright and radiant star, over that desolate waste? Thenceforth it was to cheer and bless the civilized world.

It was the power of Rome, and the leniency of her conquerors, that carried the Civil Law thus far. The power of its own principles, and the weight of its reasoning, were to preserve and extend it, when its first originator and guardian had perished. The first struggle had passed: the Civil Law had triumphed gloriously. Though almost every thing near and dear to man's best interests was enveloped in mediæval darkness, and the moral, social, and intellectual life of nations seemed almost extinct, the genius and power of the Civil Law still survived. Bologna nourished it with maternal care. The Glossatores, from Irnerius to Accursius, watched and guarded it with unexampled fidelity; and when a complete copy of the Pandects was discovered at Amalphi, Italy and Western Europe partook again, with renewed relish, of that ancient feast of legal learning and principles.

And what was the Civil Law, that all Europe could not resist it? And why was it that neither monarch nor people could say: 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther'? It was the *common law* of the world, arrayed, illustrated, and perfected, by the juridical skill of a Papinian, a Gaius, an Ulpian, and a Modestinus, and preserved by

the labors of a long line of successors, not unworthy of their fame. It was a collection of legal principles, so consonant with natural justice, and so closely allied to the rights and duties of individuals, that it at once commended itself to the feelings and wishes of the people. It could never be driven from places that it once possessed. Its greatest charm was its universal adaptation to the wants and requisitions of mankind. The interests of agriculture and manufacture were developed in obedience and subordination to its sway. Commerce claimed its fullest protection, and the operations of war and peace felt alike the weight of its equitable rules. It may have been deficient in its imperfect recognition of the great right of personal security, and in its adhesion to the slavish maxim engrafted upon it by Justinian, '*Quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem*;' but such admissions were in accordance with the spirit of the times, and belong now only to the past. It had, indeed, no '*Magna Charta*,' no 'Petition of Right,' no glorious '*Statute of Habeas Corpus*;' but it had its 'Valerian Law,' based upon the same great and immutable principles of public right, and well deserving the title of 'the Palladium of Civil Liberty.' With such credentials, the *Corpus Juris Civilis* sought admission into the sanctuaries of justice in Europe.

It diffused itself over the whole of France and Spain. Germany, Holland, and Scotland, embraced and recognized it as their legal creed. It reached the Islands of the Indian Ocean, and ruled with its equable sway over their half-civilized tribes. Southern Africa gave up portions of her territory to its domination; and on the shores of the Bay of St. Helena homage was yearly paid to the venerable system of jurisprudence, which was first warmed into life and activity on the margin of the Tiber. But its second struggle for supremacy was with an antagonist more formidable than any it had yet encountered; the prejudices and hostility of England, and her common law: Rome had known and governed Britain for four hundred years. The forms, the language, and the laws, were Roman; and from the day that the legions of Agricola landed upon British soil, until the voluntary withdrawal of all their armies, the island was as completely Romanized as if it had been but a day's march from the Capitol. Rome's armies were withdrawn, but her laws remained. The Saxon invader could not disregard its principles, nor condemn its household maxims. The Saxon and the Norman clergy encouraged and upheld it, with all the zeal and devotion which love for their national religion could inspire. The Universities recommended it in their wholesome teachings; and the military, ecclesiastical, and maritime courts adopted its forms, and principles, and practice, entire and unchanged. But a contest was going on between the clergy and laity of England, the issue of which struck a heavy blow at the progress of the Civil Law. The famous Parliament of Merton, in answer to the proposition of the Ecclesiastics, declared with one consent, '*Nomulus Angliæ leges mutare*.' Yet the nobles and commons of England could no more check the advance of the Civil System, than they could roll back the swelling tide of ocean which hourly dashed its crested billows upon their rock-bound shores. It had already seized upon three great legal avenues. It had so much

infused itself into their common law at an early period, that even Englishmen acknowledged that the political government, the civil jurisprudence, and the judicial establishments of the Anglo-Saxon times, had their main origin in the Roman Law. Its principles and reasons are now so merged and connected with the principles that regulate the personal, commercial, and maritime contracts of the British law, that the one is comparatively valueless without the other. The white sails, that under the meteor flag of England bear over lake and sea the fruits of British industry and enterprise, are guarded and guided into the desired haven by the protective commercial policy of the Civil Law. Wherever Anglo-Saxon hardihood and Anglo-Saxon valor have opened the way to rapid national growth and development, there, too, are planted the germs of the Roman law. The triumphs and conquests of England are as well the triumphs and conquests of the Civil Code. It has entwined itself around the body of the common law of England, as the serpent enveloped Laocöon with a fold never to be relaxed. It must remain a part of England's legal system as long as England knows her common law.

And the child, America, cannot escape from its everlasting embrace. Already, on those banks, within which the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi roll their lordly floods, rise the temples of jurisprudence, dedicated to the spirit and genius of the Civil Law. Demerara, Berbrie, and Essequibo, nourish it, and the islands of the Caribbean Sea acknowledge its controlling power. North and South, East and West, proclaim with the voice of prophecy, that 'Rome yet rules the world by her reason, after having ceased to reign by her authority.' To apply the magnificent language of Hallam to the Civil Law: 'It stands alone, like a beacon upon a waste, or a rock in the broad ocean. Its sceptre is the bow of Ulysses, which could not be drawn by a weaker hand. It has a wide and royal dominion. Allied to no particular form of government, venerated for its age, and admired for its copiousness and vigor, its victories and triumphs are easily achieved. Its past is an earnest for the future: *'Si queris monumentum circumspice.'*'

The Civil Law attempered with the spirit of Gothic liberty! What can resist its onward march? Nothing but the decay and dissolution of the world. No human power can check it, save the energy of the Common Law, backed by the gigantic arm of England. But the Common Law, in such a contest, would destroy itself; and though the English armics, 'whose morning drum-beat, even now, follows the sun, and keeps company with the hours,' should place either hemisphere within England's grasp, they could not eradicate those noble legal and governmental principles which bear the impress of eternity. From century to century, time will be the herald and the witness of this bountiful distribution of liberty and law among the nations of the earth. And the future historian may yet memorize that sublime epoch, when the prophetic declaration of the great orator of the Roman Republic shall be realized: *'Non erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthæ; sed et omnes gentes et in omni tempore, una lex et sempiterna et immortalis continuabit.'*

I. H. B.

Indiana, July, 1857.

T H E S H O W E R .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

'T is a sultry day, and the fervid heat
Steams up from the thronged and dusty street :
'T is a sultry day, but a change is nigh,
For a dull gray mantles the western sky,
And the earth is panting in every vein
For the glad approach of the coming rain.

Is this the breath of the mountain gale
That begins to murmur along the vale ;
That whitens the air with the thistle's down,
And rains a dust in the distant town ?
Is this the voice of the storm that I hear
In the hot and stifling atmosphere ?

It is : you may know by the thunder's jar
That rolls in the darkened heavens afar ;
By the gathering clouds and the tremulous glare
That flames in the field of the upper air ;
By the lurid sky and the look of death
That it casts on the ghastly plains beneath.

Darkening the air o'er the forest vast,
The skirts of the shower are moving fast ;
A long, gray column of misty rain,
That darts from the sky to the distant plain,
And hides in its screen the waving trees,
That bend to the breath of the fresh'ning breeze.

It bursts from the depths of its secret springs,
And covers the pool with a thousand rings :
Gracefully stirring the reeds that curl
Neath the glittering weight of its dripping pearl,
And filling afar in the forest's nook,
The fount of the rock, and the running brook.

It comes like the sound of invisible feet,
And the air of the woodland grows fresh and sweet :
Softly and gently it glides away,
While the west lights up with the setting day ;
And dim through the showery haze are seen
The waving trees and the mountains green.

It passes away with a murmuring sound,
And voices awake in the fields around ;
Swiftly it moves with a tremulous glare,
And a muffled roar through the upper air :
And the lagging clouds 'neath the rainbow's form
Float off in the wake of the flying storm.

So passeth the terror of death away
From the good man on his dying day :
And thus when the bitterest tears are shed,
And the heavy hours are dark with dread,
Brightening the gloom of his evening sky,
Shall the sun-light stream on his aching eye.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

THE disrespect shown to our flag by a Portuguese official, having been amply atoned for by his Government before our arrival at Lisbon, the Honorable Mr. Blunderhead had nothing to do but to return to his native land, *via* Southampton and Liverpool; and the last time I saw him, he was in a large book-store, somewhere in the vicinity of 'Black Horse Square,' bawling out lustily to a plethoric clerk, in nankeen inexpressibles: 'Avvy woo Gil Blar in Francy?' From which, I presume he was endeavoring to negotiate the purchase of a copy of *Le Sage's* most celebrated work, printed in French, in which language (so he solemnly assured me) he was a proficient.

The ship being 'counted out,' as regarded a fight, by the departure of the 'fire-eater,' the middies laid themselves out for fun, as they expressed it — all but John Jenkins, who found himself unfortunately 'counted in,' from the following chain of circumstances:

Early on the morning preceding the hurricane, Midshipman Alphonso Daw, who was one of the laziest mortals that ever breathed, was seen to remove his right arm from his breast, where it had been resting for some time, and to place it under his head; whereupon, Hart remarked that such an extraordinary exertion of power on his part, must be the forerunner of some remarkable event; and so, on the day of our arrival at Lisbon, I must needs write a number of verses on the subject, which I thought so exceeding clever, that I had the impudence to read them out in full mess. They ran thus:

'CALL all hands quickly from below !'
 Our Captain hoarsely bawls :
 'Away aloft !' — away they go !
 And loud the first-luff squalls :
 'Let go the bow-lines, and round in
 The braces ! Settle away
 The top-sail halliards ! cheerly, men !
 Out reef-tackles — belay !'
 The top-sail yards are on the cap ;
 The ear-rings soon are passed ;
 And now the ship, without mishap,
 Is snug for Lisbon's blast.
 And yet no breath of air, 't is said,
 Had filled the flapping sails ;
 But middies, ere they went to bed,
 Reefed even their shirt-tails.
 No, doubt, shipmates, you are perplexed,
 Because you can't find out
 ('Twould surely make a woman vexed,
 And fume, and fret, and pout)
 The drift of these ere lines so fine,
 Penned by a sailor-boy,
 Which rival his'n who, 'lang syne,'
 Rit tales of Barry For.
 Have patience — I'll relate a tale,
 A tale of wondrous wo !
 'Tis all about a raging gale,
 Wot seamen call a 'blow !'

That day the Captain reefed top-sails,
 Daw moved one arm in bed :
 'T is, 't is a sign of dreadful gales !'
 Our skipper justly said.
 So all was snug, as I have told ;
 And, at the hour of three,
 Our frigate bold pitched quick and rolled,
 With helm hard a-lee !
 The storm-sprite raged, the rain fell fast
 Down from the sombre skies ;
 The lightning flashed, and blast on blast
 High made the billows rise.
 I've been in many a storm at sea,
 When loud the winds did roar ;
 But none so fearful seemed to me,
 As this one raised by Daw.'

The reading of this detestable doggerel was greeted by peals of laughter from all the reefers of the mess, Alphonso Daw excepted, who, rising, with a very red face, blurted out angrily : ' Mr. Jenkins, if you mean to insinuate that *I* am the *Jonah* of this ship, you are a liar ! ' Whereupon I immediately knocked him down.

The next morning, after breakfast, Hart handed me a highly perfumed note, containing the following gratifying intelligence :

'U. S. Frigate 'Shenandoah,' Lisbon, August 5th, 1842.

'Sir: The code of honor not recognizing any apology as ample enough to cover a blow, I have to demand an early meeting. This will be handed to you by my second, Mr. HART, whom you will be pleased to refer to *yours*, in order that the necessary preliminaries may be arranged without delay.

'Respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALPHONSO DAW.'

'To Midshipman John Jenkins, U.S.N.: Present.'

As I was expecting this challenge, it did not take me much aback ; and in a few minutes after its reception, this, my reply, was handed by Fearless to Hart, and by him communicated to his principal :

'U. S. Frigate 'Shenandoah,' Lisbon, August 5th, 1842.

'Sir: It will afford me infinite pleasure to give you the satisfaction you ask.

'I have the honor to be, Sir, respectfully yours,

JOHN JENKINS.

'To Midshipman Alphonso Daw, U.S.N.: Present.'

The seconds now held a conference, in which it was agreed that the duel should be fought with pistols, at a distance of ten paces ; the time fixed upon being four P.M. of the morrow : of which pleasant agreement Fearless informed me about noon, exhorting me to ' put my fighting-breeches on,' and make all my preparations accordingly.

What the feelings of Daw were during the period that intervened between this and the hour of combat, I had no means of knowing ; but for myself, truth forces me to confess that I felt, all the while, precisely the same sensation at the pit of my stomach, which I experienced during my sea-sickness ; and when actually ' posted ' on the field, confronting my antagonist, the muzzle of whose pistol seemed, to my alarmed eyes, a trifle larger than that of a thirty-two-pound carronade, I bitterly cursed the foolish vanity which had prompted me to give publicity to my ' pome.'

'Gentlemen, are you ready !'

'Fire!'

'One; two; three!'

As Hart counted 'one,' Daw let slip, his bullet grazing the heel of my left boot; while I, shutting my eyes, and mentally vowing that if I escaped this great danger, I would renounce rhyme for reason for the remainder of my days, at the word 'three,' wholly unconscious of what I was doing, discharged my pistol in the air.

'You are a noble fellow, Jenkins!' exclaimed Fearless, springing toward me, and throwing his arms about my neck. 'I hope you are not hurt.'

'Not in the least,' I replied, delighted to find that I 'still lived.' 'Have I shot Daw?'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed my friend, in reply, 'Daw is not altogether such an angel as to make it necessary to shoot toward heaven in order to *wing*' him. But you will have your joke, I see, (as old Blazes said of your father,) under any circumstances; and I now unite with Green, in pronouncing you a little of the 'damndest, coolest fellow in the service.' Then turning to Hart, he said gravely: 'Mr. Hart, is your friend satisfied?'

'Not only satisfied, Fearless,' cried Hart, 'but filled with admiration at your principal's magnanimity; and he begs me to say to him, that he regrets exceedingly that he should have permitted himself to get vexed at his harmless pleasantry.'

We now shook hands all round, after which, as we had received permission from the Captain to remain on shore until the next evening at eight, for the purpose of visiting Cintra, we betook ourselves to the Braganza Hotel, where we *secured* rooms, and a *hearty supper*; and then sallied forth, with the intention of going to the opera; I leading the van in high spirits at being so unexpectedly exalted into a hero.

Now, at the time of which I write, it was a somewhat hazardous matter to traverse the streets of Lisbon, *after dark*, owing to its being a custom among the inhabitants thereof, to empty the contents of certain articles of bed-room furniture from the house-tops into the streets. It is true that a recent very considerate regulation forbade their doing so before ten o'clock at night, and then the capsizer was to call out: 'Stand from under!' 'Look out for water!' or something of the sort, in a loud tone of voice, three several times. But the Lisbonese are proverbially a forgetful, careless race, and so they were as apt to cast forth their odors before as after the appointed hour. All people too, (as Dickens says,) have their pleasant little peculiarities, and one of theirs was to capsize first and cry out afterward. A practice, no doubt, often conducive to the amusement of 'ye natives;' but by no means considered funny by those *not* 'to the manner born.' Such being the existing state of things, it is not to be wondered at that I received a present before I had got many yards from the hotel. 'Hallo! Jenkins; have they ducked you?' shouted Hart.

Without replying, I clapped my fingers to my *nasus*, amid the laughter of my companions, and set off, at full speed, for a neighboring bath-house, kept by a live Yankee of the name of Martin.

Before entering it I enveloped myself in a cloak which (as I had

been carrying it under my arm) was entirely unspotted ; and thinking it might not be *convenient* to be recognized by the proprietor of the establishment on any future occasion, I asked for a bath in French ; and after passing two mortal hours in scrubbing my 'upper works,' as well as my cap, coat, shirt-collar, and waistcoat, I retraced my steps to the Braganza, and went immediately to bed, where my mess-mates found me comfortably snoring, on their return from the 'San Carlos.' The next day Maddox repaired to the Yankee's bath-house, and was about entering the room which I had occupied, when Martin called out to him : 'Not *there*, Sir ! not there ! A little black-eyed Frenchman took a bath in that ere room last evening, and left a scent behind him that I fear I'll never get *quit* of. I can't say for sartin' what was the matter with the cuss,' continued he, looking as wise as an owl, and placing his mouth in close proximity to Maddox's ear ; 'but, between you and me, I swow I rayther kalkerlate *he'd swallowed a buzzard* !'

As day-light came in at our shutters, on the morning after the duel, we four, principals and seconds, went out at our doors ; and meeting in the 'grand hall,' we repaired in a body to the 'coffee-room,' where we partook of chocolate and toast. After which, we took the road in two antiquated, gig-shaped vehicles, each drawn by a pair of horses, with a postillion to guide them ; and arriving at Cintra, after a three hours' drive, we breakfasted at the 'English Inn ;' and then, procuring donkeys and a guide, set out 'to see whatever could be seen.'

Released from the restraint of a man-of-war, we were all in high spirits, and Hart decidedly witty ; and the air resounded with our bursts of merriment, as we spurred 'like mad' up hill and down dale. Truly, dear reader, if you have never been a midshipman, you have not the faintest conception of what *real* fun is ! This was the first time that I had ever 'oppressed the back' of any animal occupying a higher place in the social scale than a pig ; and although I have since bestrode many more gallant steeds, yet none of them do I hold in as affectionate remembrance as the wee bit of a *borrico* who bore me on this excursion. The little rascal was as round as a button ; and as he had a fashion of stopping at every stream and streamlet, and swelling himself with water until he was like to burst, my legs were at right-angles to his body during the whole ride ; and thrice was I pitched over his head by his coming suddenly to a stand from a full gallop. These tumbles, however, abated not my love and admiration for him one iota ; and if that donkey be now in the land of the living, I trust that he has a good bed of straw under him by night, and an abundance of wholesome provender *inside* of him by day !

After visiting the monastery of our 'lady of the rock,' and the 'Moorish castle on the hill,' we repaired to the 'Cork convent,' concerning which, our guide, taking from his pocket a scroll, which he said had 'been presented to him by a learned bachelor of Salamanca,' read to us in Spanish a legend, of which the following is a literal translation :

'Let those who desire to be informed of the cruelties of the Inquisition, carefully peruse the sad history of 'San Antonio, the hermit.'

'No gayer nobleman frequented the court of Lisbon, a century and

a half ago, than Don Antonio de Correa, Count of Cintra, and Knight of the Grand Order of St. James of Seville. Possessing great personal attractions, as well as a princely revenue, his society was courted alike by both sexes; and being of ardent temperament, and in the flower of his youth, he readily gave himself up to all the dissipations of that licentious age, until the whole city rung with his intrigues and irregularities; but as he went regularly to mass, gave tithes of all he possessed to the Church, and was a *Christiano viejo* beside, not having a drop of Moorish, Pagan, or Jewish blood in his veins, his confessor, the most holy Father Andr  s de San Augustin, never once thought of reproving him for his vices.

‘He was aroused from this unworthy manner of life, however, before his heart had become corrupt, by falling in love with the beautiful Do  a Beatriz de Guzman, youngest daughter of the Marquis of this name, the rare graces of whose person were only excelled by the exceeding purity and refinement of her mind. Where these young lovers first met, whether at mass or masquerade, it is not my province to narrate. Suffice it to say, that they became madly enamored of each other; and the family of neither (contrary to all precedent) throwing any obstacle in the way of their happiness, they were formally betrothed, with great pomp and ceremony, and a day fixed for their nuptials. Thus far all was *couleur de rose*.

‘But it unfortunately fell out that the good Father Andr  s, who although a saint in spirit, was very like other men in the flesh, accompanied Don Antonio one day, on a visit to his *novia*. And no sooner had his lascivious eyes fallen on the blushing maiden, so lovely in her youth and innocence, than — setting honor, religion, and the obligation of his priestly vow, aside — he resolved to possess her; and as his saintly office gave him free access to her at all hours, again and again he breathed in her ears his tale of unholy desires. As often was he repulsed with scorn and indignation by the high-spirited girl, who yet, dreading the power of the Church, feared openly to declare his villainy. At length, however, wearied out with his importunities, she imprudently threatened to expose him to Don Antonio. From that moment, the ruin of the lovers was decreed.

‘The next day, the nobles of the court were thrown into a state of horror and consternation, by the news that the powerful Count of Cintra and the Lady Beatriz de Guzman had been seized by the Inquisition, on a charge of heresy.

‘In vain did the influential families of the prisoners appeal to the crown in their behalf; it would not — nay, it *durst* not (for the ‘Holy Office’ was all potent at the time) interpose its authority for their protection. And two years passed away, during which they were as dead to the world, as if the green turf were already growing over their graves. At an *auto da f  *, which occurred somewhere about this period, however, one of the printed acts of the Inquisition made this announcement: ‘Beatriz de Guzman died two weeks since, in prison, of fever. After which, upon renewing the process against her, the Inquisitors declared her to be innocent of crime. Be it, therefore, known, that no

further proceedings shall be instituted against her ; and that her effects, which were confiscated, shall go to the heir-at-law.*

‘ Soon afterward, Father Andrès went on a mission to the East ; and a month later, Don Antonio de Correa, after ceding his estates to the Church, was released from confinement.

‘ He had gone into the dungeon of the Inquisition a youthful Apollo : he issued from it a dejected, broken-hearted man ; his body bent, his limbs distorted, and his hair of a silvery white. Those who had been most intimate with him in the season of his prosperity, now shrunk from him aghast — for the displeasure of the priesthood still haunted him — and as all the members of his family had become included in the persecution against himself, he was left to wander about the very streets over which, in former years, the wheels of his chariot had so often rolled in pride, a penniless outcast, the very Pariah of the Romish world ! Poor wretch ! Abaddon himself might have wept over thy fallen state !

‘ Ere long, to the surprise of all, he took the monastic vow ; and building with his own hands the cork convent, which you see before you, traveller, he lived in it, secluded from mankind — a dog his only companion — a life of penitence and prayer.

‘ Soon the fame of his sanctity went abroad throughout all lands, and pilgrims from every clime flocked to his hermitage, to kiss the hem of his garment, and to receive his pious benediction.

‘ Many years had fled, and the sainted Andrès (now one of the Pope’s cardinals) was making a short visit to his native city of Lisbon, when, one afternoon, he received a communication from an unknown hand, stating that San Antonio was lying on a bed of death, and desired to make a revelation to him before breathing his last, concerning certain heretical practices indulged in by the Bishop of Mafra.

‘ Now it so happened that the Cardinal was jealous of, and at variance with, this same Bishop, who being a man of great learning and ability, and not over-scrupulous in his actions, was in high favor with their common master ; and so, bidding his household not to look for his return for a day or two, he set off, unattended, on his mule, and spurred rapidly in the direction of the cork convent, in high spirits at the prospect of becoming possessed of information which he intended should work the ruin of his enemy. . . . The next evening, a palmer, on going to visit the hermit, not finding him, as usual, at the door of his humble retreat, and alarmed by the loud howling of his dog, ventured to penetrate into his sanctuary : and lo ! just inside of the threshold of it, lay Saint Antonio de Correa, weltering in his blood, from the wound of a dagger still grasped in his almost lifeless hand, while in the farther end of the apartment was the corpse of Cardinal Andrès, nailed to a cross with the head downward ; and at right angles to it, on a low, narrow bench, with the grinning skull in close proximity to his face, as if in mockery of his wo, was stretched the skeleton of a woman, labelled : Doña Beatriz de Guzman !’

* WHEN a prisoner dies in the Inquisition, the process continues the same as if he were living. The bones are deposited in a chest, and if sentence of guilt, they are brought out at the next *auto da fé*. The sentence is read against them with as much solemnity as against a living prisoner, and they are committed to the flames.—*Fox's Book of Martyrs*.

'Do you believe that legend yourself?' inquired Daw anxiously of the guide, as he finished reading it.

'Most implicitly, Senhor; for if it were not true, it would not have been written,' he replied philosophically; 'and the most marvellous thing connected with it is, that I never read it to an English lord, that he does not bless my palm with a *crusado** at least.'

Not being willing that an American sovereign should be outdone in liberality by a mere British nobleman, Daw placed in the cicerone's hand a Spanish dollar; and as we all followed suit, he kept his hat in his hand, and changed our title from *Senhores* to *Excelencias* for the rest of the ride.

On our return, as we drew near to Cintra, we observed a stout peasant, with a large bundle strapped to his back, trudging lustily up a steep hill before us; and as he was '*en carnes y en pañales*,' we had a fair opportunity of inspecting his colossal proportions. Presently he halted somewhat in his gait, and by the time we overtook him, he was so lame that he could scarce walk; and taking off his broad *sombrero*, he besought us 'for alms, in the name of God.' But instead of complying with the request, with loud hurrahs we charged full upon the mendicant, who finding his imposture discovered, retreated nimbly to a cork grove. Here, feeling himself secure from an attack of cavalry, he impudently stood upon his head, with his back turned toward us, thereby '*describiendo cosas*' (as Cervantes has it) '*que, por no verlas otra vez*,' induced us to ride at full speed to our inn. After dining, and drinking several bumpers of delicious Port to the 'health of the homeward bound,' we turned our head toward the ship, which we reached as the bell went eight, quite as much fatigued with our day's *amusement*, as the officer whose watch had just expired, could possibly have been with *his day's duty*.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

AFTER lying idly in the Tagus for sixty days longer, during which no event worth narrating occurred, our Captain received instructions from the Navy Department to make the best of his way to Norfolk, Virginia; and scarce had he perused them, before he gave the order to 'weigh anchor.'

If it be true that 'when the sea is calm and the sky serene, the sirens weep,' they must have shed tears enough, during our return-voyage, to have formed a small ocean; for, throughout the whole of it, not a storm-cloud crossed our track; and at eight in the evening of Saturday, the nineteenth day of November, (so my log-book informs me,) the '*Shenandoah*' was running in for Cape Henry light, which had just been reported from her fore-yard.

Cheered by the promise of our trusty Palinurus, 'to pilot the ship to a safe anchorage before midnight,' and not feeling at all inclined to 'turn in,' we, 'passed, and other midshipmen' solicited and obtained permission to keep our lights burning, 'after hours;' and our hammocks being stowed in the port-steerage, and ourselves in the starboard, the

* A silver coin valued at fifty-two cents.

caterers of both messes clubbed together, and made preparations for a glorious 'tuck-out,' said tuck-out consisting of divers bottles of brandy, two bowls of 'hot-stuff,' and a bountiful supply of 'hard-tack' and cheese. Every thing being in readiness for proceeding to business, Maddox called the meeting to order, and then addressed us after this fashion :

'I wish you to give me your undivided attention, my beloved ship-mates, while I tell you a story, which, if not new to all the 'potent, grave, and reverend seigniors' here present, will be so to the major portion of them, at least. Long before the time when Von Tromp was wont to scour the English channel with a broom at each mast-head, a blowzy, weather-beaten old British admiral went ashore one day, at Spithead, from a bluff-bowed, high-pooped vessel, called the 'Neptune.' No sooner had he landed, than a serving-man, in gaudy livery, leading by the bridle a thorough-bred English hunter, accosted him with : 'If so be as this is Admiral Tartar, my Lud Surrey sends this horse to convey your honor to his castle, where he expects you to dine to-day.' 'By Saint George and the Dragon !' ejaculated the old salt, 'I would rather trust my seat of honor on the main-truck of the 'Neptune' in a heavy sea-way, than on the back of that fellow on this road, smooth as it is. Here, Mr. Scapegrace !' he continued, calling to the midshipman of his barge, 'mount the beast and hasten to return my thanks to his lordship for his kindness, and inform him that I will manage to beat up to his quarters before the day is an hour older.' Mr. Scapegrace, nothing loth, vaulted into the saddle and away he went ! and being a harum-scarum youth, wholly unmindful of the wise saw, 'look before you leap,' he made a dash at a stone wall by the side of the road, infinitely preferring, like a true mid, 'the short cut across the fields' to the beaten track pointed out to him by his lordship's groom. The wall was handsomely cleared, but there being a ditch beyond, the luckless hunter tumbled headlong into it, breaking his neck in the fall, while his rider of course escaped unhurt ; for reefers bore in those days, as they bear now, a charmed life. Now some of you are saying to yourselves, I know : 'Scrapegrace was a fortunate fellow to escape so well.' But in this you are mighty mistaken ; for the upshot of the matter was, that the poor lad was not only compelled thenceforth to associate on the most intimate footing with the 'gunner's daughter,'* (whom all the histories of that period unite in pronouncing the most disagreeable woman that ever smelt salt-water,) but to have one hundred pounds sterling (the value of the Pegasus) charged against him on the purser's books, which, as his pay was but twenty-five pounds per annum, placed him in an exceedingly awkward situation. Year after year sped on, during which time he led a hard life of it indeed. As often as he asked permission to go ashore he received for answer, 'Not until the horse is paid for !' and upon his having the audacity, on one occasion, to insinuate to Admiral Tartar 'that he really did not think he could much longer stand keeping watch all night, and being mast-headed all day,' he was gravely informed 'that no punishment could be heavy enough

* It was formerly the custom in the British service to make a 'spread eagle' of an offending mid, across one of the cabin-guns, and belabor him well with a rope's end.

for one who had occasioned the death of the puissant Lord Surrey's favorite hunter,' and so in one way or another he was continually reminded of his unfortunate ride. At length the persecuted mid became seriously ill — for even a charmed life was not proof against the envenomed shafts of Admiral Tartar, and his first lieutenant — and his disease baffling the skill of the *medicos*, he continued to grow worse, until finally the time came for him to slip his cable for the other world. 'Poor fellow!' said the surgeon to his assistant, with his hand on the dying youth's pulse, 'this fever has proved too many guns for him.' The death-rattle was already in the mid's throat; but at the sound of his physician's voice, he raised himself up to a sitting posture in his hammock, and enunciated distinctly: 'Doctor, you are an ass! I am not dying of fever, but of my Lord Surrey's dead horse!' Then throwing himself back on his pillow, he committed his ghost to Davy Jones's keeping, who straightway stowed it away in one of the most comfortable nooks of his capacious locker.

'And in commemoration of his hard fate upon this earth, it has ever been the practice of all middies of the Anglo-Saxon race, since his time, to draw, at the commencement of a cruise, from the purser of the vessel in which they may be serving, an advance of three or four months' pay, which is charged against them, under the head of 'dead horse.' Now Mr. Needles, our purser's clerk, informs me that Jenkins, in contempt of this time-hallowed custom, has actually due him this blessed night, as 'the books' will show, the sum of two hundred and ten dollars and sixteen cents. So, I move that: Whereas it has pleased the god Fortunatus to bestow great wealth upon our brother in arms, John Jenkins, thereby causing him to disregard his pious duty to the manes of the lamented Scapegrace, and to attempt the introduction among us of a dangerous innovation upon the 'usages of the sea-service';

'Therefore, be it *Resolved*, That the said Jenkins pay to each steerage mess one dollar and-a-half, to be expended as the caterers of said messes shall direct.'

This preamble and resolution being adopted *viva voce*, Maddox followed it up with: 'And be it further enacted that, in order to get all hands properly primed for the enjoyment of the luxuries now spread out before us, we drink a *brimmer* to the bright eyes of the lady-loves of magnanimous Jenkins, and mathematical Duet.

'Provided: first, that nothing in this act shall be construed to deprive any gentlemen of the privilege of drinking *two* brimmers to each lady's *peepers*, if it be his sovereign will so to do; and secondly, that no heel-taps, either of brandy or hot-stuff, be allowed.'

This resolution, with its provisos, being also carried by an overwhelming majority, and each glass filled to the brim, passed midshipman Williamson, seating himself on the mess-table, favored us with the following recitative:

'THERE'S old JOHN JENKINS, a very good feller O!
He's got a sweetheart — we'll drink to the same:
Drink! drink! drink! drink! — we've all drank a bumper to her fame.

'And there's SAM DUET, too, a second SAMMY WELLER O!
Fill up your glasses and drink to his dame:
Drink! drink! drink! drink! — we've all drank a bumper to her name!'

The assembly being now *primed* as Maddox had desired, Hart, who seemed to 'feel his liquor,' as the saying is, commenced tuning his pipes, and before any one could *choke him off*, he thus sung :

'YANKEE seamen are wont, of Saturday nights,
To indulge in a bit of a spree,
When they drink to 'free trade, and sailors' just rights,'
And to PEG, POLL, or SUE — or all three.

'Then merrily, cheerily pass round the can,
Containing the 'water of life';
And, each in his turn, let every man
Drink a bumper to sweetheart or wife.

'And next, lads, in order, the toast I propose,
Despite of all Europe's vexation,
Is death and dishonor to Liberty's foes,
And *life* to the scheme 'annexation!'

'The 'balance of power' to Hades may go!
To Hades the old world's pretension:
Let us drink a deep draught to that doctrine MONROE,
Which teaches of 'non-intervention.'

'And another as deep to 'Old England,' and France:
They may long rule the Thames and the Seine;
But 'Manifest Destiny' wills the advance
Of Columbia's flag on the main!'

'Why are Hart's lines like the pony in Welch's Circus?' quoth little Weasel irreverently, as his senior ceased singing.

'Give it up,' cried two or three youngsters in a breath.

'Because they occasionally gallop along smoothly enough, but for the most part, are lame of one foot or the other, and sometimes even of all.'

'You be hanged!' growled the rhymester in a fury. 'If you do n't keep that fly-trap of yours closed, I'll give you a touch of the *grand jowlée*, my lad! I suppose you think *you* can write poetry?'

'Why, to be sure I can,' answered the young scamp, nothing daunted; 'here goes!'

'Now, as our old mother doth bluster and boast,
I think it high time that we taught her,
That we are quite able to guard all the coast,
That lies on this side of the water.'

'Good for your heels, Weasel!' cried Duet, who was partial to the game of 'All Fours.'

'You mean that he has turned out a Jack, I suppose,' snarled the envious Hart. But without heeding the sarcasm, the *improvisatore* continued :

'And should she, in dudgeon, against us make war,
In the end she surely will rue it:
Though LAWRENCE, DECATUR, and BLAKE are no more,
We still have left HULL and old STEWART!'

'Bravo! bravo! hurrah for little Weasel!' now resounded from the lips of the occupants of both steerages, all being well pleased at the boy's allusion to the heroes upon the pillars of whose fame the navy still securely rested.

The fourth lieutenant, Mr. Hoyle, who was universally conceded to

be the trump-card of the ship, now enlivened us with his presence ; and after taking three long and strong 'pulls at the halliards,' he commenced bewailing the want of discipline on board our men-of-war. 'Why,' said he, 'more power is given by the Dutch Government to one of its fat-faced, lubberly midshipmen, than a *captain* enjoys with us. Many years ago, after dining on board a Dutch frigate, lying off Mahon, I took passage in one of her boats, pulling sixteen oars, to Georgetown, where my *alma* resided. Now, although the Mahonese say, 'Georgetown and Port Mahon all the same,' it is a pretty considerable 'stretch' between the two places ; so the mid in charge of the boat served me out a *dig* of *schnapps*, and took one himself ; and then lighting his *meerschaum* he blew out a cloud of smoke from it that befogged the harbor for weeks afterward. After exhausting his pipe, he replenished it with tobacco, and then asked me gravely : 'What is your authority over your men ?'

'If they are disrespectful to me,' I replied, 'I report them to my commanding officer, who has them punished with the 'cats,' or 'colt,' or by confinement in irons.'

'Is *dat* all your authority ?' said he, opening his eyes very wide. 'Now I shall show you *mine* !' Thus speaking, he seized the tiller, and, to my utter amazement, knocked the whole boat's crew down with it, and the coxswain beside. Then standing erect in the stern-sheets, and 'with the valiant right hand that dealt the blow pointing t'wards his countrymen, lying low,' as the poet beautifully expresses it, he exclaimed, triumphantly : '*Dat is mine authority* !' Now, gentlemen, Mr. Hoyle went on to remark, 'I call *that* authority as *is* authority ; and so, with your permission, I will take another *cogue* of that same hot stuff, which appears to me to be not only 'just the stuff for trowsers,' as the boys say, but a very superior article for the lining of waistbands ; and I trust that the illustrious concocter of it will *bear* with me if, while drinking to his health and happiness, I venture to express the hope that he will pass the remainder of his days a *brewin*.'

The *cogue* being safely stowed under hatches, Mr. Hoyle, after somewhat incoherently expressing his desire to embrace us all, collectively and individually, rolled himself off to his state-room ; and as I heard him say shortly afterward, in reply to some observation from Major Pipeclay, 'I really am ashamed to hear a man arrived at the age of *futurity* talk so *nonsical*,' I take it he must have found the 'lining' rather 'stronger than exercise.'

'Jones,' cried Maddox, as the luff left the *steerage*, 'do narrate to us your adventures among the red-skins of Florida.'

'With pleasure, Maddox,' replied Jones, who had become sentimental under the influence of his potations, 'and lest you should accuse me of being prosy, I will do so in rhyme.

'We left Key Biscayno at set of the sun,
On the first of November — canoes, fifty-one ;
And reaching Fort Dallas at seven that night,
The word was passed to us : 'Come to on the right.'
All rested here well, and at six the next day,
The sun shining brightly, we got under way.

Then where went we next? — let me think, Sirs — why, *domme*,
 We formed in a line sure, and stemmed the Miami.
 Our guide was one CHRIS, a chief fond of war,
 Who paddled ahead with his negro and squaw:
 We went rapidly on, and I think about ten,
 'The everglades are in sight, Sir,' said one of my men.
 I rose, and looked forth: the most beautiful scene
 That the eye of the painter e'er gazed on, I ween,
 Burst full on my view like the vale of Alcara
 In the love-lighted vision of ALDA the fair.
 Astern was the river, and on either side
 The pine-trees were waving their foliage in pride;
 While three little islands, with cabbage-trees crowned,
 Were seen in the distance: and then all around,
 The thrush and the red-bird, the blue *pájaro*,
 And the dear little robin, with notes soft and low,
 Were filling the air with their sweet serenades:
 A welcome it seemed to the green everglades!
 And onward we went, with our hearts full of glee,
 Till about two o'clock, or maybe it was three,
 When cloud after cloud 'gan to darken the sky,
 While fearfully round us the north wind did sigh:
 LORD! how we all trembled — and then by the powers!
 There came down upon us the *wettest* of showers,
 That ever was seen since the days of the flood,
 Or, at least, since the days of the wicked King JON;
 Yet still we pushed on, and 'came to' about six,
 All wet to the skin in a de'il of a fix.
 The next day it rained; the third, and the fourth
 The weather was fine, and we steered to the north.
 On the morn of the fifth day, we came in full view
 Of the big cypress swamp, and an Indian canoe,
 In which were three Indians — a *brave* and his wives —
 Who, forsaking their boat, Sirs, 'pulled foot' for their lives.
 Then, cried Captain B —, as he sprang from his seat:
 'Follow me, my brave comrades, who fear not to meet
 The fatigues of a march in pursuit of a foe,
 Who are stealthy as wolves, and as fleet as the roe.'
 Now nothing was heard from the boats wide and far,
 But the officers' cry, '*Suivons moi! suivons moi!*'
 Three days we pursued them, pursued them in vain,
 And gladly we took to our boats staunch again.
 For those *tramps* in the cypress, the LORD above knows,
 Are far from delightful. One tears all his clothes,
 And loses his grub. The first-luff of the 'Flirt'
 Plunging into the bushes, got stripped to the shirt;
 BRUXER lost his pants and a part of his drawers;
 Captain H — was quite naked; but here I must pause,
 For the sake of one Decency — goddess divine,
 May I ever a worshipper be at thy shrine!
 'By Corporal TAME, and by old Uncle TOM!
 We at length have arrived, boys, at Lake O-ko-cho-bee!
 Oh! push ahead lively! I'm all in a hurry!
 On the eve of the twelfth day, cried one ALIC SKURRAY.
 This lake is quite broad, and a high combing sea,
 On the stern of our boats, brought them all 'by the lee.'
 Count COLIN LOCKMORSON's quite over was thrown:
 But you know, lads, the devil looks out for his own;
 So he lent the poor reefer a kind, helping hand,
 Who, with his assistance, arrived safe on land.

Some time after this, bidding Ingins farewell,
 We all joined our vessels at Port Sanybel.

Duet had risen with the intention, evidently, of proposing Mr. Jones's
 'health and song,' when one of the midshipmen of the watch came

rushing into our sanctum, bawling out : ' All hands bring ship to anchor ! I say, fellows, let 's have a small dash at that toddy—will you ? '

' Mr. Smith,' said Fearless, reprovingly, ' I am surprised no less at your propensity for strong drink, than at your brusque mode of communicating to your ship-mates an unpleasant piece of intelligence. Mr. Jenkins, I desire that you will make the same announcement to us, in language more in harmony with the ' concord of sweet sounds ' that has just fallen from the lips of our friend Jones.'

Thus adjured, forgetting the vow made at the pistol's mouth, I gave vent to :

' THE moon has risen, and her modest ray
Doth lull the tempest to a gentle wind :
Our frigate now speeds gayly on her way,
Careering onward, gracefully inclined ;
And long ere morning Father NEPTUNE'S spray,
And green-haired mermaids, will be left behind.
' All hands bring ship to anchor ! ' BLAZES cries :
' All hands bring ship to anchor ! ' GABE replies.'

' Dat 's berry good *poltry* indeed, Mr. *Jinkins* ! ' cried Scouse, who was standing in the *country*,* leaning against the steerage door ; ' and jes like some I hearn a Jamaiky nigger make once dat went dis er way :

' DERE 's one little ting what dey callee de jigger,
He git in de heel and he bite de poor nigger :
Oh ! row !

' ' Dere 's noder black ting what dey callee de flee,
He ston on de groun, and jump high as de knees.
Oh ! row !

' Dere 's noder ——— '

But what that other remarkable ' ting ' was, concerning whose peculiarities we were about to be enlightened, the world must ever remain in doubt, inasmuch as the caterer of our mess cut short the ' Jamaiky nigger's muse, by directing Scouse to ' repair forthwith to the gun-deck and see that the stock were clear of the cables before the anchor was let go.' Grinning from ear to ear, our sable friend rejoined with : ' Yah, yah, yah ! Mr. Cushin', yer is so quar ! Yer 'll be de deff of dis ere darkie some ob dese days, and dat 's a sarcumstantial fac ! Jes to hearn you now sotting up dar talkin' so gron about de *stock*, when yer *knows* dere's only one ole hen left, and *she don got de pip* ! ' Yah, yah, yah ! '

As the Ethiopian ceased speaking and *chuckling*, he swallowed a glass of grog, presented to him by Fearless, while we hurried on deck to our stations. And thus ended ' Saturday night ' in the *steerage*, with its ' *poltry* ' and its prose.

A half-hour after this, we anchored for the night inside of Cape Henry, and by dusk the next evening, the ' Shenandoah ' was snugly moored off Norfolk, between ' Town Point ' and the ' Naval Hospital.'

* The space between the steerages is called ' the country.'

T H E B R A V E O L D E L M .

IN the town of Sheffield, Massachusetts, stands an elm of immense size, and exquisite symmetry, under whose branches a gathering of the inhabitants of the town, and of numerous friends from abroad, annually occurs. The occasion is the anniversary of 'The Old Tree Association,' and is one of general hilarity and interchange of sentiment and humor. The following lyric was written for the meeting of 1867:

THE song of the Elm — the brave old Elm !
 With its lofty and massive form,
 And its arms that swing like the ponderous helm
 Of the racking and roaring storm :
 Sang the proud old tree
 The song of the free,
 And its voice the deep base of the billowy sea.

AIR : 'Hail to the Chief.'

BENEATH my green shelter, oh ! gather, ye mortals !
 The matron and maiden, the son and the sire ;
 It is not through marble and sculpture-wrought portals
 That here ye ascend the gay halls of desire.
 Fresher the breeze that sweeps,
 Sweeter the rest that sleeps
 'Mid the dense verdure that fringes my boughs :
 Nobler the thoughts that roam
 Forth from my leafy dome,
 Laurels to earn for the quietist's brows.

Years in the past have grown mistful and hoary,
 Since first my germ broke the earth's virgin mould :
 Spring's dawning splendor, and Summer's bright glory,
 The sadness of Autumn, and Winter's grim cold ;
 These nursed my infancy,
 These my maturity
 Welcomed, and joyed in their heaven-ordered thrall :
 'Mid the deep, silent wood,
 Happy in solitude,
 Heard I for ages the desert-bird's call.

Of the lone red man, beneath me reclining,
 Sharpened the arrow, deceiving afar ;
 Or, to his mate, when the moon-beam was shining,
 Told his wild legends of love and of war,
 Till the pale-faces came,
 Blotting his ancient name,
 Marring the vale with the axe and the fire :
 Down went the forest tall,
 Ruined its glories all,
 Pulseless the desert heart, tuneless its lyre.

And now to my shade come the sons of the foeman,
 And bring to my honor their tribute of song ;
 The laughter of youth, and the bright eye of woman,
 The ripeness of age, and the strength of the strong.
 Welcome, admiring friends !
 For your kind offering lends
 Cheer to your pilgrimage on to the grave :

Brief is your joyous scene,
 Soon 'neath the turf so green
 Moulders the dust of the fair and the brave.

Here, as *ye* change, live *I* on in my glory :
 My rain-jewels flash in the lightning's red glare ;
 The breeze bathes a brow which no years have made hoary,
 And I laugh at the tempest that racks the mad air.
 Heaven's bolt with fury thrown,
 Or the fell steel, alone
 Can trail my crown in the dust of the plain :
 Ages shall roll along,
 Ere one as staunch and strong
 Mortals shall see in my likeness again.

c.

Stockbridge, (Massachusetts.)

A F E W P A G E S F R O M R E A L L I F E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN I look back on my own past life, through a long vista of years, I see roses at times not unmingled with thorns, hours of sorrow and sadness with those of gladness and joy. It seemed to me that my youth was one continual struggle, for I had few friends or advisers to aid me in the battle of life, or to point out the road that leads to success. Early left to my own thoughts and actions, I learned early to think and act independently. It seems to me that I have known but little of youth, or even of childhood ; for as long as I can well remember, I had that same plodding, castle-building disposition, at the same time laboring under an extreme sensitiveness, which at times, especially in early life, has been the cause of much unhappiness. Through what I then thought good management, at the age of twenty-two I found myself established in a commercial business in what was then, and is now, one of our largest Western cities. Though lacking confidence in almost every thing else, I had even too much in my business affairs ; for at every opportunity I continued to enlarge my business. For the first two years every thing went on smoothly as one could wish ; bills were always met at maturity, and my credit and reputation as a business man were among the best ; and I was looked upon as a ' strictly honorable man ; ' and how I prized that name which, to a business man, is, or should be, almost as dear as life itself ! Yes, I was proud of the position I occupied, and could look back upon those who had started in life far in advance of me, those whom I thought, only a few years before had looked upon my humble sphere and talents with derision, (an erroneous conclusion,) whom in my jealous anger I had resolved to circumvent, plodding slowly far behind me. But the sun of prosperity could not always shine upon one as inexperienced as myself : the blow came at last.

A storm arose in the commercial horizon, one of those sudden reverses that seem bound to happen at certain intervals. I was not prepared for it; for every inch of canvas was spread to its fullest extent, and, what was worse, a pilot almost utterly inexperienced stood at the helm, where, at such a time, it needs an old hand and a clear head to steer clear of the breakers that appear on every side; yet I struggled strongly and bravely long after all reasonable hope was past. How in the agony of the moment I grasped at straws! I could not give it up. I pictured to myself the jeers of those whom I thought my rivals, of the entire loss of confidence on the part of those who had confided in my honor and honesty. No, I could never again meet them face to face without a blush of shame burning on my cheek, and never again be a man among men. I even forgot her on whom all my plans for future life had centred, she who had been so closely interwoven in my day-dreams that she had almost seemed a part of my own identity; for she could never share the poverty, or be the associate of, a ruined and heart-sick man.

As the state of my affairs was approaching the climax, a false step on the part of my head-clerk placed them beyond the hope of redemption. Even now, though many long years have passed since then, I look back with a shudder on the horrors of that awful night, the dawn of which was to show me forth to the world a bankrupt. Sleep came not to my eyes that night; but all night long I walked the floor of my chamber. Even death would have been a welcome messenger. But I will not describe my feelings farther. He, and he only, that has passed on the same road, can fully realize what they were.

The bloodhounds of the law were soon set upon my track by some of the most resentful of my New-York creditors, urged on by personal spite. Well, too well, did they perform their duty—that of rendering my ruin still more complete. By their management, I saw my assets continually decreasing, until the proceeds paid but a small percentage on my indebtedness. Sick at heart, and entirely discouraged, life became a burden. My future looked terribly dark and frowning; and in whatever direction I cast my eyes, not a single ray of hope seemed to lighten my pathway. I thought the world looked coldly upon me, and haughtily did I endeavor to return its glances. Thus, long months dragged themselves heavily along, until one day I sat down and summed up my prospects. They were poor indeed, thought I; but in another land, far off, away from all old associations, I will strive to build up another fortune and a name. But again, thought I, are there no ties that bind me to my native land? A sigh from the innermost recesses of my soul was the answer; for my mind reverted to the many happy moments I had spent with her whom I had almost worshipped. It had been nearly a year since my failure, and during that time I had never called upon her, and very seldom met her; and even when I did, I was cold, polite, and reserved; for, in my pride, I thought she wished to shun me, and to break off our acquaintance entirely. How often did I pass the place of her residence for the purpose of catching a fugitive glance of her, yet fearing to cast my eyes in that direction, when I did so; and I confessed that I felt a jealous pang when rumor told me she was about to

marry a young man of fortune, whom of late I knew to have been very officious. But what right, thought I, have I to control her thoughts or actions? — for there had no word passed between us that would indicate any thing more than friendship, even in my most prosperous days. What could I now expect or demand? It is true I had loved her almost to adoration, for she was a truly noble and beautiful being. Though singularly retired and sensitive, she possessed talents and accomplishments that are seldom equalled, and a warm, true, and loving heart. Religion had cast its softening and ennobling influence upon her character; not the religion of sectarian bigotry, but that which enables its possessor to feel at peace with his MAKER and his fellow-man. At times, doubts with regard to a future existence would invade my thoughts, which even one of her sweet gentle smiles would dispel; for it seemed to me that a faith so pure and fervent as hers could not be groundless. Yes, there *was* one tie to bind me to earth, and to my country. I will see her once more; will tell her of my love, my hopes, and my sorrows; will tell her all — be happy for an hour: though she may scorn me, yet even her presence will be happiness. Then we will part forever.

Full of such thoughts, I arose, with a heart somewhat lightened, and wended my way toward the residence of her father, which was in a distant part of the city. I passed the house twice before I could muster courage enough to raise the knocker, which I did with a trembling hand. A servant ushered me into the parlor, and in answer to my inquiry, informed me that Miss M — was in. The few moments that I was alone, seemed to me to be an age; my heart beat as though it would tear itself asunder, and I half wished I had not ventured. The door slowly opened, and Miss M — entered, looking quite pale, yet it seemed to me more beautiful than I had ever before seen her.

‘You have been quite a stranger,’ said she, as, advancing, she cordially took my hand; ‘we feared you had entirely forgotten us.’

I made an awkward apology for not having called before, for I felt so embarrassed that I scarcely knew what I was saying. I soon saw that the embarrassment was mutual; for she was almost as much so as myself, and our conversation was, for a while, any thing but connected and fluent. After a long, awkward pause, I again ventured to speak:

‘Miss M —,’ said I, in a voice so strange that I could hardly believe that it was my own. Again I paused. She slightly blushed, while a melancholy and inquiring look took possession of her features. I went on, and soon recovered my self-possession. I told her of my early struggles, of my youthful thoughts and aspirations, of my ambition and success, and at last had seen the plans that I had laid for future life, dashed down, one after another, seemingly forever. Then I told her of the love that I had so sacredly cherished for three long years; how that she had seemed even dearer than life itself; how that in hours of sadness, sorrow, and despair, her gentle spirit seemed to hover over me like a guardian angel, and pointing to heaven, bid me hope; and now that misfortune had placed its heavy hand upon me, I feared that I must aspire no more, even to her friendship, and learn to forget her forever; how that even when we met, I thought she wished to avoid me. I asked her pardon for my intrusion, and for my boldness, and promised

that in future it should be so no more ; for, in a foreign land, I would endeavor to bury all remembrance of the past. As I closed, in a voice almost a whisper, my eyes met hers, and I saw that they were filled with reproachful tears.

'We have both erred in our opinions of each other,' said she in a subdued voice ; 'but yours has been by far the greatest. How, for years, have I intently watched your striving after wealth and honor, and nightly have I prayed for your success and happiness. There were times when I feared that, in your ambitious prospects, you not only forgot me, but your God. I loved you before misfortune overtook you ; I love you even better now, for I feel that you need both love and consolation. But lately you have treated me coldly, very coldly.'

Again her eyes met mine ; and what love and purity did there shine from their dark depths. Almost unconsciously did I draw her to my side, and for minutes not a word was spoken ; but the very silence spoke volumes. Her eyes were downcast, and her happiness seemed almost to equal my own.

'Emma,' said I, 'will you be my wife when the sun of prosperity shall again shine upon me ; or am I asking too much, too great a sacrifice ? — for I am poor, and the world may not look kindly upon me ; yet I will give you my whole heart, and will toil cheerfully onward, feeling that there is one to share my success, and to cheer my sorrows.'

'I will be your wife,' said she slowly, and with emphasis, 'if it is your wish, although in every thing I am far poorer than you think me. Where your home is, there shall mine be also. Your joys and sorrows shall be mine : and will we not be one in thought, one in feeling ? Let us bury the past in oblivion, and on another page, fairer and brighter in the journal of human life, let the future be recorded. Let us not be discouraged, but trust in PROVIDENCE, hope in the future, and do what we can !' When we parted that night, I was an altered man.

How bright and beautiful the sun shone next morning : all Nature seemed glad : how changed from yesterday ! Those who had frowned yesterday, smiled to-day. I *was* happy !

Taking courage, I gave my affairs a more careful examination than I had done before, and found them in a much better situation than I had supposed ; and in a month, though I had not paid any of my debts, I had made arrangements, so that I could start anew. Day after day, and month after month, did I cheerfully toil ; and how well was I rewarded by the smiles and encouragements of her, who indeed had proved herself my 'guardian angel.' How sweet, after hours of business, to seek her company ; those, it seems to me, were the most happy moments of my whole life. In two years I had paid the last cent I owed ; and how my heart bounded with joy as I received a receipt in full. A few months after this we were married ; and though we were comparatively poor in worldly possessions, we were rich in hope, and rich in the possession of our mutual love.

For more than two-score years we have travelled along life's rugged road together ; and when I look back upon the past, I thank my God that mine has been a happy lot ; for troubles in early life have only made me better able to appreciate the happiness of after-years. Yes,

I thank HIM for sending me one who has indeed proved herself a blessing ; for without her words of consolation and love, I shudder to think what I might have been. PROVIDENCE has blessed us with a great sufficiency of this world's goods, and with the love and honor of our fellow-mortals. The love which we bear toward each other is pure, and free from dross, for it was tried in the furnace of affliction.

They tell us that we are getting old ; that more than three-score years begin to streak our hair with gray : yet *her* heart is as young and as warm as when we first plighted our vows of mutual love. Onward we are journeying, hand in hand together, and we feel that our earthly pilgrimage is drawing near its close ; but with 'joy and perfect faith' do we look forward to the time when earth shall afford us no more pleasures, and when we shall repose from our labors in that world where grief never comes, and 'where parting shall be no more.'

F. S. S.

L I F E I N D E A T H .

We walked the grand old halls
 From whose walls,
 In the golden sunset's wane,
 Looked down the pride of Spain,
 Whom the pencil's magic dyes,
 Warm as Andalusian skies,
 Had embalmed, in age or prime,
 For all time.

Far round, from antique frames,
 Courtly dames,
 Señoritas, young and bright,
 (Conscious queens in beauty's right,)
 Sceptred monarch, kneeling page,
 Mitred priest, and civic sage,
 Knight, and bard of famous lays,
 Met our gaze.

In this presence of the dead,
 Then I said
 To my cowed and hoary guide :
 What a dream is human pride !
 Life's poor sands, how few and fast !
 Painted phantoms of the past,
 How your lips of vanished breath
 Whisper DEATH !

'Ah ! no, my son ; no, no !
 Say not so !'
 The old man sadly sighed :
 'This is life to life denied !
 These are victors over DEATH,
 Hence to breathe immortal breath !
 We the dreams, the phantoms we :
Ay de mi !'

W. P. F.

M Y F R I E N D ' S L E G A C Y .

MY friend P — was but one or two years my senior ; yet there always seemed to be a much greater disparity between our ages. It was in the school-days of our mid-boyhood that we became acquainted. I know not what first drew us together, unless it was the marked difference of our dispositions ; for more opposite mental polarities never existed. He seemed to stand apart from the other boys ; was *among* rather than *of* them. Yet it was not through any thought of superiority, for a more unselfish heart never beat than my friend P —'s. His features, though regular, were not handsome, at least, not when in repose ; but whenever he spoke, a smile naturally awoke upon his countenance, and that smile was singularly attractive. It was that which first caught my attention ; and through long years of separation it has ever haunted my thoughts of him and our early bosom-friendship. He was pensive, almost melancholy, and his mind was above his years. I was fond of play, careless of the present and thoughtless of the future ; yet he could ever draw me from my sport, to sit apart with him upon a grassy bank in the forest's edge, and dream day-dreams, while the quiet flow of our tongues, like the murmuring of mountain brooks, made the surrounding solitude more real.

We entered college together. As the quadrennium drew to a close, the blight of disease fell upon my friend. It was not with him as with many, intensity of study that cast a paleness upon his cheek, daily more apparent even to me, and that lighted an unnatural brilliancy in his eye ; for to his intellect college tasks were but a recreation, and he communed with nature more than with books ; but consumption was an heir-loom in his family, and he was already left sole inheritor.

There grew a sadness upon his smile, but it was like that sadness which is the 'shadow of joy upon the soul.' He loved to talk with me of death, and that calmly and hopefully.

His physician prescribed sea-air. We parted at the wharf as he stepped on board a packet bound for Havre. In the parting pressure of the hand I felt that the friendship of years was concentrated, for I scarcely hoped to look upon his face again. But he fixed upon me that sweet smile, while his eye seemed to have caught an augury of the future, as he said : 'No, Charles, not the last — we shall meet once more.'

That strange look and sweet smile ! My thoughts dwelt upon them as my eyes mechanically followed the parting ship, till the outline of sail and spar were mingled, and still they were with me as, alone, and lonely but for them, I turned homeward. Were they prophetic ? Spoke he of another world ? No, we *have* met again, and — too true, alas ! was the word — but once.

He wrote me from ship-board and again from his port of destination. He was weary with the voyage, and wanted rest. I do not think he went to Paris. He had little admiration of the French character, and cared not to see their palaces.

I heard from him next as he was wandering by the storied Rhine. His health was better, and he spoke hopefully of the future. He was at Heidelberg, and he would write me, he said, from Baden.

I received nothing more. Nearly a year had passed; and I had come to think of him tenderly, as having closed his eyes to sleep among the sunny vine-fields of the Fatherland, near the gliding of the gentle Rhine, while foreign hands had soothed his parting hours and a stranger eye had wept the sympathy which should have been a friend's.

I saw one day the report of a lunatic asylum, and among the names of its inmates, my glance fell upon that of my friend P——. Even the initials were the same. I looked upon it as a coincidence — nothing more. Yet the thought haunted me that I must go and see this wreck of a shattered mind — this maniac duplicate of my friend.

It was not long before I carried my purpose into effect. As I gave my name at the entrance, the superintendent fastened his eyes upon me with a look of interest, and said: 'Yes, you wish to see P——: he said you would come to-day.'

A strange foreboding seized my mind, and as I followed him through the long corridor, my heart almost ceased its pulsations, and it seemed as if the mysterious influence of the place was stealing over me and closing round me as a new victim. My guide led me to a door which, with a motion to tread softly — a warning little needed — he gently opened. Two or three attendants were standing beside a bed on which was lying a pale, emaciated form, which, as I entered, rose and sat upright. I stood face to face with my friend P——. There was a strange brightness in his eye, but it was not the brightness of madness. That had passed. And that same sweet smile; but oh! how thrilling! It was as if his pale, thin face were grown transparent, and the very spirit was gazing through. He extended his hand, saying: 'I knew you would come; I could not die without it.'

A sudden shivering seized upon his frame, and he fell back. I threw myself upon the bed and raised his head upon my bosom. He smiled faintly and essayed to speak, but the fountain of speech was dry. A moment — a gasp — a convulsive tremor — and, his head pillowed upon my breast, his thin hand clasping mine, the spirit of my friend passed from its shattered tenement. Yet there *was* a look which was not for me; a glance of recognition, which was directed to no visible form; a quickening of the pulse, which was more than a momentary rallying of exhausted nature.

He was laid to rest in no populous cemetery, to be visited by careless eyes and ungentle footsteps; but in a quiet spot — does it matter where? 'T is close by that I have chosen for myself whenever I shall be called to lie beside him; and it is large enough for three — one at his right hand.

From his attendants I learned that his madness had come upon him while mid-way on the ocean during his return voyage; that upon his arrival he had been brought thither by a gentleman, a fellow-passenger, who had become deeply interested in him on ship-board; further clue to the mystery they were unable to give, but placed in my hands a

sealed manuscript and package, the former of which he had written during lucid intervals of the last three days, when his delirium subsiding as his body weakened, reason had at times resumed her throne.

I opened first the package. Within it was a plain gold locket, containing the miniature of a most lovely female. Her features were of an Italian cast; but her tender blue eyes and sunny hair indicated that she was a daughter of the pleasant Rhine-land. Another spring revealed a golden ringlet curling around a withered rose-bud.

The manuscript was addressed to me, and gave a token in the abruptness of its sentences and its scarce-legible character, that it emanated from a brain perturbed, 'like sweet bells jangled out of tune.' It ran as follows:

'My friend, you will read this, and you will see me once more; did I not say *once*? I knew it—I know it, though I know not where you are. You are thinking of me now. I hear your footsteps! but not hither, not yet!

'They do not tell me where I am—ah, ha! they *need* not: I read it in their eyes, I breathe it in this air! I may have been mad, for it is all a troubled dream—but not now; no, I am calm, though my brain aches, aches, and my breath is a burden, and I am dizzy, like one pulled by a rude hand from brief sleep.

'I will tell you all while yet I can: it may come again, that fearful dream! But O my FATHER! if THOU dost take part, take all! leave me not again a rudderless wreck of the soul! THOU wilt not. FATHER, I bless THEE!

'I will tell you all. It was on the other side of that dark, staggering valley—O that valley of Night!—on the other side, where the sun shone. I know not how long ago; was it months or years? I was walking by the Rhine. It was early summer then, and now the air is wintry. I climbed a crag by the river-brink to gaze at the tints of sun-set on the water. The rock loosened with me, and I fell.

'I woke and found myself lying on a bed in a little room, with the curtains drawn, to mellow the glare of day. I woke to a consciousness of pain, throbs shooting through every limb. A hurried whisper, a gentle step, and the door closed. I raised my head, and my eyes met those of a kind-hearted surgeon, who was anxiously scrutinizing my countenance. He said it had been a chance; the crisis was past; I must sleep again, and motioned silence.

'They told me the next day that I had been found at the foot of the cliff, bruised and senseless. The weeks and months that followed, were they weary? for an angel was with me. O Nina! O my soul! Charles, I saw her yester-night, and she stood by my bed-side, and she put her hand in mine—she put her hand in mine! and it turned to ice—*ice*! And she was farther from me, and she looked so tenderly and smiled so sweetly; and she sang, and the song is stamped upon my brain!

'THE winds rush all, and the clouds drift all,
And the waves run over the sea:
And with faith that is fearless and hope that is tearless,
I'm watching and waiting for thee, dear love,
I watch and I wait for thee!

'And the snow is driving over the plains:
 'Tis my shroud: but dost thou see?
 I've a softer bed for thy weary head
 When thou com'st to be with me, dear love,
 When thou com'st to be with me.

'The whistling breeze sweeps over the trees,
 Its voice full well I know:
 It calls for me and it calls for thee,
 And soon and soon we will go, dear love,
 And soon and soon we will go!'

'And it was dark again, and I saw nothing. But she waits for me; and soon and soon we will go!'

'I am very calm now. Take my hand and lead me back through the shadows, for I would be blind to them, till we come back to those sunny days, and I will tell you of their blessedness. It was Nina's hand that moistened my sick brow, it was her step that guided me when health began to flow through my veins once more. Health! would that I had never known it again, but when so near, had passed gently beyond, with the joy of her smile resting upon me, and not this bitter anguish; how can we tell if it be 'better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all'? Ah! well; be calm, O self! — not long — not long!

'We walked and talked together, wandering over the castled hills. Her sweet German accents held a music the language never knew before; and then she would talk in still sweeter broken English, till the ripples of laughter staid her utterance; while I now loved best a stranger tongue, and now discovered strange sweetness in my own. And we walked upon the river-banks; and, on calm days, in our little boat slowly paddled over the waveless surface, or floated gently with the current. The Rhine has no more pleasure in its name for me — it sounds hoarse and rough; only when I think of those dear days, could I but banish that last, that fatal one, it were as melodious as its own murmuring. Could I but banish that last; O my God! must memory forever curse me? I will be calm. Well, one day I had taken in my paddle, and we were scarce perceptibly drifting downward. I was easily wearied, for my frame was weak, and she pillowed my head upon her bosom, while I closed my eyes and listened to a long, wild legend of the Brocken; how the giant shape that dwells upon its summit was once a monarch among men, and was now atoning for his tyranny and deeds of blood by days and nights of ceaseless vigil; and how to those who knew how to read his mystic signs aright, he foretold of the future, and warned of wars to come, or heralded returning peace.

'But with sudden cry she pointed me to the edge of the cliff above. Black, black clouds, lighted with lightning flashes, were rolling over it, and the storm was already upon the waters. In a moment the driving gusts and driven waves reached us together, and our frail nautilus was overturned before them like scattered leaves before November's wind. I brought my Nina to the shore, but she was cold — drowned, my Nina, drowned! Oh! the darkness that fell upon me — that sealed my vision and quenched my reason! and it is a blank, till a ray of

garish light broke upon me, and they told me she was to be buried, and I followed them and heard the earth thrown in.

'I am very calm. After a while I told them I would go back to my own land again. I put on a calmness, and I covered close the flame that was burning my heart, and they thought I was well. But they urged me to stay till April should come again. I would not—I knew them: I could read their thoughts; they hated me because I had killed their child! I do not think so now. I went, and they blessed me at parting.

'I had seen the sun set seven times upon the ocean. One night a wet hand was laid upon my forehead, and cold wet tresses fell upon my cheek, and Nina was beside me! In the morning every body looked strange at me, but Nina was there, and she beckoned me on, and on, and I followed, and I would have gone to her as she sat upon the waves and smiled and beckoned me on! but they held me back; and it is all a blank again!'

Thus abruptly the ms. closed. It was on the last day of the year that my friend P—— died. And it is with me a sacred though mournful pleasure, as with each passing year the anniversary recurs, to unfold and read these pages that bear the last impress of his fading mind; to unclasp this locket and gaze upon the features of the unknown one who dwelt beyond the sea, but who was dear to one who was dear to me.

T H E J E W A N D T H E P O E T .

FROM THE GERMAN.

As a Jew once, and a Poet,
Gazed, with earnest admiration,
On the heavenly lights, I listened,
And o'erheard their conversation:

'Oh! that yonder stars—those myriads—
Real shining dollars were;
And that all, the Great JEHOVAH
Would, unclipped, on me confer!'

'Oh! that to my ardent longings,
Wings for flight sublime were given;
I would soar aloft, and hear the
Spheral harmonies of Heaven!'

As the Jew and Poet uttered
Thus their heart's sincere confession,
Each a glance cast on the other,
Full of scorn beyond expression.

HORACE RUBLEE.

B R A D D O C K ' S D E F E A T .

BY L. B. VICKROY.

I.

THE noon-day sun of fierce July
Blazed over vale and wood,
Where fair Monongahela's stream
Pours down her limpid flood,
And there, in all their bright array,
The ranks of BRADDOCK stood.

II.

They could not choose but pause awhile
To gaze upon that scene :
The earth smiled in the glad some light,
The skies were so serene,
And blazoned banners gayly danced
The waving boughs between.

III.

But midst that summer solitude,
And stillness so profound,
Full many a gallant soldier's glance
Stole cautious o'er the ground,
For well they know the wily foe
E'en now may lurk around.

IV.

But proudly beamed their leader's eye,
To mark his goodly train,
And cheerily he spake : ' We go
A victory to gain ;
For, by Saint GEORGE, I mean this night
To sup in Fort Du Queane.

V.

' And seek ye not, my merry men,
An ambush or a shield,
Among the sheltering underwood ;
But in the open field,
Show to the French and savage brood
A band that will not yield !'

VI.

Ah ! little did he dream of what
A moment might disclose !
For ere his words had died away
The deafening war-whoop rose,
And each man saw the forest aisles
All peopled with his foes.

VII.

Oh ! dreadful was the slaughter then !
And brave hearts quaked to see
An avalanche of arrows shower
From every greenwood tree,
Blent with the horrid roar and fire
Of French artillery.

VIII.

One moment are the English troops
Repulsed, and backward fall :
A moment more they rally at
Their leader's trumpet call ;
'T is vain, they do but see their ranks
Soldier by soldier fall.

IX.

Tumultuous and terrible
The battle storm sweeps on,
Till many a noble form is low
And many a spirit gone :
That scene the pitying angels well
Might weep to look upon.

X.

Misguided BRADDOCK lives to see
His ruinous defeat,
But mortal pangs forbid him e'er
His vaunting words repeat,
As his few followers bear him on
Their swift confused retreat.

XI.

Nor shrank that warrior spirit then,
To join the mighty dead,
Where naught might break the silence deep
About his lonely bed,
Save the wild wolf's or panther's cry,
Or Indian's stealthy tread.

XII.

Perchance he sighed that England's shores
He might not see again,
As faithful memory recalled
Sweet shade and sunny lane,
Loved long ago : but what were these
To the o'ermastering pain :

XIII.

That not one gleam of triumph shone
Above life's ebbing tide,
And that no victor's wreath might crown
His forehead as he died,
Hero of that disastrous day,
Martyr to his own pride ?

M Y R E S U R R E C T I O N M O R N .

A N O L D M A N ' S S T O R Y .

THE old man was bending with sorrowful face over the grave before him, upon the head-stone of which were carved these words :

‘ T H O M A S N O L A N D ,
A G E D 21 Y E A R S . ’

‘ Here is my regeneration,’ said the old man looking up ; ‘ here is the cause of my being regenerated. *His* death made a man of me, who before had been but a beast, and a savage one at that. Only half the years of my manhood have I been a man. I was never the man God made me for, till I was over forty years of age. When poor Tommy here died, I became what I am now. Till that time I hoarded up all my gains, and did not give away a cent to the poor. Since then a fortune has slipped through my hands for the benefit of others, and this has made me think I am a better being than before. PROVIDENCE ordered it all for the best, I suppose.’

The old man paused. We asked him to explain his meaning, and who this Tommy was, that he should have wrought such a change in him. He spoke about as follows :

‘ That you may understand me, I will tell you my story. It may not be very interesting to you. But could you once experience what I have undergone, as I shall relate it to you, you would call it a good story. I like to remember it, and tell it, for it seems like the story of one’s birth-day ; and then, now that I ’m a man, I like to think of poor Tommy, who can scarcely feel thankful for my sympathy after he’s buried, seeing that I refused the poor fellow my friendship and aid while living. Many times I ’ve wished him alive, that I might give him the education he so much desired. Then, too, he would be so much pleased to see the money I ’ve spent for educational purposes, in the way of public and private donations. I know he thought me a cold-hearted man, and a miser. Now, if he lived, he might rejoice in my poverty, not that he would wish me poor, but it might evince a liberal spirit on my part, this change of fortune, which it would please him to contemplate. But we cannot call back the dead. Neither can we live over a lifetime. Could we do this, I would live a far different life, for do you know that I think he who keeps back the money from the poor and needy can hardly be said to live at all ? Could I be born again in this world, I should truly hope my life would be unstained by the rust of silver and gold, that I might be generous and liberal, a man through my whole course of manhood. But now to my story.

‘ In my youth I was apprenticed to a toll-gatherer, upon yonder bridge. I was to stay with him till I was twenty-one years of age, when, so I was led to hope, I should have the place my master now occupied. My expectations were more than realized ; for before I had reached my twentieth year, my employer died, and my faithfulness to duty recom-

mended me to take his place at that early day. So I was installed in the office by the owners of the bridge. I was to be paid a good salary, and was to receive it in this way: I was to get just enough for present purposes in money, and the remainder I was to take up in shares in the bridge. I have many times since been sorry that I ever consented to this arrangement.

'After that my whole aim was to save all the money I could. In early years I was noted for my liberality. Now all was changed. I wished to own the bridge of which now I only had the care. So I made up my mind to live as cheaply as possible. I bought my own food, the cheapest food I could possibly live upon, and boarded myself. I was determined that living should cost me a mere trifle, and so it did. Nearly all my wages were saved in this way. By reckoning, I had found that in a few years I should own a good share of the property over which I had charge. In a few years longer, the bridge might *all* fall into my hands, by shrewd management and speculation. Thus I got into the way of hoping, and this was my only ambition. What were friends to me after that? I resolved to give all up, and live only in my own company, and for my own precious self.

'So, day after day I sat in my little office on the bridge, taking the money from passers-by, counting the gains of the bridge-owners, and dreaming that these same gains should one day be mine, wholly mine. This was my enjoyment; this was my whole pleasure. Every copper I took from the extended palm seemed as something fit to play a smile over my sorry-appearing face. Every footstep that I heard faintly in the distance seemed to promise something for my out-stretched hand; and if my expectations were fulfilled, an involuntary 'thank you,' escaped me, as if the copper coin were the only thing that could pull successfully at my heart-strings. But often I was doomed to be disappointed in this, for anon a yearly payer would pass me, without noticing the scowl that crept over my countenance. Then I would set to work to find out how much we lost by allowing people to pay by the year. I counted the times one man crossed the bridge under the yearly toll, and reckoning from that, found that if we took toll for every passage, we should be more than four times as well off at the end of the year. This was bad; but the bridge was not all mine, so I could not raise the toll if I liked.

'My duty as toll-gatherer was not called hard. My predecessor had made well, and did n't labor much either. Beside my regular salary, I had allowed me enough to pay for a clerk or chore-boy. But I found that I could lay up nearly one-third more by dispensing with all these little helps. I therefore turned off my clerk after I had been gatherer for a year or so, and did all the work myself. I had therefore to be at my post early and late. All the dirty work I had to do myself, such as sweeping the bridge and keeping the lights in order. This was all the *labor* I had to do. Nearly all the time was spent in the pleasant employment of taking coppers and silver from the people who passed my office. On wet or very hot days our money did n't flow in so rapidly; but then I spent my time in thinking of the future, and felt content

with the thought, at least my bridge property was steadily increasing in amount and value.

'Every night, after ten o'clock, (for I did n't shut up till the last copper was very sure to be in,) I counted out the day's receipts, and passed stealthily from the office to my lodging. This was nearly the whole routine of my life.

'Well, time passed on, but slowly, far too slowly for my impatient avarice. I busied all my spare time in counting the years, ay, the months, and almost the days, that were dividing me from my desired object. The day was not long enough for me to think of this, so I passed many a wakeful night conjuring up means to hurry along the goal that I was to reach. Yet the long weeks seemed to lag at my heels, and I longed for a speedier passage. Thus the long years were spent, till I was almost forty years of age, and from young experience in the troubles of pecuniary affairs, my hair began to turn gray.

'I have said that I cared nothing for friends. This feeling of coldness grew more and more upon me, till, year by year, I seemed to be passing to a state of stony hardness. At last my affection, what little I had, seemed altogether extinguished, and it almost gave place to a hatred of all my former friends. I only loved the almighty dollar, and that I loved with a desperation that made me cling to it, and fear that every one who shook me by the hand, or seemed to approach me with a friendly smile, was bidding for a portion of my gains. So, day by day my love for money increased, and my hatred for all mankind became more and more intense.

'Of relatives I had but very few to dread. One of my sisters had married a man in humble circumstances. The world called him a good man, but I could not see why. He resolved upon giving his only son an education, if it took his last cent, and Thomas was bent on having knowledge. Every time his father crossed the bridge I bent my pitying eyes upon him, to think any one should be so much of a fool as to think of educating a son in his poor condition. I feared every time he crossed would be the last he was able to pay for, so I dunned him often for pay, though he was to pay but yearly. Whole days I spent in dreading to see the face of my beggarly relatives. And often did I go to my lonely bed, fancying I was followed thither by the famished form of Thomas, asking for enough money to pay a quarter's tuition, or even for a small bit of food. Nights I dreamed of debts that my property would have to pay for his benefit. His creditors seemed to chase me wherever I turned. And my only hope was, that I should be rid of these wretched hangers-on to my purse-strings.

'Well, so time passed laggardly along, till Thomas was about twenty years old. Then the idea began to haunt me, that something of a present would be expected from me, for his name's sake, for I had it to mourn that the fellow had been named for me. I dreaded the twenty-first birth-day that a year-and-a-half would bring, for in my more liberal days I had promised him a present when that day should appear. Nightmares oppressed me, in which Thomas seemed to be walking off with my purse, his father was lying back upon my money, and his mother

shone elegantly in polite society from the abundance of my bounties. All these and many more troubles oppressed me. The larger my interest grew in the bridge, the more my friends seemed to increase and hover around, when in fact I had hardly a friend in the world. But I grew firmer in the determination never to give any thing away, and especially for educating any one.

'As Thomas approached the age of manhood they said he was smart, and had a good mind. But most of all, I was forced to listen to the praises of his goodness. *He* good, and smart? I had never seen any of it. The fellow who had done nothing for his whole life, who had scarcely earned a dollar, could not be very near to perfection in either quality. But these praises were lavished upon him, while I, who had labored all my life, and who was bound to possess myself of the bridge, was left still unpraised, undisturbed in my humble disrepute. What did an education amount to? If Tom had all the learning in the world, I believed he would do nothing with it, for he was too lazy. I gave that as my opinion. Were I to die, my property would probably fall into his hands, and go to pay his foolish school-bills. At times I thought, as he passed, he cast a glance at my office, as if wishing I might die and leave him in possession of a fortune. So my hatred of the boy grew so intense that I could scarcely bear him in my sight. One day I spoke to Tom as he passed, and talked to him plainly about the matter, asking him what he thought he would ever be fit for, if he kept on in this lazy way, while others had to work. I told him he was old enough to cut his own way in the world. I told him, also, that poor folks could not expect always to be loafing; that he ought to learn a trade and be somebody, and do something. Finally I said he must not expect a cent from my hard earnings to pay his foolish debts. Tom hung his head, gave a sort of a derisive smile and passed on. Next day his father, poor benighted soul, came to request me not to speak so to his Tommy, he was so sensitive, and felt such things so much. I scoffed such an idea, of course. Softness was a sentiment not only altogether foreign to my nature, but which seemed to me as much a stranger to the whole world. But then it struck me as a streak of luck, if such a weakness did appear in Tom, for then he would n't beg of me for alms; his sensitiveness would not allow of that, certainly, now that, as his father said, he had been mortified by my talk.

'Well, Tom had entered college, poor as ever, and nothing to look to for future support. After that he used to walk the bridge every day to the halls. Once in a while I stirred up his sensitiveness by talking to him of his poverty. People told me he took it hard, but I did n't think so. To be sure, once or twice I did notice that his eyes came near watering; but it was only from madness, I thought, for I had tried to touch his anger up a little, in hope he would do something for himself. It was enough to make any one mad, who had the spirit of a man in him. But as to his crying, that was all gammon! At any rate, he still kept stubbornly in his old way. After a while, he would not stop to listen to my talk. But I was bound to conquer his stubbornness. So, every now and then I stopped him and dunned him for his toll. When he had the money he quietly submitted to the intentional insult, and

paid a small instalment ; when his pocket was empty, I took occasion to harass him on the old topic. And I even strangely contemplated raising his toll ; for, go to what extreme I might, he should not walk so proudly over my bridge, unless he paid well. Poverty's pride should pay well for its passage. It galled me that one so much below me as Tom was, should carry such a high head as he. Some said he was a very modest young man, but I thought his carriage did not denote it. And then his refusal to converse with me ! That was outrageous, for a pauper !

'About this time I heard Tom's fame as a poet among his class-mates had raised him to be class poet, and also that he had published a few pieces, which were much praised by the papers. My idea of poetry, of which trash I had not read any since I was a youth, was not raised in the least by the announcement that Tom was able to write it. His class in college must be as slim as himself, and the editors still less in my view, to notice the despicable fellow, the lazy imp ! I had n't seen any of his poetry ; but I had an idea of what it would amount to. It certainly must be weak and soft, or pompous. Beside, they said he was a good prose writer, and by these means picked up a few cents. He surely could n't get rich in this way. He had better be speculating in bridge property, or taking toll by the day !

'I did n't much wonder at his always appearing so lonely when he passed me, he was so proud and distant. It was only once in a great while that any one was seen with him ; I do n't know that I ever saw a hard-working man with him. His only companions were the sons of great men ; big bugs, as proud as himself, but who had something to be proud of, I supposed. They seemed to pet him and make a great deal of him. This was the reason that, whenever they were with him, I took my time to taunt him all I could upon his poverty. And when I afterward discovered that on moon-light nights they promenaded my bridge, I went and told them I could not allow that, unless they paid extra. Some one suggested that perhaps *there* was where Tom picked up his poetical ideas. So much the better reason why he should give an extra fee. The bridge was not for his benefit, but for mine.

'By-and-by the old man, his father, died. My first thought was, that that would be a heavy stroke upon me pecuniarily, for his wife would expect me to help her some, being her brother. This I could not do, of course. My property was rising in value every day, and I must not take away one cent more than I actually needed to supply my few wants. Tom must help his mother ; when she called on me, I told her so. The object of her visit was to get me to help bear the funeral expenses. This was ridiculous, calling on me so soon for aid, almost before the man was cold in death. I told her how matters stood. She cried and plead, as all women cry and plead ; it's a weakness they have. She was n't deaf enough to understand the world and take it as it comes, I thought. I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, she was so ignorant, I told her. Well, she left me. I next day heard that Tom had gone and got trusted for a coffin and other things, which were got up in style. The undertaker was a friend of mine, and a patron of my bridge. I knew he must suffer a loss by this. So I went and informed

him that that was my opinion. But instead of thanks for the kindness, I only got the name of being a hard-hearted wretch. No man likes to see a patron or a customer suffer a loss, and I questioned why I should be called hard-hearted for trying to aid one ! The world was surely a mystery to me !

'Sarah, that was Tom's mother, sent word requesting my attendance upon the funeral as mourner — chief mourner, or the like, I thought. I wrote back that I could not possibly afford to dress well enough to attend such an expensive affair ; and beside, business was driving, and required my attendance at the bridge more than ever. I got wind of the report some how, that Sarah took on terribly at this. Well, I did n't blame her much. It was natural she should wish the company of an only brother. To be sure I did feel a little for her ; but I stilled what little inclination there was that way, by repeating the old saying, 'Business before friends.' It had a different effect on Tom, they said. It dried his tears. This was a specimen of his tender-heartedness, was it ? But in the report there was a gleam of light, sure ; for Tom had said that he would never ask me for a cent in the world ; and that if he ever got any from me, it would come free of request ! Thought I, he won't get much, then. My heart was at rest.

'But by-and-by it was again disturbed. Sarah called on me with a proposition that I should furnish Tom with money to finish his education. After that, she said he would be able to support the family, and pay me back for my kindness. I talked to her as a candid man should talk, in my opinion at the time. I told her that Tom would never be good for any thing, and that I'd not trust a cent with him ; and that he was n't cut out for a scholar, because he had n't the money to make one. There was no use in any one trying to be a great man without money, especially one so lazy as Tom. Sarah listened to me, to my truth, as long as she could stand it, till the color rushed to her pale face like fire ; then she turned to go. That was all the thanks I got ! She did n't cry while I talked. She was too angry for that. It was my object to make her so. But I noticed she took a handkerchief from her pocket after she left, as I was taking a gentleman's toll.

'I thought *now* I'd got rid of these beggars truly. I fancied if there was any difference in the craft of beggars, those belonging to one's own family were the worse. So when I should be rid of them, I should be rid of nearly all the trouble I had at present.

'One of my family beggars was soon got rid of, but in a way that I had little expected. Sarah died the next week after our last conversation. People told about that my hard-heartedness had killed her. All a falsehood ! 'All nonsense !' exclaimed I. I, for one, did n't wonder she died. Any one would, who had such a troublesome son as Tom. *He* it was who had tried her life out of her. *I* caused her death ? No, no ! On the contrary, if it had n't been for me she would have died long ago ; for I sustained her all I could by my advice and counsel, in regard to her unruly son Tom. Did n't I tell her, times without number, a course that would save both him and her ? What a wretched world this must be, to show such ungratefulness to one who had tried so hard to reform it from its idle ways ! But I saw they were bound to

have it all their own way; so I said but little against it, and this made them all the worse, of course.

'Well, Sarah died, as I have said. Of course, I was again beset by beggars, in the shape of her neighbors, who felt for her. They had to make themselves beggars, as there was no one in her family who felt enough for her to do that. This, I thought, is an instance where one may find who are friends. He or she must be a true friend who would beg for another. Now here was a chance for Tom to show his affection for his mother, was it not? Not he. That was not his nature. Here was a specimen of his character, which had been lauded so highly.

'I thought I could do no less than go to the funeral as a mourner. I went. But I fancied Tom wished me away, he was so well dressed, and I looked so every-day like. So I made my way home (to my bridge) as soon after the funeral as could be. How could he who hated his mother's brother love his mother?

'In a short time all thoughts of sorrow slipped my mind. All human sorrows *would* slip the mind. I remembered only one thing. It often recurred to me what a sorrowful face she wore when dead. Not that I wondered at it, of course. Oh! no. It only caused me to curse Tom's ungenerous, unmanly spirit. Every time I saw Tom, (which was not often now, for they said he had the blues and staid at home, which I did not think strange, seeing he had lost all his means of support,) I was reminded of it, he walked so proudly off. If *he* was a poet, I was glad *I* was not one. And then, after all this, to have them call him so meek, so stricken, was too bad — too bad.

'All this time my mind was not kept far from the bridge property. My spare time was spent in ruminating upon and building air-castles thereon. It was increasing fast. Even so fast had it increased, that I began to fear from losses that might take place to it. It occurred to me that sorrows *do* come in a heap. What should happen to me next? There was no friend to die for whom I cared a snap. What then? Why, thieves might break in and steal my gold; a fire might destroy the bridge; or a murderer might slay me some of these nights when I was going to my room. All these thoughts entered my head, which could only contain the music of jingling coin. Thus I grew more and more in parsimony every day.

'In less than a week from the time of Sarah's death, they brought around a paper, subscribing money for Thomas to finish his education. They said they brought it to me first, I being his uncle, and knowing better his need. They were right there. I *did* know what he needed. He did not need my money; at any rate, he would not get it. Not a cent should he ever have. He needed something else more than that. People must be lacking in sense, I said, to go to begging money for an able-bodied man, just in the prime of life. If they would leave the paper with me a few days, I would do what was right and needful in the case. They did so. And that same night I sat down and wrote a note to Tom, which ran about as follows:

'I have just seen a petition which is being passed around, begging money for you. Thinking you would resent such a move as an insult

to one who is able to earn his own bread, I send you word. Now as I have n't a cent of money for a beggar, I'll give you a little advice instead. I understand that they are in need of a clerk, one who can also do the dirty work of the same, upon one of our lower bridges. Well, the best thing for you to do, is to accept it. Do n't be above your position. Do n't feel as if you could not work, and earn an honest living. It is time you had got into some permanent business. The bridge business is the best by which to make money of, which I know. You have been flattered by people, who have told you have talent for other things. All bosh and gammon ! You are fitted for a bridge-clerk : it is natural to the family. Have n't I made money by it ? Your poor father and mother worked themselves to death for you, and now it is time for you to do a little for yourself. This seems to be your only chance of life, any how. Money makes the man, sure. It's all nonsense talking about talent, and learning, and reputation. Men must dig and lay up money, or they are nowhere. So throw off your laziness, and go to work !'

'Saturday morning I sent the letter to him, requesting an answer that night, or before, or his presence, if convenient. All day I sat upon the bridge, watching for the money that flowed fast into my pocket, and between the moments of labor, thinking what would be Tom's answer. How my letter would scatter his poetical ideas ; how it would make him forget his education at college for one upon a bridge ; how it would drive away his love for loafing, and put into him instead thereof ideas of earning his own living. But then — no ; he was too proud to come under. I knew what his answer would be. Tom would never consent to go to work. Not he. It was n't *polite*. His hands would be spoiled ; and then it would destroy his poetry. That would be a consideration, truly. No ; Tom Noland would never consent to become a clerk upon a bridge. Depend upon that.

'These thoughts occupied my mind during the day, while I kept a sort of time to them by dropping coppers into the money-drawer, which was my only music. The afternoon wore away ; it was near supper-time, and yet Tom had n't sent word, or appeared in person. What did the fellow mean ? Was this a fit way for him to serve any one who had tried to do so much for him ? While I was eating my supper, which I always took on the bridge in a time of quiet, and went without in a busy time, one of Tom's neighbors came along, who said that he thought Tom must have had some ill luck before him afresh to-day, for he was more than ever sad and broken-hearted : he looked really sick. I fancied I understood that, of course, for it made every one sad to have the truth told them once in a while. Beside, Tom was trying to decide what to do with my proposition. So I contented myself with the reflection that he would soon make his appearance, as docile as it was possible for any one to be, and offer to take the place I sought for him, with many wished-for pardons for his former behavior. But again, often I thought that he would not stoop to that. Thus my mind was more troubled and unsettled than I usually allowed it to be at such little things.

' Evening was approaching, and yet no signs of Tom. -Business was unusually dull for Saturday, so I had time for thought; and on this occasion I improved it upon the subject of Tom's non-appearance. It was a wonder that at this time I spent so much time upon so poor a subject. I wondered at it myself; but it was so. I could not get rid of it. Perhaps the poor fellow was really stricken with grief. Perhaps, too, he was sick. It could not be that he was to follow his mother? It could not be that I was to mourn another relative so soon? Now, may be this was all to be so. Well, well, what had this to do with me? Supposing he did die; I could n't hinder it. It was none of my bread and butter. He would be better off dead. It would be better for me, too, provided I did not have an aristocratic burial-bill to pay. Would it *pay* to let him step out if I *could* help it? May be the expense might be made slight if I could work the card. A pine coffin would not cost much. The sale of what clothes he had would pay for the other part, by economy. As to his grave-stone — well, it was a lucky thought, that the continual promise of a nice and costly monument from me, would answer in the room of a marble slab. What next? That was all, as I had him dead. But he might not die. Indeed, I *knew* he would n't. What then? Why, his friends would be continually boring me, and begging for loans. What was one pine coffin to this, in the long run? To be sure, I need n't give any thing to these beggars unless I chose to. But the fact was, I thought I had already spent more than time enough to buy him *two* pine coffins, in giving him advice and the like.

' Dark was coming, and yet no Tom. Later in the evening, business was a little better; the coppers flowed in more rapidly. So I could not attend to such things. For surely, what was Tom, compared with the bridge? During a full hour, perhaps more, there was no one in the world but my bridge, myself, and my customers. My head was continually filled with politeness and good-nature toward passers-by, and my drawer was being filled with silver, whose musical harmony grew more and more every moment. But it seemed still as if the harmony would never be perfect. Was there ever perfect harmony, or was there ever a well-filled money-drawer? Alas! no! It hung between hope and fear that night, during that hour.

' Later still in the evening, business slackened. But Thomas was not there. At ten o'clock, hardly a step was heard upon the bridge. Yet no signs of him. I did n't know why I expected Tom. I had no reason to. But some how I would think of him in spite of myself. On the whole, however, I tried to make myself easy with the idea that he was bound to stay away from me. That would be lucky for me, certainly. But I could not settle down on that for a long time, now that I was all alone in the silence of the night.

' The distant church clock struck eleven, and Tom had not come. Perhaps he had concluded to wait till I was at leisure, later in the evening, as he knew I stopped there to count up my week's gains every Saturday night. I sat down to my desk, and counted, and listened. I wondered, and yet I did n't wonder; I half-feared, and yet I really

thought I had cause to be glad. At last, my accounts were all looked to, my money was in the little bag in which I carried it to my room, and I began to make ready for a start. I waited a little longer: why, I knew not.

'Twelve o'clock was sounded in the distance; but no Tom. It was time I was off, for I was wasting the light in the office. So I shut up and locked up every thing. Just as I was turning away from the door, I heard in the distant part of the bridge, through which I was to pass, an odd noise, as if something had fallen; then came something like a rolling sound; and at the same time I felt the bridge jar slightly. It startled me a little. May be, though, it was Tom, and he had fallen down. At any rate, I'd wait a little, and see if he did not come. I sat down awhile. No one came. I feared the noise came from robbers, who had come for my money. I actually trembled, and placed my hand upon the pocket which contained my money-bag. I waited longer than I expected to, or was aware of. I was waiting for no one, now, but *feared* to go.

The clock struck one, and I was in the middle of the bridge, listening. That startled me. I pricked up my courage, knowing that I should have to go *some* time, and started on. I walked fast. You would have thought that I should keep a sharp look-out ahead. I thought I would when I started. But I did n't. I only cared for my money — I only had an eye for that. So I walked along with my eyes turned toward *that*, in my pocket.

There was only one passage from the bridge after the gates were shut in the evening, which had to be entered a little way from the middle of the bridge. On my right was the large frame-work of the bridge; on the other side was the outside wall, through the windows of which the moon shone as bright as day. I *might* have seen my way. But I did n't. I knew the way well enough. So I kept my head down, and walked on through the narrow walk.

I had gained the middle of the walk. Had I looked up *at all* after I started, I might have seen something suspended before one of the windows, from a beam over-head, in the moon-light. As it was, I saw nothing, till my head came in contact with something that stopped me, and caused me to spring back, and clutch hard at my bag of money. *Then* I looked up. I shall never forget the feeling of horror that passed me at the sight I beheld. I released the hold of my money, and for full a minute stood staring at the sight. My position was only changed when I came to look ahead a few steps, and saw a barrel lying just where it had rolled when it had been kicked over.

My eyes opened in a moment, and the whole truth flashed upon me. All my past life came upoff me like a flash, as did that of Thomas. In a moment, almost, I felt myself a man. I turned to the open air for relief. No sooner was my head at the window, than a tear — the first I had shed for twenty years — dropped into the water below. For the first time, my conscience seemed to speak to me, and say, it was so ordered that my tears should never wet that bridge, should never drop upon my property and Thomas's gallows.

'I took Thomas down, and had him buried here.

'Since then I've thought myself a man, and others have called me such, I believe. For I immediately sold out my part of the bridge, which was worth a great deal, and most of it has gone to the poor.

'I scarcely know whether to remember that Sunday morning with more of sorrow than of pleasure ; for that was my resurrection morn.'

M E M O R I E S .

WHEN the morning sun, appearing
In the east, the world is cheering ;
Cheering, as its shimmering beauty all the dew-hung flowers enshrouds :
When the noisy birds are springing
Gayly 'mong the trees, and singing,
And the wind — that piping shepherd — drives his fleecy flock of clouds ;
Then, so crushingly sad memories come upon my soul in crowds,
On my spirit crushed, in crowds.

For the rose-hues of the morning,
With rich drapery adorning
Feathery clouds, that hang like fairies, sporting in the sun's warm rays ;
And the songsters of the wild-wood
All remind me of my childhood ;
For the rose-hues were the hope-hues of my boyhood's buoyant days,
And the song-birds seem like spirits singing childhood's merry lays,
Half-forgotten childhood's lays.

And when evening's sun is sinking,
And the day-light dim is shrinking,
Shrinking in the western waters from the cold approach of night :
And the insects' drowsy humming
Signals hazy twilight's coming,
Coming with its cool refreshing to the weary day-worn sight :
Coldly on my aching spirit falls this shadow of the night,
On my spirit, never light.

Oh ! how wild my boyish dreaming
Of a glorious future, teeming
Teeming — a bright crown — with jewels that should bind my throbbing brow :
But alas ! that glorious morrow
Brought me but a crown of sorrow ;
And its jewels are but tear-drops glistening sadly 'round me now,
Hot this jewelled crown is resting on my burning, throbbing brow,
On my wildly throbbing brow.

Thus the sad past cometh o'er me,
And its visions flit before me
In the morning, noon, and evening, and when cometh drear mid-night :
And my spirit, worn and weary,
From these visions, dark and dreary,
Fain would flee to some far spirit-land, where memory's baneful light
Never shineth, but is shrouded by oblivious, rayless night,
By the Lethean gloom of night.

TROUTING IN NORTHERN NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

I HAD often heard of people catching trout 'as fast as they could haul 'em out : ' I had often been assured of the plausibility of such a fact, but I had my doubts. I knew *I* had fished for trout and never 'hauled 'em out' at all, and so I was a skeptic as to any such proceedings as enthusiastic anglers from the north of the Granite State had repeatedly affirmed to have been within their daily experience. Taking all things into consideration, therefore, I determined to try for myself.

There were three of us : our baggage as follows : Item, one bottle of gin, two shirts : item, one bottle Schnapps, two pair stockings : item, one bottle Schiedam, one pair fishing-pants : item, one bottle genuine Aromatic, by Udolpho Wolfe, name on the wrapper, without which the article is fictitious, one pair extra boots : item, one bottle extract of juniper-berry ; one bottle brandy, long and wide, prescribed by scientific skill for medicinal purposes. Also, rods, flies, tackle in abundance, and a supply of gin ; in addition, each of us had a quart-flask in our pockets, containing gin. We also had some gin inside when we started.

Thus prepared, we started by rail from where the gin was purchased for Littleton, which we reached in the afternoon.

Littleton is a large and flourishing community, composed chiefly of ephemeral stage-drivers, black-legs, and acute landlords, who play poker with unsuspecting travellers over night, to whom they lend money in the morning to pay their tavern-bills. We did not abide in Littleton. We procured a wagon and two horses, or rather, about one and a half, and set forth, about three P.M. As soon as we reached the highway, and were clear of the surrounding houses, I obtained my first view of New-Hampshire scenery.

Back of us lay the lofty summits of the White Mountains — Washington, La Fayette, and Adams, towering above the rest, as those illustrious names among mankind. At the distance of twenty or thirty miles, their well-defined outlines rose against the sky in solemn, gloomy grandeur, and their immense presence seemed to annihilate the space that intervened.

I have been in the habit of thinking that my own native West is the most beautiful country upon God's earth, and, indeed, in richness of foliage and verdure, in brilliancy of color, I know of none that surpasses it. In the spring-time of the year, when every thing is bursting forth in vigorous life ; when the trees bud in fearless defiance of frost, and flowers bloom in bright profusion ; when the corn transcends all limits of respectable growth, and the grain starts its tender shoots before the snow has quite gone : and in later summer, when the golden harvest is ripe for the sickle, and, swayed by the gentle wind, the vast field rolls like the billows of the sea ; with the cultivated garden, the farm with its barns of plenty and its presses bursting with new wine ; the plain with its velvet grass, the hill-side with its luxuriant vine, Nature presents no lovelier sight than meets the eye and gladdens the heart of the dweller in the Buckeye State.

Still, such scenery conveys no impression of the vast or grand, for the horizon is limited in its view. But among the mountains of the Eastern States, the landscape stretches away before you for miles upon miles, with lakes, streams and rivers, villages and farms, spread out in one great picture.

But however beautiful the sight, the sun began to get hot, and ideas of sentiment rapidly vanished, and soon arriving at one of those cool springs that burst forth from the hill-side at every few rods, we stopped to refresh our parched constitutions.

The second day's ride brought us to Colebrook, where the reign of pork begins. And here let me say a word of this staple commodity of the 'rural districts.'

After you get up into this country, you see nothing but pork. Not fresh pork, (shades of Elia, defend us!) but salt pork, that has been pickled, brined, and put away in a barrel. They chiefly fry it, when it resolves itself into a compound of liquid grease, and a tough substance, resembling under-done sole-leather, nutritive but not attractive. They fry pork for breakfast, they do the same for dinner, and are not original in the point of supper. They fry it with their potatoes; sometimes they fry it in a skillet: I believe they use it in their tea. For two mortal weeks, we had nothing but pork, until we got among the trout, and then we had trout and pork, and pork and trout, and trout with or without pork, and pork with or without trout, according to the taste and fancy of the person porking or trouting, either or both respectively.

At Colebrook, as I said, we began on pork. It was the first I had experienced, and I thought it considerably great. Subsequent events, however, succeeded in eradicating that notion from my bosom.

Leaving Colebrook, we started for the Dixville Notch. We inquired the state of the route before starting, and were informed that, 'in some places, it was n't so good as others,' which was about the extent of the information to be obtained. The people of New-Hampshire are remarkably cautious in their statements, and not at all prone to exaggeration, and when we learned that our route was 'in some places a little rough,' we thought to have a comparatively easy time of it. But, shades and ministers of grace defend us! People surrounded by the comforts of civilized life can have no idea of what roads are, or rather, what a road can be, if it only has a mind to. In the first place, it is like going up and down the side of a house. In going down a steep pitch, a bottle was jolted out of the rear of the wagon, and fell over the horses' heads. That's a fact! I have the affidavits. In addition, the way is impeded by immense granite boulders, a number of feet one way, and as many the other, which seem to have been shaken out of a bag, with the profusion of a pepper-box. Then again, there is no road to speak of at all, it having been abandoned, as we afterward learned, some ten years past; the rain also has washed out deep gulleys, where your wheels are on each side, and your horses down below, underneath the wagon. But the crowning feature is the bridges. Bridges here are made to let people through into the water; for that purpose they have large holes in them, loosely covered with brush-wood, and when the unwary traveller steps upon it, he is seen no more; and when they

can't get holes big enough, they have immense logs rotted to the proper point, and when you step upon them, the log caves, as it were, and you then perceive the exact purpose for which the structure was intended, as above stated. We came to one of these bridges, and two of us, having some idea relative to personal safety, declined crossing in the wagon, and got out to see it go down, and sure enough, when the rear horse got in the middle, away went the whole concern, and the animal went through into the bottom of the creek.

It was not, however, so deep but that, by a judicious use of his fore-legs, he could crawl out of the hole through which he had gone down, and he came up on terra firma a wet, and, to some extent, an agitated quadruped.

This may not, perhaps, be interesting to the uninitiated, but one who has not witnessed cannot conceive how funny it looks, to be driving a pair of horses, and suddenly see one disappear to the extent of about one-half, his fore-legs pawing in the air, and his hind-legs somewhere else, not immediately visible, the general effect being that of an attempt to climb a tree, without any particular prospect of success. No accident, however, happened, and no other inconvenience than that of one or more legs going through every bridge we crossed.

The next day we reached the falls of the Androscoggin, but had not yet attained the trouting region. We took a boat and guide, loaded in our traps, and put out for the Megalloway. This river is crooked beyond any power of description; it is a practical exemplification of the ways of the Evil One. One minute the sun is behind you; the next, ahead; then right and left, cross the middle, up and down in every imaginable position. You have to row three miles to get anywhere, if it is n't more than twenty rods off. We reached the lower landing, at the farm where we stopped, and it was about an eighth of a mile by land, and two miles and a half by the river, to the house. Water is not a speedy means of locomotion in Northern New-Hampshire.

Our first day's fishing was in the Diamond river, and a good time we had of it. I tried to keep my feet dry till I tumbled in, and then I staid in. The water here is rapid, and the stream full of rocks, on which you step, and in you go: this is invariable.

In fishing for trout, two things are to be observed; first, you must fall down in the water, and secondly, break your rod: N —— had broken his before he started, and soon in he went, up to his neck. To tumble down in a stream like the Diamond, beside being inconvenient, is confusing; the water carries you off your feet, and bumps you against the rocks; its roar deafens you, and you think you're going to drown; your fishing-basket goes one way, and your tackle another, and you regain your feet with a general sense of damp, to hear your friend laughing at you.

In this day's fishing we caught about seventy-five pounds of trout among four of us. At night we returned, quite well tired, to the farmhouse which was our temporary abode. We had fried pork for supper. I believe I stated that they had pork in this country. We then went to bed, or rather to musquitoes.

There were four of us, with two beds, in a room, which, so far from

David Copperfield's being able to swing a cat in it, he could n't have performed that feat with a kitten.

Having prepared ourselves for repose, out went the candle, and in came the mosquitoes. N —— had brought with him a concoction prepared by some medical friend, which was to keep off these invidious insects. It smelt strongly of spearmint and unclean oil. It worked, however, like a miracle, for the mosquitoes would light on our faces, and their feet would stick fast in the stuff — it had an extract of tar in it for that purpose — and by the time a small troop were thus entrapped, then you had music. Anon you would hear H —— give a rousing clap, and with an expletive state: 'There! I missed him!' So we rolled and tossed, till finally N —— burst out laughing, wanting to know if I was awake.

Sleep being impossible, we lit our pipes, and sat up in bed to take a smoke. Jokes were cracked, stories were told, and we made night, up in that room, comparatively hideous. Next morning we learned that there was a sick baby down stairs, and the supposition in the family was, that our noise had n't helped its colic any.

That house will not soon fade from our memory. We slept in an attic, where the roof slanted down over the heads of the beds, so that it was not ten inches above the pillow: the roof was innocent of lath, plaster, or any of those little amenities that tend to make existence endurable. Rustic ingenuity, upon the rafters over-head, had pinned, in the character of wall-paper, certain emanations of the press, among which were *The Christian Herald*, *Boston Post*, and *New-Hampshire Patriot*.

The strong point of this contrivance was, that all manner of bugs, spiders, and other creeping things, seemed to assemble in convention in the silent watches of the night, and essayed the climbing of these papers, which being rather much inclined, rendered the task of the insects difficult; but perseverance seemed to be a predominant trait, for all night long we heard these reptiles scratching, scraping, and rustling up and down the paper, at the agreeable distance of about a foot from our heads. Occasionally a spider, more adventurous than the rest, would drop down by his web, and alight on our faces, but he generally beat a precipitate retreat. Then, too, there was a death-watch near the head-board, and he kept up his dismal ticking as long as we were conscious. This death-watch is an abominable nuisance. Its regular, monotonous, unceasing beat, heard in fearful proximity about eleven o'clock at night, when every body else is asleep, is enough to drive a nervous man crazy. I would rather have six-pounders fired off at me all night.

However, morning at last came, and we consulted as to what course should be taken, whether to turn homeward and fish on our way back, or strike farther north. We finally concluded to adopt the latter course. We procured a guide, got a wagon, left most of our luggage, took a change of raiment, all the gin, and started. We rode about six miles to a house, which is the last one upon the extremities of civilization. From this place we were to walk over a 'carry,' stated to be about a mile and a half long, but which was nearer six. So we packed our

traps on our backs. Our guide carried all the camp equipage. N — had a fishing-basket with the gin in it; the carpet-bag with our vestments, an axe, a rifle, a skillet, a bag of salt, a chunk of pork — they have pork in this country — some wet matches, and an over-coat: the rest of us followed with such articles as remained, piled on in a promiscuous manner.

This was my first experience in 'carrying,' the generic word for this sort of business, and I must be allowed to state, that as a general proposition, I do not admire this species of locomotion, either in point of speed or comfort. The day was hot, and such a road! eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of any man to conceive. It was up hill and down; through bogs and swamps; over fallen trees; encountering impenetrable thickets. A wagon-path had formerly been cut through the woods, as though some one had entertained the idea that such a route might be travelled by beasts of burden, in connection with some kind of vehicle; if such a notion was ever conceived, we can only be amused at the simplicity of the individual. The path was infested with immense rocks that were smooth and slippery with moss, and when you put your foot on them, down you went, and when you were down, the mosquitoes had you; for though when in motion their attacks were suspended, yet, if you stopped, they came at you with renewed vehemence.

Slipping and falling, when you are fresh and light, is not of much consequence; but when you are tired out, and have an hundred pounds on your back, it's a fearful joke. I had trudged on till, through fatigue, I had become just desperate, and would not have made any exertion to save life itself. I stepped on the point of a stone, it was treacherous, and myself, pack and all, reposed softly in the morass. The mud was knee-deep; exhausted nature had spent all her energies; I could not move hand nor foot; the mosquitoes assailed me in legions; through an opening in the trees, the sun poured down his relentless rays; I thought my hour had come, and memory, unconsciously reverting to the days of childhood, I was about beginning 'Now I lay me down' — when I heard N — on ahead exclaiming, at the top of his voice, in all the consciousness of immense and impregnable strength:

'There is a pleasure in the pathless wood.'

It would have afforded me satisfaction, there and then to have knocked his head off.

We accomplished the end, nevertheless, and reached the bank of the Megalloway just above the falls, to avoid which, we had passed the 'carry.' We found here a little flat-bottomed boat, about fourteen feet long, and amply sufficient to carry a pound of butter and a dozen eggs, and when the guide told us that we were all to go in that cockle-shell, I proceeded to narrate to him a legend relating to three individuals of age and experience, who are reported to have dwelt in the State of New-York, and who set forth upon a certain journey by water, in a class of sailing-craft not popularly in vogue among mariners, and with regard to whom it is confidently asserted, that if their means of conveyance

had been of a more permanent character, their traditionary reminiscences would have been prolonged.

Our guide, however, assured us, that the week before, the same frail bark had brought down four men, with a moose they had killed; and somewhat reassured, but still with fear and trembling, we loaded our luggage. The vessel sank in the water to within three inches of her gunwale, and we had to keep the trim so nicely adjusted, that if you winked one eye without the other, you were in imminent danger of upsetting.

Once fairly started, thoughts of danger vanished, and our little boat glanced over the water at a refreshing rate.

The river was perfectly still, with no current, and its smooth surface only broken by the leap of the trout, and the splashing start of the frightened wild duck. High mountains arose on either side, and the river-banks were lined with scrubby pine and birch, whose interlaced boughs rendered passage impervious except to the denizens of the forest.

Our point of destination was a place called Beaver Brook, some two miles up the stream, where it was supposed that trout would be found; We reached there about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sport then began in earnest. In my time I have fished, as it may be, considerable. I have fished for various specimens of the finny tribe; I have essayed cod in Boston harbor, and herring and mackerel on the sea-coast; I have whipped almost every stream for trout in Massachusetts and Connecticut; I have taken salmon in the Ohio, trout in Mackinaw and Minnesota, perch in the Mississippi, and bobbed for whale on the coasts of Florida, but I had not reached the acme of fishing. As before stated, I had heard all sorts of 'fish stories' from persons who had explored the Northern regions; I had listened to their statements with silent acquiescence, but inwardly distrusting; but when the reality came, there was no exaggeration that could at all come up to the simple fact. Innocent stranger! Thou who readest these lines! perhaps you never caught a trout. If so, thou knowest not for what life was originally intended. Thou art a vain, insignificant mortal! pursuing shadows! Ambition lures thee, Fame dazzles, Wealth leads thee on panting! Thou art chasing spectres, goblins that satisfy not. If thou hast not caught a trout, this world is to thee, as yet, a blank; existence is a dream! Go and weep. Come with me, and thou shalt see for what man was made. Thou shalt learn for what those faculties were given, that thou art wasting on minor objects. The brook rolls brightly before thee; the forest is deep and wild, and its branches hang over the stream; it leaps on with silvery laughter, like youth that bounds joyfully to the dark ocean of age. Its smooth waters dash against the rocks, and become brawling foam, as broken hopes are turned to raging passions. It darts through narrow places, over opposing obstacles, as untiring energy bursts its way through untried and devious paths. It gathers in quiet pools, and returns in gentle eddies up the stream, as the thwarted purpose, the disappointed wish, recoils upon itself, or settles into sluggish apathy.

Now, put up your pole, and take your first trout, poor innocent. Rig on your fly! not that great big red thing—put on that little gray one

ith the small hook. Do n't you know that a trout is the daintiest, most delicate fish that swims? You pitch at him a bait as big as your fist, and he'll turn up his nose in disgust; but just cover the point of your hook with the smallest possible piece of worm, or take the smallest fly, and he'll go at it like a shark. Now, do you see that dark object off yonder, lying by the side of that stone? — that's about a pound and a half: we'll have him. Pitch in your fly and skip it over the water lively; not that way — that's down the stream; cast your fly up. If you had any sense, which you have n't, you'd know that trout always lie with their heads up-stream; and if you cast down-stream, in the first place, they'll see you and won't bite, and if they do, you'll pull the hook right out of their mouths; but if you throw up stream, they bite faster, and you have a better chance of striking your barb through their gills. There! your fly touches the water; see those fellows jump at it; but those are little fellows, and do n't weigh more than a quarter of a pound. Follow N ——'s suggestion, and put up a notice on the bank: 'Small Trout are requested not to bite!'

Now heave again. See there! — that was a pretty jump he made; but he missed. Try him once more and you'll strike. Now he's on; let your reel run; there he goes up-stream. How nicely he springs out of the water; he's got frightened, and do n't know what's the rumpus. Reel him in a little; do n't pull too hard, or you'll break your pole; you see, it's bent double already. Just hold him tight enough to guide him, and he'll tire himself out in a few minutes; he can't stand it long, dashing about at this rate. Do n't get too much excited, or he'll fool you yet. When you strike a fish you must be cool and collected. You see they are of an excitable temperament, and when they get the barb into their mouths they become agitated; they are also gamy, and make a good fight, and consequently, if you are anywise rash, and attempt to get them in too soon, ten to one you'll break your line. Now you see the rascal has started down-stream for the river, and thinks if he gets into deep water he'll be out of the way. Let him slide; let your reel go out its full length. Now he's still; he do n't feel you pull, and thinks he's safe. Begin and reel him up. Now he's waked up again worse than ever. Do n't he go pretty? Just hold him steady up the stream, and as his mouth is wide open, he'll drown soon; because, if you drown a trout he thereby becomes dead, and when dead, is in a perfectly passive state. See, his struggles are becoming feebler and feebler; you'll have him soon. Be patient: now he's still; pull him up to the side of the boat and take hold of him just behind the gills. There, is n't he a beauty? Do n't those bright spots and silver stripes go to your heart? Do n't you wish you were as good-looking as a trout? Would n't you captivate your friends?

The shades of eve begin to fall. I sit in the foot; N —— a little below; H —— above. It is still as night, except the repeated splash of fish as they rise at the fly, or as they struggle in vain attempts to escape.

I have at various times, in various places, made various statements with regard to our success upon that particular afternoon, none of which have as yet been believed. Friends, of whom I had a right to expect

better things, have upon occasions winked knowingly when I have narrated my experience ; some have laughed outright ; some have remarked unreservedly that that was a 'fish story.' Others have detected seeming inconsistencies, and irreverently asked for explanations ; and again it has been inquired which was the trout, and which was the gin. I therefore will content myself with the following statement, made upon honor, that in a very short time we caught a very large number of fish.

While we were fishing, our guide was pitching our tent. Our guide was a great institution ; he was a complete back-woodsman. With an axe he could do or make any thing in the world. I believe he could make a watch with that axe. He could chop down a tree in no time, and in the tree he'd find a coon, or a nest of squirrels, and a whole hive full of wild honey ; whereupon he'd have food and raiment for a month. He had great skill and mechanical ingenuity ; and though of slight frame, his strength was enormous, and his endurance eternal. He could row a boat all day without stopping. He could climb over rocks and mountains for a week with a pack on his back, that I could n't lift with a pair of horses. He'd be in the water for twelve hours without inconvenience. He was modest, good-natured, always ready to do any thing, and was amazingly tickled to hear us talk and joke. He confined himself principally to gin. In the few days he was with us, he became very fond of us ; and when we parted, he rigged a sail out of my shawl, with which we rowed comfortably against a head-wind for seven miles.

He was fond of woods sport. When we had finished fishing and it grew dark, we went ashore to where he had rigged our tent. He had cut a quantity of small hemlock boughs, with which he covered the floor of the tent about six inches deep, over which he spread his camp blankets, and made a couch softer than downy pillows are. He had also a huge log fire, and we made preparations to cook supper. Imprimis, a skillet is indispensable in the woods. It is convertible to many uses and purposes ; you can bail a boat with it splendidly ; wash your face with it ; boil water, and make tea, and wash the dishes ; bake bread ; fry potatoes, pork, and trout, and feed the dogs with it after supper.

So we got out the skillet, cleaned a lot of trout, cut the slices of pork, (we had brought a piece of pork, and a bag containing bread and doughnuts ; to be sure they had been in the bottom of the boat, and all got soaked, but that made no difference,) and the pork hissed, and we turned the trout with a wooden spoon and put salt on them, and then the trout hissed ; once in a while one would drop into the fire, and if the dog was n't watching, and you were quick, you could get it again. But I had a big fight over one great fellow that tumbled out of the pan : I got him by the head and the dog got him by the tail, and it was nip and tuck, pull Dick, pull devil : the dog a little ahead, for the fish broke in two, and he got mor'n half ; but he subsequently choked on the back-bone, at which I was rejoiced. We rang the bell for tea. The guide made some torches of birch-bark, and stuck them up around, and we had an illuminated banquet-hall.

We spread our viands on another piece of birch-bark ; each fellow took a forked stick, and then and there we fed. We then cleared away the

table and washed the dishes, by throwing the birch-bark into the fire and leaving the skillet to the dog.

We then held a council of war, and concluded to cross-examine a bottle of gin. Gin has its uses in the woods. But we were without water, and had nothing but those leathern drinking-cups, holding about a gill. Here was a difficulty at once, for to be under the necessity of going down to the stream every time you wanted a drink, was not to be thought of; beside, we might be thirsty in the night. But our guide solved the problem. He took that immortal axe and went off into the woods, and came back in a minute with some large sheets of birch-bark — birch-bark is also a wonderful invention; so he sat down to make a birch-bark bucket. I do n't know how it's done; N ——— does, and he showed me two or three times; but for the life of me, I could n't see through it. About these things I'm thick about the head. It is some how thus: you take a large square sheet of birch-bark and some wooden pins, you turn up one end of the bark and stick in a pin, you then turn up the side and fasten it to the end; you double the ends together and fasten them with these pins; turn it up all around, so the water won't run out, fasten it, and there's your bucket; it is a very simple contrivance, and eminently practical. He got one completed, and found a knot-hole in the bottom, but finally made one that held about three quarts; so we filled it, placed it beside the tent and began those experiments with the gin, to which brief allusion has been made.

After eating and drinking, we lit our pipes. You take pipes and tobacco in this country altogether; segars are perfectly useless. I carried the tobacco loose in one of my pockets, which was a reservoir for the whole party. One has no idea of the luxury of a pipe in the woods until it has been tried; it is vastly superior to any other known method of combusting the weed. You might smoke forty segars and not obtain the same amount of satisfaction that a solitary pipe affords. Therefore we sat in the door of the tent, and as the smoke curled gracefully away, we had sundry operatic performances, in which I acted the part of Prima, and N ——— of base, Donna; and the woods rang with the entrancing melody of our voices; while afar off we heard the hoot of the owl, and once in a while, the scream of a wild-cat; but we were not at all alarmed.

I should not omit to relate one of my troubles, and that was in the way of boots. A kind friend at Hanover lent me a fine pair of fishing-boots, that came almost up to my ears, and had great big legs to them. I first fished with them in the Diamond River. I endeavored to manœuvre so as not to go over boot-top, but pretty soon I tumbled in, and when I got up my boots were full of water, and weighed about two tons apiece; so I waded ashore for the purpose of eliminating the element. I laid down on my back, and raised my heels up in the air, and the ultimate consequences were, that the whole quantity of fluid found its way out at the back of my neck, just below the left ear. During our whole trip the great occasion of the day was the getting my boots off. Many of you know what wet boots are; I had them in perfection. Our guide was a first-rate boot-jack, otherwise I should be wearing the articles at the present day. I laid down on the floor, N ——— would take hold of my shoulders, the guide and H ——— hold of my boots, and

we would work, and twist, and accomplish the feat, or rather feet, in about an half-hour. Item, when fishing for trout, wear shoes.

Boots off, and otherwise happy, we lay in the tent, smoked and employed ourselves in the charms of conversation. Our guide had gone off into the woods some distance, and soon we heard a crackling and snapping, as though the world was about to conflagrate.* We rushed out of the tent, and saw, off in the forest, a large tree all on fire from turret to foundation-stone. It flashed, and blazed, and roared, and I thought the whole wilderness was going, so I seized a few articles of value, and was about taking to the water for safety, but was restrained by N —, who said it was some of the guide's work, which it proved to be. Birch trees are covered with a light bark, which every year peels off to about the thickness of a sheet of paper; this dies, and drying, becomes like tinder, and is used as such; and if you touch a match to the root of a tree, the blaze flashes up in a moment over every limb, and makes as fine a specimen of indigenous fire-work as may be desired. The night was very dark, and there the tree stood, every limb and branch all in a blaze, and lightening up the forest like day. The wild birds started from their roosts, flying helter, skelter; deer and other vermin were scampering in promiscuous confusion, and altogether it was pleasant. Soon another tree started, and then another, and soon half a dozen, in all directions; and to us, who were novices, the spectacle was beautiful. Our guide soon came back — he had been prowling round in his stocking feet — and we all went to bed.

The next morning we all went to fishing, and fished to our hearts' content; in fact, we became perfectly satiated and disgusted. They bit so fast, and we caught so many, that we lost all relish for it. We filled our boat almost full. Any thing less than a half-pound in weight we threw back into the water; and after we all got sick of it, we agreed to take down our poles and not put them up again in that part of the country. About eighty pounds of the largest we concluded to take home with us; so our guide made a species of box out of elm-bark, in which we salted down our fish, to pack on our backs.

I have thus given an outline of one day's occurrences, and the others were like unto it. We had just as much trout-fishing as we wanted. We eat so many that we almost killed ourselves; and finally came to the conclusion, that trout were not what they were cracked up to be, after all.

W A K E N I N G .

EARTH's sleeping shadows
Blush 'neath the flow
Of the soft-gushing twilight,
As it waves to-and-fro;
Morn breaks o'er the wildness
Of mountain and flood,
The dark vista widens
To infinitude:

But the soft-falling star-beams,
That smiled from the night,
Are lost in the brightness
Of day's glaring light:
So my visions of beauty
Have faded away
'Neath the widening vista
Of life's burning day!

Albany, (N. Y.), Sept., 1857.

GAY HUMSOLDT.

ST. HELENA: THE FIFTH OF MAY, 1821.

FROM THE 'SONGS OF BRANAGER.'

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

A SPANISH* ship hath offered me its deck,
 To quit those shores, after five weary years,
 Where — a heroic empire's humblest wreck —
 I strove to hide the exile's bitter tears.
 Now, far from Ind, I sail in happier vein,
 With hope renewed, toward my native skies!
 Poor soldier, I shall see my France again,
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes.

Just HEAVEN! our pilot 'St. Helena!' cries,
 Lo! there the hero languishes betrayed!
There, Spaniards, even *your* bitter hatred dies:
 With me, ye curse this trap by treachery made!
 I can do naught then, naught to set him free!
 The days are past of glorious emprise!
 My France, poor soldier, I at least shall see,
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes.

Perhaps he sleeps — he, whose resistless might
 Swept, like the death-shot, over twenty thrones.
 May he not spread once more his eagle flight
 To hear his death-chant sung in royal groans?
 Ah! no; this Rock frowns out Hope's every chance
 He shares no more the secrets of the skies!
 Well! well! poor soldier, I shall yet see France,
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes!

E'en Victory, tolling in his giant stride,
 Grew weary; but *he* waited not to rest.
 Though twice betrayed, twice treachery he defied;
 But ah! what vipers round his pathway pressed!
 Beneath the Victor's crown Death oft hath lain,
 For deadly poison in each laurel lies!
 Poor soldier, I shall still see France again,
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes!

When, from some height, a wandering bark they spy —
 'Can it be he?' each trembling tyrant groans:
 'Comes he again to seize the world? Oh! fly!
 Arm all our millions to defend our thrones!' —
 While he, worn out with sufferings, perchance
 His last farewell to his loved country sighs:
 Poor soldier, I at least shall yet see France,
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes!

* Of all the nations of Europe, the Spaniards had the most just causes of complaint against NAPOLEON. In placing his soldier, therefore, on a Spanish vessel, the author's intention was to show how far the misfortunes of this great man had reconciled all nations to his name.

Mighty in genius, mighty too in worth;
 Why with the sceptre did he arm his pride?
 He towered before o'er all the thrones of earth
 Nor needed kingly baubles at his side.
There, like a watch-tower o'er *one* world too old,
 And *one* but new-born doth his glory rise!
 Poor soldier, I shall still my France behold,
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes.

Good Spaniards, hold! what see ye on yon shore?
 A black flag! God! what shudders o'er me creep!
He die? O Fame! thy widow's weeds no more
 Shalt thou cast off! *His* foes around me weep!
 Far from this ghastly Rock in silence flee:
 The star of Day forsakes the mourning skies!
 Alas! poor soldier, France I yet shall see,
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes.

Clover Hill, Sept., 1857.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. GOZZENS.

The Great Nova Scotia Railway — Windsor on Avon — Sam Slick — A Ride to the Gasperau — Historic Incidents — What followed the second marriage of La Tour — Le Borgne's Claim — Cromwell's Claim — Temple's Claim — Acadia again ceded to France — The Phipps Expedition — Subjugation of the Province — Villabon's Expedition — Church's Invasion — Acadia again surrendered — The Oath of Allegiance — The Fall of Louisburgh — Halifax settled — Indian Atrocities — The Brave Three Hundred — The Massacre at Norridgewoack — Le Père Ralle — The Basin of Minas from the Summit of the Gasperau.

THE great Nova Scotia railway, nine and three-quarter miles in length, skirts the margin of Bedford Basin, and ends at the head of that blue sheet of water in the village of Sackville. It was amusing to see the gravity and importance of the conductor, in uniform frock-coat and with crown and V. R. buttons, as he paced up and down the platform before starting; and the quiet dignity of the sixpenny ticket-office; and the busy air of the freight-master, checking off boxes and bundles for the distant terminus, which could barely be distinguished by the naked eye. But it was a pleasant ride, that by the Basin! Not less pleasant because of the company of an old friend, with wife and children, who went with me to the end of the iron road. Arrived there, we parted, with many a hearty hand-shake, and thence I went by stage to Windsor, on the river Avon, forty-five miles or so, west of Halifax; beyond which again lies Grand-pré. Windsor is a pretty village by Avon's side, not so famous as its English namesake, nor is its river quite

so interesting as that which runs by Stratford's storied banks, yet it hath a goodly college, and a pleasant site, and here, bowered in trees, lives Judge Haliburton, the author of 'Sam Slick, the Clock-Maker.' I admire 'Sam Slick,' as the Judge is familiarly called, for his hearty hostility to Republican institutions. It is natural, straightforward, shrewd, and no doubt sincere. At the same time it affords a striking example of how much the colonial or satellite form of government tends to limit the scope of a mind, which, under happier skies, and in a wider orbit, might have displayed itself to advantage.

But the stage waits for Lower Horton, and we must bid farewell to Windsor. Over the bridge, and over the Avon, and we bowl along the smooth road, between well-cultivated farms, toward Grand-Pré, and the Gasperau. Let us take up the historic thread of events that lead to the closing scenes in the Acadian drama; the cowardly conquest, the wanton, useless cruelty, of which the place we are approaching was the theatre.

The marriage of La Tour to the widow of his deceased rival, Charnisé, for a time enabled that brave young adventurer to remain in quiet possession of the territory. But to the Catholic Court of France, a suspected, although not an avowed Protestant, in commission, was an object of distrust. No matter what might have been his former services, and, indeed, his defence of Cape Sable had saved the French possessions from the encroachments of the Sterling patent, yet he was heretic to the true faith, and therefore defenceless in an important point against the attacks of an enemy. Such an one was La Tour le Borgne, who professing to be a creditor of Charnisé, opened his claim against Charles Etienne, upon that ground, (unlucky was it for La Tour that the widow of Charnisé should turn out to be such poor property,) and pressing his suit with all the ardor of bigotry and rapacity, easily succeeded 'in obtaining a decree by which he was authorized to enter upon the possessions of his *deceased debtor!*' But the adherents of Charles Etienne did not readily yield to the new adventurer. They had tasted the sweets of religious liberty, and were not disposed to come within the arbitrary yoke without a struggle. Disregarding the 'decree,' they stood out manfully against the forces of Le Borgne. Again were Catholic French, and Protestant French cannon pointed against each other in unhappy Acadia. But fort after fort fell beneath the new claimant's superior artillery, until Le Borgne himself was met by a counter-force of bigotry, before which his own was as chaff to the fanning-mill. The man of England, Oliver Cromwell, had his little claim too, in Acadia. Against his forces both La Tour and Le Borgne made but ineffectual resistance. Acadia for the third time fell into the hands of the English.

Now in the history of the world there is nothing more patent than this: that persecution, in the name of religion, is only a ring of calamities, which sooner or later euds where it began. And this portion of its history can be cited as an example. Charles Etienne de la Tour, alienated by the unjust treatment of his countrymen, decided to accept the protection of his national enemy. As the heir of Claude de la Tour, he laid claim to the Sterling grants, (which it will be remem-

bered had been bestowed by William Alexander after the unsuccessful attack upon Cape Sable upon the elder La Tour,) and in conjunction with two English Puritans obtained a new patent for Acadia from the Protector, under the great seal, with the title of Sir Charles La Tour. During the life of Cromwell, Acadia remained an English possession, although the colonists were French, until 1668, when it was again ceded to France by Charles II. But in the interim, Sir Thomas Temple (one of the partners in the Cromwell patent) had purchased the interest of Charles Etienne in Acadia. Sir Thomas having embarked all his fortune in the enterprise, was not disposed to submit to the arbitrary disposal of his property by this treaty; and therefore endeavored to evade its articles by making a distinction between such parts of the Province as were supposed to constitute Acadia proper, and the other portions of the territory comprehended under the title of Nova Scotia. 'This distinction being deemed frivolous,' Sir Thomas was ordered to obey the letter of the treaty, and accordingly *the whole of Nova Scotia* was delivered up to the Chevalier de Grande Fontaine. During twenty years succeeding this event, Acadia enjoyed comparative repose; subject only to occasional visits of fillibusters. At the expiration of that time, a more serious invasion was meditated. Under the command of Sir William Phipps, a native of New-England, three ships, with transports and soldiers, appeared before Port Royal, and demanded an unconditional surrender. Although the fort was poorly garrisoned, this was refused by Manivel, the French Governor, but finally terms of capitulation were agreed upon: these were, that the French troops should be allowed to retain their arms and baggage, and be carried to Quebec; that the inhabitants should be maintained in the peaceable possession of their property, and in the exercise of their religion; and that the honor of the women should be observed. Sir William agreed to the conditions, but declined signing the articles, pompously intimating that the 'word of a General was a better security than any document whatever.' The French Governor, deceived by this specious parade of language, took the New-England fillibuster at his word, and formally surrendered the keys of the fortress, according to the verbal contract. Again was poor Acadia the victim of her perfidious enemy. Sir William, disregarding the terms of the capitulation, and the 'word of a General,' violated the articles he had pledged his honor to maintain, disarmed and imprisoned the soldiers, sacked the churches, and gave the place up to all the ruthless cruelties and violences of a general pillage. Not only this, the too credulous Governor, Manivel, was himself imprisoned, plundered of money and clothes, and carried off on board the conqueror's frigate with many of his unfortunate companions, to view the farther spoiliations of his countrymen. Many a peaceful Acadian village expired in flames during that coasting expedition, and to add to the miseries of the defenceless Acadians, two *piratical* vessels followed in the wake of the pious Sir William, and set fire to the houses, slaughtered the cattle, hanged the inhabitants, and deliberately burned one whole family, whom they had shut up in a dwelling-house for that purpose.

Soon after this, Sir William was rewarded with the governorship of

New-England, as Argall had been with that of Virginia, nearly a century before.

Now let it be remembered that in these expeditions, very little, if any, attempt was made by the invaders to colonize or reside on the lands they were so ready to lay waste and destroy. The mind of the species 'Puritan,' by rigid discipline hardened against all frivolous amusements, and insensible to the charms of the drama, and the splendors of the mimic spectacle, with its hollow shows of buckram, tinsel, and paste-board, seems to have been peculiarly fitted to enjoy these more substantial enterprises, which, owing to the defenceless condition of the French Province, must have appeared to the rigid Dudleys and Endicotts merely as a series of light and elegant pastimes.

Scarcely had Sir William Phipps returned to Boston, when the Chevalier Villabon came from France with troops and implements of war. On his arrival, he found the British flag flying at Port Royal, but unsupported by an English garrison. Of course it was immediately lowered from the flag-staff, and the white flag of Louis substituted. Once more Acadia was under the dominion of parental government.

Villabon, in a series of petty skirmishes, soon recovered the territory, which was only occupied at a few points by feeble New-England garrisons, and, in conjunction with a force of Abenaki Indians, laid siege to the fort at Pemaquid, on the Penobscot, and captured it. In this affair the famous Baron Castine was engaged. His history is intimately connected with that of the Province, but as the particulars of his romantic story do not affect the main course of events, farther allusion to him is unnecessary in this place.

The capture of the fort at Pemaquid, led to a train of reprisals, conspicuous in which was an actor in the theatre of events who heretofore had not appeared upon the Acadian stage. This was Col. Church, a celebrated bushwhacker and Indian-fighter, of memorable account in the King Philip war.

In order to estimate truly the condition of the respective parties, we must remember the severe iron and gun-powder nature of the Puritan of New-England, his prejudices, his dyspepsia ; his high-peaked hat and ruff ; his troublesome conscience and catarrh ; his natural antipathies to Papists and Indians, from having been scalped by one, and roasted by both ; his English insolence ; and his religious bias, at once tyrannic and territorial.

Then on the other, we must call to view the simple Acadian peasant, Papist or Protestant, just as it happened ; ignorant of the great events of the world ; a mere offshoot of rural Normandy ; without a thought of other possessions than those he might reclaim from the sea by his dykes ; credulous, pure-minded, patient of injuries ; that like the swallow in the spring, thrice built the nest, and when again it was destroyed,

——— 'found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place it flew,
And with its mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built the nest anew.'

Against such a people, the expedition of Col. Church, fresh from the slaughter of Pequod wars, bent its merciless energies. Regardless of the

facts that the people were non-resistants ; that the expeditions of the French had been only feeble retaliations of great injuries ; and always by levies from the mother country, and not from the colonists ; that Villabon, at the capture of Pemaquid, had generously saved the lives of the soldiers in the garrison from the fury of the Mic-Macs, who had just grounds of retribution for the massacres which had marked the former inroads of these ruthless invaders ; nevertheless the wrath of the Pilgrim Fathers fell upon the unfortunate Acadians as though they had been a nation of Sepoys. One incident will suffice to relate this period of the story. A small island on Passamaquoddy Bay was invaded by the forces under Col. Church, at night. The inhabitants made no resistance. All gave up ; ' but,' says Church in his dispatch to the Governor, ' looking over a little run, I saw something look black just by me, stopped and heard a talking ; stepped over and saw a little hut or wigwam, with a crowd of people round about it, which was contrary to my former directions. I asked them what they were doing ? They replied, there were some of the enemy in a house, and would not come out. I asked, what house ? They said, ' a bark house.' I hastily bid them pull it down, and knock them on the head, never asking whether they were French or Indians, they being all enemies alike to me.' Such was the merciless character of these forays in peaceful Acadia.

' Herod of Galilee's babe-butcherer deed
Lives not on history's blushing page alone;
Our skies, it seems, have seen like victims bleed,
And our own Ramahs echoed groan for groan;
The fiends of France, whose cruelties decreed
Those dexterous drownings in the Loire and Rhone,
Were, at their worst, but copyists, second-hand,
Of our shrined, sainted sires, the Plymouth pilgrim band.'

One of the severest cruelties practised upon these inoffensive people, was that of requiring them to betray their friends the Indians, under the heaviest penalties. In Acadia, the red and the white man were as brothers ; no treachery, no broken faith, no over-reaching policy had severed the slightest fibre of good fellowship on either side. But the Abenaki race was a warlike people. At the first invasion, under Argall, the red man had seen with surprise, a mere handful of white men disputing for a territory, to which neither could offer a claim ; so vast as to make either occupation or control by the adventurers ridiculous ; and therefore with good-natured zeal, he had hastened to put an end to the quarrel, as though the white people had only been fractious but not irreconcilable kinsmen. But as the power of New-England advanced more and more in Acadia, the first generous desire of the red man had merged into suspicion, and finally hatred of the peaked hat and ruff of Plymouth. In all his dealings with the Acadians, the Indian had found only unimpeachable faith and honor ; but with the colonist of Massachusetts, there had been nothing but over-reaching and treachery : intercourse with the first had not led to a scratch, or a single drop of blood ; while on the other hand a bounty of ' one hundred pounds was offered for each male of their tribe if over twelve years of age, if scalped ; one hundred and five pounds if taken prisoner ;

fifty pounds for *each woman and child scalped*, and fifty pounds when brought in alive.'

The Abenaki tribes therefore, first, to avenge the injuries of their unresisting friends, the Acadians; and after to avenge their own; waged war upon the invaders with all the severities of an aggrieved and barbarous people. And, as I have said before, the severest cruelty inflicted upon the Acadian colonist, was to oblige him to betray his best friend and protector, the painted heathen, with whom he struck hands and plighted faith. To the honor of those colonists, be it said, that although they saw their long years' labor of dykes broken down, the sea sweeping over their farms, the fire rolling about their homesteads, their cattle and sheep destroyed, their effects plundered, and wanton and nameless outrages committed by the soldiery; yet in no instance did they purchase indemnity from these, by betraying a single Indian.

During the invasion of Church, the inhabitants of Grand-Pré were exposed to treatment as may be conceived of, when such an enemy marched in upon their defenceless villages. The smoke from the borders of five rivers, overlooked by Blomidon, rose up in the still air, after the departure of the New-England forces, and again the sea rolled past the broken dykes, which for nearly a century had kept out its desolating waters between the Cape and the Gasperau. Was it surprising that here and there a people so driven to despair, made a gallant stand against their ruthless enemies? But, like our own stand against tyranny, the defence of Acadia was only 'a war of outposts,' and with minor results. Articles of capitulation were finally agreed upon at Port Royal, between the Acadian Governor on the one side, and the Colonial Commander-in-Chief on the other, by which the Province was again placed in the hands of its rapacious neighbors. By the unfortunate terms of the capitulation, the inhabitants, within cannon-shot of the fort, were obliged to take an oath of allegiance and fidelity to her majesty Queen Anne, with the privilege of remaining upon their estates two years. But the privilege of protection 'within cannon-shot,' was speedily construed into an edict beyond cannon-shot; and soon after, a strong detachment under a Captain Pigeon, was dispatched to enforce the letter of allegiance to the Crown. While in pursuit of this duty, the expedition was attacked by a body of Indians and destroyed; this led to farther difficulties, until the conclusion of peace between the rival kingdoms in 1713. In the treaty agreed upon by the contracting powers, Acadia was surrendered to England. Then the weight of the oath of allegiance fell heavily upon the innocent colonists. We can scarcely appreciate now the abhorrence of a people, so conscientious as this, to take an oath of fidelity to a race that had only been known to them by its rapacity. But partly by persuasion, partly by menace, a majority of the Acadians took the oath, which was as follows:

'Il promets et jure sincerement, en foi de Chretien, que je serai entiere-ment fidele et oberai vraiment sa Majeste La Roi George, que je reconnais pour le Souverain seigneur de l'Acadie, ou Nouvelle Ecosse, ainsi Dieu me soit en aide.'

Under the shadow of the protection derived from their acceptance of this oath, the Acadians reposed a few years. It did not oblige them to

bear arms against their countrymen, nor did it compromise their religious independence of faith. Again the dykes were built to resist the encroachments of the sea; again village after village rose — at the mouth of the Gasperau, on the shores of the Canard, beside the Strait of Frontenac, at Le Have, and Rossignol, at Port Royal, and Pisiquid. During all these years no attempt had been made by the captors of the Province, to colonize the places baptized with the waters of Puritan progress. Lunenburg had been settled with King William's Dutchmen; the walls of Louisburgh were rising in one of the harbors of a neighboring island; but in no instance had the fillibusters projected a colony on the soil which had been wrested from its rightful owners. The only result of all their bloody visitations upon a non-resisting people, had been to make defenceless Acadia a neutral province. From this time until the close of the drama, in all the wars between the Georges and the Louises, in both hemispheres, the people of Acadia went by the name of 'The Neutral French.'

Meantime the walls of Louisburgh were rising on the island of Cape Breton, which, with Canada, still remained under the sovereign rule of the French. The Acadians were invited to remove within the protection of this formidable fortress, but they preferred remaining entrenched behind their dykes, firmly believing that the only invader they now had to dread was the sea, inasmuch as they had accepted the oath of fidelity, in which, and in their inoffensive pursuits, they imagined themselves secure from farther molestation. Some of their Indian neighbors, however, accepted the invitation of the Cape Breton French, and removed thither. These simple savages, notwithstanding the changes in the government, still regarded the Acadians as friends, and the English as enemies. They could not comprehend the nature of a treaty by which their own lands were ceded to a hostile force; a treaty in which they were neither consulted nor considered.* They had their own injuries to remember, which in nowise had been balanced in the compact of the strangers. The rulers in New-France (so says the chronicler) 'affected to consider the Indians as an independent people.' At Canseau, at Cape Sable, at Annapolis, and Passamaquoddy, English forts, fishing-stations, and vessels were attacked and destroyed by the savages with all the circumstances that make up the hideous features of barbaric reprisal. Unhappy Acadia came in for her share of condemnation. Although her innocent people had no part in these transactions, yet her missionaries had converted the Abenaki to faith in the symbol of the crucifixion, and it was currently reported and credited in New-England, that they had taught the savages to believe also the English were the people who had crucified our Saviour. To complicate matters again, the Chevalier de St. George (of whom there is no recollection except that he was anonymous, both as a Prince and as a man) sent his son, the fifth remove in stupidity, of the most stupid line of monarchs (not even excepting the Georges) that ever wore crowns, to stir up an insurrection among the most obtuse race of people that ever wore, or went without, breeches. A war be-

* In the treaty of Utrecht, no mention was made either of the Indians or of their lands.

tween France and England followed the descent of the Pretender. A war naturally followed in the Colonies. Cape Breton had always been a tempting bait for New-England enterprise, on account of the fisheries. The siege and capture of the great French fortress of Louisburgh, by the levies of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, and Connecticut, under General Pepperal, was consequent upon the movements of events on the other side. But New-England had an eye to those fisheries! Is it not reasonable to suppose that the incursion of the Pretender had as much influence upon 'the solid men of Boston' then as now?

Again the ring of fire and slaughter met and ended in a treaty; the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, by which Cape Breton was ceded to France, and Nova Scotia, or Acadia, to England. Up to this time no attempt at colonizing the fertile valleys of Acadia, by its captors, had been successful. At last, under large and favorable grants from the Crown, a colony was established by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, at a place called Halifax. Settlers poured into the new colony from the migratory centre of the moral world; Plymouth Rock sent forth her trained bands of bullet-headed and percussion-capped clergy. No sooner was Halifax settled, than sundry tribes of red men made predatory visits to the borders of the new colony. Reprisals followed reprisals, and it is not easy to say on which side lay the largest amount of savage fury. At the same time the Acadians remained true to the spirit and letter of the oath they had taken. 'They had relapsed,' says the chronicler, 'into a sort of sullen neutrality.' This was considered just cause of offence. The oath which had satisfied Governor Phipps, did not satisfy George II. A new oath of allegiance was tendered, by which the Acadians were required to become loyal subjects of the English Crown, to bear arms against their countrymen, and the Indians, to whom the poor colonists were bound by so many ties of obligation and affection. The consciences of these simple people revolted at a requisition 'so repugnant to the feelings of human nature.' Three hundred of the younger and braver Acadians took up arms against their oppressors. This overt act was just what was desired by the wily Puritans. Acadia, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, was placed under the ban of having violated the oath of neutrality in the persons of the three hundred. In vain the great body of the people protested that this act was contrary to their wishes, their peaceful habits, and beyond their control. At the fort of Beau Sejour, the brave three hundred made a gallant stand, but were defeated. Would there had been a Leonidas among them! Would that the whole of their kinsmen had erected forts instead of dykes, and dropped the plough-handles to press the edge of the sabre against the grindstone! Sad indeed is the fate of that people who make any terms with such an enemy, except such as may be granted at the bayonet's point. Sad indeed is the condition of that people who are wrapt in security when Persecution steals in upon them, hiding its bloody hands under the garments of sanctity.

Among the many incidents of these cruel wars, the fate of a Jesuit priest may stand as a type of the rest. Le Père Ralle had been a missionary for forty years among the various tribes of the Abenaki. 'His literary attainments were of a high order;' his knowledge of modern languages respectable; 'his Latin,' according to Haliburton,

'was pure, classical, and elegant;' and he was master of several of the Abenaki dialects; indeed, a manuscript dictionary of the Abenaki languages, in his hand-writing, is still preserved in the library of Harvard University. Of one of these tribes, the Norridgewoacks, Father Ralle was the pastor. Its little village was on the banks of the Kennebeck; the roof of its tiny chapel rose above the pointed wigwams of the savages; and a huge cross, the emblem of peace, lifted itself above all, the conspicuous feature of the settlement in the distance. By the tribe over which he had exercised his gentle rule for so many years, Le Père Ralle was regarded with superstitious reverence and affection.

It does not appear that these people had been accused of any overt acts, but nevertheless, the village was marked out for destruction. Two hundred and eight Massachusetts men were dispatched upon this errand. The settlement was surprised at night, and a terrible scene of slaughter ensued. Ralle came forth from his chapel to save, if possible, the lives of his miserable parishioners. 'As soon as he was seen,' says the chronicler,* 'he was saluted with a great shout and a shower of bullets, and fell, together with seven Indians, who had rushed out of their tents to defend him with their bodies; and when the pursuit ceased, the Indians who had fled, returned to weep over their beloved missionary, and found him dead at the foot of the cross, his body perforated with balls, his head scalped, his skull broken with blows of hatchets, his mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of his legs broken, and his limbs dreadfully mangled. After having bathed his remains with their tears, they buried him on the site of the chapel, that had been hewn down with its crucifix, with whatever else remained of the emblems of idolatry.' Such was the merciless character of the invasion of Acadia; such the looming phantom of the greater crime, which was so speedily to spread ruin over her fair valleys, and scatter forever her pastoral people.

The tranquillity of entire subjugation followed these events in the Province. The New-Englander built his menacing forts along the rivers, and pressed into his service the labors of the neutral French. 'The requisitions which were made of them were not calculated to conciliate affection,' says the chronicler; the poor Acadian peasant was informed, if he did not supply the garrison fuel, his own house would be used for that purpose, and that neglect to furnish timber for the repairs of a fort, would be followed by drum-head court's martial, and 'military execution.'

To all these exactions, these unhappy people patiently submitted. But in vain. The very existence of the subjugated race had become irksome to their oppressors. A cruelty yet more intolerable, to which the history of the world affords no parallel, remained to be perpetrated.

But we are approaching the summit of the Gaspereau Mountain; and now, suddenly the whole valley comes in view: before us stretch the great waters of Minas; yonder, Blomidon bursts upon the sight; and below, curving like a green scimitar around the edge of the basin, and against the distant cliffs, that shut out the stormy Bay of Fundy, lies the Acadian land, the idyllic meadows of Grand-pré.

* CHOLEVOIX.

S T A N Z A S : L I F E .

'AND what is life, that we should moan?
Why make we such ado?'—*MAY QUEEN*.

OH! what is life, that we should moan?
The world, that we should sigh?
Crushed hearts are ever plentiful,
The storm of sorrow high.

The storm of sorrow ever high,
Woe's weight e'er crushing down;
Faint heart, to stand Time's thundering blows;
Faint heart, to meet a frown.

When the world is all aweary,
Men's hearts to love unknown,
And the strong soul now is sickening,
Is life aught that we should moan?

Can the heart beat strong forever?
All is false — nothing true:
Let the storm come down upon us,
Why make we such ado?

Stop! with thy poor murmuring heart
True nature is at strife;
The good that in this world men do
Lives not alone in life.

Men are not beasts to eat, to drink;
To die, then pass away;
Remember! that the soul of man
Springs upward from the clay.

That life is real, was not ill sung;
Rise up, faint heart, be strong,
The world is always wanting men
To battle with the wrong.

Old Earth's rock-ribbed, out-spreading plains,
Nor Ocean's tumbling wave,
Were ever meant by GOD to be
Activity's low grave.

Rise up, faint heart, rise up and work,
Thy weary way relieve;
These murmurings fall on men's souls
Like water on a sieve.

And though for life we must not moan,
Nor greatly make ado:
That life is good — a blessing great —
We *know* that it is true.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AARON BURR, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army of the Revolution, United States Senator, Vice-President of the United States, etc. By J. PARTON, Author of the 'Life of HORACE GREELEY,' etc. In two Volumes: pp. 700. New-York: MASON BROTHERS, Numbers 108 and 110 Duane-street. London: SANSON LOW AND SON. 1858.

TWENTY years ago, a distinguished doctor of divinity, reviewing the 'Memoirs of AARON BURR, with Miscellaneous Selections from his Correspondence, by MATTHEW L. DAVIS,' then just published, laid down the following rule: 'There are two classes of men the study of whose lives is especially profitable. These are the signally good, and the remarkably bad.' Starting with this proposition, it was necessary to place his 'subject' in one category or the other. Studiously avoiding the use of language which might wound the surviving friends of Colonel BURR, our reviewer does this in the following mild and impartial 'summing up':

'WITH the recklessness produced by a present which had no comfort, and a future which promised no hope, he surrendered himself without shame to the grovelling propensities which had formed his first step on the road to ruin, until at last, overcome by disease, in the decay of a worn-out body, and the imbecility of a much-abused mind, he lay a shattered wreck of humanity, just entering eternity with not enough of man left about him to make a Christian out of. Ruined in fortune, and rotten in reputation, thus passed from the busy scene one who might have been a glorious actor in it; and when he was laid in the grave, decency congratulated itself that a nuisance was removed, and good men were glad that God had seen fit to deliver society from the contaminating contact of a festering mass of moral putrefaction.'—Vide the *New-York Review* for January, 1838.

To such a monster, could an intelligent and high-minded woman, even though she were his daughter, write as follows?

'I witness your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. Often, after reflecting on this subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me. When I afterward revert to myself, how insignificant do my best qualities appear! My vanity would be greater, if I had not been placed so near you; and yet my pride is our

relationship. I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man.' — *Theodosia Burr Alston to her Father, Aaron Burr.*

It is very certain that the devil is not in this instance so black as he has been painted. 'The story of AARON BURR's strange, eventful life,' says our author in the preface, 'which must possess interest for the American people always, I attempt to tell, because no one else has told it.' He has certainly succeeded in giving us a clearer idea of AARON BURR, the soldier, lawyer, politician, and man, than can be gathered from all that had been previously written concerning him. Here is another short extract from the preface :

'It may occur to some readers that the good in BURR is too conspicuously displayed, or his faults too lightly touched, in this volume. To such I desire to say that, in my opinion, it is the good in a man who goes astray, that ought most to alarm and warn his fellow-men. To suppress the good qualities and deeds of a BURR is only less immoral than to suppress the faults of a WASHINGTON. In either case, the practical use of the example is lost. Who can hope to imitate a perfect character? Who fears that he shall ever resemble an unredeemed villain?

'Beside, AARON BURR has had hard measure at the hands of his countrymen. By men far beneath him, even in moral respects, he has been most cruelly and basely belied. Let the truth of his marvellous history be told at last. If, here and there, my natural and just indignation at the unworthy treatment to which his name has been subjected, has biased me slightly in his favor, the error, I trust, will not be thought unpardonable. AARON BURR was no angel; he was no devil; he was a man, and a — filibuster.'

Born at Newark, (N. J.,) February sixth, 1756, AARON BURR was left without father or mother before he was a year old. He was reared in the family of the Rev. TIMOTHY EDWARDS, son of JONATHAN EDWARDS. He graduated at Princeton, in 1772, when he was sixteen years old. 'Here he formed friendships,' says his biographer, 'that ended only with his life. WILLIAM PATTERSON, afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; the gallant Colonel MATTHIAS OGDEN, of New-Jersey; SAMUEL SPRING, who became a distinguished divine, and who was the father of Dr. G. SPRING, a still more eminent theologian, were among those whom he loved at college, and who loved him while they lived.' After leaving college, BURR went to reside with Dr. BELLAMY, whom he left after a few months, 'satisfied that the road to heaven was open to all alike.'

'In other words, he rejected the gospel, according to JONATHAN EDWARDS; rejected it, as he always maintained, after a calm and full investigation; rejected it completely and forever. To the close of his life, he avoided disputes upon questions of religion; and when, on one or two occasions only, he was drawn into such a discussion, he reproached himself for his folly afterward. The gospel which the young man accepted, lived by, and died in, was the gospel according to PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, LORD CHESTERFIELD; which from BURR's day to this, has been cultivated Young AMERICA's usual poor recoil from the Puritanism of its childhood. CHESTERFIELD himself was not a more consummate Chesterfieldian than AARON BURR. The intrepidity, the self-possession, the consideration for others, the pursuit of knowledge, which CHESTERFIELD commends, were all illustrated in the character of the young American, who also availed himself of the license which that perfect man of the world allowed himself, and recommended to his son.'

In 1775 BURR joined the Revolutionary Army a few days after WASHINGTON took command of it. Fretting himself into a fever, literally, at the inaction which followed the battle of Bunker Hill, he recovered at the news of an expedition which, under Col. ARNOLD, was to march through the forests of Maine to attack Quebec. He fitted out four or five stout fellows at his own expense, and with them marched from Boston to Newburyport. BURR's conduct on this unfortunate expedition won him the confidence and esteem

of his superior officers. He was selected by Col. ARNOLD for the difficult enterprise of conveying intelligence to MONTGOMERY of the movements of the expedition against Quebec, and requesting his coöperation. This mission he performed in safety, travelling one hundred and twenty miles through an enemy's country to do so. MONTGOMERY appreciated the 'stuff' of the young soldier at once, and appointed him on his staff with the rank of captain; and from that time until the close of his career in the army, he never was found lacking in any soldierly quality.

When the attack on Quebec was repulsed, and the gallant MONTGOMERY had fallen, BURR raised his prostrate form on his shoulders and attempted to bear it off, the enemy close upon his heels in hot pursuit. His bravery was mentioned in the dispatches to Congress and to General WASHINGTON, and, as his biographer says, 'laid the foundation of his fortune.' He was afterward an aid-de-camp to General WASHINGTON, but like General HAMILTON, seems to have found this position irksome to him. He relinquished it for the same position under General PUTNAM. That this was a post much more likely to suit a youth of the temperament of Major BURR, it is easy to believe. About this time Major BURR made the acquaintance of Miss MONCRIEFFE, and also made a conquest of her susceptible heart. She is named in MATTHEW L. DAVIS's book as one of the earliest of BURR's victims, taking the proof of the fact from the lady's own statement. Mr. PARTON finds, however, that the lady's narrative expressly *contradicts* Mr. DAVIS's insinuations. It is a great pity to spoil so pretty a story, Mr. PARTON.

In 1777 he was notified by General WASHINGTON of his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel — 'the youngest man who had held that rank in the Revolutionary Army, or who has ever held it in the United States,' says his biographer; 'yet he thought his promotion was unjustly tardy.'

'In his letter of acknowledgment to the commander-in-chief, he said he was truly sensible of the honor done him, and should be studious to comport himself in his new rank so as to secure his general's esteem; yet he was constrained to observe that the late date of his appointment subjected him to the command of some officers who were his juniors last campaign; and he should like, with submission, to know whether it was misconduct in him, or extraordinary merit in them, which had given them the preference. He wanted, he continued, to avoid equally the character of turbulent or passive, but as a decent regard to rank was proper and necessary, he hoped the concern he felt was excusable in one who regarded his honor next to the welfare of his country. The general's reply to this letter has not been preserved.'

— It was probably a letter that Col. BURR did not care to preserve.

Soon after this, BURR made the acquaintance of Mrs. PREVOST, at Paramus, (N. J.) She was some ten years his senior, and the mother of two children; but notwithstanding this disparity in years, BURR afterward married her, and neither of them seems ever to have repented the choice. 'In 1779, Col. BURR was placed in command of the 'lines' in Westchester county, New-York.' Here he acquired his greatest distinction as a soldier. Here, amid the most exacting duties as a commander, he found time, twice during the winter, to visit Paramus. Of one of these visits Mr. PARTON gives a very graphic account. As we sit in our sanctum, overlooking Tappan Bay, we can almost see the whole scene. The handsome Colonel riding from White Plains along the 'lines' to 'WOOLFERT'S ROOST'; the six troopers alert in the barge under the bank; the horse bound and lifted into the barge; and the

men plying their oars, as they naturally would for such a Colonel on such an expedition; the landing at 'Tappan Sloat,' and the gallop to Paramus; but here our imagination fails, and having no experience to guide us farther, we leave the sketch to be finished by the reader.

In March, 1779, Colonel BURR wrote to General WASHINGTON, resigning his commission, on account of ill-health. In accepting his resignation, General WASHINGTON said that he 'not only regretted the loss of a good officer, but the cause that made his resignation necessary.' During the four years of his connection with the army, his fortune was greatly impaired. Every officer who had any thing to lose, suffered in his circumstances in the Revolution, and BURR more than most. He had the popular and fatal vice of improvidence. At the age when WASHINGTON was earning three guineas a day in the woods, glad of the opportunity to do so, and rather proud of the fact than otherwise, BURR was spending, with inconsiderate generosity, the capital of his patrimony. With amazing talents for gaining money, he had an equally wonderful facility for getting rid of it. It slipped through his fingers; it ran out of his pocket; it would *not* stay with him. To see a fellow-soldier in distress, and to empty his purse for his relief, were simultaneous actions with him.'

Here ended his connection with the army. Of his career as a lawyer, his plunge into 'the dirty pool of politics,' ending with his elevation to the Vice-Presidency; his duel with HAMILTON; his flight from New-York in consequence; his scheme of founding an empire in Mexico; his trial for treason, and his departure for Europe, ruined but not disheartened — of these we have not space to speak. The chapters treating of these subjects are replete with interest, but it would be unjust to our author to garble his statements by making extracts from them. Tracing BURR's misfortunes and failures to the fruitful source, politics, Mr. PARTON discourses as follows:

'Accursed be politics forever! The maelstrom that has drawn in and engulfed so many able and worthy men. What talent it absorbs that is so needed elsewhere! How many fair reputations it has blasted! What toil, what ingenuity, what wealth, what lives have been wasted upon it! How mean are political methods and expedients, and how absurdly disproportionate are political triumphs to their cost! Politics can never be reformed. To abolish politics altogether is perhaps the atonement America is going, one day, to make to an outraged world, for sinking to the deepest deep, and wallowing in the filthiest filth of political turpitude.'

At the close of his book we have this view of the subject:

'POLITICS, apart from the pursuit of office, have again become real and interesting. The issue is distinct and important enough to justify the intense concern of a nation. To a young man coming upon the stage of life with the opportunities of AARON BURR, a glorious and genuine political career is possible. The dainty keeping aloof from the discussion of public affairs, which has been the fashion until lately, will not again find favor with any but the very stupid, for a long time to come. The intellect of the United States, once roused to the consideration of political questions, will doubtless be found competent to the work demanded of it.'

'A good deal may be said on *both* sides of this question,' it seems. But this apart. From the Vice-Presidency to the experiences in Paris of which BURR writes, what a fall! He says:

'It is now so cold that I should be glad of a fire; but to that I have great objections for what would become of the fifty plays, and something, I won't tell what, which I

meditate to buy for GAMPILLO, that will make his little heart beat?' Or this: 'I never spend a livre that I do not calculate what pretty thing it might have bought for you (THEODOSIA) and GAMPILLO.' Or this: 'I was near going to bed without writing to you, for it is very cold, and I have only two little stamps (of wood) about as big as your little fists. But then I thought you would so pout; so I mustered courage, and have wrote you all this, hussy.' Or this: 'I wear no surtout, for a great many philosophic reasons; principally, because I have not got one. The old great-coat which I brought from America, still serves for travelling, if I should ever travel again.'

BURR finds nothing in such experiences to sadden him, but maintains his usual light-hearted gayety through all. Once only in his diary does he suffer an expression of sadness to escape him. It is when the vessel in which he comes 'Home' is coming into Boston: 'Mr. ARNOT,' wrote BURR, 'is a grave, silent, strange sort of animal, insomuch that we know not what to make of him.' May fourth, he wrote: 'A pilot is in sight, and within two miles of us. All is bustle and joy, except GAMP. Why should he rejoice?' (As Mr. 'ARNOT' BURR was known to his fellow-passengers: 'GAMPY,' and 'GAMP,' his little grand-son used to call him.)

We have already given an extract from one of THEODOSIA's letters: in a similar vein is the following, to her father in Europe:

'RETURN to me, or tell me that you are engaged in a pursuit worthy of you.' 'O my guardian angel! why were you obliged to abandon me just when enfeebled nature doubly required your care? How often, when my tongue and hands trembled with disease, have I besought HEAVEN either to reunite us, or let me die at once. Yet do not hence imagine that I yield to infantine lamentations or impatience. As soon as relief from pain restored me in some measure to myself, I became more worthy the happiness of being your daughter.'

'That such a woman,' says Mr. PARTON, 'could so entirely love and believe in him, was the fact which first led the writer of these lines to suspect that the AARON BURR, who actually lived and walked these streets, must have been a very different being indeed from the AARON BURR of the popular imagination.' The last six chapters of this biography contain many anecdotes of BURR, and numerous incidents, which throw light on his character and peculiarities. A gentleman who spent some time in his office, gave the author the following account of his daily habits:

'He rose at the dawn. A breakfast of an egg and a cup of coffee sufficed for this most abstemious of men; after which he worked among his papers for some hours before his clerk and assistants arrived. He was a hard task-master: he 'kept us all upon the jump.' All day he was dispatching and receiving messages, sending for books, persons, and papers; expecting every command to be obeyed with next-to-impossible celerity, inspiring every one with his own zeal, and getting a surprising quantity of work accomplished. 'He was *business incarnate*,' said my informant. About ten in the evening he would give over, invite his companions to the side-board, and take a single glass of wine. Then his spirits would rise, and he would sit for hours telling stories of his past life, and drawing brief and graphic sketches of celebrated characters with whom he had acted. Often he was full of wit and gayety at such times; 'the liveliest fellow in the world;' 'as merry as a boy;' 'never melancholy, never ill-natured.' About mid-night, or later, he would lie down upon a hard couch in a corner of his office, and sleep 'like a child,' until the morning. In his personal habits he was a thorough-going Spartan: eating little, drinking little, sleeping little, working hard. He was fond of calculating upon how small a sum life could be supported, and used to think that he could live well enough upon seventy-five cents a week.'

Of BURR's inconsiderate generosity, before alluded to, numerous instances are given. Nothing would cure him of it. Indeed, the 'vice of improvidence' is always incurable. Often reduced to the direst extremity for want of money while in Europe, he becomes possessed of twenty-five dollars, and

magnificently lends fifteen of it to the first needy acquaintance whom he meets. On his return from Europe, penniless, he sells some books in Boston, and receives thirty dollars for them. Half this sum he lends at once to his landlady. 'It was repaid just as his store was reduced to a half-dime.' Then a fellow-passenger called to borrow ten dollars of Mr. ARNOR, (the name assumed by Col. BURR on leaving London,) 'which that gentleman lent with the air of a Vice-President.' At seventy-five, most men are prudent in money-matters, if ever. Colonel BURR, at this age, displays the quality in the following manner: Receiving one morning a large amount of money in bills, he takes from the roll a fifty-dollar note, and puts it between the leaves of a law-book, replacing the book on the shelf, and depositing the rest in the middle of his table. By three o'clock this pile has been distributed among the daily concourse of begging visitors. At four, having to go to Albany, he looks for his 'deposit' on the table, and finds nothing. An examination of his pockets produces 'only a few coins.' 'Bless me!' he exclaims to the wife of his partner, who had watched his pecuniary transactions during the day; 'I have to go to Albany in half-an-hour, and have no money.'

'COULD madame lend him ten dollars? Madame could not. Would madame oblige him by stepping over and asking her good mother to lend him the amount? Madame was of opinion that her good mother would not lend Colonel BURR any *more* money. He was at his wits' end. At length she said:

'But, Colonel, what are you going to do with the fifty-dollar bill in that book yonder?'

'Oh! I forgot,' he said; 'I put it there this morning on purpose. What a treasure you are to remind me of it!'

We must close this extended notice with a few extracts from the chapter headed '*His Relations with Women*:'

'ONE morning, near the close of his life, as he lay upon his bed prostrate with paralysis, a lady said to him in a bantering way:

'Colonel, I wonder, now, if you ever *were* the gay LOHARNO they say you were?'

'The old man turned his eyes, the lustre of which was undiminished still, toward the friend who made the remark, and lifting his trembling finger, said in his quiet, impressive whisper, which still lingers in her ears, and which brought tears to her eyes, twenty years after, as she repeated the words:

'They say! *they say!* THEY SAY! Ah! my child, how long are you going to continue to use those dreadful words? Those two little words have done more harm than all others. Never use them, my dear. *Never* use them!'

Much has been said regarding the letters which, after BURR's death, fell into the hands of his executor, and for destroying which, Mr. DAVIS claims so much credit. Of these Mr. PARTON says:

'BEFORE Mr. DAVIS received any of BURR's letters or papers, they were carefully examined by two persons, one of them a male relative of Colonel BURR's, and the other a lady who had an especial and honorable motive for examining every one of them, particularly those addressed to and received from women. One of these persons still lives; her positive and circumstantial testimony, added to that already given, enables me to assert, what I now do assert, that Mr. DAVIS was utterly mistaken as to the character of the letters to which he alludes. *He received no letters necessarily criminating ladies!* There are persons to whom every act of gallant attention looks like an invitation to love. They cannot conceive of affection between the sexes free from passion. They know very well what turn *they* would give to such attachments, if they possessed the power to charm and win the fair, and it is but natural they should misinterpret the gallantries of others.'

Is not the following a happy instance of turning an awkward slip of the

tongue into a delicate compliment? If ladies liked flattery, such a man would be a favorite with them:

'PASSING in Broadway a maiden lady of a certain age, whom he had not seen for many years, she accosts him with: 'Colonel, do you not recollect me?' 'I do not, madam.' 'I am Miss K——, Sir,' said she. 'What,' he exclaimed, 'Miss K—— yet?' 'Yes, Sir,' replied the lady, a little offended, 'Miss K—— yet.' 'Perceiving the error he had committed, he gently took her hand, and said, in his bland, emphatic manner: 'Well, madam, then I venture to assert that it is not the fault of *my sex*!'

Returning from a professional visit to Orange county, in the seventieth year of his age, he was compelled to ask shelter for himself and man from a severe storm, at a farm-house. On entering the house, he noticed casually a plaster-bust standing on a shelf in the corner. Turning again 'to ascertain which of the national favorites it was whom the old lady had chosen to adorn her abode, he was astonished to discover that it was a bust of himself!'

'WHAT!' said BURR to his hostess, 'have you got that vile traitor here?'

'The woman paused in her work as he uttered these words. Her manner changed in a moment. Putting down some plates which she had in her hand, she walked slowly up to the fire where he was sitting, and standing before him, said with intense emphasis:

'Sir, I have taken you in to-night, and have done the best I could for you: but if you say another word against AARON BURR, I'll put you and your man out where you came from quicker than you came in.'

'He apologized, and, after a time, succeeded in regaining her good will. He did not tell her who he was, nor could he recollect her.'

Always bearing his own troubles manfully, he never liked to hear others complain:

'On one occasion, when a friend had met with an affliction, she said to him: 'O Colonel! how *shall* I get through this?'

'Live through it, my dear!' was his emphatic reply.

'Still complaining, she said: 'This *will* kill me, Colonel; I know I can not survive *this*.'

'Well,' said he, '*die*, then, madam: we must all die; but bless me, die *game*!'

This was the lady whose unremitting kindness and filial affection, almost supplied to BURR the place of his lost darling, THEODOSIA, for the last year of his life. Her house in Stone-street, New-York, was his home, until he removed to Port Richmond, some three months before his death. Thither she accompanied him; and leaving him with his friends, promised to visit him every day. In taking leave of her, he took her hand, and raising it between his own in the manner of supplication, he said, in a tone of mingled tenderness and fervency never to be forgotten: 'May God forever and forever, and *forever*, bless you, my last, best friend. When the hour comes, I will look out, in the better country, for one bright spot for you — be sure.'

'After life's fitful fever,' AARON BURR sleeps with his fathers in the cemetery at Princeton, (N. J.) A small monument marks the spot, bearing this inscription:

AARON BURR:

BORN FEBRUARY 6TH, 1756.

DIED SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1836.

A COLONEL IN THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM 1801 TO 1805.

THE PLenary INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By ELIAZER LORD. In one Volume: pp. 305. New-York: M. W. Dodd, Number 506 Broadway.

THE author of this elaborately-reasoned work, Mr. ELIAZER LORD, of Piermont, on the Hudson, was for many years one of the Publishing Committee of the American Bible Society; and in an able dedicatory letter to the Senior Secretary of that great and honored institution, Rev. JOHN C. BRIGHAM, D.D., he sets forth the objects and motives which impelled him to its publication. The cardinal doctrine which the author defends is, that the SCRIPTURES are literally the infallible 'Word of God.' It is not our purpose to follow the writer in his strongly-enforced argument on this point, but must direct the reader to his volume for abundant confirmation of the truth of his belief. That to which we wish especially to call the attention of our readers, is his remarks upon *Language*, as the medium and direct instrument of thought. It is shown, from the sacred oracles, and from the constitution, experience, and consciousness of man, that language is exclusively the medium and instrument of thought; 'that the conveyance of thoughts from one mind to another necessarily includes a vocal utterance, or a transfer, by inspiration or otherwise, of the words which express them; that inspiration is affirmed, not of the sacred writers personally, but of what they wrote; that we think in words, receive the thoughts of others in their words, intellectually conceive thoughts, are conscious of them, remember them, and express them, only in words and signs equivalent to vocal articulations; and that words intelligibly and legitimately used, necessarily and perfectly signify and express the thoughts conceived in them; and it is therefore argued, that the inspiration of the Divine thoughts into the minds of the sacred writers necessarily comprised the inspiration of the words by which they were rendered intelligently conscious of the thoughts conveyed, and which they wrote as they received them; that on this ground, that which they wrote is in fact, and is therefore expressly denominated, the Word of God; and that what they wrote was inspired in the language of common life, and in the style and idioms of the respective writers, to the end that they and their unlearned readers might correctly understand it; and that, when translated into the like phraseology of different nations, it might be level to the capacity, and within the comprehension, of the common people.'

It will be seen that these views differ very widely from those which have been held by Locke and others, and which have hitherto greatly, if not generally, prevailed. We shall state the *gist* of a particular branch of our author's argument by a few segregated passages, which will show that in his own forcible and direct language we have the best proof of the irrefragibility of his position. We select our pencilled passages, as we have intimated, at random, rather than in regular sequence, for the reason that we desire rather to stimulate than to satisfy curiosity, in relation to this remarkable work, and to *indicate* propositions which are supported by an affluence of apposite illustrations:

'SINCE the thoughts of one created intelligence can be conveyed to another by means of words, it is certain that the thoughts of the INFINITE INTELLIGENCE may be so conveyed; and since the conveyance of thoughts in words from one man to another does not infringe, but is in harmony with the laws of his intelligent nature, it is plain that the conveyance of the DIVINE thoughts in words by inspiration, may be in harmony with those laws.

'All intellectual conceptions include the words, or equivalent signs, by which they are intelligibly expressed; and they are necessarily expressed in the words or signs in which they are conceived. To suppose that they can be vocally expressed in any other than the words in which he who expresses conceives them, is as absurd as to suppose that he can convey them by writing words which have a different and contrary meaning; and to say that he can think them without words, is no less absurd than to say that he can express them in writing without writing words. Sensations and emotions, in so far as they occur and exist independently of words, occur and exist independently of thought. But whatever the subjects of thought may be, whether physical or intellectual, geometrical figures or arithmetical proportions, facts or fictions, history or biography, moral precepts or religious doctrines, there are no distinct thoughts of them of which men are conscious, except in words, and words which when spoken or written express them to others.' . . . 'A knowledge of words, or of signs equivalent in significance to words, is a condition precedent to the exercise of the power of thinking. Hence the necessity of teaching the meaning of words and signs to children. They first learn the meaning of signs, gestures, expressive looks; next that of sounds, vocal articulations, particular words, exclamations, interrogations, commands, phrases, sentences. These being associated with the thoughts which they are employed to convey, they remember. By recalling and reasoning from these they learn to think. The more their knowledge of words is extended, the more they are enabled to exercise the power of thinking.'

Our readers will bear us witness, that we have on more than one occasion expressed in these pages the truth affirmed in the *Italicised* lines of the ensuing passage:

'Words, when a man speaks or writes them truly to express what he is conscious of thinking, convey to the hearer or reader as exactly and perfectly what he thinks, as it exists in his own mind; and to that effect accordingly they are understood.' . . . 'It is not pretended that words represent colors, or sounds, or sensations. It is their office to represent and express thoughts, and that they perfectly accomplish. For example: the word *blue* is the name of a color of which we attain a knowledge only by sight. The word *thunder* is the name of a sound which we know by hearing. The word *pain* is the name of a sensation which we know by suffering it. When we have experienced what these names denote, and learned what they are employed to signify, we think of the several sensations in the words appropriated to them respectively. When we utter those words in the hearing of those who from their own experience understand them, they perfectly convey our thoughts.'

Let any reader take up the 'Sketch-Book,' or 'Bracebridge-Hall,' or any other work of our greatest master of 'pure, unadulterated English,' and tell us if LOCKE's theory of 'Ideas,' 'Words,' 'Things,' and 'Thoughts,' as contradistinguished, is a tenable one. Why, IRVING not only *thinks* in words, he *paints* in words, with colors as rich and truthful as those of a CLAUDE or a REMBRANDT. Our space is growing scanty; but hear our author in one brief passage more, upon this theme:

'BECAUSE words are the constituted instrument and vehicle of thought, and we conceive thoughts in words, and not without or independently of them, they necessarily and perfectly express the thoughts conceived in them. As conceived, they represent to the intellect, as when written to the eye, and when spoken to the ear, all that we are conscious of in the act of thinking. Sensations, feelings, and emotions, are subject to no fixed or uniform rules. But words are regulated and restricted in their office. As the vehicle and representative of thought, they are its perfect counterpart and correlate. As well might one pretend to see objects which do not exist, or are not visible, and which, therefore, he cannot be conscious of seeing — or to hear sounds which he is not conscious of hearing — as to pretend that he has thoughts of which he is not conscious, or which differ in kind or degree from those of which their vehicle makes him conscious. Words exist solely to be the instrument and medium of thought, as the visibility of objects exists that they may be seen, and the audibility of sounds that they may be

heard. If successive acts of seeing the same identical objects so as perfectly to distinguish them, were not uniform and certain, the power of seeing, so far from fulfilling its purpose, would but mislead and confuse. If successive sounds were not so heard as uniformly and perfectly to distinguish one sound from another, the power of hearing, instead of guiding, would confound us. So as to the power of thinking. If the vehicle of thought were not necessarily, uniformly, and perfectly commensurate with the thoughts conceived, we could have no certainty as to what our thoughts were. Whether as to thoughts intellectually conceived in words, or thoughts vocally expressed to us by our fellow-men, it is plain that we can no further comprehend and be conscious of them, than the words employed perfectly represent and express them. All that we know, in either case, is the meaning of the words employed in each particular instance. Hence the necessity of learning the meaning of words in order to conceive in them the thoughts which they represent and are intended to express, and to understand by them the thoughts of others who speak or write them. *No man receives the thoughts of another, if expressed in a tongue foreign to him; nor can he conceive thoughts which in his own or other tongues are represented only by words unknown to him.*

This work must needs attract marked attention. Oracular theories, long-received, and widely perpetuated, are not lightly to be assailed. Nor can this book. It cannot be '*lightly*' assailed. It must be *met*. It is well printed, with excellent types and good paper.

SERVICES AT THE DEDICATION OF 'GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY,' Montpelier, Vermont, September 15, 1855. Published by Order of the Commissioners. Montpelier: Press of E. P. WALTON, JR.

'SERVICES' such as those recorded in the handsome pamphlet before us are not to be considered local. Every where are the dying and the dead; every where are the last resting-places of the 'weary and heavy laden,' as well as of the proud, the cherished, the beloved of earth; and glad are we to say, that in *almost* every section of our extended and extending country, *Rural Cemeteries* are being formed, where the charms of nature and of art are made to adorn and beautify the graves of the departed. On the present occasion, the services were striking, and of more than common interest. The scene, under the Green Mountains, looking down upon vale, and stream, and the white dwellings of citizens gleaming among the trees that shade the adjacent village, must have been both imposing and beautiful. The exercises commenced with a chant, adapted mainly from the Ninetieth Psalm, written for the occasion by Mr. H. D. HOPKINS, and effectively performed by a local 'Choir Association.' This was followed by the reading of an appropriate selection of passages from the Holy Scriptures, prayer, etc. The 'ADDRESS' was by Rev. F. W. SHELTON, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Montpelier. That it was not only well suited to the occasion, but in all other respects excellent, the following extract would sufficiently evince; even though the reputation of the speaker did not render a contrary supposition improbable, at least, if not impossible:

'WHEN we gaze upon this crowd, in connection with the object which has brought them here, and consider how large a part of it shall, at some time or other, be dissolved and mingle with this surrounding dust, it awakens a throb of feeling to which words cannot do justice. There is a poetry, it is true, connected with the cultivation of rural cemeteries; but I trust that it is something better than the sentimentalism which is without depth, and vapid. For it is not the charm which we may throw around these melancholy places that can deprive DEATH of its sting, or soften one shadow on the

brow of the KING OF TERRORS. It is not that the darkness of the grave can be mitigated, because the outside of it is beautiful like a garden, nor that the sleeper will rest more softly on a bed which is perfumed with violets. It will be as cold and hard and dark beneath the clods, as if no garlands were above it. But the teachings of a Holy FAITH can give a meaning to such adornments, and surround them with a tender solace, as the emblems of an immortal bloom.

'It is because of the effect which they will have upon ourselves, and not for any good which they will do the silent sleepers. To be occupied in such pious rites, is to disengage us a little from the world's incrustations; to break asunder from the bonds of a prevailing selfishness; to pay that which is due to Memory, and raise our eyes to the halo which invests the Future. It is to gain strength for ourselves to look down fearlessly into the portals of the solemn tomb; to pay, in thought, and study, and reflection, something of what we owe to the characters of the good and noble. We know that man but poorly, whom we have only known when he was living. The best may be said only to begin to live when the grave has closed upon them. I speak not this of their own destiny, but their major influence is given forth only when they have ceased to be. It is the memory of their lives, more than their very lives, which can sink at last into our hearts, or fully exhibit their own. They are like those things which we might not have noticed, if they had not passed by. So, the river rolls on over an arid landscape, but when its chiefest volume has left the banks, then the vegetation springs up. It is from the past, the past, that we gather all our wisdom, and live a thousand years in a day. Thus we see that it springs from a refined motive, and that its tendency is salutary, when we seek to adorn a spot like this. It is to cherish the memory of those who have gone before us, and to show that LOVE is not an empty name.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When SPRING, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than FANCY'S feet have ever trod."

'In surveying this spot, and the uses for which it is designed, some might be disposed to inquire: 'What need of these extensive domains?' At a little distance from where we are now standing, among these wild Green Mountains, there is an humble village in the valley. It is full of thrift and industry, yet when centuries shall have passed away — from its location by nature — it will be only a village still.

'This place shall be a *city*: the youngest here present may live to see how it shall outstrip the other, in the number of its inhabitants. There will be no such compact masses and ranks of men in yonder streets as shall be assembled here. Thus DEATH gains upon LIFE in all places, until LIFE shall gain the final victory over DEATH.

'On the border of that village there is already a Cemetery of the dead, but it would soon be over-crowded. It clamors already for a larger domain. Thus Necessity itself has coincided with Feeling in selecting a more ample and eligible place. There are many tender and touching associations, no doubt, connected with that spot, for its construction is coeval with the settlement of this village. How many tears have fallen on its hitherto untroubled and quiet graves! There the child slumbers, and the young man, cut down in the nobility of his strength; there the blossoms of the almond-tree have fallen; there the lovely daughter has been borne away, when bursting into the grace of womanhood, and when

"CONSUMPTION, like a worm I the bud,
Fed on her damask cheek."

'There, truly, are deposited the richest treasures which you had on earth.

'But if in love and tenderness you shall disturb those ashes, to bring them here, it will be only as when one shall rearrange a couch, that they may rest more sweetly and securely and quietly forever. Here you will come afterward to smooth their narrow bed, to recall their virtues, to renew your vows of constancy, and to say: 'My Father! my Mother! my Brother! my Sister! my Child! forget thee? — NEVER!'

'Hither will you come with every changing season of the year to renew your pilgrimage. Hither, when the winter is past, when the rain is over and gone, when the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; hither, when the autumn dyes the foliage with mellow tints and hectic colors; and you will reflect upon it without a pang, and you yourselves will covet no better lot than at last to lie down with these sleepers.'

What adds more to our appreciation of the feeling and beauty of this passage, is a knowledge of the fact, that only a few short days ago, the speaker had buried two lovely children, the pride and joy of his household; dear little ones, every day and hour recalled to his memory by countless

familiar objects—a thousand past endearments, and tender recollections. He left us at 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' after a brief but well-remembered visit, to find the dear ones whose little winning ways and amusing childish sayings and fancies he had recited to *our* delighted juveniles, tossing upon beds of pain and suffering, from which they were never to rise alive. Who, save the anxious, loving, faithful mother, had 'sorrow like unto his sorrow'? But 'sacred, secret, and silent, is the sorrow of the deeply-bereaved.' The remainder of the pamphlet under notice is devoted to the 'Presentation of the Title-Deeds,' the 'Dedication' of the Cemetery by Rev. WILLIAM H. LORD, and an 'Original Hymn,' (very admirable in conception and rhythm,) by Mr. CHARLES G. EASTMAN, who, though he has not written *much*, has always written *well*.

TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA: being a Journal of an Expedition, undertaken under the Auspices of Her BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S Government, in the years 1849, 1855. By HENRY BARTH, PH., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, etc., etc. In three Volumes: Volume the First: pp. 657. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE first instalment of this work has so deeply interested us, that we have been led to think that the experienced publishers, from whose prolific press it proceeds, have for once in their lives made a mistake. Possibly *not*, however: they may understand, and doubtless they *do*, the policy of stimulating, without satisfying, public curiosity. If this *be* their policy, they most certainly have succeeded.

Herr BARTH's name is sufficiently well known to the larger number of readers who will be tempted to buy his volumes. He is very egotistical, but his very egotism is his especial *especialité*. Of his journey through Barbary he says: 'Having undertaken this journey quite alone, I spent nearly my whole time with the Arabs, and familiarized myself with that state of human society where the camel is man's daily companion, and the culture of the date his chief occupation.' And he goes on to say, that he 'made long journeys through desert tracts: he travelled all around the great Syrtis; and passing through the picturesque little tract of Cyrenaica, traversed the whole country toward Egypt:' 'I wandered about for above a month, in the desert valleys of that region, and afterward pursued my journey by land all the way through Syria and Asia Minor to Constantinople.' The course and scope of our author's farther journey are succinctly summed up by 'The Evening Post' daily journal:

'WHILE travelling thus through the singular country which separated the Great Desert from the Mediterranean, never quite without the comforts of civilized life, his imagination was busy with those extensive tracts far away in the interior, of which only vague and uncertain rumors had reached the ears of Europeans. The promise of a Hanza slave in the regency of Tunis, 'Please God, you shall go and visit Kano,' kindled in him a desire of wilder adventure; a desire which a subsequent restoration to the scholarly tranquillity of Berlin did not diminish.

'Therefore, in 1849, when the British Government, about to send Mr. RICHARDSON on a mission to Central Africa, signified its willingness to attach a German traveller to the expedition, Mr. BARTH, then lecturing on comparative geography, and the colonial commerce of antiquity, was ready to improve an opportunity which promised the fulfilment of his cherished project, and to join an excursion, where his previous knowledge

of Africa and its inhabitants, fitted him to be eminently useful. The exploring party consisted of Mr. RICHARDSON, two foreign gentlemen, and an English sailor. The last, however, proved himself unfit for such peculiar service, and was consequently discharged at an early day.

Mr. RICHARDSON had made his first journey to Ghat unarmed, because he went as a private citizen, without instruments or presents. But as this expedition was designed not only to make discoveries, but to promote friendly relations with the natives, and was, therefore, provided with presents, and all the usual means of producing a favorable impression on uncultivated tribes, it was deemed necessary to take arms—a precaution the wisdom of which after events sufficiently justified. It is a comparatively easy thing to travel unarmed and yet unmolested among nations, however barbarous, of homogeneous race and religion; but an extremely difficult one to pass through a country inhabited by warring tribes.

Mr. RICHARDSON did not live to see the end of his noble undertaking. But after his death, in March 1851, the British Government had such confidence in our author as to furnish him with the means of consummating the enterprise. In recognition of its kindness, Mr. BARTH has successfully undertaken an account of his journey in a language not his own. While correcting the errors of his predecessors in this field of discovery, he modestly acknowledges his great indebtedness to them, and confesses, that with all the light shed by them upon the subject, it would have been unpardonable not to have penetrated farther, or obtained a clearer knowledge of both country and people.

Dr. BARTH states that only in a single instance, and then in order to reach Timbuctu, did he find occasion to conceal his religion; but that he often defended Christianity against the assaults of Islamism, before tolerant and respectful listeners. He conformed, however, so far to the innocent prejudices of the people among whom he was, as to adopt their style of dress; and his custom of alms-giving made him extremely popular. Consequently, the natives took so great an interest in his welfare, that when extremely ill, they said of him: 'AND EL KERIM (servant of the Merciful) shall not die.'

The country traversed by Dr. BARTH in this expedition extended over twenty-four degrees of latitude and twenty of longitude. After crossing deserts of frightful desolation, he came upon fertile lands watered by navigable rivers and large central lakes, covered with the finest timber, and fruitful in grain, rice, nuts, sugar-cane, cotton, and indigo—products found abundantly all over Central Africa. The people wear cotton of their own weaving, and dyed with native indigo. The Niger, by means of its eastern branch, affords uninterrupted navigation into the interior for six hundred miles. At a distance of about three hundred miles from the coast, the western branch is interrupted by rapids and cataracts; but higher up, the river opens an unobstructed highway a thousand miles long, into the heart of Western Africa, so rich in vegetable, animal, and mineral products. These regions exhibit an equal variety in the human race. Starting from Tripoli, on the north, the traveller proceeds from the Arab villages—remnants of the empires of the Middle Ages—into a country dotted with ruins of the Roman dominion, through the wild roving hordes of the Tawarek, to the Negro tribes, and the natives of Southern Africa. Throughout this vast region, the greatest diversity of race and idiom prevail. We find Mohammedan learning ingrafted on ignorance, and magnificent ceremonial side by side with the simplicity of barbarous Negro tribes. A thread of history, even, can be traced through this labyrinth of tribes and overthrown kingdoms, and a commerce is found radiating from Kano, the great emporium of Central Africa, in every direction, and spreading far and wide the manufactures of that industrious region.

Our contemporary of '*The Albion*' points out a defect of this work, which also struck us forcibly in its perusal: 'The frequent interlarding of native terms and dialect has rather a pedantic effect, though it may give an air of *vraisemblance*. A glossary to be consulted at pleasure is, to our thinking, more convenient. To us it matters little, though to some future ALBERT SMITH lecturing on these localities, it may be very desirable information, that 'beside the great market-place of Kano, there are several smaller ones dispersed through the town, the most noted of which are the Kaswa-n-kuroni, Mandaweli, Hanga, Kaswa-n-mata, Kaswa-n-ayagi, Kaswa-n-Iirba, Kaswa-n-Yakase, Kaswa-n-kofan Wambay, and the Kaswa-n-Kofan Nayisa.' It is quite as bad with *things* as with *places*. Now when Mr. BARTH, with his friend OVERWEG, a 'friendly Cnyp,' and 'the shoush,' goes to the Khaddamie, to partake of an immense bowl of 'Kuskus,' he

should explicate somewhat. What is a *shoush*, for Gracious' sake, and eke the *Kuskus*? The volume, which is large, and the first of three, of a similar size, is well printed upon excellent paper, and liberally illustrated with good engravings, maps, etc.

OWEN'S COMMENTARY ON MATTHEW AND MARK. In one Volume: pp. 438. LEAVITT AND ALLEN, Number 879 Broadway.

THIS first volume of a series of exegetical works is by a well-known classical annotator and successful teacher, whose acquirements in Theological Science have deservedly secured for him a place among our American Divines. The work is evidently the result of careful study and laborious research. The wide field of exegetical literature has been candidly explored by the author; and there appears a generous estimate of opinions differing from his own. The expositor does not shrink from a full and free expression of his sentiments, nor does he dogmatically advance his views; but he endeavors to fortify his positions by the analogy of faith and the principles of a wholesome exegesis. We deem it sound, judicious, and practical; critical without being technical; in its exposition full, and yet not verbose: practical and refreshing to the reader of the Bible, it will be welcomed by those for whose aid it has been prepared. It must prove valuable, especially to those who do not possess the many learned expository works of our day and who have not the requisite time nor ability to compare them, even if possessed. In its typography and general appearance, the work is neat and captivating; in other words, worthy of the publishers. It cannot fail to secure favor for the succeeding volumes.

PRIESTHOOD AND CLERGY UNKNOWN TO CHRISTIANITY: or the Church a Community of Co-equal Brethren. By CAMPAGINATOR. In one Volume: pp. 297. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

THE object of this work is no less chimerical than plausible. If the author's premises were tenable, his conclusions would still be impracticable. But unfortunately for himself — although happily both for the cause of the Gospel Ministry and of Biblical Christianity — his investigation of Scripture has been as circumscribed as his reasoning from isolated passages is perverted by his preconceived views. That some of his positions are true, and some of his remarks correct, we do not doubt; but a mere glance at his pages is sufficient to convince us that he has undertaken a task to which his scholarship is not equal; essayed an argument which involves him in contradictions; and arrived at an end, which, if it could be effected, would result in the decline of all that is 'lovely, honest, and of good report' in the churches.

To bring men to the knowledge of the truth, and to promote the interests of true religion among men, by leaving the whole matter to men as they

think they are moved by the SPIRIT, implies the most visionary views of human nature, as well as the most defective views of the whole economy of the Gospel. And from the teachings of Scripture in relation to the authority and duties of the Christian Ministry and the principles of Church Government, it were absurd to suppose that the religion of CHRIST could be maintained in the community, much less advance through the world without the instrumentality of those whom CHRIST has commissioned to preach and to baptize; and quite as preposterous that there could be a communion of co-equal brethren without rules and regulations to bind the body. OWENISM in the Church would hardly work better than OWENISM in the State. Some DIOTREPHES would ere long rise to disturb the spiritual equality and abuse the spiritual freedom.

But it is not our object, and it is also out of our province, to 'enter into particulars.' It is a work which will offend many and please none; and we have noticed it simply because it will signally defeat its own end. One must share the author's peculiar logic to read it with patience; and his repugnance to the Christian ministry, of every branch of the Church, to expect that it will have a very wide circulation. We admire his wisdom, however, in having concealed his name.

THE PRISONER OF THE BORDER: a Tale of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Eight. By P. HAMILTON MYERS, Esq., Author of 'The First of the KNICKERBOCKERS,' 'The Young Patroon,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 378. New-York: DEBBY AND JACKSON.

'THE scene of this tale is laid chiefly upon the borders of the United States and Canada, at the time of the troubled period of the projected Canadian Revolution. The chief incident of the plot is the capture of the hero, a young American Sympathizer, by the British, and the subsequent unwearied exertions and devoted sacrifices of a young and beautiful girl to effect his release. The plot is very skilfully managed: its course is flowing, consequent, and uninterrupted; its incidents are striking; they are conceived with much dramatic power, and are described with a force and vividness, and a happy flow of language, which impart almost the vitality of action. Still there is not a point strained, probability is never outraged, and sense is never sacrificed for effect. The characters are finely conceived, and contrasted in a masterly manner. They are not types of new classes of character; we may remember to have met them elsewhere, but their grouping presents new and salient points of observation; they act in new scenes and stirring situations, and their combinations are the natural results of new relations to each other, so that fresh motives, and varied phases, and idiosyncrasies are evolved from old and recognized types, and become, by the alchemy of the author's mind, new creations. The character of GERTRUDE VAN KLEECK is one that every one will reflect upon with pleasure. It is that of a true woman.' Thus far, FRANK LESLIE'S Illustrated 'News'-paper. We have not found leisure to read one word of the work here noticed. The era chosen should certainly be an effective one.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Death of Mr. Samuel Hueston.

THE death of Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, for so many years the esteemed publisher of this Magazine, has recently been widely made known to the public, through the medium of the daily press of this metropolis. Occurring at a period so nearly approaching the printing and distant transmission of the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER, it is not now in our power to do justice to the character and Christian virtues of the lamented deceased. This deserved tribute we hope, in the good providence of God, to be enabled to render hereafter. The simplest statement, wholly inadequate, is all that we can present at this time. Mr. HUESTON was born in Scotland. His parents removed to this country, and settled in Morristown, Morris County, (New-Jersey,) before he was a year old. Here he resided until he was twenty-two years of age. He married a most amiable and lovely lady, and went to the South, where he lived some nine or ten years, a large portion of the time, we believe, in New-Orleans. He then came to New-York, where he resided for the remainder of his life. He was forty-nine years of age at the time of his death. He was a man of strict and sterling honesty in all his dealings; and in his conduct of the publishing department of the KNICKERBOCKER, he secured and retained the cordial friendship of all with whom he came in contact. He was not merely a publisher: his literary sympathies were warm and genial: his appreciation correct: his kindness of heart unvaried. He has gone to join the beloved wife who passed before him through the crowded gate of Death, and is now, with her, in the 'Better Land;' leaving two children, boys of advanced age, behind him, forever to lament and honor the father and mother who so loved and honored them. Of our long and intimate intercourse with the lamented deceased, it will be our province to speak hereafter. He died as he had lived, a devoted, practical Christian. Peace be with his kindly, gentle spirit! — peace to his ashes, in the green glade where they repose in beautiful Greenwood!

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — For reasons, and through avocations, which, under the circumstances, will be obvious to the considerate reader, the hilarious 'Fishing Experience in JOHN BROWN's Tract,' with not a few kindred subsections of 'Gossip,' original and from correspondents, (for whose favors we are grateful,) are postponed to our next. The length of some of our 'Literary Notices' has also excluded our 'Record of New Publications.' - - - THERE is not a little 'fire' in '*Sparks and Cinders caught by a Grate-Blower, from the Furnace of Life.*' We are sure we know the writer, too, not so much from his hand-of-write, as from 'internal evidence.' Speaking of '*Blowers*,' did our friend ever happen to hear of the remark which old Dr. CHAPMAN (once of his tremendously large village) made one night at a 'WISTAR-Party' held at his house, to a then celebrated, talented, good-natured, but slightly pretentious and pompous English trumpet-blower? This was it: the bugler had come somewhat early: had walked, and was 'blown': his dress enhancing his discomfort, as he always wore a frock-coat, in all weathers, buttoned to the chin. Save Dr. CHAPMAN, not a soul was in the room. 'How-de-do, Doctor?' 'Fraid I am too early — eh?' 'Oh! no; there's time enough yet.' 'Doctor,' continued the 'brass'-artist, mopping his forehead with a red silk handkerchief, 'do n't you think your fire is too hot? Won't it over-heat the Burgundy, which I see standing (you understand these things, Doctor, I perceive) upon your mantel-piece?' 'SAM!' responded the Doctor, calling to his arm-chair an old and favorite negro body-servant of his, 'SAM,' pointing to his early guest, take away that *Blower*: too hot for me!' SAM removed the blower from the grate, and probably was never aware of the pun to the day of his death. This is a long 'screed,' but it occurred to us, and we thought we would jot it down:

'It was remarked to me that the city whereof I am an inhabitant was a rather 'slow,' 'old-fogy,' 'stupid' one: also, by the same individual, that its citizens seemed prosy, common-place, business-engrossed men, too nearly on the 'GRADGRIND' order of humanity. 'No wit, no social *esprit*,' exclaimed my individual; 'no sentiment, no life, in short, but every-day life — plod! plod! Ah! I would n't live in such an old clock of a town, among all your human 'cogs,' and wheels, and pendulums, all set to the same time, and ticking along the dial of existence with the same monotony as the clock on the old State House! What would n't I give for a real 'original' now?'

'*Jam satis*,' cried I, 'you shall be gratified, and sooner than you expect, for lo! he cometh.' We were 'upon the street' at the time.

'What! — that grave-looking, white-haired, trimly-attired, peculiarly-respectable old gentleman with the gold 'specs' and plaid-silk cravat? He an or — bah!'

'Do n't 'bah!' so soon, my friend: you'll feel sheepish enough before long, if the grave-looking old gentleman 'twigs' you rightly. Mr. TURKLE, a moment: allow me to introduce my friend HANKER, from Paris — last.'

'Sir, most happy,' said the grave-looking TURKLE, gravely. 'Ah! pray pardon me, gentlemen, but just at the present moment I feel as if I contained, in the area

of my brain, about thirteen acres of Hades in the highest state of cultivation. Good morning!

TURKLE bowed solemnly — and left. Friend HANKER 'caved,' and we went home to dinner, and to talk more about the great original.

'Mr. TURKLE, HANKER,' commenced I, at the crisis of our second glass of sherry, 'is a remarkable man in many respects. He is a generous man, a rich man, a polite man, an intelligent man, a good husband, father, and friend: he has few if any enemies: and there is but one man, or rather class of men, toward whom his sentiments are other than those of a Christian gentleman. He hates an undertaker. 'This world,' said he to me one day, 'is nothing but a great burying-ground, and those infernal fellows, with their long boxes and measuring-rods — ugh! and black wagons, have a monopoly of the soil. Do n't talk to *me* of the agricultural interest — it's the undertaker's interest that rules the fate of nations.' A few weeks since I was walking up street with him, when he suddenly bolted down a cross-court. 'Where the deuce are you going, TURKLE?' 'Nowhere — anywhere. Do n't you see that horrible thing coming down street? My dear Sir, I'd rather face a panther than a funeral.' But TURKLE is by no means always in a melancholy mood, nor does his originality lie wholly upon the *grave* side of his character. He is peculiarly witty and eccentric upon many subjects, and on many occasions, and no one can better 'set the table in a roar,' without the slightest apparent premeditation. He is deeply versed in Scripture, and often makes use of quotations to enforce a remark. Time and place seem equally apt with him, or rather he is totally independent of either, and consequently says the most singular, often startling things, at the most unlooked-for period, and without the most remote connection with any thing, antecedent or associate, to give rise to his train of thought and observation. He —'

'Ho! every one that thirsteth!' burst upon our ears at this moment in stentorian tones, causing both our glasses to lose their equilibrium and ourselves nearly to follow their example. We turned: in the dining-room door stood TURKLE, a smile on his lip, and a scarlet silk pocket-handkerchief held aloft in his hand, as if about to continue his thunderous declamation. 'What makes you leave your front-door latch down?' said he abruptly, entering the room. 'I could have stolen every thing on the hat-rack. I wish I had. How are ye again, Mr. HANKER? Yes! very fine sherry; I know it. No, Sir, not a drop! I won't touch any thing but water for — a week. Had the nightmare awfully last night. Neighbors got up, and lighted all their gas; thought robbers were in crowds in every house in the square, and all the children being murdered in their beds. Nothing in the world but a plate of terrapin and two glasses of sherry I took at a party that evening. Give me a glass of water, WILLIAM. Cider, did you say? Well! I *will* try that. Ah! how that reminds me — Ah! 'I would I were a boy again!' Mr. HANKER, I'm told there is n't a drop of good whiskey in Paris: is that so?

'Mr. TURKLE, if I may be so bold as to inquire, pray what was the cause of your — your — that is, of your low spirits this morning?'

'Why — ah! confound the fellow! I believe they're all itching to measure me with their rascally rules: the fact is, there was a scoundrel actually had the impudence to come to my office this morning to get me to buy a lot, ('LORD be merciful to me, a sinner!') a swampish, damp, barren, ten-foot-square lot in a new cemetery out here — to — to — you know. I hope he may be the first tenant on his own property, confound him! Pass the sherry!'

'Why, TURKLE, you said ——'

'Yes: I know I did; but you've overset me with your detestable questions. Ah! we are, 'above all, deceitful and desperately wicked.' Mr. HANKER, will you be so good as to explain to me the exact difference between a *Lorette* and a *Grisette* in Paris? I never could precisely understand the distinction. . . . Thank you! very lucid. I must go: good day! Oh! I say, (to me,) do n't you think the Esquimaux will suffer more hereafter than the Patagonians? Good bye!' He was off.

'Well, HANKER,' cried I, 'what do you think now of our 'clock-work'?''

'I confess to the maize,' cried he: 'a few such 'eccentric movements' as that would certainly kick up a row in the machinery!'

'You shall see more set a-going ere you leave,' I replied, as we adjourned to the parlor.'

Of the 'same sort,' more anon. - - - OUR readers, or at least many of them, will remember a singular patriotic poem contributed to these pages many years ago, commencing:

'WHEN the old Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals,'

etc. It was very popular, and went the rounds of the press throughout the Union. The following, just received, is greatly the superior of that effusion, and is by the same author, GUY H. McMASTER, Esq., of Bath, Steuben county, in this State. The 'Northern Lights' was written during the revolutionary agitations in Europe; and hence, we infer, the interrogatories addressed to certain royal personages in the seventh stanza. The idea of the poem, it will be seen, is a vision of the MILTONIC 'Infernal Host:'

The Northern Lights.

'ALL in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears: and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable.' — PARADISE LOST.

I.

HELL's gates swing open wide!
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!
The deep doth redden
With flags of armies marching through the night,
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight
At Armageddon!

II.

Peers and princes mark I,
Captains and chiliarchi —
Thee, burning angel of the pit, ABADDON!
Charioteers from Hades, land of gloom,
Gigantic thrones and heathen troopers, whom
The thunder of the far-off fight doth madden.

III.

Lo! Night's barbaric Khans!
Lo! the waste Gulf's wild clans
Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles:

Lo! flaming Sultans, lo! infernal Czars
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing cars
Of LUCIFER and AMMON, towering Idols.

IV.

See yonder red platoons!
See! see, the swift dragoons
Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!
See the tall regiments whose spears incline
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign
Which to the streams of ocean never leaneth.*

V.

Whose yonder dragon crest?
Whose that red-shielded breast?
Chieftain SATANAS! emperor of the furnace!
What bright centurions, what blazing ears,
In mail of hell's hot ores and burning pearls,
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness?

VI.

All shades and spectral hosts,
All forms and gloomy ghosts,
All frowning phantoms from the Gulf's dim gorges,
Follow the kings in wavering multitude,
While savage giants of the Night's old brood
In pagan mirth toss high their crackling torches.

VII.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones
Ruling earth's southern zones,
Mark ye those wrathful arches of Gehenna,
How gleam, affrighted Lords of Europe's crowns,
Their blood-red arrows o'er your bastioned towns,
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna?
Go bid your prophets watch the northern skies!
Why through the vault cleave those infernal glances?
Why, ye pale wizards, do those portents rise,
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?

VIII.

Still, o'er the silent Pole
Numberless armies roll,
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery!
Still, girdled nobles cross the snowy fields
In flashing chariots: their crimson shields
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordillera!

IX.

On! Lords of dark despair!
Prince of the Powers of Air,
Bear your broad banners through the Constellations!
Wave, all ye Stygian hordes
Through the black sky your swords,
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations.
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep:
Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep!
Dare ye again, fierce Thrones and scarlet Powers,
Assail with hell's wild hosts those crystal towers!
Tempt ye again the angel's shining blades,
ITHURIEL's spear and MICHAEL's circling truncheon,
The seraph-cavalier, whose winged brigades
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the Night's vast dungeon?

Is n't that very MILTONIC, alike in conception and execution, especially for
a mere 'plank-road director'? - - - 'Of course' the 'times' are 'hard':

but what of that? Do n't make them harder, by imitating Mrs. SAVEALL, who has been recording her 'experiences,' and setting forth her character in the New-York '*Picayune*.' She can't 'do' for the whole of her sister's family, but she is willing to do what she can. Hear her:

'THERE'S MARTHA, now: she's different. She's past fifteen, and very steady. I've heard her mother say she was the only help she had. I think I'll adopt MARTHA. She can sew very well, and she can do all my plain work evenings after she has washed the tea-things; for of course I shan't keep a girl after taking such an additional expense on my shoulders. Then, a great girl like that, lounging about will be glad of something to do, and there's a pile of coal-ashes in the under-cellar, that the last tenant left there, would have been carried out months ago, only they charged me two dollars for doing it; she can take it out in pailfuls, and it will be good exercise for her. Then the fences in the back-garden need whitewashing, and she can practise on them so as to learn; if she is smart she can save me a good deal of money next house-cleaning, and it would be her duty to do so after all I've done for her, or rather, all I'm *going* to do. Won't she have that nice little bed-room off the basement to sleep in, with nothing but the wash-tubs and an old stove or two beside her bed and trunk in it? Can't she wash her clothes when she does mine, and use my lines to dry 'em on? And can't she go to church every Sunday evening?—there's a privilege many a poor man's daughter do n't have. And then I shall bring her up as she had ought to be brought up. I won't allow her to read silly novels, and poetry, and that trash. I shan't let her toss herself off in finery; she shall comb her hair plain behind her ears, and wear slip aprons. Let me catch her letting any young man wait on her out as she gets older. There's an advantage she will have with me—I shan't give her a chance to make a fool of herself; though of course she'd never think of leaving me after all my sacrifices. I do n't know as I do myself justice when I assume such a responsibility. But it is one's duty to help one's relations, and I've always been self-sacrificing since I was a child. I'll write to Cousin JOHN and make him the offer before I sleep. . . . There, the letter is sent. How grateful they will feel to me! It does one good to be generous. I hope they will send her soon, for the poor pavement wants washing, and the brasses ought to be cleaned, and some one must take the wash-kettle to be mended, and I want to have the carpets shaken next week, and I really ought to have help; beside, I love to be doing good. . . . Bless my soul! I never was so astonished. How can people be so utterly blind to their own interest! To think of Cousin JOHN refusing my offer point blank. And how *can* ANN JANE call herself a mother when she neglects such opportunities for her daughter, only because she 'can't spare her!' Well, there is one consolation—I've done my duty. I was willing to 'cast my bread upon the waters,' as our minister says—I meant to take that girl and do by her. It's not *my* fault that I did n't. Ah! mark my words—the time will come when they will all be sorry for it.'

What a good, generous old soul! - - - Nor long since, on a cool, pleasant Sabbath afternoon, we accompanied a neighbor to a *Colored Camp-Meeting*, assembled in a shady grove on the 'Greenbush Road,' back of 'Rockland Tower,' which has often led us to the mansion of our friend NICHOLAS QUACKENBOS, Esq., at 'Brookside,' an appropriate and pleasant name for a most pleasant place. We have seldom been more forcibly impressed than on the occasion to which we allude. There were perhaps a thousand people present, men and women, young and old, at least one-half of whom were white persons. There was a *cordon* of wagons and horses around a wide circular inclosure, indicated and respected, although not inclosed. An afternoon intermission had commenced just as we arrived, and the sable worshippers were scattered around the ground in groups, in front of a rude board-pulpit, which was situated under the dense shade of a cluster of heavy-foliaged trees. Some were singing, others were praying; but every thing was conducted with perfect propriety; nor did we hear, from any one of the 'congregation,' or the audience, a single word at which exception might be taken. One 'colored brother' especially arrested our attention. He was very old; he said he was 'goin' on seventy:' he stood in

the midst of a very large circle: and in a voice broken, yet some how strangely melodious, we thought, was singing from a printed slip '*A Warning*,' in which all around him joined with great fervor. And this was the '*Warning*' which he gave; and while singing it, with shortened breath, but most affecting solemnity, intermingled occasionally with touching, and often eloquent comments, he was joined by great numbers of his '*colored brethren*' present:

'THE voice of WISDOM hear,
Be in time, be in time!
The voice of WISDOM hear,
Be in time:
To give up every sin,
In earnest now begin;
For the night will soon set in:
Be in time, be in time!
For the night will soon set in:
Be in time!

'Ye aged sinners hear,
Be in time, be in time!
Ye aged sinners hear,
Be in time:
Your sands are running fast,
Your die will soon be cast;
Ye aged men make haste:
Be in time, be in time!
Ye aged men make haste:
Be in time!

'Though late, you may return,
Be in time, be in time!
Though late, you may return,
Be in time:
Though late, you may return,
You're not too late to learn;
While the lamp holds out to burn:
Be in time, be in time!
While the lamp holds out to burn:
Be in time!

'You who are young in years,
Be in time, be in time!
You who are young in years,
Be in time:
You say you're in your bloom,
And far from the dark tomb;
But mind, your day will come:
Be in time, be in time!
But mind, your day will come:
Be in time!

'Ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
Be in time, be in time!
You must die and wear the shroud;
Be in time:

Then you'll cry, and want to be
Happy in eternity;
When the monster DEATH you see:
Be in time, be in time!
When the monster DEATH you see:
Be in time!

'Backslider, do you hear?
Be in time, be in time!
Backslider, do you hear?
Be in time:
Your sinful course forsake,
Yourself to prayer betake;
Your deathless soul's at stake:
Be in time, be in time!
Your deathless soul's at stake:
Be in time!

'Should you the work delay,
You're undone, you're undone!
Should you the work delay,
You're undone:
Should you the work delay,
And squander life away;
Death will be a solemn day:
Be in time, be in time!
Death will be a solemn day:
Be in time!

'Oh! should the door be shut
When you come, when you come!
Oh! should the door be shut
When you come:
Should God in anger say,
Depart from Me away;
It will be too late to pray:
Be in time, be in time!
It will be too late to pray:
Be in time!

'The Gospel train's at hand,
Be in time, be in time!
The Gospel train's at hand,
Be in time,
Behold your station there,
Jesus has paid your fare;
Let's all engage in prayer:
Be in time, be in time!
Let's all engage in prayer:
Be in time!

The aged singer's hands were freckled, and '*lark and brown*,' and rough, and seamed with toil. He said they had '*ministered unto his necessities*,' and to those which were with him; for he had a family, but by the blessing of God, he was able to work still. He was a shoe-maker, he said; he had suffered much from illness; but humble as was his occupation, he had had,

while sitting upon his bench, visions of a 'better land,' where they should no more say, 'I am sick,' and all distinctions, 'except for *good*,' were forever done away with. It was *very* affecting—and tears stood in many an eye. One thing more is worthy of note, 'in this connection.' Just as the last verse was being sung,

'THE Gospel train 's at hand,
Be in time, be in time!'

afar off, on the level space that stretched toward the Ramapo Hills, came rushing on a long train upon the New-York and Erie Rail-road, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive, softened by the distance, echoed subduedly through the 'Camp.' The effect was most striking. But now the horn blew; the assemblage gathered around the pulpit: a fervent prayer was offered up by a 'colored brother,' which, both in manner and language, was unexceptionable: a hymn was sung: we heard part of a discourse from the text, 'Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in ME. In my FATHER's house are many mansions: if it were *not* so, I would have told you.' We heard but the first half of this discourse, which was listened to with not only not the slightest interruption, but with the undivided attention of all present: a tribute which it well deserved; for we believe that in matter and manner it surprised almost every body who heard it. All the way coming home, we were trying, with our friend, to recall the air to which '*The Warning*' was sung. We were about to 'give it up,' when it flashed upon us:

'My name 't was ROBERT KID,
As I sailed, as I sailed:
My name 't was ROBERT KID,
As I sailed:
My name 't was ROBERT KID,
And so wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed!'

But all this mattered not. With *the words*, the air was extremely pathetic: and it will be very long before we shall forget it. Moreover, it was most effectively executed. - - - It has been our lot, in the course of twenty-five years' experience in these pages, to encounter much bad spelling and worse hand-writing; but until now, we never 'took our eye and threw it over' any thing *half* as formidable as the following. The chirography, especially, is a perfect *miracle* of uncouth ugliness. It comes to us from one of our consulates many thousand miles away. *Some* 'punctification' was necessary, as there was not a 'point' in the whole:

'Thursday morning

'to Mr. ———, the American Consul dear sir i take this morring my pan in hand to address to you my sufferings: sir since i came hear i have sufard great: my dear sir, i have not had any thing to eat but that ten peasters, and they did not go far: i am know starving to death with cold and hunger my dear sir i am know at the poynt of death: i have suferd moch, and i pray you will relave me and i will pary for you. your sarvant did not hev me put up stares on thusday or i would be more oomfortobel i am know in a faver i have no teast in my mowyth: my head is all fayer my body is all coold i am in a faver: i feal very sick all over my criam i have repanted ten

millyons of times over, and i pray you will forgive me for this time, and i will pray for you i cannot live mich longer in this affol hole: i am so sick i cannot move: i pray you my dear sir you will pardon me or remove me. i have nothing to eat, and am starving with coold i bag forgiveness i pray you relave me soon or i will diey i reman your humbel and sarvent, etc.'

We infer that the poor fellow had committed some offence, which compelled his imprisonment. We hope this touching, although homely epistle, may have wrought his restoration to liberty and to health. Knowing the consul's heart, we cannot doubt it. - - - THE decease of Mr. HUESTON will in no respect interfere with the regular and prompt publication of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. He was mercifully spared to attend to all his business interests, and to delegate his trust to others, whose long experience in the office renders his late duties as familiar to them as to himself. Our circulation was never larger than at the present moment, nor our literary matériel more various and abundant. We shall strive now, even more than ever, to deserve the long-extended and continued favor of the public. We hope to be able to present such a literary repast to our readers, that they shall at least once a month forget the 'Hard Times,' and all that appertains to them; asking only that their promptness shall keep pace with our exertions for their gratification. For nearly a quarter of a century, we have *lived Knickerbocker*. Its correspondents—and what a totally unexampled list it is!—were either procured *by* us, or volunteered *to* us. That we have labored hard ourselves, the pages of fifty volumes of the Magazine will sufficiently show. But reader, let us 'glory' a little in *another* respect. There is not a feature about the *mechanical* taste—cover, internal typography, etc.,—which was not originally suggested, and carefully overseen, and perpetuated, by the EDITOR hereof. How many years do we go back!—how many contributors have we seen consigned to the 'narrow house'—the 'house appointed for all living!' But this is of the PAST: our labors now, if we are spared, as well as those of our numerous gifted correspondents, will be for the FUTURE of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. - - - A METROPOLITAN friend, who many years ago favored us in a similar kind, has sent us a 'screed' of '*Epitaphia*,' from which we select the following:

'THE following are from '*Chronicles of the Tombs*,' a volume recently issued in BOHN'S Antiquarian Library. Our first is 'On the Wife of EDWARD GREENWOOD, D.D.':

"O DEATH! O DEATH! thou hast cut down
The fairest *Greenwood* in all the town:
Her virtues and good qualities were such,
She was worthy to marry a lord or a judge:
Yet such was her condescension and humility,
She chose to marry me, a Doctor of Divinity:
For which heroic act she stands confessed
Above all women, the *Phania* of her sex;
And like that bird, one young she did beget,
That she might not leave her friends disconsolate.
My grief for her, alas! is so sore,
I can only write two lines more:
For this, and every other good woman's sake,
Never lay a blister on a lying-in woman's back.'

'This is found in Devonshire, and dates from the early part of the seventeenth

century. The next is from St. SAVIOUR'S, Southwark, London: a marble monument bears also an effigy of the distinguished defunct. The date is 1672:

"HERE LOCKYER lies interred — enough his name
Speaks, one hath few competitors in fame:
A name so great, so general, it may scorn
Inscriptions which do vulgar tombs adorn!
A diminution 't is to write in verse
His eulogies which most men's mouths rehearse:
His virtues *and his pills* are so well known,
That Envy can't confine them under stone;
But they 'll survive his dust, and not expire
Till all things else at the universal fire.
This verse, if lost, his pills embalm him safe
To future times without an epitaph."

'A VERY good specimen of an old-style epitaph is the subjoined '*Upon an Old Servant*:'

"PASS not, proud mortals! thus unmindful by:
Here moulders one who never told a lie,
Who ne'er detracted from another's fame,
Nor e'er by scandal brought a neighbor shame:
In life's uneven path contented trud;
Cursed not his neighbor, nor blasphemed his God;
To converse private gave no listening ear,
Nor was a slander ever known to hear;
Who, silent to his friends as to his foes,
His master's secrets never would disclose;
But faithful, sober, pious, good, and just,
Served him obedient, and fulfilled his trust;
More quiet none, in boastful Greece or Rome,
For know, O reader! he was *deaf and dumb*."

'IN Micklehurst church-yard, England, may be seen the following:

"LIFE is an inn, where all men bait,
The waiter TIME, the landlord FATE;
DEATH is the score by all men due:
I've paid my shot — and so must you."

'AT Arlington, in the same 'yle beyond the sea,' we find the annexed:

Next Life

"Two grand-mothers with their two grand-daughters,
Two husbands with their two wives,
Two fathers with their two daughters,
Two mothers with their two sons,
Two maidens with their two mothers,
Two sisters with their two brothers.
Yet but six corps in all lie buried here,
All born legitimate, and from incest clear."

'And our ingenious antiquarian satisfactorily unravels all the intricate tangle. Let your KNICKERBOCKER wits 'throw themselves upon the sumjack.' Also, while they are about it, let them answer this: 'Two widowers (who are not related) marry each other's daughters: *what relation will their children be to each other?*' You of course remember the Duck question: 'A duck before two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, and a duck between two ducks: *how many ducks were there?*' But to return to our epitaphs. A volume of the New-York '*Mirror*,' published nearly thirty years ago, gave the following, '*On an Infant who Died very Young*:'

"I CAME to see the farce of life one day,
Tired of the first act, and so went away."

'And now we have a real genuine original KNICKERBOCKER'S:

' "IN THIS VAULT LIES BURIED

Petrus Stuyvesant,

LATE CAPTAIN-GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF AMSTERDAM,
IN NEW-NETHERLAND, NOW CALLED NEW-YORK,
AND THE DUTCH WEST-INDIA ISLANDS: DIED IN AUGUST, A.D. 1682.
AGED 80 YEARS.'

'The curious may find the above under one of the windows of STUYVESANT Church, (St. MARK's Episcopal,) nearly opposite the new building of the Historical Society.

'In Melrose Abbey grave-yard is a curious little old tomb-stone, half-buried, which, beside an hour-glass and skull and cross-bones, bears the following curious epitaph. I am sorry I have forgotten the name: the date was about 1620 :

"Y^e Earth goeth on y^e Earth,
Glistering like gold;
Y^e Earth goeth to y^e Earth
Sooner than it wold:
Y^e Earth buildeth on y^e Earth
Castles and Towers;
Y^e Earth sayeth to y^e Earth,
All shall be ours."

'THE writer is well persuaded that the following inscription, with variations, is more widely diffused than any in the language:

"REMEMBER friend, as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I:
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.'

'Whether from its antitheses, its striking truthfulness, or its brevity, cannot now be determined, perhaps; but the fact remains, that those four lines have had a strong hold on the popular heart both in Great Britain and this country. But do you know that some profane person wrote with irreverent hand the ensuing couplet beneath the verse just given?

"To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went.'

'One more. Mr. PETTIGREW of the 'Chronicles,' quotes the following from a tomb at Ockham, A.D. 1736:

"THE LORD saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree:
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so DEATH lopped off me.'

'And now to conclude: one of the most *impudent* epitaphs I ever remember to have read, is the following, which may be seen recorded upon a tombstone in Lancashire, England:

"READER, pass on! — don't waste your time
O'er false biography and false rhyme:
For what I *am*, this crumbling clay insures,
And what I *was*, is no affair of yours!'

Slightly 'cool,' for a dead man! - - - Is not the following, which

we receive from 'E — B —,' a welcome Philadelphia correspondent, a very singular circumstance? We hope the unfilled blank at the end may not cause the KNICKERBOCKER to be ordered out of France, for we have some fifty American subscribers in its gay capital who, we are vain enough to think, would sadly miss their monthly draught of 'Home-brewed:' 'A Frenchman lately communicated the following curious calculation to an English friend:

' FALL of ROBESPIERRE,	1794
(Repeat 1794 in single figures,)	1
	7
	9
	4
' Fall of NAPOLEON I.,	1815
(Repeat as above,)	1
	8
	1
	5
' Fall of CHARLES X.,	1830
	1
	3
	3
	0
' Fall of DUKE OF ORLEANS,	1848
	1
	8
	4
	2
' Fall of ——— ?	1857

An ominous query, and a pregnant! - - - EXCEEDINGLY beautiful is the manuscript of the subjoined: but is it not also an exceedingly forcible example of the 'search of *English* under difficulties'? It strikes us so:

'MY DEAR SIR: I am very sorry for announcing you, that my sons and the two young men O — and S — shall not can continue being present at the school that you so worthly preside because the time to continue our voyage to Europe is arrived, but I do not have sufficient expressions to signify you my gratitude for the goodness and the efficacy that you have purchased in the teaching of the told young men. It is probably that our depart will be verified in this six or eight days, and I wish that if any thing occur to you, be served to occupy me with freedom, then shall be very pleased in accomplish your orders. Your very Attentive Servant, V — DE P —.'

We omit the name of the writer, as well as the names of 'the told young men' (the *said*?) of whom he speaks, in deference to what we may assume to be the wish of our correspondent. The foregoing is sufficiently Frenchy: the annexed, which was addressed to the division-superintendent of one of our rail-roads, is sufficiently Dutch:

'S —, the 29: August 18 —.

'DEAR MR. —: As it is requested of axidents the Containence this Evining of the cars was by an axel tree being caused to be braden by Cairing the load that they had to get what the other had that the other mite take what the one left on the road and returned to —, unfit to carry its load westard; and by so doing they got preest in the switch at —, witch caused to bend and Cracx the axel tree and had to be taken out.

'SOLOMON G —.'

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NO. 6.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

BY U. A. JACKSON.

THOMAS WOLSEY was born in 1471. The era was propitious for the development of his genius. The battles of York and Lancaster ; the terrible hatreds of those rival houses ; the blow aimed at legitimacy in the murder of the infant princess in the tower ; the usurpation of Richard ; the revolt of his disaffected nobles ; the battle of Bosworth-field ; and finally, the ascension of the throne by Henry the Seventh, had racked England to its centre. The best blood of the nation had been spilled on the battle-field or the scaffold. All the instruments of vindictive and unscrupulous power had been employed by the successful aspirants to crush or exterminate their rivals. Learning, the arts, manufacture, mechanism, commerce had suffered ; religion had, in a measure, lost its hold upon the people ; the bonds of family and social affection had been shattered ; chivalry had almost waned, and the links of a common interest, loyalty, religion, nationality, that bind together a people in the pursuits of life, were snapping asunder beneath the blows of internecine war and the sudden changes of government. It was at such a period that Henry the Seventh ascended the English throne. It was at such a period that Cæsar became master of Rome, Alexander of Greece, Cromwell of England, and Napoleon of France. Henry the Seventh also, like these arbiters of mankind, had his work : though less brilliant in history than theirs, still serviceable and important to perform. The task of regenerating the English character was before him, of putting together the elements of its disjointed nationality. He lacked the genius to achieve a complete success, and it was reserved for Wolsey to advance the neglected interests of religion, of learning, of commerce, and of law, and to confer upon England a substantial power and influence, as the arbiter of European difficulties. It is Wolsey, then, as one who promoted the material and intellectual interests

of his race, of whom we wish to write. We therefore expend no time in discussing the probabilities of his mean or noble birth. Whether he was the son of a butcher or of a gentleman, matters little to those who wish to contemplate the splendor of his character, the grandeur of his designs, the purity of his motives, or the manner of his death. It matters not what were the ancestries of those men whose fame depends merely upon their own stern exertions for place, power, and fame. We delight to honor them because they were great : not from the adventitious circumstance of birth ; but from labor, from hard blows given and received in the conflict of life, from heroism on the battle-field, from piety in the church, from devotion to the wants of humanity, whether suffering in poverty, groping blindly in ignorance, or wandering in the dark shadows of heathenism. The poet, the soldier, the philosopher, the statesman, and the saint, is great of himself, from intrinsic merit, not from the circumstances that may have surrounded his birth. It is Thomas Wolsey, then, the great Cardinal, the distinctive English mind of his age, the man who left his mark broad and deep upon English character, not Thomas Wolsey born gentleman or butcher, whose life we wish to follow.

We omit to notice particularly the education of Wolsey, and his early efforts as a student. That they were arduous, the whole tenor of his career demonstrates. From what we know, however, of his earlier and undistinguished life, we may infer that there was little of the ascetic in his disposition. While vicar at Lymington, his impetuous temper led him into a riot, the result of which was the stocks. Is there not at least one point of similarity between the great Cardinal and Friar Tuck ?

Wolsey first came under royal notice as chaplain of Henry the Seventh. This position he obtained through Sir Richard Nanfaul, whom he had served at Calais. While occupying this office, he more than once recommended himself to his royal master by the prompt discharge of duties intrusted to his care. The King's appreciation of his chaplain was such, that Wolsey obtained the deanery of Lincoln, and other offices of honor and emolument.

On the twenty-second of April, 1509, Henry the Seventh died. In many respects he was a remarkable man. He exhibited in glaring contrast the qualities of greatness and meanness. Personally brave, he had none of the chivalric sentiments of the soldier. With strong common-sense, he yet developed an avarice so overpowering as to blunt not only the nice perceptions of honor, but even the ordinary dictates of justice. The sufferings of Richmond's youth had not taught the mature years of Henry the great Christian lessons of mercy or forbearance. The death of Henry was hailed with almost as much joy as that of his predecessor, Richard.

His son and successor, Henry the Eighth, was personally popular. His character as a man and a sovereign has been a prolific theme of discussion among historical writers ; but none who merit the regard of earnest inquirers have attempted to conceal or excuse those vices with which in this present essay we have most to do, and to which we shall presently advert.

Upon his ascension of the throne he arraigned and punished the abettors of his father's tyrannical avarice. But there is no mention of his having depleted the bursting coffers of the old king in such acts of restitution as would have shielded the memory of his father from obloquy and disgrace. Their golden treasure opened a vista of never-ending pleasure to the son, which overcame the stern demands of justice and the dictates of filial piety.

Wolsey at this time was thirty-eight years of age, Dean of Lincoln and almoner to the King. He had shared the youthful pleasures of his master, but while participating in his dissipations, had evidenced his own great powers of mind and consummate practical ability. Henry, from amid the gay revellers who thronged his court, selected Wolsey as his favorite adviser, having discovered in his powerful and conservative intellect the very element which he needed to give strength and dignity to the government, which his own turbulent and reckless disposition might in the outset of his reign have sadly shattered.

At this time Julius Second was the Roman pontiff. Julius was a priestly soldier, a fiery, irascible, but withal large-hearted man, and more of a patriot than a saint.

He had recently become involved in a quarrel with Louis the Twelfth of France. Ferdinand of Spain, the father-in-law of Henry, supported the Pope, and drew the English King to the Italian interest. A war with France ensued, in which the English gained no substantial benefit. Wolsey accompanied the army, having the superintendence of its commissariat. The advantages he reaped from this campaign were substantial. One was his induction into the vacant Bishopric of Tournay after the taking of that city. Other victories, however, beside the few barren triumphs in France, crowned the English arms. At home the battle of Flodden Field, so vividly described in Scott's immortal verse, was fought and won for Henry.

Shortly after Henry's return to England, Wolsey was elevated to the Archbishopric of York. He was now on the full tide of royal favor. He possessed the potent word that ruled the wayward passions of the king. He was no longer the mere man of pleasure, but the earnest statesman, ready for any emergency, and capable of conducting any affair of state, however complicated its relations or difficult its character. His duties were important and onerous, his responsibilities vast, and his demeanor was that of one, who, in controlling the destinies of a great people, not only knew the importance of his office, but placed a high estimate on his own services. And for this princely manner, which fitted him so well, which he honored in the wearing, and which draped gracefully about him as the folds of a Roman toga, he suffered the aspersion of unwarrantable pride; he was accused of the sudden assumption of a mantle which, from social position, he had no right to wear; he was regarded as an upstart from the ranks of life, who had no sooner thrown aside the livery of the menial than he assumed the pomp and dignity of the lord. But let those who accuse Wolsey of undue arrogance, haughtiness, and love of power, when the favor of his sovereign had invested him with wealth and influence, remember that human nature is the same in all men and in all ages; that Wolsey's disposi-

tion was imperious, that his aims had no limit, that he loved magnificence of retinue, of habiliment, of household garnishment, because that age invested human greatness with magnificence and display; that he loved power, and put forth the energies of a giant will to obtain and hold it, because, without affectation, he well knew that his intellect could better serve his country than that of any lordly courtier, whose heart was in the revels of the palace, whose soul could take no flight beyond the pleasures of sense. Before his mind's eye was placed a great object, and to reach it became the constant effort of his life. The dreams of the young priest in his cloister were realized by the Archbishop in his palace. He saw in England a capacity of development that no continental kingdom possessed. He found a system of law which was daily strengthening its proportions. He found a commerce which, though sadly disturbed by civil war, might become the wonder of a world. He found a sturdy, hearty yeomanry, with a national character as unbending as the oak; a character which could give England the position of umpire of the world, perhaps make her island kingdom a mother of nations, another Rome.

And he found too, and regarded with a hostile eye, a nobility proud, wealthy, and powerful, which might be the terror or the bulwark of the throne, which for centuries had disregarded right and law, had time and time again excited the masses against the sovereign power, but to oppress those masses untrammelled by a government stronger than itself. In short, he found the buds of glorious national promise, which he determined to unfold, and the seeds of evil, which he resolved to destroy.

How well he succeeded, English history can proudly witness.

In the latter part of the year 1515, Wolsey was elevated to the Cardinalate by Leo the Tenth, and about the same time the Great Seal of England, with the office of Chancellor of the Realm, was given him. Wolsey now held one of the highest offices in the Church; was, by virtue of his Chancellorship, the first officer of the kingdom, and, more than all, possessed the confidence of the King. His remarkable character and his rapid elevation made him the cynosure of all eyes. European sovereigns wishing to negotiate with England, regarded Wolsey as the proper mediator between themselves and his King. England was then just beginning to exercise that influence in the councils of Europe which she subsequently so largely developed. A character like Wolsey's was well adapted to give that young influence those advantages of growth which it needed in the acquisition of strength. His powers of mind were not only felt at home, but in their clear, strong, and conservative management of diplomatic negotiations were felt, respected, and feared by foreign potentates. Nobly did the Cardinal exercise his official functions and the gifts of his intellect for the honor of England.

It was the period for such a mind to employ itself to the greatest possible advantage. A revolution, social, political, and religious, was taking place in the Christian world. The art of printing was placing knowledge within the grasp of the people. Statesmen were beginning to take wider views of the relations of government than those of peace and war; men who had bowed blindly at the shrine of Rome were

putting away the darkness from their vision and inquiring after truth ; commerce was rapidly increasing in importance, and demanding exact principles for its regulations and the necessities of people, and of governments were evolving from creative and thinking minds a new science, that of political economy. And aside from the effects which these causes were producing in the social and mental condition of Europe, and which, to some extent, occupied his attention, Wolsey found ample scope for his energy in compacting alliances and settling quarrels between European sovereigns. Francis the First of France was warring with Maximilian, Emperor of Germany ; Selim, the Sultan of Turkey, was pushing his arms so victoriously in Western Europe, that Christendom trembled at his successes, and Leo the Tenth, the Pope of Rome, though devoted to the softer and more enervating pursuits of life, thought no less than his bluff, soldier-like predecessor, Julius Second, of maintaining the power and dignity of the Church.

The victories of Selim induced a cessation of hostilities between Francis and the Emperor, and led to the organization of a crusade, which might have renewed in the Holy Land those scenes, in which centuries before Richard and Saladin were the actors, had not the death of the Sultan quieted the note of preparation. The cessation of hostilities gave Wolsey an opportunity to compact in 1518 a league between England, France, Spain, Germany, and Rome. The effects of this treaty were felt for centuries, although the treaty itself was observed but for a limited period. Says an eminent writer : ' The treaty itself may be regarded as one of the fundamental statutes of that great code, which till the era of the French Revolution continued to be the laws and constitution of the European nations.'

In 1519 Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, died, and the imperial throne was opened to royal competition. Henry the Eighth, grasping at every shadow of power, stretched forth his hands to clutch the crown, but, like an atmospheric illusion, it glided from his reach. Francis and Charles of Spain were the competitors for whom the vote of the empire was divided. The contest between Francis and Charles was gallantly conducted, but the wary policy, the vast territorial possessions of the Spanish king, and the prestige of his descent, at last decided the victory in his favor. Here is, then, a new character introduced at a very early age upon the arena of public events — a character in which the world has found so much to wonder at, to admire, condemn, and despise, that we hardly know where or how to settle our opinion. In Charles the Fifth the world found a moral anomaly. Possessing all the keener instincts of the man, he lacked all the finer attributes of the hero. With a mind comprehensive in its grasp and bold in its conclusions, and with a will inflexible in character, he exhibited a meanness of soul, a duplicity of mind, an utter depravity of political sentiment. In an age in which statesmanship and diplomacy were beginning to exercise their legitimate functions, such a man, exercising as he did an important influence, must have given a tone to those transactions between nations in which he was engaged, as pernicious as the promptings of his own evil spirit. In an age when the gallant maxims of chivalry yet survived the decay of the feudal system, and as king of a

land whose warrior nobles had scarce half a century before occupied the proud position of the first knights in Europe, he treated a brother-king, his prisoner, in a manner so abhorrent to all the better sentiments of humanity, so like a malefactor of the vilest kind, that all Europe, roused to its manly feeling, pointed at the royal jailer the finger of undying scorn.

With such a man Wolsey now came in contact. The new Emperor, an adept in the art of reading character, saw Wolsey's power, and determined to enlist it in his favor. He visited England, and while there promised to assist the Cardinal in his effort to obtain the popedom. The friendship of Charles for his Chancellor flattered Henry, and he offered his coöperation in the scheme. Charles solicited the powerful alliance of the Cardinal, because he foresaw that France and Spain could not remain long on terms of amity. And soon the storm lowered portentously over Europe. But before it burst upon the nations, a scene transpired, in which Francis and Henry were the actors, which, as the last great event in the history of chivalry, claims especial comment. Just after the departure of Charles from England, a meeting took place between the kings of England and France, at a spot in the vicinity of Ardres and Guisnes, which, from the magnificence that marked its character, gave it the name of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' The nobles attending their respective kings, indulged in a splendor of array that has rarely, if ever, been equalled in the history of such meetings. It was the expiring effort of chivalry. The light of knighthood went out at the 'Field of Gold,' with no dim flicker, but with a flash of splendor which for a brief moment illumined the world and lent a meretricious glory to the death of a system which had accomplished its great aims. That system which had its origin at the tomb of our SAVIOUR, which for long centuries had preserved, amid ignorance and brutality, the germinating seeds of humanity, of gentleness, of love, paled before the light of a new thought, which was to usurp its place and perform its labor, actuated by the highest Christian motives — that new thought, the Reformation.

At the 'Field of Gold,' another treaty was compacted between Henry and Francis, but like most of the treaties in that age of Punic faith, it was soon broken.

The storm of war now burst upon France, Spain, and Italy. After a variety of fortune upon either side, the fatal battle of Pavia gave Francis a prisoner into the hands of Charles. The Emperor now was at the acme of his power. France was humbled, and Italy was at his feet. Bourbon, one of his generals, approached Rome, and demanded a passage through the city on his way to Naples. Permission was refused, but Rome was sacked. Bourbon was killed in the assault, but his troops pressed on to victory, signalizing their success by the most atrocious outrages.

And now having briefly glanced at a few of the principal events in Europe during a portion of Wolsey's career, and at such of the principal characters of the age as came in immediate contact with him, we propose to examine more closely the life of the Cardinal, and discuss, in such a manner as our short space will admit, the projects and actions

which have rendered him famous — have obtained for him the gratitude, or covered him with the reproach of his countrymen, and those circumstances of his career which indicate the character of the man. In so doing, we must consider the age in which Wolsey lived, his profession, and his position.

At this time family power was very great in England. Education was in a ratio to ignorance, fearfully small. The natural conservatism of mankind, always ignoring the demands of progress, found an ally in the Anglo-Saxon nature, fond of old usages and customs, and yielding little credence to proposals of reform. It suited the purposes of the English nobility as it still suits the purposes of tyrants everywhere, to keep the masses in their normal condition of ignorance and superstition. They found the priesthood willing to lend its assistance to this vile labor of repression.

Especially did the nobility dread such an influence as Wolsey's. They feared and hated it, because they feared and hated any system of education which might arouse the dormant energies of the people. Rank has always been the enemy of power acquired by mere force of intellect, unaided by the circumstance of birth and wealth. It has ever interposed obstacles between the efforts of such intellects and the reforms they proposed. It has ever seen in the elevation from humble life of men of genius, sure and deadly blows aimed at its prerogatives. In this light was Wolsey regarded by the haughty nobility of England. They saw a giant intellect, with aims as capacious as the universe, arise from the ranks of life, and take precedence of their oldest houses. Dukes, marquises, and earls, boasting the descent of a thousand years, and arrogating to themselves almost royal dignity, trembled in his presence. Before the flashing eye and noble brow of the poor butcher's son, radiant with the glory of genius, these men found their level. Wolsey's greatness was a crime they could not forget or forgive. They would gladly have given that head, teeming with mighty plans for English honor, to the scaffold; they would have trampled him beneath their feet, and given his name and thoughts to obscurity. But gloriously did the plebeian Cardinal attest the fact that from the pure, untainted blood of the masses come the rulers of the world; grandly did he demonstrate his power of thought, and for England perform labors that centuries of common mind could not have effected.

We will regard the Cardinal from three points of view: his reformation of the Church, his administration of justice, and his participation in the divorce of Queen Catharine.

The age of Wolsey was also that of Luther. The Church, in the estimation of reasoning men, whether Papists or Reformers, presented so many vulnerable points from its depravity, from the scandal its licentious ministers had brought upon it, that all who valued truth, justice, or purity of sentiment desired its reformation. When Leo the Tenth ascended the Papal throne the corruption of the Church was terrible. The new Pontiff was not the man to set an example of purity of life; had not the nerve or courage, with the inclination, to root out abuses, to effect such superficial improvements in the Church as would have quieted the cry of reform by removing its apparent necessity. Well was

ing activity which was to unfold for English minds those precious germs of thought whose development had been thwarted by monastic ignorance, and to give a popular direction to learning, which hitherto had been confined within the narrow channels of theologic dogmatism. Aware that the awakened interest of the colleges in the cause of education needed the stimulus of material encouragement, Wolsey founded certain lectures on the various branches of learning, and then proceeded to endow and erect Christ Church College. This foundation was upon the revenues of twenty ecclesiastical abodes which had been suppressed on account of the profligacy of their inmates. The splendid scale upon which this College was undertaken, the popular character of its course of study, the great collection of books proposed for its library, was the initiative of that educational progress which England has so nobly sustained. The dosing brains of the priestly triflers with knowledge, received a shock that awakened them from their stupor. The pedants who adhered to the old philosophy were startled from their syllogisms. They were about to witness the induction of a new system, which blended literature, philosophy, and science, in a triune unity, against which scholastic divinity might hurl in vain its ponderous tomes of wasted thought, and from which its assailants, defeated and disheartened, fled, to wail in their cloisters over modern degeneracy. The ultra conservatism of that age uttered the same lamentations that fogysm breathes in our own.

Wharton, in his elegant history of English poetry, says : 'The Cardinal's College was one of the first seminaries of an English University that professed to explode the pedantries of an old barbarous philosophy, and to cultivate the graces of polite literature.'

Cambridge, emulous of the progress of her rival, Oxford, soon after submitted her statutes to the judicious revision of the Cardinal. The school at Ipswich was founded upon a plan similar to that at Winchester and Eton, and the funds for its support, as in the instance of Christ College, were drawn from the revenues of dissolved monasteries.

But these efforts in behalf of education, drew upon Wolsey the hatred and envy of many persons of rank and power. Archbishop Warham was first among the clamorous throng who sullied his virtues and magnified his faults. Detraction, quiet, sinuous, terrible, was employed to accomplish his ruin. Wolsey, however, shrewd and politic, managed to maintain his influence with the King, and to promote his favorite projects. He and his detractors have passed away ; but the great monuments of his learning and wisdom remain. Christ Church College has stood prosperously through the lapse of centuries, the impulse he gave the Universities never ceased to vibrate, and his name, encircled by the chaplet of the Muses, still indicates the power of industry and courage.

We will now advert to Wolsey's administration of justice as Chancellor of England. In the latter part of the year 1515, the Great Seal was given him. When he entered upon the duties of his office, he found that he must either yield to the ignorance of the practitioners in his Court, and to the arrogance of the Common Law judges, or seize at once the reins of

man. Amid the assaults and calumnies of the envious, he calmly, sternly pursued his task. He awarded his sentences, and posterity has pronounced them just. Men said: Why should one who indulges in every pleasure himself, attack others whose inclinations are similar? It is true that Wolsey's establishments were costly and magnificent, that he lavishly expended large sums in decorations and displays which passed with the occasions which prompted them. But all his splendor did not adorn the man; he lent dignity and gave enduring interest to the scenes which his taste invested with that splendor. It is the picture the mind draws of the Cardinal, towering above the sensual revellers at his banquets which gives them their historical character.

With all his display, Wolsey was no sensualist. He invested his high station with what belonged to it. He was every day dealing with the magnates of Europe through their ambassadors; his King constantly visited the Cardinal's residence, and the manners of the time required his acquiescence. The accusations, then, which the British monks, roused from their supine and brutal ignorance by his determination to devote the misspent conventual revenues to worthy objects, made against him, sink into utter insignificance. The cry of sensual profligality was but the impotent railing of men so radically wrong, that no remedy but the most severe could be applied. And against such men as Thomas Wolsey, whose names are recorded as those of friends of progress, promoters of great schemes for the public good, lovers of learning, true, practical, eloquent expounders of law, morals, or religion, great workers in the development of national character, as those of men who float not with the stream of life, but fight earnestly with the current, the accusation of sensual indulgence, of love of pleasure, of relaxation of nerve for the dangerous toying with the bubbles of life, pass with the slanderous breath which uttered them, when History unfolds to view the scroll of their fame.

Wolsey's educational efforts should be remarked here, for they are intimately connected with his purgation of ecclesiastical abodes.

Griffith, apostrophizing England, says to his mistress, Queen Catharine, of the Cardinal:

'EVER witness for him,
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! One of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.'

Wolsey had been educated at Oxford, and he manifested during his prosperity the deep affection he entertained for his Alma Mater. In 1523, with the Queen, he paid Oxford a visit of state. The heads of colleges exerted themselves to obtain the good offices of the Minister. They submitted to him for revision the statutes of the University; and notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Archbishop Warham, the Cardinal undertook and accomplished the task. From this period, the University began rapidly to improve. The colleges, which hitherto had been the seats of scholastic indolence, now gave evidence of that grow-

ing activity which was to unfold for English minds those precious germs of thought whose development had been thwarted by monastic ignorance, and to give a popular direction to learning, which hitherto had been confined within the narrow channels of theologic dogmatism. Aware that the awakened interest of the colleges in the cause of education needed the stimulus of material encouragement, Wolsey founded certain lectures on the various branches of learning, and then proceeded to endow and erect Christ Church College. This foundation was upon the revenues of twenty ecclesiastical abodes which had been suppressed on account of the profligacy of their inmates. The splendid scale upon which this College was undertaken, the popular character of its course of study, the great collection of books proposed for its library, was the initiative of that educational progress which England has so nobly sustained. The dosing brains of the priestly triflers with knowledge, received a shock that awakened them from their stupor. The pedants who adhered to the old philosophy were startled from their syllogisms. They were about to witness the induction of a new system, which blended literature, philosophy, and science, in a triune unity, against which scholastic divinity might hurl in vain its ponderous tomes of wasted thought, and from which its assailants, defeated and disheartened, fled, to wail in their cloisters over modern degeneracy. The ultra conservatism of that age uttered the same lamentations that fogysm breathes in our own.

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authority with a firm hand, and administer justice in accordance with those principles which professedly were the guides of equity jurisprudence. He did not hesitate in the adoption of his course. He possessed a mind so comprehensive in survey, so rapid in thought, analysis, and conception, that it brushed from every case submitted to its consideration the webs of chicanery, dashed aside sophisms, however ingenious, and went by an intuitive logic directly to its merits. And it required such a mind, to undertake the task Wolsey proposed to himself. It became his ambition to render the Court of Chancery worthy its title and design. A great work was before him. He found the lawyers prejudiced and ignorant, the Common Law judges arrogant, presumptuous, and jealous of equity jurisdiction. He found the law in the hands of men so tenacious of precedent that they forgot principle, and denied the controlling influence of circumstances in the interpretation and application of legal theories.

‘During the reign of Henry the Seventh,’ says Lord Campbell, ‘no attention was paid to the improvement of the laws, or the administration of justice, except with a view to extorting money from the subject, and amassing treasure in the Exchequer.’ Again he says: ‘Equity decisions, at this time, depended upon each Chancellor’s peculiar notion of the Law of God, and the manner in which HEAVEN would visit the defendant for the acts complained of in the bill.’

Wolsey remedied the evils which the feeble administration of former chancellors had developed and encouraged. He asserted for his Court the authority which of right belonged to it. He was undoubtedly very decided in the measures employed to assert and uphold his jurisdiction: there is no questioning the fact that his judgment was arbitrary, and brooked no opposition; that he stretched equitable jurisdiction to its utmost limits; but no accusation of injustice in his decisions was ever made, and even his most bitter enemies hardly ventured to impugn the honesty of his administration as Lord Chancellor.

He encouraged the practice of granting injunctions, and his frequent application of that remedy was made an article of his impeachment. Such was his determination to enforce his authority as Chancellor, that he reprimanded in person, and that severely, the magistrates who ventured to disregard his injunctions. In his effort to elevate the tone of practice and argument in his Court, ‘he,’ as Lord Campbell says, ‘openly complained that the lawyers who practised before him, were grossly ignorant of the Civil Law, and the principles of general jurisprudence; and that he often interrupted their pleadings, and bitterly animadverted upon their narrow notions and limited arguments.’

It cannot be asserted that Wolsey was the father of any great system of law, or that he originated any new and particularly efficacious methods of practice; but he did establish on a firm basis equitable jurisdiction; he stimulated the ambition of the lawyers to a wider field than that of mere precedents and cases; he conceived a plan for a school, in which law should be taught as a science, and he tolerated in his Court no practice that savored of corruption. Justice was equitably administered when Wolsey was Chancellor. He was prompt, inde-

fatigable, and industrious ; and it is recorded of him, that he seldom erred in his decisions. He gave an impulse to the Court of Chancery, which his successor, the great Sir Thomas More, and other chancellors, encouraged, until English equity jurisprudence has grown into a body of law which, in breadth and purity of principle, challenges the admiration of all who have studied it, and excels, in the generality of its application, all systems which the ingenuity and learning of different ages have adopted.

We now come to regard the Cardinal from the third point of view, his connection with the divorce of Queen Catharine. The matrimonial history of Henry the Eighth is so well and generally known, that it requires here little comment by way of introduction to Wolsey's connection with the divorce. 'Bluff King Hal,' as Henry was called, concealed beneath a hearty English manner and exterior, passions so utterly detestable in their nature, that no one hesitates in ranking him with those crowned monsters whose characters have disgraced humanity. His first wife, Catharine of Spain, was the widow of his elder brother, Arthur. Henry married her shortly after his ascension of the throne. One of her maids of honor was Anne Boleyn, a lady of great beauty, and attractive manners. Henry, inconstant to his wife, became enamored of Anne, and determined, in order to marry her, to obtain a divorce from Catharine, upon the ground that their marriage was a nullity under the Canon Law, which prohibited the marriage of a man with his brother's widow. This, however, was a shallow pretext, for a dispensation in favor of the marriage had been granted by Rome, and Henry affected qualms of conscience merely to gratify his unsatiable lust.

In 1527, Henry appears finally to have determined to obtain a divorce from Catharine. He sought the advice of Wolsey in the matter, unfolding to him his own views of the validity of his marriage with Catharine, and asked his coöperation in the effort he was about to make to obtain a divorce. The Cardinal assented to the plan proposed by Henry, for he had resolved, if a divorce was obtained, to negotiate a marriage between Henry and Renée, a sister of Louis the Twelfth, in order to cement more firmly the alliance with France. But when Henry named Anne Boleyn as the successor of Catharine, and the proposition of marriage with Renée was peremptorily rejected, Wolsey perceived the grave error he had committed, and implored Henry to banish the thought of such an alliance from his mind. But the King was inexorable, and Wolsey yielded.

In this assent to the divorce of Catharine was the great error in the career of the Cardinal. To gratify the evil passions of his royal master, he deviated from the path of rectitude, and exerted all his energy and influence to destroy the happiness of an innocent and helpless woman. He lent himself to a scheme, which, bad in its inception, is hardly redeemed from utter infamy by the great results it achieved for Protestantism in England. The Cardinal worshipped power, and in his endeavor to retain it, he sacrificed his innate sense of honor and justice. And what was his gain ? A tenure of office while the proceedings of the divorce were pending ; and when his efforts to hasten the decision of

Campeggio and the Pope failed, he reaped, in his disgrace and fall, the legitimate reward of his obsequious wickedness.

Anne Boleyn learned his opposition to her marriage with Henry, and from that moment nursed her wrath against him, and through her influence with the King, brought to bear against the Cardinal the calumnies of the envious courtiers. The infatuation of Henry for the woman became such, that at last she alone controlled his decisions. When this result obtained, Wolsey's fate was sealed.

Cardinal Campeggio and Wolsey were associated by the Pope as Legates to try the divorce. In the month of May, 1529, the Legative Court 'was opened in the Hall of the Black Friars Convent, in London.' It is a memorable event in English history, and as such merits a passing notice. The circumstances which occasioned it, were in themselves apparently trivial, but in its result it exercised a most important influence in the affairs of England. It was the point of time from which the whole tenor of English history was to be changed. Little did Henry and the Legates, or any of those who thronged that Court, foresee the consequences of a divorce. Little did they think that the unmanly persecution of Queen Catharine was to result, not alone in breaking the heart of that unfortunate lady, but in destroying the Papal power in England, and in alienating forever from the bosom of Rome the Anglican Church. It was a foul blot upon the manhood of English gentlemen, that they assisted the King in his dastardly project; but it was well for Protestantism and Liberty, to use the language of the poet:

'WHEN love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel light first dawned from BOLEYN'S eyes.'

The Court found Queen Catharine determined to assert and maintain her rights. She questioned their authority, and they pronounced her contumacious. It must have been a piteous scene, the opening of that Legative Court! All the learning and wisdom of the kingdom arrayed against one weak woman. But nobly did the Queen assert her rights, and demand protection. The dauntless blood of her great mother, Isabella of Spain, mantled her cheek, and strengthened her heart. The conscious dignity of virtue was hers; the thought of her descent from a long line of heroes nerved her courage, while she indignantly denied the authority of the Legates; and all the warmth, the deep, true affection of a loving woman's heart, gushed forth in one great burst of tenderness, when, throwing herself at the King's feet, she implored his protection. If Henry had possessed a spark of manly feeling, a sentiment of chivalrous regard for the weaker sex, the solemn Court, half-farce, half-tragedy, would have been dissolved, and honor would have reclaimed her long-vacant seat in his heart. But PROVIDENCE willed otherwise, and for the best.

From no point of view is Wolsey's conduct in this divorce reconcilable with his duty as a man, an administrator of justice, or a minister of religion. He knew the base motives of the King, and it was his duty, in every capacity, to have remonstrated against their indulgence. If,

like Sir Thomas More, his great successor, he had preferred to give up office and power rather than assist in a proceeding he knew to be wrong, his death would have been cheered by those sublime reflections which accompanied that philosopher to the scaffold.

In July, 1529, the proofs in the suit were completed, and Henry urged an immediate decision. But Campeggio insisted upon submitting them to the Pope before the rendition of judgment. Wolsey's influence was vainly exerted to alter this decision of Campeggio.

At this time, open attacks were made upon the Cardinal. The power of Anne Boleyn over the King, was brought to bear against the Chancellor. He stood between the ambition of her family and royal favor. The King was induced by degrees to separate himself from his favorite minister. His connection with the divorce was unfavorably represented to his sovereign. Henry was persuaded that Wolsey, while pretending to hasten it, covertly sought means to retard its progress. By degrees, the marks of royal favor were diminished. He seldom had audience with the King, and his opinion was no longer asked. Finally, on the seventeenth of October, 1529, the Great Seal was taken from him, and he was no longer Chancellor.

Two days before, he had opened the Michelmass term of his Court with his usual splendor and display, although he knew his fall was near. When, a few weeks before, he had been refused audience with the King, in the words of the chronicler, 'He wept like a woman, and wailed like a child;' but on this occasion of his last public appearance as Chancellor, he exerted all his resolution to preserve his dignity, and with Roman fortitude concealed from spectators the terrible anguish that was breaking his heart.

An information was filed against him by the Attorney-General. He was obliged to surrender his palace of York Place, and to retire to Esher, a country-seat belonging to him. In November, 1529, articles of impeachment were preferred against him, by a Committee of the House of Lords. Criminal proceedings were not taken, however, as the Commons rejected the impeachment.

Not long before, he had resigned to the King Hampton Court, a palace built by the Cardinal, and famous, even in these days, for having been his residence.

He was now stripped of every thing but his revenues as Archbishop, and a trifling sum from his Bishopric of Westminster. Finally he received an order to remove to his See of York, and proceeding thither, he began to prepare for his installation. It was to take place on the seventeenth of November, 1530. But three days before the appointed time, his falling fortunes received their final blow. On the fourteenth of November, he was arrested for high treason, by the Earl of Northumberland, and sent forward to London: on the road he was attacked by sickness, and could proceed but slowly. On the twenty-sixth of November, terribly worn by his disease, he alighted at the Abbey of Leicester, addressing the Abbot, who came forth to greet him, with the prophetic words:

'Father Abbot, I am come to lay my weary bones among you.' He lingered here three days: and on the twenty-ninth of

November, at eight o'clock in the morning, upon the very stroke of the hour he had long before predicted as that of his death, his spirit passed to God.

Such was the last of earth of Thomas Wolsey. Shakspeare has immortalized the circumstances of his fall and death. They are pregnant with instruction to all.

It has been said, that during the zenith of his power, Wolsey was England. In many points, the remark is true. His diplomatism gave his country a prominence in European affairs which she had never before possessed; his love of learning developed the germ of a great educational system; his strong will, and clear, comprehensive idea of justice, gave a new impulse to equitable jurisprudence, and his hate of sloth and ignorance, dealt the death-blow of the conventual system.

While he possessed the ear of Henry, that turbulent monarch acted measurably from principle; 'but,' says Lingard, of Wolsey, 'the moment his influence was extinguished, the royal passions burst through every restraint, and by their caprice and violence, alarmed his subjects, and astonished the other portions of Europe.'

But in whatever degree an admirer of the great Cardinal may lament his fall, there can be seen in it that finger of PROVIDENCE, which works in the disposition of human affairs. If Clement the Seventh had died in 1529, when sickness had brought him to the verge of death, Wolsey would have been Pope of Rome, Henry the Eighth would have lived and died a loyal subject of the Papal See, and the development of Protestantism in England would have been checked.

Many of the libels uttered against the Cardinal had their origin solely in the wounded pride of the nobles and higher ecclesiastics. The nobility were exasperated against Wolsey, because of his connection with the impeachment and conviction of the Duke of Buckingham. In that unfortunate affair, it is true that the Cardinal deviated from the path of justice, but the accusations urged against him came with bad grace from men who, with hypocritical tears in their eyes, pronounced Buckingham guilty of high treason.

But we do not urge this fact in exculpation of Wolsey. His clear and discriminating judgment, his education and habits of thought, placed him, in point of intellect, far above an ignorant and turbulent nobility, or a priesthood of such contracted views and limited knowledge as that of England in the sixteenth century.

Much obloquy has been affixed to the memory of Wolsey, because of his endeavor to obtain the Popedom. But it had its origin in prejudiced minds. To render himself worthy, in the estimation of the electors of this great office, was a noble ambition. That effort we cannot reprehend. We perceive in his vigorous habit of study, his constant endeavor to satisfy his royal master by an intense application to official duties, his prompt and decisive action as Prime Minister of the realm, his unwearying industry in the performance of every public employment, a constant and unwavering determination to render himself the most prominent and acceptable candidate for the highest office in the Church of Rome. In all this, he did no more than fulfil a law of our nature.

In such efforts can be found no cause of rebuke. They have their origin in one of the noblest principles of our development — the determination to succeed — the *will* to rise. But there is a dark side to this picture. To counterbalance the really noble efforts of a proper ambition, was a willingness to blind conscience in the service of the king, the connection with the impeachment and death of Buckingham, and the fatal assent to the divorce of Catharine.

But thus it too often is with our poor human nature. An ambition, noble in itself, is too often degraded by the very means it seeks to rise upon. Can we, then, while reprehending the course pursued by Wolsey to obtain the great object of his life, fail to drop the tear of pity over the misuse of those God-like faculties all men possess in some degree, and which all may equally degrade? Christian charity is the only panacea of our humanity.

We turn wearily from the men of England in that age, and find in Wolsey's character an oasis in an intellectual desert. We study reverentially his history, and mark with sorrow the points of his deflection from the right. We know that Henry was ungrateful, that the nobility was envious, that Anne Boleyn was a wretched woman, raising herself, on the unsubstantial foundation of other's ruin, to the throne, the guerdon of her shame, and the pledge of her destruction; but we consider Wolsey's fate well-merited, and hardly regret that the hands which meted out his punishment rendered more poignant his sufferings.

Men have reproached him with displaying womanly weakness in his fall. For a time, he did give way to passionate sorrow; but we must remember that his was an imperious nature, loving power as life: and feeling the sway of England snatched rudely from his grasp, the hope of the Papal tiara destroyed, his influence in European councils at an end, the whole fabric of long years of arduous toil demolished in a day, and for a wanton woman's love, can we wonder that the tempest swept wildly over his heart-strings? Should we not rather be amazed that he did not sink at once beneath its blasts?

But the consolations of religion were left him, and all his ambition and misdeeds we can pardon and forget, for those words of penitential sorrow: 'Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, HE would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies.'

There is a moral all may apply in the life and death of Thomas Wolsey; and Shakspeare has given it utterance:

'Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt the smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars and women have;
And when he falls, he falls, like *LUCIFER*,
Never to hope again.'

L I N E S T O A C L O U D .

THROUGHOUT the sky's vast arch of blue,
 There is no other cloud in view,
 Save that which is as softly lying
 Upon the breeze, light, white, and fair,
 As if some eagle, heavenward flying,
 Had dropped a plume upon the air.
 Whither, say, whither, art thou going,
 So steadily, though no wind is blowing?

A deep calm filleth earth and sky,
 All things are drooping dreamily:
 Though the sun is shining clear and bright,
 The stillness is like that of night:
 The birds are sleeping in the trees,
 The herds are sleeping in their shade:
 You cannot hear a single breeze
 Stirring throughout the silent glade:
 They, too, are hushed in slumber deep,
 Like death even more than slumber seeming:
 They do not even start in sleep;
 They are not even dreaming.

But thou, strange cloud, art hurrying
 As if thou wert a living thing:
 As some stray bird, lost from its flock,
 Yet breasts alone the breezes' shock,
 And, scenting an aerial path,
 Still speeds, with all the power it hath,
 Upon the journey they have gone:
 Thus, lonely bird, thou movest on,
 Urged by the impulse of unrest,
 Ever, ever toward the west.

Has some black cloud, the pioneer
 Which leads the war-march of the storm,
 Thundered a sound, which thou canst hear,
 Calling the clouds their ranks to form?
 Sailing so high, canst thou behold
 His banner on the winds unrolled,
 Which, darkly spreading, when unfurled,
 Keeps sun-light from this lower world,
 Giving to startled man instead
 The torch of lightning, flashing red?
 And wouldst thou go, strange cloud, to be
 A sharer in that revelry?

Ah! foolish cloud, thy little life
 Would soon be lost within the strife:
 Thy graceful form, which only grew
 From feeding on the silver dew,
 Which thou hast sipped, at morning hours,
 From cups of many-colored flowers,
 Before the bee and humming-bird
 Had from their leafy coverts stirred,
 Would melt and vanish in the fray:

A few big drops of summer rain
 Would fall upon the parchéd plain,
 As falleth blood from one that's slain,
 And that would end thy little day.

Better remain, fair cloud, and be
 A blessing to yon desert sky ;
 Some eyes from earth would gaze on thee,
 Some hearts would feel, unknowing why,
 A throb of love and sympathy :
 For the heart which is affectionate
 Loves even things inanimate,
 Which the CREATOR hath endowed
 With beauty, such as thine, fair cloud.

In vain, in vain : thou wilt not stay :
 Thou speedest westwardly away,
 Fainter and fainter to the eye,
 Like a snow-flake on the sky :
 And now thou 'rt hidden from my view,
 Lost in the depths of heaven's blue.

ELLAS-LAND.

FATHER GREEN'S STORY.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

ON the morning succeeding my interview last related with Father Green, Emily made known at her own breakfast-table the condition of the Florentine. At noon, your mother, in pursuance of previous arrangement, sent a message to Emily, repeating the symptoms of the morning : the sick woman was surely not better ; perhaps not worse. By some touch of nature she had become their sister ; they had adopted her, and had arranged between themselves that no unfamiliar voice or touch should startle her nerves. It may be that kind affections sometimes react upon themselves with influences not unblessed or unhallowed. Since the advancing perils of disease cut off the admission of ungentle neighbors, and narrowed the approach to the sick-room, new and cheerful strength to encounter fatigue has come, with each returning watch, to your mother and Emily. Ministering spirits they seem, fraught with human sympathies, and their countenances lighted up with such love as might beam in heaven. The sick woman always inhales some little breath of content from the approach of either. Day by day the color fades from their faces, and languor hangs upon their steps ; but the growth of sisterhood inspires them, and fountains of love bathe and refresh them. No touch of conscious weariness has reached them. In that sick-room are seen and heard only hopeful smiles and pleasant voices.

In the evening Father Green accompanied Emily to *Ellas-land*. Soon after their arrival, he and I took to the fields. Your little brother, fond of hearing conversation, and especially fond of Father Green, protested against our leaving him behind ; and when he found it inevitable, tuned his pipes on a high key, in a series of ululations not easy to suppress. We took a by-way, out upon a solitary knob which overlooked the valley, and seated ourselves on the roots of a large bush, lightning-blasted, and fearfully torn. Father Green fixed his eyes upon the tree for a moment, and then proceeded with his story.

'I committed a mistake. A visit to my old father, a month's fishing and hunting, would have put me right. A short experience among the clear currents of his common-sense, pure and healthful as mountain-streams, would have restored me. Feeling as I should have felt, to cling around me the rugged strength of his affection, rooted as oaks, unwavering as hills, I would have thrown off every morbid tendency, and become whole. But my existence was stagnant, like the pool of Bethesda, when no angel stirred it. I wished to be lost from myself, and from all who had known me. The pleasant aspects of life were blotted out. I would as soon have been spit upon as to have been offered sympathy. It would have seemed kindness for deep waters to swallow me, for rocks to fall upon and crush me. Diabolic thoughts of suicide grinned and gibbered at me, but were instinctively abhorred : a long scene of grinning and gibbering on their side, of abhorrence on mine, which could not drive them away. To be rid of life were pleasant ; but to force one's way out of it, was an act of self-abuse to be scorned. Haply it might be burned out by the luxury of a fever, or in some deep forest an unexpected tomahawk might end it. I imagined myself to be reading an obituary suitable for such an occasion, and arranged in my mind over and over again the phraseology most likely to be adopted by a back-country newspaper, to announce the death of an unknown person. 'The West' was then a phrase much on the tongues of men, and full of indefiniteness, solitudes, adventures, sickness, empire, and I know not what. It seemed to me much like God : vast, dreary, disappointing, unmeasured, immeasurable. I followed a vague appetite which led me, whither I neither cared nor knew, if only to the shades. Means of conveyance were then few and unattractive. Distance now traversed easily in a day, was then the fatigue of weeks. I committed another mistake. Time had no value to me. I should have swung a knapsack, and made the journey on foot, resting at farm-houses, picking up digestion and mental health among rural people and picturesque scenes. But I took passage on the canal, in a poor line-boat, seeking seclusion, and supplying my own food, which was cheap and simple. For the body I cared little ; and as to the soul, why, what was it ? Where from, whither bound, or was there indeed such a thing ? On that long, silent journey, I read and re-read the Dialogues of Plato. Where, said I to myself, shall I find the true ? Here is the character of Socrates, quite a grand affair ; but was there such a man, or did Xenophon and Plato build upon the grave of their friend, called Socrates, an ideal ? Did the genuine Socrates refuse to escape from prison for the reasons urged in the Dialogue ? Did he occupy the entire-day of

his death discoursing concerning the immortality of the soul, and in the manner set forth? In what respect am I to consider the character of Socrates and his friends more real than the character of Mr. Pickwick and his friends? I needed to find a corner-stone of truth. Every touch I had given the world gave back a hollow sound, as if from an empty cask. Plato was like the rest. Professing to love truth and virtue, he scatters through his productions mean and untruthful imputations concerning the Sophists; a class of men in all respects as good as he was. The triumphs he won over them were verbal merely; displayed in dialogues, both sides of the argument being managed by himself. As if Napoleon at Austerlitz, or Wellington at Waterloo, had commanded both the opposing armies; or as if I should play a game of chess with myself, and one side should be checkmated. This, thought I, is the kind of stuff we learn from professors and historians. Fudge for Socrates! Fudge for Plato! He used the money of Dionysius, and was weak enough to go to Syracuse, expecting Dionysius to be at the trouble and hazard of managing government, giving him, Plato, the credit of it. Weaker still, he expected Dionysius to govern according to syllogisms: very much as Sieyes made syllogisms for the French Revolution. Fudge for Philosophers! Then he complained, calling Dionysius a tyrant, because Dionysius disappointed expectations so childish and unreasonable. Taking Plato's account of the matter, Dionysius was the more amiable and manly of the two! These dialogues, however, strengthened early habits of temperance and self-control, and occupied my mind with thoughts concerning virtue and the Supreme Good. Sometimes, on that long, tortuous journey, a quiet landscape, a child's laugh, or an echo, would become to me an event, and thereon would hang trains of thought. In crossing Lake Erie, I avoided the expense and publicity of steamboats, and sought a place in a sloop, used for coarse freight. We had a rough voyage. Like *Aeneas* were we tossed over many seas. At times it seemed to be quite clear that we must go to the bottom. The crew made up their minds to it, and refused exertion. As for me, it placed me in a new situation. It was, however, merely a question whether I should go in a horizontal or perpendicular direction: down into the depths of the gurgling deep, or horizontally along its surface. Either way showed no prospect but dreary stagnation. I suppose I was too indifferent to be affected as the rest were, for I am sure it was neither courage nor skill; but I found myself in command of the sloop, and worked her into port at Cleveland, with all hands safe. When they took leave of me, they made an ado, and, it might have been imagined, felt grateful to me. Whether they did or not, was to me a matter of indifference. Whatever else might be in store for me, I suspected that I was not born to be drowned. From Cleveland to Cincinnati was another long journey. Here I hired myself as a common fireman, on a steam-boat running to New-Orleans. I made a trip up the Mississippi, and up the Missouri River. There were ample demand and variety of employment for educated persons; but I pleased my fancy with the conceit that the broad, sluggish, and muddy waters of the Mississippi resembled the current of my life. Its snags and sawyers and bayous amused me. Did I see or hear of a boat through

whose bottom a hole was torn by a snag or sawyer, an event more common than now, I would say to myself: I understand that; I know how the boat felt while the dirty flood poured in, and when she sunk. Did a boat or raft run into a bayou, and then stick fast, I thought it very well indeed. I seemed to be in full sympathy *en rapport* with her. Did I pass a wreck, rotting in the mud, and nearly covered with water? Oho! thought I, exactly my case. The curling of the smoke from the smoke-pipes of a boat against the clear night air, often entertained me. The drooping of mosses from cypress-trees, the vast silence, the endless monotony of scene, the occasional plunge of an alligator, were to me themes and mental occupation; the picturesque of dreariness. I had vagaries about the similarities to be found between a solitary steam-boat, groaning, and puffing, and laboring up and down this waste, and a soul dismally wandering over waste tracts of time and eternity. I sought companionship with none, but kept my watch at the fires. I hoped to find fidelity to truth in the so-called Book of Nature, and kept a cheap edition of Shakspeare by me. It did not meet my expectations. The poetical temperament and felicity of expression were charming enough, but in my estimate, his great characters were almost all failures. Think of Richard at the crisis of his fate, on the field of battle, advertising a panic, and roaring for a horse — offering his kingdom for a horse! Hamlet is neither sane nor insane; nor does he represent any possible combination of qualities. Unless he were a young man of sensibility, the death of his father, and infidelity of his mother, could have produced no such effect on him; and if he were a man of sensibility, his treatment to Ophelia was simply impossible. He was neither a lunatic nor a gentleman. Hamlet is not a character, but only a name, which stands to represent an olla-podrida or omelette of intellectual and poetic fragments, not elsewhere available. It requires uncommon art in the actor to make the best of Shakspeare's plays presentable on the stage. In their most successful days, they must have been greatly indebted for their success to the fictitious qualities, and still more fictitious history, imputed to many of the noble families of England. So it seemed to me at that time. But I must not occupy you with stale criticism. There were in those days many rough characters on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Gambling was a common recreation. Steam-boat racing was frequent. First and last, I was involved in many exigencies, whose self-command and indifference to life gave me an unsought notoriety. I need not relate them. I kept clear of the gross habits and vices around me; but I saw so much of the ways of the River, that I became familiar with them. Some of the most cruel suffering I ever beheld, was occasioned to young men allured to the gambling-table. On one occasion, a young man came on our boat, on his way home from New-Orleans. He had been intrusted with the year's crop of cotton, grown upon the family plantation, had sold it, and was returning home with the proceeds of it. A set of desperate sharpers surrounded him, studied his weaknesses, and, after a stout resistance on his part, beguiled him to the gambling-table. He lost stake after stake, till ruin stared him in the face; his eyes became bloodshot, and self-control was no longer possible. He was losing with the hurry of desperation. The trick

by which he was cheated was obvious to me. I know not what impulse led me to ask to speak with him. The winners glared upon me with suspicion, and with an expression which I understood perfectly as an admonition to mind my own business, or expect their resentment; but I took the young man one side, spoke to him kindly, suggested that his luck was not good, that if he pleased, I would take his place, and play for him until he had time to collect his faculties, and play better. I should not lose more than he did, and might lose less. He scrutinized me, and consented. We returned to the table, and explained the arrangement. It was objected to.

'You prefer,' said I, 'to drop the game, rather than risk yourselves with a man who has been on steam-boats. I never played for money, but I have seen others play, and am willing to try a hand, cheating or no cheating.'

'What do you mean?' growled two of them at once. 'Do you insinuate that we cheat?'

'I mean,' said I, 'that I am ready to take this young gentleman's place, and go on with the game, playing for him; and you may play fair or foul, at your option.'

'They probably inferred from my manner and voice, that I did not stand in awe of them, and lowered their tone of intimidation, barely suggesting the propriety of my being less brave on other people's money.'

'I said that the suggestion was a good one, that as I had little occasion to use money, it had accumulated on my hands, and if my friend would consent, I would put up my own stakes. He, however, considered it a matter of spirit not to retreat from the game, and insisted upon putting up his money. The game proceeded. The gamblers saw that I had detected the cheat; they were full of suppressed rage and disappointment, and played to disadvantage. I won, and won, till my friend's money was all returned to him.'

'Now,' said I, 'the honors are even. Let us quit, and play no more.'

'Never say die,' replied one. 'Not customary,' said another, 'for a gentleman to take to his heels in such a state of affairs; but perhaps a stoker may.' 'If the gentleman-stoker,' said the first, 'dare risk something on his own hook, there would be more fun in the game.'

'Very well!' said I, 'I am under no further obligation to my friend. I will risk my own money. Let the game proceed.'

'Such a run of luck as I had, was almost incredible. I took no pleasure in it, and set no value on the money; but my winnings accumulated until the game was dropped in consequence of the exhaustion of other members of the party. I never saw men look more revengeful and devilish. My idea had been to return them their money, but their threats changed my purpose.'

'I knew a man,' said one of them, hissing the words in my ear, 'who interfered with some gentlemen who were carrying on a quiet game on a steam-boat, and who, soon after he reached shore, was suddenly missing; no one ever knew what became of him; winnings and all were missing: had cholera, perhaps: possibly fell from a wharf, and was drowned. Such accidents sometimes happen.'

‘‘Yes, indeed,’’ said I. ‘I knew a case once, where some sporting-characters were fleecing a greenhorn, and a stranger stepped in, and won back the money. They threatened him, and watched him, and one dark night set upon him, with the purpose to commit violence. It happened, however, quite unexpectedly to them, that he knew them to be cowardly rascals and assassins, and was prepared for them. One of them was seen directly making a straight coat-tail in the opposite direction. In the morning, two men were carried to the hospital. Something had happened to them. I never heard whether they recovered. I understood they had no further inclination to try experiments with that particular stranger. Accidents happen in the best-regulated families.’

‘With this friendly exchange of sentiments we parted. What to do with my money was now the question? While we were lying at the wharf in Natchez, I heard there was a slave auction up-town, and determined to see it. I found on the auctioneer’s block a young mulatto man of good frame and pleasing countenance, who was recommended by the auctioneer as an excellent travelling or house-servant. The bidding was spirited, and he was taken by a man of good address and manners, perhaps of the age of forty. I should have thought the chances for finding a good master in him to be great, but for an almost imperceptible sinister expression, which indicated a restless and sour temper. The mulatto showed no sign of pleasure or displeasure at the result. The next offering was a bright and well-developed quadroon girl. The auctioneer assured gentlemen she had a good education, in fact, was just from school. That she had been a great favorite with her master, and had been intended to be freed, but he had died insolvent. An impulse seized me to bid on her, and I found myself competing with the man who had bought the mulatto boy. She went up to what was then a high figure, but I had no other use for money, and when I determined to bid, I determined to buy her at any price. When sold to me, I believe she thought she had fallen into rough hands. The owner of the boy told me he had intended to buy them both; that they were children of the same mother, and bore some resemblance to their late master. He wanted them for house-servants, but my bids had run so high he let me have her. However, he thought as I was a river-man we had better play a game of cards, the winner to have both boy and girl. This I declined, but offered to play for the boy, putting against him as much money as I paid for the girl. This was at length agreed to, and as fortune would have it, I won the boy. You have heard the story of the man who won the elephant. There was I with two slaves, who had no use of slaves, nor had I any definite purpose concerning them. To add to my perplexities, when I took them to the boat, my competitor went with us; and whom should we meet there but my two blacklegs from whom I had won the money, and with whom my competitor was obviously on familiar terms? They three drew a little apart, but my ears being preternaturally acute from recent excitement, I overheard occasional expressions and oaths, cursing me for having broke in upon their plans. We were making the upward trip to Cincinnati. I had taken an early occasion after returning to the boat, to

tell the two slaves that I had no use for them, and that when they should arrive at Cincinnati I should set them free. The three blacklegs, I could perceive, did not give up hopes of owning the girl, if not both, and my mind was prepared for an attempt on their part to abduct the slave from the boat, but not prepared for the trick played. We had passed one stopping-place since taking the slaves on board, when I began to discover myself to be an object of curious attention among the passengers. Eyes followed me and fingers pointed after me. When we approached the next landing, the captain came to me, and expressed his regret that I should have played such a trick on his boat!

‘What trick?’

‘Oh! there is no use in evasion; the negroes are on board, and say they are going to Cincinnati to be free, and three witnesses who saw them come aboard under your directions. Why should you be such a fool as to undertake to run off a couple of slaves? Compared with the whole extent of slavery, any number that can escape with or without help, is as a drop to the ocean. Now if I give you up to the officers, they will probably hang you. If I do not give you up, such a clamor will be raised against the boat that she can get no business. You have behaved like a fool.’

‘I found that the blacklegs had whispered among the passengers a story that the two slaves had been helped by me to escape, and preparations had been made to have both the negroes and myself put on shore at the next landing, as the blacklegs said, ‘to be surrendered to justice.’ I explained to the captain the facts as they had transpired. A crowd gathered around us to hear the explanation, and I pointed to the man who had been my chief competitor at the bidding to corroborate my story. He assured the captain and all who heard him, in mild terms and with great self-possession, that my story, so far as it referred to him, was an entire fiction. He added with cool irony that men in my situation were not apt to have money enough to buy such slaves as these for the mere purpose of setting them free. He had seen a good deal of philanthropy first and last of the same kind: it generally was carried on without much expense. ‘Your philanthropist of the present day,’ said he, ‘makes a very economical and obvious distinction between what he does at his own expense and what at his neighbor’s. If some stop could not be put to this wretched fanaticism, the South must assume the right in self-defence of knowing what boats come among them, and by whom commanded. It was really expecting a great deal of the South to remain in a political union with a portion of the country which made perpetual war on their institutions.’

‘A buzz of conversation ensued, to the effect that I would be put into the custody of a magistrate at the next stopping-place. Meanwhile the two blacklegs from whom I had won the money assumed to take charge of the slaves on behalf of their owners. I saw myself to be the victim of a plot of most devilish ingenuity. Careless as I was of my own fate, the cowardly injustice and meanness of the intrigue roused me to a sense of physical and intellectual force which I have felt but a few times in my life. I stepped boldly into the crowd of passengers, and said:

“I am here alone. In the midst of this crowd the strength of one man is nothing. You know I cannot escape you, nor can I do better than await the results of this accusation. I ask no man’s sympathy, no man’s friendship. All I ask is fair play. When we find a magistrate, I ask simply that he shall be a magistrate. These three men who accuse me are blacklegs and scoundrels. I can take care of them, one to three. Do not you interfere between them and me. They are three, I am one; they are poltroons and knaves, I am what God made me. We *will* have a magistrate, but you here assembled shall see that none of *us* *four* escape, neither I nor my accusers. That they are ready to perjure themselves, I should do them great injustice to doubt. But I understand how to put their false oaths to the test, and how to follow the catiffs to the penitentiary. Let us see who is most ready for the offices of a magistrate!”

Saying this, I stepped up to the one holding the girl, and ordered him to loose his hold. He pulled a pistol, but while doing it I knocked him down. He was probably stunned by the fall, for he did not rise immediately. The other two seized each one of my elbows and tried to pinion me. By a sudden movement I hit the one who had been my competitor at the sale with the point of my elbow a blow in the pit of the stomach, which rolled him up and made him bellow like a calf. A pistol dropped from his clothing as he fell, which I seized and held to the head of the third, and said sternly:

“Now, you scoundrel! empty your pockets. Show these people how you make your living. Quick! you poltroon, quick, or I will floor you, and do it myself! Out with it, and no trifling!”

This whole movement had been so sudden, that neither the crowd on the boat nor the blacklegs had time to collect their thoughts. The poor fellow was nervous, and his countenance showed terror. I hurled the pistol into the river, and seizing him resolutely by the collar, again and somewhat fiercely ordered him to empty his pockets. He looked to his fallen companions for help, one of whom showed signs of reviving.

“Lie still, Sir!” said I, giving him a kick that made him groan. “Lie still! and you will not be hurt.” Neither of them affected to be conscious after that, until the third had been compelled to empty his pockets of a set of skeleton keys, a dirk-knife, and a small roll of counterfeit money. Calling for a cord, I tied his elbows behind him, and did the same by each of his fallen companions. A shout of applause rose from the deck of the boat.

“Now,” said I, “let us have a magistrate: the sooner the better!”

We reached the wharf, and sure enough an officer was ready for us. He stepped on board, and arrested me for passing counterfeit money. But the sympathies of the people on board were now in my favor. The money I had paid for the slave girl was in part counterfeit; but it was easy to trace it back to the blacklegs, and exonerate myself. The infernal scheme against me was brought to a crisis just in time to help me through the dangers incurred. I had not good money enough to replace the bad which I had used, but the amount was made up by voluntary contributions on the boat. I began to please myself with the idea that I had done a good thing, and was contriving how to make

ostentation of setting free the slaves ; but they saved me trouble by dispensing with ceremony. As soon as we touched free territory they left me. I began to be known upon the river, and might have had friends ; but, with obstinate discontent, I determined to seek the wilds of the Rocky Mountains.

‘ Were I to relate with what morbid ingenuity my outfit for unexplored prairies and mountains was condensed into a knapsack, what contrivances in miniature for the remedy of accidents by flood and field, and how with a rifle on my arm and a weight of forty pounds upon my shoulders, I pushed forth alone into those wild, inhospitable regions, it would fill a volume. I took with me but one book, a diamond edition of the BIBLE. This, however, was not from any religious feeling, but from a literary curiosity to study the character of the Patriarchs, and to read some of the passages of Job and Isaiah in the broad realms of untamed nature. In the numerous tribes of Indians I encountered I found few of the qualities I had expected. They are but children, more or less developed, more or less beautified or besotted. I visited tribes not then much troubled by white men. On a few occasions the chances of life and death were reduced to a pretty narrow compass, but on such occasions, acting resolutely on the theory that they were to be treated as children, I became master of the situations, and was safe. I kept no journal, but if I could write out in detail the adventures which befel me, I think the book would be readable. For a while those wanderings furnished physical and mental occupation ; but they grew wearying and monotonous. The blood coursed through my veins in strong currents. My food, when I could get food, was rather devoured than eaten, with eager appetite. On beds of grass or leaves, with the open skies above, sleep came to me without headaches or the troubles of indigestion. All morbid habits of mind and body left me ; I became like one who awakes from a troubled sleep to find the skies smiling, the birds singing, and all cheerful influences surrounding him. Why was I, a scholar, a son, and a husband, then in the midst of vacant solitudes, ranging far from all my capabilities and duties ? Who had missed me from the haunts of men ? Perhaps only my father and my wife. For what trivial cause had I abandoned them from whom alone I could expect comfort and companionship ? The troubles which had appeared so crushing dwindled to nothing. What a speck was I in the universe compared with its vast machinery, how smaller than the grain of sand, the molecule ; yet I had set myself up as a kind of nucleus and centre for the stars and planets to revolve around, and had broken my heart because none except myself had committed the same mistake in regard to my importance. Surely if there were a God, or any principle of reason, I had outraged it. If all were accident, my folly had been no less gross. ‘ Thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,’ were words which rang continually in my ears. Surely, thought I, this is so very reasonable, that a God must have said it. What other law is reasonable and consistent with the nature of things ? An individual man, so short-sighted and feeble, placed in such a universe, surrounded by such myriads of beings, like and unlike himself, higher, lower, infinitely varied. If these were all parts of one vast

machine, guided by one mind, what other rule could reason invent for each little separate will, to give it its best liberty, its chances for happiness? I turned to the Sermon on the Mount; indeed, the pages of the BIBLE began to glow. Man's insignificance, the supremacy of God, thoughts of the soul, thronged me. With all his littleness, man had a soul, a germ of the God in him; and what was equally great and impressive, no man had but one. Admitting the existence of soul, surely love was its proper atmosphere. Here was a book whose whole lesson is love to God and love to man, as the proper nutriment and health of souls. Surely God must have been its author; or if man, or men, then only God-like and inspired. Here at last was absolute truth. The Book of Nature and of God was open. I was like a newly-born creature. The whole vast solitudes above and around were luminous with love and beauty. It is needless to rehearse my thoughts. Prayer became an impulse and a pleasure, and the feeling of having at last been adopted into the circle of truth and love, swelled in my bosom. I seemed to talk and walk with God as friend with friend. I need not say that I retraced my steps to civilization. But then came my fever, not when I sought it, but when eager for reunion with friends. At last I trod again the familiar paths of home. But my father was no longer alive. My wife I could not find. Her father's family had broken up and scattered. Some six months after I left her she became the mother of a boy. She had left New-Haven to reside with a sister in New-York. This much I learned. A fatal cholera season followed. Her sister was believed to have been a victim, perhaps she herself. The street that knew them in New-York knew them no more. It had changed its people and its aspects. I could trace her no farther. I inserted advertisements, but all in vain. I had thought I knew what solitude was on the prairies, but now was my greatest solitude. Neither my wife nor my boy could be heard of. From a long, aching, and fruitless search at length I yielded, seeking with acts of kindness and duty to fill the time allotted me, believing that in God's own time my wife and boy would be found. I never felt that they were dead. Now, Sir, you can say whether we are to continue friends? You know my story. Have I, or not, suffered enough to appease your sense of justice? I feel at this moment as one might imagine this blasted tree to feel, if some unseen power should whisper to its conscious trunk that its sundered branches were to be reunited, its sap again to circulate, and its scorched limbs again to put forth buds and leaves.'

E V A .

FAIR October dieth ever
On old Autumn's heartless breast,
And our flowrets always shiver
As bleak storms howl from the west :
And the river,
Sighing, veils her leaf-strown breast.

And the winds sweep down the willows,
As the nights bear down the days,
And engulfed amid the billows

Are all June's coquettish rays :
But the willows
Never sighed to such lone lays.

As this evening, at the burn-side,
For this evening, sad and lone,
Every gust that shakes the casement
Whispers in a mournful tone
That the angel,
Fair EVANGELINE, is gone !

GAY HUMBOLDT.

S T A N Z A S .

'EL ULTIMO SOSPIRO DEL MORO.'

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

'BOARDIL spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother and his faithful wife ARMINA awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the river, the towers, and the spires of Grenada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valley and crystal river. An universal wall burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred King, in vain seeking to wrap himself in the eastern pride or stolid philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place where the King wept at the last view of his lost empire is still called '*El ultimo suspiro del moro*,' 'the last sigh of the Moor.'—BULWER.

THE Moorish King, alone and sad,
With folded arms and drooping head —
In weeds of sorrow humbly clad,
But none the less a monarch's tread —

From jewelled crown and sceptre flees,
Though his proud conquerors bid him stay:
For royalty is ill at ease,
Encompassed by another's sway.

His beard is white as Alpine snows,
And hot the blood flows through his veins:
His cheek with fading honor glows,
His eye the fire of youth retains.

Absorbed in thought akin to pain,
Full many a league he wanders on;
When lo! he stops to view again
The city where the crescent shone.

Afar the royal city sleeps,
Bestud with moslems quaint and queer,
And high o'er all Alhambra keeps
Her watches through the waning year.

A sleepy pile of mountains rise,
Like islands veiled in ocean's spray:
The sun still clings to western skies,
As winter to the skirts of May.

'Farewell, Grenada; fare thee well,
Alhambra: ALLAH wills it so.'
A sigh escaped, a tear-drop fell,
The first, the last from *Del Moro*.

Ah! Moorish King, thy court's a camp
Within yon darker woodland now:
'T was thine own hand that lit the lamp
That shed such lustre on thy brow.

Though crown nor jewel decks thy head,
 Thou art no menial serf or slave :
 For honor to thy childhood said,
 Freedom emancipates the brave.

Beside the Xenil freedom's song
 Shall ever echo to thy name,
 The world its music shall prolong
 While Justice drives the car of fame.

G. M. B.

N O T E S O F A P R A I R I E T R I P .

FROM THE MEMORANDUM-BOOK OF 'THE SCRIBE.'

WERE you ever in a thunder-storm on a prairie? No? Then you are to be pitied, cordially pitied; for you have but meagre ideas of the commingling of the terrible and the sublime.

Business, some years ago, when our great South-west was outside of the 'age of progress,' called me to take a trip of some two hundred miles across our vast rolling prairies. At that period we were not so rich in appliances of travel as we now are; the snorting of the steam-horse had not 'astonished the natives' of our western wilds, and he who travelled took the independent, aristocratic course of mounting his own pony, (if he had one,) or hitching him into harness, and making his way, in spite of wind or weather, over the broad prairies, or through the dense forests, taking it easily, caring little for time, and whistling 'dull care away,' as he slowly jogged, or heavily rolled along.

My travelling companion was Smith—not John, the celebrated, but one of the same extensively-known and deeply-interesting family, and withal respectable, for we are writing about the Smiths, and would be particular: Scarum Smith, of whom, if his history be not well known to the reader, we will take the liberty of saying that he was a clever fellow, the possessor of many noble qualities. And now that he has passed from this terrene stage, I will do justice to his memory on the score of my indebtedness, by informing the reader that his (Scarum's) horses and wagon performed the burdens of the journey. This was clever—it was in the covenant—Smith was to furnish team and drive, and to take the Scribe along for the pleasure of his company; the Scribe in the mean time, being the gentleman of leisure, was to consult the inclinations of his purse on all occasions. This was better! And so Scarum, though late, we discharge our obligations to thy memory, and we breathe freer! *Requiescat in pace!*

In fine spirits, about noon, late in the month of May, we took our departure from Muddlington, steering nearly due west, and intending to make the nearest town, about forty miles distant, some time that night. But alas! our anticipations were not realized.

With your kind indulgence, Sir, or Ma'am, or Miss, by way of episode, we here advise you, once for all, never to predicate too strongly in the number of miles to be made in a given period on a western or southwestern prairie. You might as often as otherwise be disappointed. Suppose, for instance, you should expect to be married on a given day, and your intended should live a hundred miles distant, over expansive prairies: then I should advise you to leave home in time! *Verbum sap*: Patience is a noble virtue, and nobly tested in prairie-travel. He who has not a goodly measure of Job's grace had better remain at home, especially if he has better employment than snail-creeping and mud-fighting on a wild prairie, unless he wishes to contract the naughty habit of swearing! We, it is true, did not contract this wretched habit, that is, Scarum Smith and I; but there were good reasons in both our cases why we did not, which, though they must be nameless, except to say I would not and Scarum could not, yet I doubt that many others of ordinary flesh and blood, could take the same journey, grand and glorious as it was, and remain in perfect innocence of this grave offence. One other piece of advice we will indulge our benevolence in: never think of starting on such a trip without a bottle of good brandy, for your stomach's sake; you will not have journeyed far without finding a use for it.

Fortunately, or unfortunately—the former we suppose, as all things happen for the best—a friend, sympathizing with my wants, had presented me with a bottle of prime 'Otard,' old as the hills—none of your chemical stuff manufactured from 'pine-top,' but the genuine Simon-pure, from the Custom-house, branded by our honest old Uncle Samuel, who never cheats—at least it is so said—I do not vouch for the fact, for he has credit enough without my indorsement; and the Scribe values his word!

The brandy was good, and no mistake; good to 'make drunk come,' as the sequel will show.

We had made about twenty miles over the flat, wild, and rugged prairie, which stretches away between our glorious western home (Muddlington is in the neighborhood of Cat-fish-hole, away down here, if you must know our whereabouts) and our evening's destination, steering our course now along the dim outlines of a road, and then striking an independent line, following our noses whithersoever they led us, when I began to discover unmistakable signs of queerness in Scarum. Nothing went right with him; every thing was upside down, hind-part before, wrong-side outward; he was sleepy, sickish, half-dead; his horses were very foolish and contrary; the wagon was rocky, reelly, and threatened to upset even on level ground. Scarum was in a tall way! He was developing an idiosyncrasy for which I was not prepared! All this while I had forgotten the 'Otard,' which (except when Scarum, who sat in front to drive, cabbaged a drink of it while I was expatiating on the grandeur of the wild scenery of the prairie) remained in a travelling-bag at the feet of the aforesaid Scarum. Scarum was unmistakably 'How came ye so?' The Otard was strong; Scarum loved a 'wee bit o' it;' his libations had been deep! Reaching forward, I gathered up the travelling-bag, drew forth to the light of day the mis-

chievous bottle, when lo! its contents were diminished one-half! Think of it — a full pint of Otard under Scarum's belt!

Scarum being now past accountability, it only remained for me to do the next best thing I could, namely, seize the reins, and leave him to snooze in the dream-land of Otard, reserving my scolding for some more favorable period.

I was in a wild prairie, wholly lost, knowing nothing of course or distance, twenty miles perhaps from human habitation, the sun fast declining in the west. My feelings, it may be imagined, were not of the most comfortable character. To add to my consternation, a heavy thunder-cloud began to lower in the distance, and to drop its heavy folds down upon the earth, as if to shroud the vast prairie in the habiliments of wo, and close in the remaining light of day. Ah! my kind friend, (of the Otard,) what have you done unto me? It was meant for kindness, but alas! such a kindness as sends a poor fellow adrift on the merciless, storm-driven ocean, without chart, helm, or compass! Alas! alas! that I should meet the Storm-king thus!

Meantime Scarum had sank back in his snooze, wholly unconscious of passing events.

'Naught cared he for wind or weather.'

A thousand thunder-storms would not have disturbed the stillness of 'the profound' in which he dwelt.

The cloud swept on, rolling up in its blackness of darkness, like the awful simoom of the desert.

When it chooses to rain on one of these western prairies, it does it, I fancy, with a better grace than elsewhere. It disdains the gentle drizzle, the genial shower, that makes a kindly pattering on the windows, and rejoices the hearts of the little flowers; but it comes heartily, with good cheer, in rivers, torrents, floods; rush, rush, rush, pour, pour, pour, as if every thing on the earth and everywhere else depended on its vehemence and industry. In a few moments it rained rivers, it poured in torrents, concealing even the horses from my view, saving only as the flashes of lurid lightning, gleaming in their awful magnificence over the vast prairie, revealed them to me. But the rain I did not regard, and never do so long as I can keep my head above water. But the awful sublimity of the lightning, the terrible crashings of thunder, were overpowering! It dwindled a life-time into a moment! It seemed as though I stood in the midst of the dissolution of the universe,

'Mid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,'

with only poor Scarum at my side! Had there been a comet expected at that time, I should have given up all hope of seeing Jemima and the prospective little Scribes on this side of *terra firma*, that is certain.

My heart almost died within me. Peal after peal of 'HEAVEN's artillery,' more crashing and terrible than a thousand Waterloos all at once, succeeded each other every minute, while the vast plain was enveloped in a sheet of living light, which threatened to devour man and beast! Fiery serpents played in the clouds, wreathing themselves into a thousand fantastic forms, or leaped to the earth as if intent on some portentous mission of destruction!

Sakes! it was a time. I did not feel as big as the smallest pismire on the prairie. Oh! if a man ever wants to feel little, less, least, let him try such a time as this, and my word for it he'll blow and breathe freer when it's over!

All this dreadful time, while I carried my heart in my mouth, Scarum lived in the land of dreams; soaring, doubtless, above or below

‘This dim spot which men call earth,’

he expatiated on the loveliness of some Elysian field, sanctified by the imaginations of the poets, where all is serene and glorious, and naught disturbs the peaceful contemplations of the soul! Who would not have exchanged positions with Scarum for that one brief hour? But ah! the Otard. ‘There’s the rub on’t!’ Give me the clear, bright, unclouded, glorious mind, be it ever so humble! Away with the Otard for us, we say. On this point we know philosophers differ, but that boots little to us — our mind is fully made up, settled, fixed, and not to be changed. Away, we say, with the Otard!

We never thought to get Scarum’s experiences for that long hour, the longest we ever spent, but the shortest to him: it is to be regretted. But let that pass now. He is gone! It is late, too late! We shall ride with him no more. Poor Scarum! we drop a tear to his memory! No more will the little feet make music on the threshold as they run ‘pitty,’ ‘patty,’ ‘pitty,’ ‘patty,’ at the well-known words, ‘Pappy is coming, pappy is coming!’ No more will his ears greet that joyous sound which rings the merry welcome to the long-absent father! No more will ‘gude wife’ hang about the window and strain her eyes down the long and shaded lane, holding baby in her arms, big with expectation of candy and cake and nuts, and hosts of good things, looking anxiously with palpitating heart for the first signs of his approach! Ah! well; it makes one steal softly away to drop a silent tear, to think of all this. The world is full of tears, of sharp, piercing sorrows. ‘Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!’ How it makes a trembling in the heart and a quivering on the lips to face that sentence! How sublimely does it reveal the deep mysteries of life and show us the stuff we are made of! How does it throw a pall over the brightest, the loveliest of the things of this poor earth! Poor Scarum, thy wife and thy little ones shall be cared for!

But where are we? With his head negligently thrown back, his mouth half-open, his fine new beaver crushed beneath his feet, the rain pouring through the top of the wagon, falling upon his bare, massive, and independent forehead, and thence running down his neck, and from the back of his head pouring down almost in a torrent, Scarum presented a picture for an artist.

Never man took the world so easily as did our friend. Think too of the agonies that I suffered in the anticipation of the momentary snapping of his neck! His position, as described above, was favorable to such an operation; and when the horses leaped and plunged in affright during the vivid discharges of lightning, his head flew back like the head of a boy’s ‘nimble-jack;’ and if his neck had not been made of gutta percha, or some such compound, as it must have been, it certainly

would have snapped! But he was fixed. The roarings of Niagara would not have disturbed his dream. So we leave Scarum Smith.

Before dark the storm rolled away, and the pale new moon in the west revealed to me somewhat of my course.

We had journeyed fifteen miles out of our way! And there was Jemima nearly two hundred miles off, expecting the knot to be tied next day evening! Jemima will be impatient, and wonder why he tarrieth so long! But it can't be helped. (Here she is looking over my left.) I wish you could see her blush at seeing her name in—well, 'print,' (for I expect it will be printed.) So you see I was in time!

Fifteen miles out of the way! This is nothing! We knew a man who travelled all night on a prairie, and next morning he was exactly where he started from; his horse had gone around in a circle all night!

Every house in this land is the traveller's home. This is one of the glories of the land! As I drew near the residence of Col. Grimes, (considerate friend, if you ever travel in this part of the world, never fail to call every man either Colonel, Doctor, or General: if you do not it will be resented as an insult at the point of the bowie-knife, or something else,) I gave Scarum a nudge, then a shake, and last of all, an awful punch, for I desired to see if there were any signs of vitality. The last operation was followed by a grunt; he was at least alive! This was a great comfort.

'Scarum!'

A feeble groan.

'Scarum!'

A hiccough. 'Oh! oh! oh! do n't! Go away!' And Scarum opened one eye to the subject.

'H-a-l-l-o! Wh-e-re — are — we?'

'I do n't know.'

'The D-E-V-I-L!'

'No, Scarum, not the Devil, but the Otard!'

'The Devil! I say, you are lost. You are a great driver!' Scarum was reviving.

'My hat! my hat! Mashed into mush! Wet as a rat, by jingos!'

We found delightful quarters—good! The next morning, about nine o'clock, we reached what was to have been our first day's stopping-place. This proved to be the far-famed town of 'Sleepy Hollow,' situated on a majestic bluff of a branch of the noble Rundeeep. But we pause not to describe it. It is a glorious place for Otard and fever-and-ague. Just here the glories of our trip began to be developed. For in a journey westward from Muddlington, the beauty and fertility of this great western land begin to be revealed at 'Sleepy Hollow.' A majestic and slightly-undulating prairie, almost entirely free from timber or shrubbery, except on the far-distant borders, stretches away westward twenty-five miles. It was a balmy and glorious afternoon in May that we rode over this grand ocean-like prairie. The rain of the day before had given new life and beauty to the luxuriant vegetation, and sent a thrill of joy to the heart of the enchanting world around us. The road was now fine, and we jogged along at the rapid rate of ten miles an hour, fanned by a fresh and soothing breeze which met us from the

west, drinking in new delights every moment. As far as the eye could reach, north, south, east, or west, there rolled this noble expanse of land, with its tall prairie-grass waving gracefully in the wind, while flowers of a thousand hues peeped modestly up from the midst of the living green, revealing their budding and blooming loveliness, and painting the scene with the rainbow-tints of joy and gladness. The richly-colored marigold, and the delicate virgin-like white prairie-lily, the very queen of Flora's delectables, regaled the air with their sweetness. Here and there, in droves of thousands, the most beautiful of the bovine tribe that ever gladden the eye, luxuriated on the richness of the pasturage. What steaks and rounds and sirloins walked in glory over that plain! On this afternoon, and on this prairie alone, I counted upward of two hundred deer within range of gun-shot: the beautiful creatures would bound up, jump off, face about, pause, and narrowly scan us, and then hie away in their freedom, as if they were too aristocratic to touch the earth, or come in contact with so lowly a creature as man. Then, too, we enjoyed the cheerful warblings of the manifold bird-tribes that find their homes on these wild but glorious land-oceans, while thousands of richly-variegated butterflies basked in the sun-light, or bathed their wings in the balmy breath of evening, or kissed ambrosial sweetness, as it were, from the lips of the laughing flowers, adding variety and beauty to the scenery: all enjoying, man and beast, and feathered songsters, and winged insects, to the full, the delights and glories of the evening. And such an evening! An evening in the jocund month of May, on a grand prairie, the world around hushed into stillness and bathed in beauty! O my soul! how grand, how sublime! You might hear the very throbbings of your own heart, be still, and know that you stood in the Holy of Holies of one of Nature's grand cathedrals, while in silent communings with your own spirit you might unite in the high choros of the worshippers around you! The heavens bespangled with rosy-hued clouds, the birds singing their evening hymns, the flowers laughing and smiling in joy, the air laden with balm and fragrance! What a heart-lesson! what a picture to be painted upon the memory, never to be effaced!

It required no poetic imagination, on such an evening and in the midst of such scenery, to fancy the delights of Eden, its lovely bowers,

'Inviting to rest and repose,'

its balmy atmosphere, its placid rest, and peaceful joy! To be thus alone with Nature and Nature's God in the hallowed evening hour, expands the heart and lifts the soul to the great FATHER of the universe! A noble prairie on such an afternoon preaches to the appreciative heart sermons of surpassing eloquence, that are uttered by a thousand tongues oracular with the fire that burns on the altar of Infinite Wisdom, Goodness, and Mercy! But we ignore the poetic. We are in a world of realities, and can cull but few of the choice flowers that bloom along the way-side of life!

As twilight closed in, we bade farewell to the Elysian scene, and by dark we reached the beautiful residence of Captain K —, on the extreme western edge of the prairie. Here we met all the elegance

and cultivation of the older States. Captain K — and his accomplished wife received us courteously and kindly for the night, but informed us that we could proceed no farther west for some days ; for that the River Runderp was swollen half a mile beyond its usual bounds, and being minus bridge or ferry, it was impossible for us to cross it. Here was a dilemma ! My business was of the most urgent character, and to be cut short here for a week or more was not to be endured, although we were in capital quarters.

Scarum encouraged me : said we would bide our time till the morning, and see what could be done. Fortune favors the brave ! It favored me, as the sequel will prove ; but thereby hangs a tale !

Captain K — took us over his grounds in the morning. He was a perfect patriarch, even to the long beard ; and monarch of all he surveyed,

‘From the centre all round to the sea ;’

and indeed embracing the sea, if for sea we substitute prairie ; for a vast, undulating prairie, with its tall grass gracefully bending to the breeze, is the aptest type that earth can produce to the great ocean. His nearest neighbor was twenty miles distant. He counted his cattle on his prairie by the thousands. Some ten years previous he had retired from the army, and with all his cultivation and refinement, had planted himself on this wild but enchanting spot, to be the father of generations, and the pioneer of a mighty civilization ! Such a man deserves a monument at the hands of his countrymen ; for he is essentially a benefactor of his race. Here, in the midst of his charming family, he was passing his days in peace, a patriarch-priest, retired from the noisy and bustling world, in love with the beautiful creation around him, rarely seeing the face of man, other than his own dependents, except when he played the host to the jaded traveller, as he did so nobly to us. May HEAVEN smile on Captain K —, and bless him in his charming and innocent home !

We got off early in the morning. Scarum was bent on making the journey, and you may be sure I was nothing loth !

We rattled across the plains, westward from Captain K — ’s some six miles, when, lo ! the mighty Runderp (for mighty it was in its swollen majesty) stood before us in all its portentous ugliness. My heart sunk within me. It was not to be forded. Its sullen waters, as they rolled their sluggish way through the overhanging boughs and underwood, and past the great oaks which, as grim giants, stood boldly up in the forest, frowned darkly upon our enterprise, warning us to retrace our steps, nor dare to launch upon its muddy and angry bosom. Alas ! for disappointments ! how they blight the fondest hopes ! How they write their name ‘LEGION’ upon the most cherished anticipations of the youthful heart ! We gave up in despair. After maturely surveying the scene of our discomfiture and defeat, and being wrapped half-an-hour in silent meditations upon the portentous current, we reluctantly but philosophically turned our backs upon the Runderp, and bade it an ungracious farewell. We had retraced our steps about three miles, when Scarum’s quick eye rested on three stalwart men, who galloped across

the prairie on their fleet mules, a mile in advance of us. They were navigating at a rapid pace ; but sound travels well on a prairie, and the human voice is sublime, a treat, a joy, to a man accustomed to the solitary life of the 'cattle-driver.'

'Hallo ! Stop there ! Hold on !' sung Scarum, at the top of his voice.

The little fleet hove to. They proved to be 'cattle-drivers,' as they are termed in this part of the world ; men who live on the prairies, and attend to branding the young stock, and otherwise looking after them, leading the life of prairie-shepherds. These men mount a mule, take a wallet of meal, a piece of bacon, some coffee, sugar, and a tin cup — provisions for two or three weeks — and with a blanket, away they go on their mission, frequently living out weeks at a time ; the earth their bed, the sky their covering by night. It is a free, hardy, and glorious life ; nor is the conquering leader of armies prouder of his achievements than are these valiant and chivalrous knights of the prairies.

'Can you get us across the Runderp ?'

'Dunno. We mought. There's a hull of a boat up the river a piece, that mought carry you and your luggage over ; and ef we could pull the wagu through the stream, and swim the horses over, we mought do somethin'.

'You are a philosopher ! Are you willing to try ?' (Looks at his companions.)

'Dunno. What 'll ye pay ?'

'Almost any thing !'

'Will you gie us ten dollars to put you on yan' side ?'

'Gladly !'

'Nough said !'

One of the men hurried up the river, and in half-an-hour we heard a dead clanking sound from the depths of the flooded forest : 'knock-tank, knock-tank, knock-tank.' Oh ! but it was music to my ears, and made my heart leap with joy ; for it proved to be the sound of an oar on a sort of boat, which soon made its appearance, looking for all the world, as it steered and veered about through the muddy water and wet bushes, like a great lubberly turtle of the loggerhead order, (not one of Professor J. C. Hannibal's tribe.) And what a boat ! How primitive ! A few rough planks nailed together in box-form, about nine feet long, and as leaky as a sieve, was the mighty vessel which was destined to bear us, luggage and all, three-eighths of a mile over the swollen tides of the Runderp ! It is an Herculean task : how shall it be managed ?

There are more ways to kill a dog beside hanging him, as I know by experience ; and so we shall get over the Runderp, as philosophers get over difficulties. Leave it to Scarum and the knights of the prairie. Scarum had taken a slug of brandy on the strength of it, consequently his genius was fast developing. In the multitude of counsellors, it was determined that the horses should pass over first. This was accomplished in this wise, (and I shall be explicit in my statements, that the reader, should he ever be in a similar fix, in pursuit of a wife under difficulties, may know how to act.) The men drove the team, wagon

and all, out to the edge of the rapid current, which was as far as the river was fordable; there they detached the horses from the vehicle; then one of them jumping into the little crazy boat, paddled over, while another, seated in the stern, held on to the rein of one of the horses, which, plunging in, swam nobly over to 'yan' side; the other horse soon suffered a similar fate. Bravo! The stock is rising in the market! Jemima need n't hang her head at this rate.

The condition of affairs was now just this: We and our baggage were on the east side of the swollen Rundeeep, our horses on the west, and our wagon in the middle of the river, (only not in water deep enough to float it.) What next? These 'cattle-drivers' always have an abundance of rope with them; it pertains to their profession. They could hang themselves at any time they pleased, provided always that at the proper moment they could find a tree. Looking out the best clearing through the forest, they soon tied on to the shafts of the wagon enough rope to reach across to the other shore, and going over in the boat, and planting themselves firmly on the opposite side, they perforce pulled the vehicle right amain through the water, and got it safely over. It was a noble task, and philosophically performed. Sir Isaac Newton, in his sublimest discoveries, never excelled that task! So I thought then! Nor have I materially changed my mind since. I do n't know how this would have been had I been disappointed in Jemima!

Once or twice we trembled for the old wagon, while it lay almost out of sight, struggling mightily with the angry current; but the six stalwart arms were too potent for the opposing power; the rope, too, was true to its office, and we were soon relieved from all anxiety.

Meantime, I should have stated that Scarum, who had stripped himself to the shirt, had waded out several times to the wagon, where it seems he had left the brandy: what farther took place in these visits the Scribe saith not. But Scarum was getting queer — decidedly so!

The position of affairs was now precisely this: Horses and wagon on the west side; Scarum, the Scribe, and the baggage, on the east of the Rundeeep. And we must cross; but the baggage first. Well, that is safely over, and now comes the tug of war with Scarum and the Scribe. Ah! NICKERBACKER, (I give you the good and true old spelling; your name is, by rights, KNICKERBACKER, not *bocker*, and I know it,) were you ever in a tight place? Now look at that old turtle of a boat, reeling, careering, and plunging about in the water, threatening to go to the bottom, and with it taking all hands to 'Davy Jones's locker,' and say if your Scribe was not getting into uncomfortable quarters! Boat, Sir! It was no boat at all. It was a hull. Three straight planks, I tell you, nine feet long, one on the bottom, and one on each side, with a short upright piece at each end, more like a false coffin than any thing else, and as rusty with age as though it had been dug up with some Egyptian mummy inside of it. My mind was made up that I was saved from perishing in the storm of the day before, to find a more aristocratic burial in the muddy Rundeeep; for you will agree that it is more aristocratic to be eaten by cat-fish than prairie-wolves. Bah! the last is utterly horrible; and then, in my case, I should certainly have

been 'a goner,' for I am not fond of Cayenne pepper, which is the only preservative against prairie-wolves. They don't like pepper, and therefore never eat a dead Mexican.

But we must try it, that is, the Runderp. Scarum being top-heavy, and withal too foolish to have sense enough to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat, as he might and would have done, if he had had as much sense as an Egyptian mummy, and the thing being very ticklish, and wonderfully prone to upset, we deemed it most prudent to straddle Scarum across the stern, so that he would balance easily, and ride securely. So we straddled Scarum across the stern of the rickety thing, dropping one leg over either side into the river: and now for it! The old boat had to be handled as gently as one would handle an infant; for it was just as queer as Scarum, any day.

'Shove off! Ha! Steady, there! Take care! Mind! Hold on!'

'Chag! splash! wollop! Ugh! ugh! Gurgle! gurgle! gurgle!'

'Hallo! hold on! The Devil! Scissors!'

Scarum has tumbled off, head foremost, as Pat would say, and there lies kicking and snorting like a shark in shallow water, making the mud fly, and swallowing dirt and water as fast as a bottle, under similar circumstances, would have done. 'Guggle! guggle! guggle!' You might almost hear it run down his throat, as it forced the wind out.

'Zounds and furies! we shall all be drowned.'

The water, as yet, fortunately for Scarum, was shallow; for had the catastrophe taken place in the deep and rapid current, Scarum must have been food for the cat-fish. But we disappointed them of their dainty morsel. The Scribe jumped out, waist-deep, and dragging poor Scarum up by the head, pulled him, *sans ceremonie*, into the crazy boat, held him down flat upon the bottom, while the water gurgled out of his mouth; and in that plight we hurried across. Scarum grunted after a while, and by that sign I knew he was not dead. But his eyes were big, I assure you!

Now, Sir, there's a picture for your artist! If he can't paint that scene, let him forever renounce his profession!

After all was over, the Scribe had time to draw a long breath, and utter a solemn prophecy: That Scarum Smith was not destined to die by water: which prophecy was literally fulfilled, in the course of human events, by the demise of the aforesaid Scarum, a few years after, in a natural way.

'MAN PROPOSES BUT GOD DISPOSES.'

YET I lack courage manfully to try
The fate that JULIA'S 'Yes' or 'No' discloses:
For even in love the proverb must apply,
That God disposes.

Now I take courage hopefully to try
What fate in JULIA'S 'Yes' or 'No' uncloses:
For still in love the proverb must apply,
That man 'proposes.'

T H E U N S A T I S F I E D .

THE rooms were filled with fashion,
The warm air throbbed with sound,
And music, like a passion,
Sped the whirling waltzers round.

Soft silks fair forms enhancing,
Prismatic-hued swept by,
And looks of love entrancing
Graced many a lip and eye.

And murmuring voices sounded
Throughout the mansion gay,
As if pleasure was unbounded,
And life was all a play.

With them I trod the measure,
Breathed many a flattering word,
And sought my draught of pleasure
Among the merry herd.

Yet amidst that scene of gladness
I failed to find delight,
For a wearying sense of sadness
Shed a gloom upon the sight.

Like many a season festive,
The joy seemed overstrained;
And my heart grew wild and restive,
After something unattained.

So when the sounds of laughter
To the banquet led the way,
I ceased to follow after,
As the music ceased to play.

And I wandered where a maiden
Sat in silence and alone,
For she seemed, like me, grief-laden —
A NIOBE of stone.

Her cold, clasped hands seemed pressing
Deep sorrows to her heart,
As she sat in grief depressing,
In silence and apart.

I placed a seat beside her,
And took her hands in mine;
And sought with words to guide her
To a sympathetic shrine.

I told her of the hollow
Delusions of this life —
Of the miseries that follow
False fashion's gainless strife.

I said that folly's pleasure
Was but fuel to the flame,
Consuming life's best treasure,
Her holiest, highest fame.

And I said : ' Have *you* no higher
Want than thus to live ;
Some unsatisfied desire —
Some gift that *I* can give ?'

Then she oped her lips so pallid,
And she answered with remorse :
" Yes : *I'd like some lobster-salad,*
With plenty of the sauce.'

MODUS.

MY DOGS : ' OLIVER TWIST.'

BY JOHN D. McTAVISH OF ALABAMA.

I AM exceedingly fond of dogs. At a period of life when the minds of most boys are engrossed in the selfish games of childhood, and the top and marbles are carelessly stuffed into the pocket of the juvenile sportsman without a single feeling of affection for those instruments of enjoyment, my heart yearned for some living creature upon which I could lavish my love. It was on my tenth birth-day, at the close of a calm summer afternoon, that an old Scotch gentleman, who appreciated my character, drove up to my mother's house, and slowly emerged from his gig with a small hairy object in his hand. ' Jock,' said he, kindly placing the little parti-colored creature in my lap ; ' Jock,' said he, ' I gie you for your birth-day gift a little dawg. He's a' ready unco cannie : tak gude care o' him.'

At first I called the little animal — he was of the wire-haired breed of terriers, with a slight dash of bull ; white in color, with a brindle mark over the left eye, and a spot of the same kind near the root of his tail — ' Sawnie,' in compliment to my benefactor. Very soon, however, his tail acquired the form of a coil, which became at last such a marked peculiarity in his conformation, that I was induced to exchange the name of ' Sawnie' for that of ' Oliver Twist ;' a happy witticism, which was entirely original with myself, though a certain individual attempted afterward to claim the credit of having suggested it.

The mind of every man, who is subjected to the wearing cares of a life of business in a city, recurs with pleasure, during moments of relaxation, to the innocent period of his childhood. I am no exception to the rule ; and often as I sit, apparently listening to the prosy narratives which certain elderly persons are in the habit of inflicting upon the

boarders at the house where I stay, my thoughts are in truth far away in the cherished past ; and seldom indeed do I indulge in such reveries without recalling the image of dear little Twist.

For years after he came into my possession he was my inseparable companion ; and it was a common remark among our neighbors, that where Johnny was, there was Twist, and where Twist was, there you would certainly find Johnny ; and from the excellent character which we both bore, there was a general feeling of kindness to us in the whole community. In fact, I was so fond of the little fellow, that he never slept out of my bed, except for a short period during each summer, when it was always necessary to rub him with sulphur and train-oil to cure him of the mange, a disease which attacked him annually in an exceedingly aggravated form, causing him to scratch himself dreadfully with his hind-feet. Once, too, he was very ill with the blind staggers, which completely prostrated him, and made his eyes look as green as grass. I cured him by burying him, according to the advice of one of our old negroes, up to the neck, in the vegetable-garden, and giving him milk with the leaves of the May-Apple (*Passiflora Incarnata*) bruised in it until the fluid was completely discolored.

As I was a remarkably manly boy, and full of health and vigor, I early evinced a taste for field sports ; in which I was eminently calculated to excel, from my remarkable closeness of observation, having at a very tender age acquired a fund of knowledge with regard to natural objects which would do no discredit to a naturalist of maturer experience. Owing to the carelessness of my elder brother Thomas, I was long debarred from the use of fire-arms. Thomas once actually let his gun off in our front-parlor, while three of my aunts were sitting talking around the centre-table, and shot my great-grandfather (on the mother's side) straight in the mouth with a load of number seven shot, cutting it up so horribly that you could never afterward see the expression, which was a very sweet one. It was a great pity, for the old gentleman had been hanging there ever since the house was built, which was when my aunt Maria was in the arms.

Owing to this accident, my mother got a prejudice against guns, and would not let me have one until I was fifteen years old, and I was obliged to rely chiefly on little Twist for obtaining game. I can tell you, though, I did not want for success in consequence of that. Many and many is the time that I have come home of a Saturday afternoon with a raccoon or an opossum, and two, and on one occasion even three, rabbits, every one of them caught by Twist. There was always a great deal of excitement in catching raccoons with him, on account of the fight, which was sometimes really dreadful ; but I think that there was more real sport in catching rabbits. When they got into hollow logs, I generally screwed them out with a forked stick, the prongs being first made very sharp at the points, so as to take well. This, of course, could only be done where the hollow was straight. When they got into a hollow that was crooked, I always smoked them out with a little fire made of green twigs. It was great fun to see the little fellows coming down. First you could hear them sneezing in the tree, then there

would be a scratching sound as they slipped down stern foremost, and then a quick scramble, and a bolt out of the bottom of the hollow, when little Twist would pick them up in the twinkling of an eye. He was an excellent little dog, and was finally drowned in a well.

I had intended to have given an account of most of my dogs, but this notice of Twist has extended so far that I shall have to omit any description of the rest, until some other time. I could write for hours about dogs, for I am remarkably fond of them.

Our Martyrs.

'THE BONES OF THE PATRIOTS OF THE REVOLUTION WHO DIED ON BOARD OF THE BRITISH PRISON-SHIP, LIE IN A RUDE, UNMARKED GRAVE NEAR WALLABOUT BAY.'

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROEMER.

How many years will hurry by,
Like billows that each other chase,
While mouldering bones of martyrs lie
Without a stone to mark the place!
For us a goodly fight they fought,
And shouting, Freedom! nobly fell;
With precious blood an empire bought —
Oh! let us guard their ashes well!

Why base and servile homage pay
To meaner men from lands remote,
And leave to waste, unmarked, away,
Bones of the brave who shared the fray
When first our star-flag was afloat?
One cry of shame should loudly rise
From their old war-fields to the skies;
Until our torpid hearts grow warm,
And Art her proudest column rears,
To tell the world, in other years,
Of men who braved the battle-storm,
And death made welcome, like a bride,
That we might own this region wide,
And Freedom kindle on our shore
A beacon-light for evermore.

Adventurers of ignoble mould
Are welcomed with a shower of gold,
But on Long-Island's rugged strand
Beat, with reproachful roar, the waves,
Solo mourners for a martyred band
Who sleep in unrecorded graves.

New-York, July 5, 1857.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER NINTH.

Now Norfolk is the paradise of midshipmen, while Portsmouth, its neighbor across the river, may not inaptly be termed their 'fiddler's green;' for in both these mighty cities gold lace and gilt buttons reign supreme. Talk to a Norfolk or Portsmouth *belle* of a 'lettered sage' or 'merchant prince,' and she will laugh you to scorn; but let a *reefer* approach her, and straightway she is all animation; the rose on her cheek, *expectation* in her eye, and her whole face wreathed in smiles.

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with this portion of the 'Old Dominion' is, the firm and unalterable belief of its inhabitants that the naval station there established is their sole and exclusive property, in which none but the naval representatives of the F. F. V.s have any right or inheritance. Let the Honorable Secretary of the Navy have the temerity to send a *stranger* among them, and, *caramba!* what a clamor arises, especially if the new-comer be a *Yankee*, when, ten to one, they will get up an indignation meeting to express their deep sense of the injury done to them, and to concert measures for the protection of *their domain* from *further encroachments*. These meetings are usually held at 'Hall's corner,' where, indeed, may be daily seen, about the hour when the sun makes his appearance 'over the fore-yard,' a crowd of *Navies* eagerly discussing *intricate nauticalities*, such as the hauling down of a jib, or the brailing up of a spanker; and whenever one of these worthies is sore pressed in debate, he appeals unto 'Jack Flaunders' — as the Romans, under the empire, appealed to the judgment-seat of Cæsar — whose *ipse dixit* is regarded as *naval law* on both banks of the Elizabeth River. This Jack Flaunders, by the way, is one of the worthiest gentlemen that ever trod shoe-leather. Being present one day at the Norfolk *forum*, I was most unwillingly lugged into an argument with Midshipman White relative to the dimensions of the 'Pennsylvania's main-yard.

"I'll refer it to Captain Flaunders!" cried my opponent at length.

'I don't care for *his* opinion!' I replied somewhat angrily. 'I have measured the yard myself.'

'Do n't care for the opinion of Jack Flaunders?' retorted White, throwing up his hands in pious horror at my remark. 'Why, man, I'd rather have his *pro bono* than that of the great Jackson himself!'

'His *ipse dixit*, I presume you mean, Sir,' said I sneeringly.

Now my friend White, although as clever and sensible a fellow as there is in the service, is no Latinist, and he has, moreover, a very praiseworthy aversion to taking the *back track*; so, placing his mouth close to my ear, he thundered into it fiercely: 'No, Sir, I do *not* mean his *ipse dixit*. I said his *pro bono*, and, *by the Lord, I stick to it!*'

Thinking it might not be for *my bono* to continue the discussion, I at once and entirely 'caved in.'

An eminent geologist once asserted of the good old State of Virginia

that it possessed within itself more mineral and agricultural resources than any other state or kingdom this side of sun-rise ; and that Norfolk, its great sea-port, was destined, at no distant day, to surpass, in extent and magnificence, all the cities now existing on this terraqueous globe. Looking forward confidently to the fulfilment of this prophecy, the *true Norfolkian* views every thing through the spectacles of his prophet ; and as the inhabitants of ' El Hilla ' expect the egress of their Saviour, Ibn El Hassan, from the mosque of the last Imâm, or as the Moors of Spain await the recoming of Boabdil, so lives he in the constant hope and expectation of the advent of that ' good time coming.'

' John,' said I not long since to my *bon ami*, John Riggins, who is a philosopher of this stamp, ' how are you all getting along here ?'

I was standing on one of the wharves of ' Old Norfolk ' as I spoke, having that instant stepped ashore from the Baltimore boat.

' Oh! admirably, Mr. Jenkins!' he exclaimed with enthusiasm. ' Norfolk is really looking up, and, I *think* has taken a start in the right direction. A large three-story house, was built here last summer, and they *talk* of erecting another this spring. And look! you can see for yourself how our commerce is increasing!'

I gazed in the direction indicated by the fore-finger of my friend, and, upon my life, there was within the compass of my vision but one square-rigged merchantman, five schooners, and a wood-sloop, which, with lee-board down, was sluggishly beating up the harbor.

Now when the ' Shenandoah ' anchored off Norfolk I was almost as much of a ' salt ' as little Weasel. I spoke of the First Lieutenant as ' old stick-in-the-mud,' advocated the creation of a retired-list for ' old fogies,' and declared it as my fixed conviction that there was not a seaman in the ship, outside of the steerage ; so of course there was nothing wanting to make me an accomplished midshipman, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' but that I should fall in love ; which I did most effectually the instant my eyes rested upon the beautiful, the adorable Miss Harmonia Briggs. To say that Harmonia was ' all my fancy painted her,' and that I felt all over ' like a house a-fire,' as I lingered by her side, might fail, perchance, to convey to the minds of my readers an adequate idea of her extreme loveliness, and of the passionate nature of my affection for her. Bear with me, then, while I transcribe (from a copy of the original still in my possession) a single stanza of a poem, in *fifty-six cantos*, which I addressed to the ' loveliest of her sex ' on the day succeeding that of my introduction to her :

' Yes, thou art beautiful! — a child of grace
As bright, as blooming, as the dawn of day ;
Thy witching smile, the beauty of thy face
Nor tongue can speak, nor limner's art portray.
Jove grant thy life be joyous! Smiling Mirth,
I prithee shield her from grim-visaged Care ;
And when she sinks into the 'lap of earth,'
May all she loved in life be gathered there :
Jove's David guard her from the Furies' lean,
And safely bear her on to ' fiddler's green.'"

For the rest Harmonia's eyes were gray ; her hair, which she wore in cork-screw ringlets over her neck and shoulders, of a reddish hue :

her complexion fair ; stature tall, (five feet eight in her stockings,) and her age exactly the double of my own. Combine all these attractions with a rich *soprano*, voice *à la* Grimalkin, and a talent for dancing, and you will readily perceive how great a flame Miss Briggs was calculated to kindle in the glowing breast of a susceptible youth of sixteen.

I first met Harmonia at an evening party. She was in conversation with Lieutenant Hoyle at the time, who — generous son of Neptune that he was ! — not only proffered me an introduction to his fair companion, but actually took his leave of her as he did so, thus resigning her entirely to my protection. After dancing with her thrice, I had the extreme felicity of escorting her home ; and thenceforth I became her devoted slave. A fortnight thereafter, my intimacy with her was such as enabled me to prevail upon her to accompany me to the theatre. Alas ! little did I think, as I sat by her side in one of the front boxes of that tastefully-decorated and brilliantly-illuminated temple of Thespis, that — but no, I will not anticipate. ‘Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!’

Romeo and Juliet had been performed amid the plaudits of the whole audience ; and now the celebrated *danseuse*, Miss Victorine Perenelli, made her appearance upon the stage. With one bound she reached the foot-lights, where, balancing herself on her left foot, and extending the right one high in air, she attempted the graceful execution of a pirouette ; but, being a little drunk, her treacherous limbs refused their office, and down she came flat on her face. At this critical instant a large piece of India-rubber of grotesque shape, thrown by my *amigo* Hart, struck the prostrate Perenelli full on the shin-bone, and then went bouncing about over the whole theatre. Heavens ! what a scene of confusion ensued ! The friends of the *bayladora*, some thirty in number, among whom were comprised all the bullies and gamblers of the place, at once made a rush for the boxes, loudly swearing that they would expel from the house every *man* in it wearing the uniform of a naval officer, the which threat decidedly placed me in a quandary ; for while on the one hand love and courtesy urged me to see Harmonia to a place of safety, friendship and honor on the other whispered to me that it would be base and cowardly to desert my shipmates in their peril. From this awkward dilemma I was soon, however, relieved by Mr. Job Wilson, an elderly gentleman, with a gold-headed cane and green spectacles, temporarily sojourning at the ‘Exchange Hotel,’ where I had been introduced to him on the previous evening, who seeing my embarrassment, kindly offered to ‘take the lady off my hands,’ as he expressed it. So with a warm pressure of the taper fingers of my *in-amorata*, I intrusted her to his keeping ; and scarce had she departed before the row commenced in earnest.

Our opponents, relying upon their numerical strength, (for they stood toward us ‘Shenandoah’-middies — the only officers present — in the ratio of three to one,) came rushing upon us like a pack of hungry wolves sure of their prey ; but we, strong in courage, and in the address of our leader, Fearless, who chanced to be one of us, manfully stood our ground, and after a mere skirmish, the commander-in-chief of the Perenelli party drew off his forces in confusion.

'I vare sorry, vare sorry for Mademoiselle Perenelli,' now cried a demure Frenchman from the pit; 'but the man what throw the rubbare was perfectly in the right! The American pooblick must not be an-soolt.'

This speech, which was greeted with loud cheers by the mids, so enraged the rowdies that they renewed the assault with redoubled ardor, and a fight ensued of a half-hour's duration, of which all I know is, that throughout the whole of it 'it rained blows upon my head,' (to borrow the language of Sancho Panza,) and that our trusty ally, the Frenchman, cried to us without ceasing: 'Fire into them, brave offisaré! as the Constitusheong fired into the Gerry — aré!' Under such auspices, who could doubt the result? The *rubbare*-army was, of course, again victorious; and after chasing the *anti-rubbare*s out of the theatre, it marched in good order to 'Walter's, and encamped for the night. I was seated in Number Twenty on the first floor, about mid-night, holding a red-hot poker in my hand, which I designed using for the manufacture of a glass of slip, when Hart summoned me to the rescue of Duet, who, straying heedlessly from the garrison, had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Armed as I was, I rushed into the street, where I found the mathematician completely hemmed in by the enemy, who were bent, as they said, upon giving him a 'licking;' but by scorching the ribs of some, and the *dernieres* of others with my iron, I soon made a hole in the crowd, and carried off my mess-mate in triumph. The affair was a trifling one, I admit, not occupying over five minutes in its planning and execution; but I have thought proper to mention it here, in order that those officers, whose 'temper,' like mine and the great Washington's, 'inclines them to peace and harmony with all men,' may learn from it the exceeding utility of a hot poker — *properly applied* — in quelling a riot or 'plug-muss.'

For the next ten days, in consequence of the battered state of my figure-head, I did not once go ashore to see the fair object of my 'dreams by night, and my reveries by day.' I improved the time, however, by writing a laconic epistle to my aunt, which, with her reply, I here sub-join:

'U. S. Frigate 'Shenandoah,'
'Harbor of Norfolk, December 10th, 1842.

'MY DEAR AUNT: Since dispatching my last, I have fallen desperately in love with the most beautiful girl that ever graced this earth. Her name is HARMONIA BARGES; is n't it sweet? so euphonious! I will not attempt to enumerate her various accomplishments. Suffice it to say, that she rivals TERPSICHOE in dancing, and sings like any siren. Her family is one of the very best in the State of Virginia, (this you may rely upon, for I had it from her own dear lips,) and she is said to own an old negro man, a flat-bottomed boat, and a pair of oyster-tongs, which possessions, HART says, are here considered a handsome fortune, owing to the high price of Norfolk oysters in the New-York and Philadelphia markets. Who knows, dear aunty, but that you may some day have the pleasure of receiving the angelic HARMONIA, under the shadow of your roof, as Mrs. JENKINS? Please remember me kindly to all my friends, and believe me
Your affectionate nephew,
JONX.

'To Miss POLLY JENKINS, Philadelphia.'

'Second-street, Philadelphia, Oct. 15th.

'O my deer, deer nevvry! how cum yew for to rite me sich a lettur! That deer bles-sit man parsun JONX was heer when i red it, and sez he with the teers a trickelin down both his bles-sit cheeks — O mis POLLY! sez he, rite to that are poor see fairia sheep; rite to him this verry nite; and oh! beeseach and beg on him sez he, never agin

to look at that wikked TURPINSOR, nor nary anuther dansin woomin wile hes Spared; and as to them sirings, sez he, a gronin inwudly, oh! let him remembur wot DELILY did to SAM SING and never ventur anigh them nor thare habittashun; and then the deer blessit saant sot rite two and praid for yew, JOHNNY, ontill the pusperashun roled off on him in grate sounding mud puddels like. Oh! think of all this my darlin Chiild and tirn from yur wikkedness and repent! as also the scripturs sez. as to them wir-ginny gals ive allers heern tel as how thare dretful stuck up and sot in thare wais, and rekwires a Lode of watun apun. and as to that HARMONICUMS i woodnt giv much for her Fortin no how, fur the verry Best of norfick oisters is only 4 dollers a hundred, and thats mornn that old nigger of hern wood catch in a weak, i lay, kors I never seed wun of them Cullerd Creturs yit wot wusnt as lazy as all out dores. and ef HARMONICUMS is as arriskratik as yew say she is, jest to think my Child how sheed tirn up her arriskratik nose wen she heerd about your farther and the dubble bizziness. so yew jes giv her up strate JOHNNY like a good boy, and maybe yewl be a commydor wich i observes yew spel different but ive allers heern it so cald sure enuf one of these dais and then yew can marry wich yew pleas yew no. so good by and exskews all rong spellin as my pen is orful bad. from your luvvin aunt POLLY.
 'To my deer nevvly Joun, aboard the states vessel 'Shinindoor.'

My indignation upon reading my aunt's letter was unbounded. 'Give the beauteous Harmonia up,' soliloquized I, 'no, not for a score of Aunt Pollies; I will rather seek her at once and demand her hand!' And with this determination, Mr. Garboard's permission being obtained, I went ashore at sun-set.

As with palpitating heart and trembling limbs I entered Harmonia's *boudoir*, I found her seated at a window with a rose-colored note in her hand, the contents of which she was eagerly devouring.

'Oh! how glad I am to see you, Mr. Jenkins,' said she, rising up and coming towards me with extended hands. 'Why have you staid away from me so long?'

'Alas! Harmonia,' replied I *lackadaisically*, 'I have been very ill. Nothing, indeed, but sickness or death could have kept me from your side; for believe me, every moment passed away from you now, seems to me an age. Dear, dear Harmonia, will you, *can* you consent to be mine?'

For a moment the blushing girl stood irresolute; the next, and she threw herself sobbing on my breast, faintly sighing: 'Dear Johnny, I am thine.'

How I behaved, or what I said during the remaining two hours that I spent with Harmonia, I know not; but when I went off to the ship in 'the ten o'clock boat,' I was in a perfect delirium of love and happiness; and the next morning I was reported by Lieutenant Bobstay for having said to him on the previous evening, 'while drunk, apparently, 'Dearest Harmonia, I have returned aboard!'' This report, however, though mortifying enough, was light and trifling compared with one which reached me somewhat later in the day. Reader, dear reader, if you have any tears to shed, prepare to give vent to them now. Harmonia, *my* Harmonia, the idol of my heart and 'joy of my liver,' in less than an hour from the time of my leaving her, eloped with the 'elderly gentleman,' who, in the hurry of his flight, actually left behind him his 'gold-headed cane and green spectacles.'

But there are passages in the life of every mortal much too sacred for the public ken; turn we, therefore, to another chapter of my adventurous history.

CHAPTER TENTH.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY arrived, and with it, to the great delight of all on board, our 'sailing orders' for the Mediterranean. On the same day, too, Chaplain Adams, a gentleman from the far West, reported to Captain Blazes for duty, and, as the 'cut of his jib' proclaimed him a *ter-dant* of the first water, we reefers determined to quiz him a little. For this purpose some half-dozen of us gathered about a corpse which was laid out on the 'half-deck,' and hastily composed the play of the 'frightened parson,' in which our clerical friend was destined to perform the principal part. In accordance therewith, we uncovered the face of the deceased, (who had been shot through the head in a drunken row ashore,) and as soon as our victim issued from the cabin, after making his report, Hart said, with a most mournful expression of countenance: 'I am truly sorry, fellows, that poor Brown was shot, but discipline must be preserved, you know, and——'

'Shot!' interrupted the chaplain, swallowing the bait like a gudgeon; 'you surely do n't mean to say that the wretched man was shot!'

'Yes, but I do though,' answered Hart, with the utmost gravity, 'and very properly, too, as you will acknowledge, I think, when I tell you his story.'

'This unfortunate sinner was our chaplain, and, during the early part of our cruise, a great favorite with us all; for he gave us short prayers and still shorter sermons. But about two months ago, he took to reading some pernicious books, written by certain fanatical clergymen, residing in or about Boston, which completely turned his head; and every Sunday thereafter, instead of expounding the Scriptures to us in an old-fashioned, sensible way, as had been his wont, he preached to us strange doctrines about the rights of individuals, of corporations, and of States; and on one occasion he avowed himself an out-and-out abolitionist, and roundly swore that no slave-holder could enter the kingdom of heaven! But what struck me as the most singular part of his teaching was, the fact that while he spoke warmly of the duty of defending the rights of the abolitionists, he seemed to forget that the opposite party had any whatever.

'As he was *theodoring* on in this strain, fairly out-heroding Herod, Sunday before last, Captain Blazes found it necessary to cut short his sermon, and order him below. Well, Sir, instead of promptly obeying his captain, the infatuated cleric went on with his ranting, like one possessed; and turning to the ship's company, he exclaimed: 'I am no respecter of persons; I care not for the Constitution, I trample under foot the regulations of the Navy, and set the authority of your commander at defiance; and all this I do in virtue of a dogma entitled the 'Higher Law.''

'Now, what effect did this speech have upon the men, do you suppose? Did it inflame them? Not in the least; for seamen, although illiterate, are, for the most part, a clear-headed race, having very just ideas of right and wrong; and so, in their homely way, they expressed their sense of the impropriety of *their pastor's* course, in a manner highly edifying to me, and creditable alike to themselves and the country whose flag they were serving under.

‘ ‘My eyes!’ said one, ‘to hear that blasted parson abuse the old Constitution, as our ancisters set so much store by, and which and the States frigate, as every one knows on, is the two finest sea-boats what floats! I tell you, shipmates, ’t was as much as I could do to keep from running afoul of his hawse!’

‘ ‘Yes,’ exclaimed another, ‘and he a talkin’ so glib, too, about his respects for a *higher* law when he do n’t even know how to obey our captain, as is as fine a man as ever broke a biscuit. He a miserable lubber, too, what do n’t know how to splice a rope, or what a Banian day is! He’d be a nice hand to take the helm; now would n’t he?’

‘ ‘Well he would *that*!’ chimed in a third.

‘ ‘I wonder the captain do n’t run him up to the fore yard-arm!’ squeaked a messenger-boy.

‘ ‘Avast there, my lad, not so fast!’ cried old Peterson. ‘Not without a court-martial, you know! The dearest right of an American is that which secures to him a trial by impartial judges when accused of crime, and the privilege of confronting his accusers, and of being heard in his own defence.’

‘ ‘You’re pointed all fair there, George!’ assented the captain of the after-guard, with a knowing look; ‘you’ll find that ere laid down on Captain Magner’s chart, with the bearings and distances all marked out. I knows all about it you see, kase I once heerd a lawyer say so in open court.’

‘ ‘That preacher’s been tried already, and found wanting!’ retorted the boy. But this remark not finding favor with any, he slunk away abashed.

‘Just then Sandy Scott came within hail: ‘De Lor have massy upon us!’ said he; ‘jes to heern dat passin talk about de slaves! jes as ef ebbery one did n’t know dat dem common niggers is only good to hoe de torn and fry de hoe-cake. De next ting, I ’spect he’ll say he knows more about cookin’ dan dis chile does, and demand de keys ob de coppers! I hopes dey’ll hang him, I does, sartin sure!’

‘But to return to our *mutton*, Chaplain Brown was arrested, tried, and mercifully sentenced to be shot, in order that he might be more immediately within the influence of that higher law of which he raved so much. This sentence being approved of by the President, was yesterday carried into execution, and here the poor fellow now lies, a victim to the Pharisaical cant of designing men! I understand that the vacancy occasioned by his death has already been filled, and that we may shortly expect his successor on board.’

‘Why, LORD help me, stranger!’ ejaculated Mr. Adams, ‘I am the very man you are looking for!’

‘Then may the LORD help you, indeed!’ rejoined Hart solemnly, ‘for I heard Captain Blazes say this very morning, that for the future *he’d be particular death on all chaplains*!’

Parson Adams waited to hear no more — on deck, over the gangway, and into a shore-boat he went; and the instant he reached *terra firma*, he ran at the top of his speed to his lodgings, where he commenced making preparations for an immediate and hasty flight westward. It fortunately happened, however, that Hoyle, to whom he brought letters

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Grand Pré and the Basin of Minas — The Neutral French — Basil, the Blacksmith — The Connecticut Colony of 1760 — Gertrude and Evangeline — The Dykes — Fishing and Agriculture — The Lamp of History — Winslow's Invasion — The Captivity commences — Father Le Blanc — A Few Parting Words of Advice and Conclusion.

GRAND PRÉ lies at our feet! Yonder the green prairies roll away until they melt in the indistinct blue of the range of cliffs that end abruptly at Cape Blomidon. Still beyond, the waters of the Basin of Minas stretch to the north, until the horizon-line between wave and sky is undistinguishable. It seems impossible that any one could look upon this valley without feelings of tenderness and admiration. Incredible that tyranny's self could gaze with hard and pitiless eyes upon such a scene, and invade with fire and rapine the peace and serenity of a land so fair.

Once happy Acadia nestled in the bosom of this amphitheatre, secure alike from

'Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.'

Seven thousand souls were gathered behind those dykes a century ago, of whom tradition and history preserve no record of shame or crime. And here let me quote from a book which deserves honorable mention as the first to espouse the cause of this unfortunate people, and to exhibit their virtues and their sufferings in a true light: a book which undoubtedly inspired the author of the finest pastoral of modern times to write of 'the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas;' a book written by a countrywoman, and worthy of a place wherever truth, and patriotism, and honest abhorrence of tyranny and oppression can find a niche. Need I say to the historian and scholar that I allude to 'THE NEUTRAL FRENCH,' by Mrs. Kate Williams, of Providence, Rhode-Island? Speaking of the domestic life of the Acadians, in 1755, she says:

'THEIR manner of life had gradually changed in one respect, and that an improvement, as far as its domestic character was concerned, for they gradually gave up hunting and fishing, and addicted themselves to the pursuits of agriculture altogether. The immense meadows they had rescued from the sea, so repeatedly, and with such industry, were covered with flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. 'They possessed sixty thousand head of horned cattle, and most families had several horses, although the tillage was carried on by oxen.' Their habitations were as substantial and convenient as most farm-houses in Europe. Each farmer raised his own grain, and a variety of vegetables, and they manufactured their own clothing from wool and flax, which they raised in abundance. They abounded in fine orchards, and their usual drink was beer and cider. If any of them coveted articles of luxury, they procured them from Annapolis or Louisbourg, and in exchange gave them corn, cattle, or furs. They likewise reared a vast deal of poultry.

of introduction, called upon him before he had finished packing, and discovering from his excited manner, and a few words that he incautiously let drop, 'how the land lay,' he lost no time in assuring him that he had been hoaxed; and, after thus allaying his fears, he easily persuaded him to return to the vessel. As I shall not again have occasion to mention the reverend gentleman's name throughout the whole course of this narrative, it may not be amiss to state here that he attached himself very warmly to Hoyle, and, in return for his kindness, labored most assiduously to convert him from the error of his ways; and for a time he flattered himself that he had succeeded in so doing. On one unlucky day, however, after Adams had delivered himself in the ward-room of a lecture on the evils of intemperance, Hoyle, whose clay was pretty well moistened, hiccuped out: 'Oh! go to grass with your fish stories, brother Adams! Who the 'ell do you suppose wants to be a angel a sittin' on a wet cloud all day a singin psalms?'

Whereupon the parson, giving up his *catechumen* as lost beyond redemption, retreated in hot haste to his state-room, whence he was never afterward known to emerge, save thrice a day to his meals, 'in dispatching which,' says his biographer, 'he considered it his bounden duty to exert himself to the utmost of his ability.'

R E M E M B E R E D P E R F U M E .

It came upon my senses, a long-forgotten spell,
And stirred up thoughts shrined deeply, in Memory's inmost cell;
It brought before my vision a lovely youthful face,
It minded me, how sadly! of that last long embrace.

I stood within the chamber where my heart's idol lay,
The weary hours yet counting, and wishing oft for day;
I smoothed those nut-brown tresses, I kissed that fading cheek,
And o'er the sufferer bending, still smiled when I would weep.

I laid upon her pillow the rare exotic flower,
As she lay softly sleeping in the still evening hour:
Again I saw her smiling, a smile as from the soul,
As through the veil of slumber the strange, rich perfume stole.

Too soon my dream hath faded: I know that she is gone;
I breathe delicious fragrance, I breathe it but to mourn
For all the sadder memories that cling around those hours,
A magic touch awakened at sight of those bright flowers.

But Hope hath cast a rainbow athwart my falling tears,
Faith in a life eternal my drooping spirit cheers,
And whispereth of meeting where deathless flowrets bloom,
The lost, the wept arisen, now sleeping in the tomb.

My spirit springs exulting from chains which Memory weaves,
And o'er its buried treasure no longer sadly grieves:
I see my loved one dwelling with CHRIST beyond the sky,
My wings to mount she bringeth — the hour is surely nigh.

THOMAS.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Grand Pré and the Basin of Minas — The Neutral French — Basil, the Blacksmith — The Connecticut Colony of 1760 — Gertrude and Evangeline — The Dykes — Fishing and Agriculture — The Lamp of History — Winslow's Invasion — The Captivity commences — Father Le Blanc — A Few Parting Words of Advice and Conclusion.

GRAND PRÉ lies at our feet! Yonder the green prairies roll away until they melt in the indistinct blue of the range of cliffs that end abruptly at Cape Blomidon. Still beyond, the waters of the Basin of Minas stretch to the north, until the horizon-line between wave and sky is undistinguishable. It seems impossible that any one could look upon this valley without feelings of tenderness and admiration. Incredible that tyranny's self could gaze with hard and pitiless eyes upon such a scene, and invade with fire and rapine the peace and serenity of a land so fair.

Once happy Acadia nestled in the bosom of this amphitheatre, secure alike from

'Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.'

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'Of the morals of these people, contemporaneous history speaks volumes in one sentence, namely, *'an illegitimate child was unknown in their settlements.'* What a comment! One great reason of this probably was, 'their young people were encouraged to marry early; and in all their settlements, whenever there was a marriage, the company got together and built them a house and furnished them with a year's provision, and the females always brought their portions in flocks.' Fifty years of comparative quiet had done wonders for this people. Their chapels had been rebuilt and improved, and new ones erected; and although their priests were subjected to the most vexatious restraints in travelling from place to place, they contrived to keep these people united in one bond of love. The pastors were not only their priests, but lawyers, judges, school-masters, and physicians: and all the remuneration they received was a twenty-seventh part of their income, voluntarily set off to them by the people.

'That such a state of simplicity and social happiness could exist in this jarring world, may well be a matter of wonder in these days, when luxury and extravagance have almost banished simplicity from the earth. The truth, however, is too well established by contemporary historians to be doubted; and, moreover, of those of this people who survive in their descendants, and may yet be found in scattered portions in the country, the character of piety, benevolence, integrity, simplicity, and honesty, is still kept up.'

As we rest here upon the summit of the Gasperau mountain, and look down on yonder valley, we can readily imagine such a people. A pastoral people, rich in meadow-lands, secured by laborious dykes, and secluded from the noisy outside world. But we miss the thatch-roof cottages, by hundreds, which should be the prominent feature in the picture, the vast herds of cattle, the belfrys of scattered village chapels, the murmur of evening fields,

'WHERE peace was tinkling in the shepherd's bell,
And singing with the reapers.'

These no longer exist:

'Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.'

I sank back in the stage as it rolled down the mountain-road, and fairly covered my eyes with my hands, as I repeated Webster's boast: 'Thank God! I too am an American.' 'But,' said I, recovering, 'thank God, I belong to a State that has never bragged much of its great moral antecedents!' and in that reflection I felt comforted, and the load on my back a little lightened.

A few weeping willows, the never-failing relics of an Acadian settlement, yet remain on the road-side; these, with the dykes and Great Prairie itself, are the only memorials of a once happy people. The sun was just sinking behind the Gasperau mountain as we entered the ancient village. There was a smithy beside the stage-house, and we could see the dusky glow of the forge within; and the swart mechanic

'TAKE in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place;'

But it was not Basil the blacksmith, nor one of his descendants, that held the horse-hoof. The face of the smith was of the genuine New-England type, and just such faces I saw everywhere in the village. I have had occasion to speak of the various settlements of the Province, of its divers peoples, quilted in in patches, without cohesion or union in any degree. And in the shifting panorama of the itinerary I suddenly found myself in a hundred-year-old colony of genuine Yankees, the real true blues of Connecticut, quilted in amidst the cerulean noses of Nova-Scotia.

In 1760, five years after the last visit of Massachusetts to Acadia, two hundred emigrants from Connecticut, in a small fleet of twenty-two coasting-vessels, sailed up the Bay of Fundy, and took possession of these rich meadow-lands. On their arrival, they found 'sixty ox-carts, and as many yokes, which the unfortunate French had used in conveying their baggage to the vessels that carried them away from their country; and at the skirts of the forest heaps of the bones of sheep and horned cattle that, deserted by their owners, had perished in winter for want of food.'

They likewise met with a few families of Acadians, 'who had escaped from the scrutinizing search of the soldiers at the removal of their countrymen, and who, afraid of sharing the same fate, had not ventured to till the land, nor appear in the open country. *They had eaten no bread for five years*, and had subsisted on vegetables, fish, and the more hardy part of the cattle that had survived.'

But of the poor Acadians not one remains now in the ancient village of Grand Pré. It is a solemn comment upon their peaceful and unvengeful natures, that two hundred settlers from New-England remained unmolested upon their lands, and that the descendants of those New-England settlers now occupy them. A solemn comment upon one spot in our history, and the touching epitaph of an exterminated race.

Much as we may admire the various bays and lakes, the inlets, promontories, and straits, the mountains and woodlands of this rarely-visited corner of creation — and, compared with it, we can boast of no coast-scenery so beautiful — the valley of Grand Pré transcends all the rest in the Province. Only our valley of Wyoming, as an inland picture, may match it, both in beauty and tradition. One has had its Gertrude, the other its Evangeline. But Campbell never saw Wyoming, nor has Longfellow yet visited the shores of the Basin of Minas. And I may venture to say, neither poet has touched the key-note of divine anger, which either story might have awakened.

But let us be thankful for those simple and beautiful idyls. After all, it is a question whether the greatest and noblest impulses of man are not awakened rather by the sympathy we feel for the oppressed than by the hatred engendered by the acts of the oppressor?

I wish I could shake off these useless reflections of a by-gone period. O the by-gones! the by-gones! But who can help it? Here am I in the Acadian land:

'This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when it hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatched-roof village, the home of Acadian farmers —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!'

I slept over it, and awoke early for a long walk on the following morning. The eastern sun glittered on roof and window-pane, rising, tier upon tier, against the hill-side, surrounded with pleasant gardens. In front of these, the green prairies, flat as a floor, stretch out to meet the broad waters of Minas. Skirting the outer edge of these dyke-lands,

here and there, farm-houses loom up in the distance through the warm haze of a summer morning.

To the left, the dykes, holding apart and untarnished from the salt waves the incomparable rich meadows, curve against the mountain-walls, until the land ends abruptly at the precipitous promontory of Blomidon, which the people here call 'Blow-me-down!'

But how familiar that range of cliffs appeared! They were our own Palisades of the Hudson! The same eternal masses of gray rock, towering above a base of green foliage, but bare, disrobed, and regal to the summit.

Then to the right again the visitor follows the green prairies to the hazy coast-line, then melting off in wave and vapor; and behind this again, the Gasperau mountain rises to protect the valley with its corresponding barriers of rock and forest.

In the lap of this happy valley, which had been converted by generations of toil, from desolate and bitter marshes to peace and plenty, once nestled the Acadian village. It seems a land peculiarly fitted for such a people. Serene, and sheltered from the world, its very aspect suggests content; its exquisite beauty inspires labor and patience; and its seclusion, shutting out pride and greed, awakens those holier emotions which spring forth spontaneously when the heart, at rest and at liberty, reflects only the image of the CREATOR.

Let us look at the last relics of a departed race; those vast dykes they reared, within whose boundaries lie the fertile meadows, giving the village its name.*

The prairies are about three miles wide, here and there intersected by roads raised a little above the level of the grass. Extending east and west twenty miles or more, the dykes follow the bay shore, and run up inland on both banks of the rivers that empty in the basin. Of these there are five: the Gasperau, the Cornwallis, the Canard, the Habitant, and the Perot. We have surely never seen rivers like these! When the tide is up, the water is full to the banks, and we may safely call them '*rivers*.' But when the tide is out, the '*Punjaub*' of the valley is but a series of deep, muddy ravines, with rivulets at the bottom, a man could bridge with his ten fingers. For we must remember the rise and fall of the tide here is fifty, sixty, and even seventy feet, twice a day! At noon, perhaps, the great waters of the Basin roll in in one broad, unretreating surge, until they fill the streams, and dash against the protecting barriers of the dykelands, but before sunset you see the rivers emptied, and the bare beach yawning, wide as the prairies themselves: a vast desert of sand, so wide that neither men nor animals would be visible to each other from high and low tide-points.

Sometimes an American schooner, for a cargo of potatoes, or hay, or oats, ventures upon Minas, and secure in its distance from the shore, drops anchor in seven or eight fathoms water. Then, suddenly, the ebb comes, and growling around the intruder, leaves his two-master keeled over on the sand, with its useless cable and anchor exposed, like a commentary, 'to point a moral and adorn a tale.'

* Grand Pré, or Great Prairie.

Sometimes a pleasure-party will take boat for a row upon the placid bosom of the bay ; but wo to them if they do not consult the almanac ! A mistake of too late, or too early, will leave them upon the beach, miles from dry land ; and as the tide comes in with '*a bore*,' a sudden influx, tide above tide — sometimes several feet in height — the risk of encountering the watery avalanche, either by staying with the boat, or on the walk to the distant shore, is equally dangerous, and sometimes fatal. Thus, then, the lines,

' Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gasperau's mouth with their cannon pointed against us,'

must be accepted with several miles of poetic license.

I believe, in spite of the manifest absurdities of this supercilious age, in which all arts and sciences are tinctured with the crack-brain theories of Kant, (you may spell it with a 'C,' or with a 'K,' as you please,) by which all things are elevated beyond the scope of common-sense and experience, in which the Doctors Sangrado flourish, and the schools of transcendental poetry and pre-Raphaelite art are the highest standards of intellect, and the philosophy of Cousin and the morality of George Sand are conspicuous types of reason and virtue ; and before which pulpit mountebanks, emulate each other in displaying their clerical spangles, and tumblers upon their respective theological tight-ropes, to win applause in edifices heretofore deemed sacred ; I say, that in spite of this supercilious age of science and art, there are a chosen few who can yet enjoy the grand and the simple, and be content amid the beauties of creation, apart from the strife of opulence and the '*jargon of the schools*.'

To such, this quiet valley would possess a charm of seclusion rarely to be found elsewhere. It is but a three days' journey from the city, and here you may '*shake the dust off your sandals, and shut out the restless world*.'

I passed two days in this retreat, sometimes riding across to the dykes, sometimes wandering over the hills to the upper waters of the river. The Gasperau in particular is an attractive little mountain-sylph, as it comes skipping down the rocks, breaking here into a broad cascade, or rippling and singing in the heart of the grand old forest. I think my friend Kensett might set his pallet here, and pitch his tent by Minas and the Gasperau, for a month, to advantage.

A word to fishermen ! Trout here are *plentiful* ! And it is a curious fact, that in all the Province I did not taste one of these fish, nor, indeed, see any, except in the Halifax market. The truth is, the sportsmen who have had a touch of salmon-fishing, consider a trout, *of any size*, not worth throwing a fly to ; and as for those who make fishing a business, a fresh-water brook is a trifling object compared to their vast treasury, the ocean. So as all the trout fall to the Mic-Macs, the streams are as full of them now, as they were before the discovery of the country.

And what a fertile spot this is ! The average crop of potatoes here is two hundred bushels to the acre ; beside, they raise grain — wheat, oats, or barley — in great profusion. On the dykelands they ordinarily cut two

tons of hay to the acre, and in abundant seasons, three, and even four ; and this from prairie lands that are never touched by seed or plough-share. Except the village on one side and the scattered farm-houses on the other, the Grand Prairie is one unbroken expanse of green ; knee-deep in grass, and wild with unmolested haunts of feathered game. In riding over the dykelands, a young friend, who was my companion, captured with his hands a whole brood of half-fledged, black ducks, close beside the white causeway, over which we were travelling.

Again the sun sinks behind the Gasperau Mountain : let me once more, and for the last time, trim the historic lamp.

It must be remembered that the tranquillity of entire subjugation followed the last invasion of the New-England fillibusters. For nearly half a century the country had been wrapped in profound peace, and although the Acadians had refused to take the oath, which compelled them to bear arms against their countrymen, yet, as they had already accepted that tendered them by Governor Phipps, and had in no instance, as a people, violated their neutrality, they could neither be treated as rebels nor as enemies. But, 'the peculiar situation of the Acadians,' says the chronicler, '*embarrassed* the local government of the Province, which, for a long time, was wholly at a loss to know what course to adopt toward them.' 'At last it *was determined to remove and disperse this whole people among the British Colonies ;* where they could not unite in any offensive measures, and where they might be naturalized to the government and country.' To carry out this edict, Colonel Winslow, with five transports and a sufficient force of New-England troops, was dispatched upon the cruel errand. Arrived upon the ground, 'At a consultation, held between Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people at the respective posts on the same day ; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned ; and so peremptory in its terms, as to insure implicit obedience. This instrument having been drafted and approved, was distributed according to the original plan. That which was addressed to the people inhabiting the country now comprised within the limits of King's County, was as follows :

'To the inhabitants of the District of Grand Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc. ; as well ancient, as young men and lads :

'Whereas, his Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution, respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his Excellency, being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him : We therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above-named District, as of all the other Districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them ; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any

pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate. — Given at Grand Pré, second September, 1755, and twenty-ninth year of his Majesty's reign.

JOHN WINSLOW.'

'In obedience to this summons, four hundred and eighteen able-bodied men assembled. These being shut into the church, (for that too had become an arsenal,) Colonel Winslow placed himself, with his officers, in the centre, and addressed them thus :

'GENTLEMEN : I have received from his Excellency Governor Lawrence, the King's commission, which I have in my hand ; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova-Scotia ; who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions ; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species ; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown ; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province.

'Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed ; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do every thing in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off ; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit ; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command.' And he then declared them the King's prisoners. The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pré finally amounted to four hundred and eighty-three men, and three hundred and thirty-seven women, heads of families ; and their sons and daughters, to five hundred and twenty-seven of the former, and five hundred and seventy-six of the latter ; making in the whole one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three souls. Their stock consisted of one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine oxen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven cows, five thousand and seven young cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, eight thousand six hundred and ninety-sheep, and four thousand one hundred and ninety-seven hogs. As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the District of Minas alone, there were destroyed two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses,

eleven mills, and one church ; and the friends of those who refused to surrender, were threatened as the victims of their obstinacy.'

The poor people, unconscious of any crime, and full of concern for having incurred his Majesty's displeasure, petitioned Colonel Winslow for leave to visit their families, and entreated him to detain a part only of the prisoners as hostages ; urging with tears and prayers their intention to fulfil their promise of returning after taking leave of their kindred and consoling them in their distresses and misfortunes. The answer of Colonel Winslow to this petition was to grant leave of absence for twenty only, for a single day. Even this sentence they bore with fortitude and resignation, but when the hour of embarkation arrived, says the chronicler, 'in which they were to part with their friends and relatives, without a hope of ever seeing them again, and to be dispersed among strangers, whose language, customs, and religion, were opposed to their own, the weakness of human nature prevailed, and they were overpowered with the sense of their miseries.' Then came the cruellest part of this arch deed of cruelty. The young men were first ordered to go on board one of the vessels. 'This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents ; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children ; who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings ; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male part of the population of the District of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the river Gaspareau ; each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers, and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova-Scotia.'

Once out of the Basin of Minas, the vessels separated ; one carried its prisoners to Boston, another to Norfolk ; some were landed in Pennsylvania, others in New-York. Wife and husband, parent and children, sisters and brothers, old and young, parted, never to be reunited.

Poor old blind father Le Blanc is put ashore at New-York, with only his wife and his two youngest children ; the rest of his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grand-children, are scattered in different colonies. He finds three more of his children in Philadelphia, and dies there. As for the rest, they never see nor hear of each other.

Once the inroad determined, the cruel invasion begun, the work is fully carried out. The vessels of the New-England Colonies are put in requisition, until the entire population of Acadia is carried into captivity. Parties of soldiers are sent up in the country to arrest the fugitives from the settlements. Some surrender, many perish by hunger and exposure.

A few escape to Canada, or accept the protection of the friendly Indians. The houses and farms are swept away in one common conflagration, and the cattle, 'assembled around the smouldering ruins, wait as if in anxious expectation of their masters; while the faithful watch-dogs howl all night long over the scene of desolation, and mourn alike the band that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.'

But, gentle reader, as we sit in this little inn-room at Grand Pré, and see the ragged edge of the moon in her last quarter, shimmering over the prairie lands of Acadia, we feel there is not a trace of the smoke left that soiled her garments a hundred years ago. And as we cannot replace the rightful owner of the soil upon his lands, for I cannot help thinking now of the old Acadian of Chezzetcook, who said, '*We very poor peep' here*' — as we cannot replace the rightful owner upon the grounds his forefathers colonized, and the dykes his forefathers erected; yet, in the name of truth and justice, let us forbear to blow our trumpets so loudly about Plymouth Rock and Puritanism, and all that stuff!

Let us take a fresh start in history, and brag of nothing that antedates Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill. Every body has a hand to applaud those achievements. But as for the age that preceded those epochs, the least said about it the better. There was neither deed nor man in a century and a half of our history on the earlier side of the monument at Charlestown, that is not common-place — or worse.

There now, I have written my wrote, and shall go to bed? To-morrow I shall pass yonder distant cape of Blow-me-down, I trust, and end a month with the Blue Noses as I touch foot on native land.

F A R M E R S T U B B I N S .

By his broad hearth-stone, one summer night, Sat pious farmer STUBBINS; The flames shot up in eddies bright, Climbing up to such a height That all the room was robed in light, Including Mr. STUBBINS; While whittling a stick at his father's right, Sat the eldest son of STUBBINS.	A hearty meal, that close of day, Ate pious farmer STUBBINS; And when the things were cleared away, The STUBBINSES kneeled them down to pray; Old man, old dame, and NED, and MAY — LORD bless the name of STUBBINS! And yet the gossips all did say, A sinner was 'old STUBBINS.'
Spreading the old deal-table out, Was the 'better half' of STUBBINS; The steam gushed hot from the kettle's snout, And merrily joggled the lid about To a lively tune, which it hummed without The ken of Mrs. STUBBINS; But had she known the air, no doubt 'T would have shocked the good dame STUBBINS.	'My family from every harm LORD, keep,' prayed pious STUBBINS: 'And let the corn upon my farm Yield ears as long as THY servant's arm; Yea, LORD, as long as my 'Betsy's arm, And none of your little nubbins!' — And sure religion hath a charm For many such as STUBBINS. BILL GUBBINS.

(Chicago, (Ill.) 1857.

A N A U T U M N A L L E A F .

BY THE FRAGRANT BARD.

SOUNDS the wakeful rooster's warning:

'T is a damp and foggy morning,
 Thick and gray;
 Sure the shades of night are fled,
 But there's something else instead
 Of the day.

'T is the night, painted white,
 And the eye is unavailing
 In the vapor all assailing
 With its shroud;
 We are gloomed, gloomed, gloomed!
 All the landscape is entombed
 In a cloud.

'T is the time when woods are sighing,
 And the leaves they are dying,
 And are dead;
 See the ashes, tall and slim,
 Standing by the water's brim,
 Where they fed;
 How they shed all their dead
 Summer plumes that hid the nest,
 Where the birdie took its rest
 'Mid the leaves!
 Down dripping, dripping, dripping,
 Like the rain softly slipping
 From the eaves.

There's a sort of muffled drumming,
 For the distant mill is humming,
 Grinding grist;
 And the Fisher-king is winging,
 And his clacking rattle springing
 In the mist;
 And I hear, seeming near,
 As it were, the distant greeting,
 Of two early-goers meeting,
 Strangely loud;
 And, clipper, clipper, clipper!
 How the wings of that 'dipper'
 Cut the cloud!

But the sun at last is wading,
 Through the vapor overshadowing —
 There he shines!
 And the curtain, upward stealing,
 Slow the landscape is revealing,
 'To the Nines.'

Stooks of grain on the plain
 Look like wigwams on the prairie,
 Some encampment of the fairy
 Brothers red;
 And with tittle, tattle, tattle,
 Waters sparkle as they prattle
 O'er their bed.

But the eye of day is dimmer
 Than in summer; has a glimmer
 Palely bright;
 PHŒBUS wearies of his toil,
 Or is getting short of oil
 For his light.
 But the flowers still are ours:
 There 's a honeysuckle twining,
 And the golden rod is shining,
 Bright to view;
 And, oh! bonnie, bonnie, bonnie!
 There 's the fringy little honey,
 Gentian blue!

And the days are shorter growing:
 Down the occidental going,
 Sinks the sun;
 And the stars that night adorn,
 Clip the twilight, and are born,
 All as one.
 O my soul! so they roll —
 Roll the days, the months, the years!
 Full of gladness, full of tears
 Are our eyes;
 Till, solemn, solemn, solemn,
 Foots the sum-total column:
 HERE HE LIES!

Gill, (Mass.), Sep. 27, 1857.

THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HIMSELF A WOMAN.

JAPHET COLBONES was a very odd individual. All his ancestors were odd individuals, as far back as they can be remembered. His great-grand-father, at the age of seventy-one, built a hut in a patch of thick woods, leaving a handsome and comfortable home, a wife, children, and grand-children, to live alone by himself. He even forbade the visits of his family, though a favorite daughter ventured sometimes to present herself on the forbidden premises, till one day he brought out his gun and threatened to shoot her if she came again. At long intervals he would return to his old home, but he required to be received in all respects as a stranger. Dire was his wrath if any one called him 'father;' and the little tow-headed urchins on the premises were taught, with their catechism, not to notice the old man whenever they should see him, nor, on peril of their lives, to call him by the endearing cognomen of grand-daddy.

Nobody could account for this freak taken in his old age. His forest residence was uncouth, irregular — lighted by an unsheltered opening, filled with logs and coarse contrivances for furniture. There, in his rude fire-place he cooked the game that he killed, with his own hands. Whenever he was out of necessary food he supplied himself from his

well-filled larder at home, the servants or the daughters knowing what provision he wanted by the particular basket or utensil he carried.

It was useless for the old wife, poor thing ! to follow him mutely, the longing in her heart to comfort and to live with him, plainly written on her face. He deigned to take no notice of her whatever, except to frown if he met her eye ; and thus he lived till he died.

The son, grand-father to Japhet, was not a whit behind his father in his oddities. He caused a coat to be made wherein were introduced seven different colors, and would not kill or allow to be killed on his premises, any thing that had life. Consequently his family were Gramites against their will. Cats and dogs swarmed in all directions, and it took nearly every thing that was raised to keep his constantly-multiplying herds. None who lived in Rattle-Snake Village can have forgotten the extraordinary sensation caused by his death, nor with what gusto scores of useless animals were sacrificed to the manes of the departed oddity.

Number three, father of Japhet, was in his way an original and an eccentric. His tastes travelled backward. Not an auction took place in the neighboring city that he did not attend, and purchase every leather-covered and worm-eaten volume that could be found, oftentimes paying the most ridiculous prices, extorted by those who took advantage of his weakness. He is living now, a pale, loose-jointed man, a little weak in the knees, with an abundant shock of iron-gray locks ; large, flatulent-looking blue-white eyes, a prominent nose, and a peaked chin. In his house books abounded. Not a closet, chest, trunk, drawer, or shelf but was filled with flapping leaves. The children kicked and tore them about the premises, for the old man seemed to set no store by them after he had made them his own by way of purchase. All the sentimental maids and youths came to 'Squire Colbones for mental aliment, and I am not sure that the collection was the choicest in the world. Many of them were never returned ; and as Mrs. Colbones said, when the 'Squire grumbled, she was sure it was a mercy, for they eat, and drank, and slept on books now ; and if they were all returned they'd have to build additions every year for the sake of getting a room to themselves.

All the male members of the Colbones family, were, as it is generally expressed, 'lacking somewhere.' The women were generally good, harmless creatures, with few idiosyncrasies, and feeble mental constitutions, willing to put up with the queer freaks of the masculines, and always ready with a defence or an excuse when they were particularly disagreeable. They did hope, however, the four maiden aunts belonging to the last generation but one, that Japhet, the most promising scion of the family and the only son of his father, (seven daughters preceding him,) would be free from all singularities, queerities, quips, quirks, and oddities ; and while they watched him with fearful misgivings, they yet said to themselves and to each other : ' He looks so different from the Colbones, and so much like the Rashers, (his mother's side,) that I guess there won't be any streaks in him.' Japhet was rather a fine-looking boy. The only draw-back to his good appearance was a head of somewhat unwieldy size, and whitish blue eyes, exactly

like his father's. With books, of course, he was on intimate terms, they having been his playthings from his earliest years — indeed, he was seldom seen without them. Manfully he mastered his 'abs' and 'ebs,' and hurried forward to the first class in the primary school. So rapid was his progress, that every body marvelled, and an itinerant phrenologist examined his cranium for nothing, because, he said : ' One did not often meet with such splendid development of brain.' Forthwith he declared that Japhet must go to college ; that he should n't wonder if the boy was a marvel ; yes, indeed, he fully expected to ask him for an office when he should advance to the dignity of being President of the United States. The elder Colbones was in raptures, and almost went to the city heels over head in his anxiety to buy more books, that the sciences and ologies might be crammed into that capacious brain. Only one person professed to have no faith in the predictions of the man with the skulls, old goody Granger — the matron of the poor-house.

' La ! ' she would say, putting her thumbs on her hips, ' do you s'pose a Colbones 'll ever come to any thing ? Talk about his brain ; any body might see it was rickety. Take my word for 't, he 'll be as much of a fool as the rest on 'em.'

Suddenly, when he was fourteen, Master Japhet refused to go to school any longer. His mother coaxed him, his father beat him, but all to no purpose. He had learning enough, he said ; he meant to go to farming, or any thing else he liked. He had his way ; left the red school-house ; made up faces at the teacher when he asked him why ; bought himself yarn and knitting-needles, and pestered his mother till she taught him how to knit. From knitting he went to embroidery, and during the long winter evenings made fancy seats for chairs, table-covers, and every thing else he could think of, saying that he was preparing himself for future housekeeping. His family grew accustomed to his odd ways, and his sisters happy that instead of teasing them as other brothers did their sisters, he sat down with them like a real good boy, and when they were in a quandary, helped them out. Japhet was something of a genius, in his way, in devising patterns and drawing them ; and he often made a sixpence in this manner. As he grew older he became more and more fond of his needle and of in-door employment. The moment his labor was over in the field, he would hie to his own little room, and there, cutting out articles to please his fancy, stitch away at them with all the ardor of a young mother shaping a dress for her first-born. Singular as it may seem, he was not ashamed to have his handiwork shown at the county fair, with his name attached, and contemplated a handsome quilt, which he had contributed, with as much satisfaction as a first-rate machinist gazes at his complicated cogs and wheels, shafts and pulleys.

Every body laughed at Japhet, though they said it was to be expected, coming from so odd a family. The girls made all manner of sport of him, especially Nanny Halliday and Nelly Gray, two young ladies who were quite near neighbors of the odd family, and to whom Japhet distributed his smiles and nodded his capacious head.

' Do n't you say another word to me about Japhet Colbones,' cried Nanny, in great wrath, to some one who quizzed her. ' Good laws !

ketch me to have a woman for a husband when there are plenty of men about.'

'But jest see what a grand farm you 'd get, Nanny,' pursued her tormentor; 'and if ever you got tired cutting out, makin' and mendin', why, you could jest hand the needle-book over to your husband, and he 'd do it tidy as a mitten.'

'Oh! do hush,' cried Nanny with spirit, her red cheeks growing redder; 'I would n't have Japhet Colbones if there was n't another fellow in the world.'

Just then Tiddy Grant came into the little cottage. Tiddy was twenty-four, lean, poor, and worked very hard. Her face had a sort of sharp prettiness that sometimes falls to the lot of thin people. She had been washing, and came to rest herself in talking with her neighbors.

'Poh!' she exclaimed, overhearing the last remark, 'you're a great fool then, if he's asked you, I'm sure. Catch me to refuse a young man that's got nothing suspicious about him but a few little oddities. I'm sure Japhet's a very good farmer, and a very good-looking man too; and as for his sewing propensities, I know some men that had better be using needle and thread than be lounging in bar-rooms and making their wives miserable.'

Little she thought that Japhet, now a young man of nineteen, was hidden in the next room, and that he had indulged in another odd freak in prevailing upon an old friend to propose for him in this novel manner.

'Bless us, Japhet!' exclaimed his sisters as he came down the next morning in his newest suit of blue, with bright buttons, 'an't you going to work?'

'I'm going to get married,' said Japhet shortly.

Such a look of consternation! The girls caught their breath and stared at him stupidly.

'For pity's sake, who to?' queried the oldest.

'Tiddy Grant,' he responded, pulling up his dicky before the little glass.

Oh! g-r-a-c-i-o-u-s!' cried his eldest sister again. 'Why she's an old maid.'

'So are you!' responded the young man quietly.

'Well, if I am, I arn't going to get married to a little boy,' retorted his sister sharply.

'Nor an't she,' replied Japhet, giving a final look at the glass.

'I do n't believe it; it's only one of his odd freaks,' said another sister, watching him as he went down the road.

'It'll be just like him exactly, to bring that mean, poor-spirited thing here this very day,' exclaimed another; 'and we can't have a wedding, or company, or any thing.'

'Like's not he'll find her at the wash-tub, and marry her in a check apron,' said the younger sister, who had never liked Tiddy, because she was poor and mean in her appearance.

Off posted Japhet to the little brown cottage where lived Tiddy Grant. At a long table her mother and herself were ironing, for they

took in washing for their living. Both paused when they saw the young man; and Tiddy, bethinking herself of yesterday's speech, blushed till she looked almost handsome.

'It's a nice day!' said Japhet.

'Very,' echoed mother and daughter.

'A fine day to be married in,' suggested the young man.

Tiddy looked up in astonishment and then looked down in confusion.

'If you'll have me Tiddy, say 'Yes,' and put your bonnet on; we'll go right to the minister's.'

The poor girl was confounded; she never had received an offer before in her life. So she stood awkwardly, catching by the table; then in her consternation, took hold of a hot iron, cried, 'Oh!' and sank upon a seat paralyzed.

'I an't got much time,' said Japhet very coolly, rising; 'and I'm determined to be married to day or never. If you'll have me, here I am; but you must make haste or we sha n't be home in time for dinner.'

'Law, Tiddy, are you dumb?' exclaimed old Mrs. Grant in an agony of fear that her daughter would lose the chance; 'do say 'Yes!' and done with it.'

'Yes, and done with it,' murmured Tiddy faintly.

'Well, now do n't lose any time; I've got some hoeing to do to that patch of corn at the left of the house. I'll wait till you put on your bonnet and shawl.'

Tiddy walked in a dream to the door to go up-stairs. Then turning irresolutely, she said, timidly: 'What will your sisters think?'

'Law! Tiddy, do hurry!' cried old Mrs. Grant, while Japhet said quite coolly: 'I never ask them what they think, or any body else.'

Another moment of indecision, and Tiddy was arraying herself in her best gown — a shilling print — trembling, half-laughing, half-crying. It was so strange! so odd! but then every body knew Japhet came of an odd family.

Japhet got home with his wife just as his father drove up with a new cart-load of books. Sisters and mother looked daggers at the double infliction. Old Mr. Colbones glanced suspiciously at Tiddy Grant, now Tiddy Colbones.

'Now you can all have your look, and say your say,' exclaimed Japhet; 'Tiddy is my wife. I've jest been and married her, and brought her home to dinner; I hope it's most ready.'

The elder Colbones spoke not a word, but sending for some one to unload his books, he went complacently into the house. Poor Mrs. Colbones, on the contrary, fretted and fumed. 'What did Japhet want to be such a confounded fool for? Was n't the house already full from cellar floor to clapboard with trash? — and now he must go to bringing more.'

Tiddy had not been in her new home a week before the sisters of the new bridegroom held a consultation, with the doors shut.

'I'm sure no such thing ever happened before,' whispered the eldest, 'and I'm almost confident that huzzy has taken it.'

'And do n't you think,' said Sarah, the next eldest, 'two pair of my very finest stockings are gone.'

'And my nicest, newest flannel petticoat,' chimed in another.

'And my blue and green striped calico!'

'Did mother tell you she missed two of her best caps?'

'No! the laws, you do n't say so!'

'Yes, and like 's not the huzzy has carried them to the old woman's, at home,' chimed in another.

'Well, I declare! to think that our Japhet should go and marry a thief!'

All this while, poor Tiddy was scrubbing away down stairs, (for work was her life,) helping her new mother-in-law. She had really found in Japhet a tolerable companion and a very industrious husband. She had not yet become sufficiently accustomed to her sisters to like their ways; she even felt nervous and uncomfortable in their presence. How would her indignation have been roused could she have known that they suspected her of stealing! She noticed their growing coldness, their avoidance of her, and spoke to her husband about it. His only reply was: 'I'm going to build a house; wait awhile.'

With his father's aid, Japhet set himself to work in earnest, and near the close of the harvest he had ready a pretty little cottage, with a garden spot attached, and a fine orchard in the rear. The land was his father's gift; the house he built with his own money, and furnished it neatly. By this time Tiddy was looked upon with less suspicion by the members of the odd family. They had searched her drawers in her absence, and found means to inspect even the old widow's wardrobe. Finding none of the missing clothes, they contented themselves with calling it a mystery, or supposing that in their absence some strolling thief had robbed them. As the family was over large, Tiddy suggested to her husband, that two of his sisters should come and stay with them, adding that 'she might be glad of their services before a great while.'

'Do just as you please,' was his reply.

So Drusy, the eldest, and Fanny, the next in age, were invited to become inmates of the new house. The girls very willingly accepted the offer, as their father was disclosing some new freak of eccentricity every day. He had recently had every door taken from its hinges, and the house was uncomfortably cold, until he had a mind to put them on again.

Some years had passed, and Tiddy had often congratulated herself on her good fortune. She was the mother of two handsome little girls, who were the delight of their parents; and Japhet, though very odd and singular, had developed no very unusual trait of character. Drusy and Fanny, still unmarried, lived with them yet.

One pleasant morning Drusy came down stairs in no very amiable mood.

'I can't find my best black silk!' she cried in consternation; 'the one I earned myself. I've looked for it high and low. And my nice tucked skirt is gone, too; and Fanny's pink pelerine and best bonnet. What shall we do? I'm sure they were all in my drawers yesterday!'

Tiddy was astonished as well as they. She left her work, and commenced searching. In every nook and corner of the house they hunted, turned chests wrong side out, emptied drawers, stripped closets, but

nothing could they find of the missing articles. There was no other recourse for Drusy, the poor thing, but to cry ; and at it she went, bemoaning her ill-fortune in the most extravagant manner.

It certainly was very mysterious. None but the usual inmates had been in the house. Tiddy searched her own part of the premises as faithfully as every other. But what would she want of the dress or the vandyke ? She could get such things whenever she wished ; and Drusy did not even suspect her this time : but how had it happened ? By witchcraft ? The Colbones were very superstitious, and they shuddered to go to bed after this strange mishap. Drusy declared that she heard foot-steps every night ; and waking up her sister the night after the accident, both lay listening and trembling, for there certainly was a sound as of some one moving around the house.

‘ As sure as you live, Fanny, the house is haunted,’ whispered Drusy.

‘ For pity’s sake, do n’t ! ’ cried Fanny, pulling the bed-quilt over her head.

‘ I ve heard that sometimes them that’s gone get a spite against you, and torment you almost to —— ’

‘ Drusy ! hold your tongue ! I wish you had n’t waked me up,’ chattered Fanny under the bed-clothes.

‘ I was only wondering,’ persisted Drusy, who had a love for the horrible, ‘ if old Grandpa Colbones —— ’

‘ I’ll scream murder if you do n’t keep still ! ’ cried Fanny, now trembling so that the bed shook.

‘ Well, anyhow, there’s a noise down stairs. There, do n’t you hear it ? Like somebody marching.’

Poor Fanny was striving to be oblivious to every thing, but it would not do ; she was thoroughly frightened.

‘ O Drusy ! ’ she moaned, ‘ if there should be robbers ! Japhet has got money in the house ; and they might come in and murder us in our beds. O Drusy ! did you lock the door ? ’

Yes : Drusy never went to bed without locking doors and windows, and shaking every dress and stocking out, to be sure there was nobody inside. She would have gone to her brother’s room, but that it was across the entry, and she was a coward. Beside, she was sure she had heard the same sounds before, and they were yet unharmed.

Fanny declared the next day that she would go back to her father’s house, for she was scared almost out of her seven senses. Tiddy was astonished. Tiddy had heard nothing ; but then, she added, with a laugh, a whole regiment of soldiers might come in the house, and she never should know it, she was so sound a sleeper.

It was very strange, she said, an hour after, she could not find her best shawl, high nor low ; and two very fine night-dresses were gone. She had been hunting for them quietly, though she very well knew where she had left them. She had but one place for them. Was n’t it strange ?

Drusy wondered, Fanny wondered ; but Japhet said not a word, and soon went out as usual.

‘ How dreadfully stupid Japhet looks of mornings ! ’ said Drusy, who began to question and to be suspicious of every body.

'He's such a hard sleeper!' responded Tiddy; 'why, I can hardly get him awake by breakfast-time! I have to pound him and pull him and turn him!'

'He used to be up earlier,' said Drusy thoughtfully.

In the course of the day a neighbor came in and brought her knitting-work.

'Has Japhet taken to peddling?' she asked with a little laugh.

'Taken to peddling!' echoed Tiddy and both the sisters: 'what can you mean?'

'Why, he goes through the village every day with a great tin box,' replied the woman; 'and actually as many as a dozen people have asked me if he has gone to peddling.'

'I'm sure I do n't know what you mean!' said Tiddy; 'I did n't know he carried any box of the kind.'

'Very strange!' said Drusy and Fanny; but they determined to 'wait for the wagon.' When they heard it coming they hurried to a chamber at the back of the house, overlooking the barn. Sure enough, there was Japhet, just lifting from his wagon with no little difficulty a great tin box such as peddlers carry. The sisters looked at each other: what did it mean?

'Between you and me,' whispered Drusy, 'I should n't wonder if he grew strange as he grew older; you know they say all the others did: but what can he have in that box?'

'I'm sure I can't think,' replied Fanny; 'and do look: if he arn't locking up the carriage-house! Laws, Drusy! I thought of going in and trying to find out what it can be.'

'So did I,' responded Drusy; 'but it's no use now. He's got some odd idea in his head, and I suppose he'll keep it there.'

Tiddy Colbones manifested no little astonishment when Drusy and Fanny told her what they had seen, and what they had heard; and for the moment seemed a little uneasy.

'Perhaps it's empty, and he's only taken the notion to carry the box with him because it looks sort of business-like,' she suggested.

'I'm sure it is n't empty!' exclaimed Drusy, 'for he lifted it as if it was a heft. Dear me! what can it be?'

'Did you bring any thing from town, Japhet?' asked Tiddy that evening at supper.

He looked up as if astonished at the question.

'To be sure I did: I brought myself,' he answered.

'Oh!' and his wife made no other reply; only Drusy and Fanny exchanged glances with her.

That night, by previous arrangement, Drusy and Fanny were to occupy the chamber adjoining Tiddy's sleeping-room. A small window or movable frame opened from one chamber to the other, and under that Tiddy had affixed a string in such a way that a slight pull upon it would awaken her, if her slumber were ever so deep. For a long while the redoubtable spinster kept awake, her fears excited at the slightest sound; but finally drowsiness overcame her, and her eyes obstinately refused to keep open.

For some hours she slept heavily; but at the accustomed time awoke, as had become a usual habit with her.

There were the sounds again ; the going down-stairs, lifting the latch, the fumbling and stepping about. Drusy pulled the string. In a few moments Tiddy's night-capped-head appeared at the door.

'It is Japhet, as I suspected,' she said, whispering. 'He's not in my room. Come ; we won't light a lamp, but go softly down-stairs. You foolish thing, to tremble so ! it's only one of his freaks, and harmless, I suppose, at that. Come ; are you ready ?'

Drusy delayed as long as she could, fidgeting about the shawl she had prepared beforehand, and shivering, she said, at the cold ; then, taking care to keep behind Tiddy, crept down-stairs.

There seemed to be an illumination. The hall was quite light. Tiddy stood on the stair, and reached over to the glass top of the door. For a moment she stood gazing ; then, sinking back, she began laughing immoderately to herself ; her queer contortions, as she beckoned Drusy to look, and the efforts she made to keep from betraying herself, making her, in her night-cap and uncouth attire, appear quite ridiculous.

Drusy stood on tip-toe, taking in the whole scene and its ludicrousness at a glance. Japhet was standing before the looking-glass, his box open beside him. He was arrayed in woman's clothes almost from head to foot, and was just then pulling and straightening out the ruffles on a cap which Drusy recognized as the one her mother had lost some years before. The gown, with its bright blue and white pattern, was familiar to her ; and now he was throwing over the pelerine that they had missed so lately. Every thing he had on seemed to have undergone a change — to have been widened, enlarged, and otherwise altered. After he had sufficiently admired himself, he spread out his gown, took his handkerchief in his hand, and began to walk back and forth with as much of the air and gait of a woman as he could assume. Then he would take out his knitting, smile amicably, sit down with finikin niceness, and knit, holding his head affectedly now this way, now that, with many an accomplished smirk.

Poor Drusy did not feel like laughing, for she saw now where her nice black silk had gone, and sundry other of her valuables, and she began forming a plan in her mind how she should avail herself of them, when Japhet arose, and appeared to be coming toward the door, whereupon the two women fled up-stairs.

The next night, and the next, they watched, and saw the same scene acted over with but few variations. Sometimes the beautiful black silk, altered and disfigured ; sometimes other missing dresses were donned ; and the imaginary woman kept on knitting, smirking, and smiling, till the two hours he had allotted himself were over.

Many were the plans the three women formed to get possession of the box, but they could seem to make none of them available ; and they dared not hint to Japhet what they knew.

One beautiful bright day in August, when the rich harvests, rudely wrested from the bosom of nature, covered the land, and the heavens smiled in a blue and quiet serenity, Japhet lingered about the house till the breakfast-dishes were placed away, and the usual domestic work was begun. All at once the man of few words spoke :

'Tiddy ! take the children, and go and spend the day at father's.

'Oh! I can't, Japhet; there's the churning, and little bits of things to do that I have let go till now. But I'll get them all through, and go to-morrow, Japhet.'

'Drusy and Fanny,' said the oddity, looking about, 'dress the children, and go with Tiddy to spend the day at father's.'

Nothing more was to be said. Tiddy had never dreamed of having a way of her own; so she smothered down her disappointment, and prepared for the visit. They all set off very soon, Japhet standing at the door as they went, saying, that if he did n't call for them before dark they need n't come home that night.

'If you do n't come for me by five,' spoke up Tiddy with more self-will than she had ever dared before, 'I shall come home.'

He jerked his head in his odd way, and off they went.

The day passed pleasantly. The old man and his old wife were social in their queerness; for association with her husband for over forty years had made Mrs. Colbones almost as strange as he. But toward five Tiddy began to grow uneasy.

'I feel worried and unhappy,' she said to Drusy; 'I wish Japhet would come.'

'Why should you feel worried?' asked Drusy, her own face somewhat clouded.

'I do n't know,' was the reply; 'but just as I got up from the dinner-table, something seemed to choke me: did you see me catch hold of my throat? and I have had a peculiar feeling ever since.'

'And just then I grew dizzy, too,' said Drusy; 'I did n't like to tell you, but *I've* felt queer ever since.'

'How foolish we are,' said Tiddy, trying to laugh; 'there's the cart now: and there's——oh! no, it is n't; it's a neighbor. Let us get the children and ourselves ready; for if he is n't here by five, I shall certainly go home.'

They all sat waiting till after the clock struck five. Then they started, Tiddy saying, in a faint sort of way, that they should probably meet Japhet on the road, and they might as well be occupied with something: it was only half a mile.

Quite silent, listening to the pretty prattle of the little girls, they arrived at the house. It was shut up, and looked strangely lonesome. They rapped at the door. No answer. Pretty soon the girl they had left at home came flying over from a neighbor's.

'Mr. Colbones told me I might go for the day, after you were gone,' she said, laughing. Apparently she had been enjoying herself very much.

'But the work?' said Tiddy reproachfully.

'I know: but he would n't let me stay. When I told him what you expected, he just took me by the arm and put me out.'

'Where in the world is he?' cried Tiddy, now alarmed, shaking the door.

'I'm sure I do n't know,' replied the girl; 'gone off somewhere, I suppose. I'll get in the cellar-way, and let you in.' And so she did.

Once in the house, Tiddy felt oppressed with a strange awe. She went into the parlor, and started back with a scream. All the chairs

in the house had been brought in and ranged in double rows around the room, as if for a funeral, while the large hall-table was set in the centre, spread with a white cloth, and occupied only by the great Bible and hymn-book.

'What does this mean?' asked Tiddy, sinking down, her strength entirely gone. The children laughed with glee, and began to play meeting.

'It's surely a sign!' cried Drusy, her cheeks whitening, while Fanny shivered as with an ague.

'Where is that man? oh! dear! where *can* he be?' cried Tiddy, in great distress. 'Drusy! you go hunt. Mary! (to the girl) go round to all the neighbors.' Then, proceeding to the foot of the stairs, she shouted his name; but there was no answer.

'I don't know why, but I dread to go up-stairs,' said Tiddy falteringly. 'Look; he has shut up every blind.'

'There's no use in feeling so; we might as well go up,' said Drusy, summoning a show of courage. 'I don't believe he's in the house, nor have n't from the first. That fixing in the parlor, and shutting up the blinds, was just one of his freaks. I knew he would grow odder as he grew older; all the Colbones do. Come; we might as well have it over with.' So saying, she resolutely mounted into the chamber.

Every thing there was in scrupulous order; though the rooms, upon such an unexpected summons, had been left somewhat untidy. He was in none of the sleeping-apartments, and Tiddy breathed more freely. Drusy now boldly opened the door leading to the great garret. The red rays of the fast-setting sun streamed down the narrow stairs. She went up slowly, one at a time, and when well at the top, gave one sweeping glance about. Then, in a loud voice she cried: 'Here he is, Tiddy: the wicked fellow! trying to scare us all out of our senses. O Japhet!'

By this time Tiddy had flown up with Fanny; and now approached the figure that sat in the shadow. Bonnet, cap, pelerine, gloves, black-silk gown, a bag in its hand, fantastic bows pinned all over it: it was a most fearfully grotesque object. Tiddy, calling him by name, went nearer and nearer, and still nearer; then, with a shriek: 'O Drusy!' she cried, 'he's stone dead!' and fell down fainting.

It was quite true. This was the oddest freak yet, of the odd man. He had managed to hang himself in a sitting posture, and his face was calm and placid. In the bag in his hand was a paper on which were written the words:

'I think I am a woman. I have been seven years making me a perfect suit of garments appropriate for my sex. As I have passed so long, falsely, for a man, I am ashamed to show myself in my true colors; therefore, I hang myself. The property all to go to the woman I have called my wife. It is now twelve o'clock. I have prepared every thing for the funeral, and desire that I may be laid out in the clothes I have on.'

JAPHET COLBONES.'

Poor Tiddy was almost distracted. In spite of his strange ways, she had loved her husband deeply, and the manner of his death made the bereavement much more dreadful. Crowds came flocking to see the

strange sight ; and the wonder grew when it was seen that he had taken the greatest pains to leave out not the smallest minutia of a woman's wearing-apparel.

And thus, according to the term of his singular request, he was placed in his coffin in Drusy's black silk ; the only difference in the terms being that the bonnet and shawl were taken off, and the gold rings and jewelry with which he had adorned his neck and fingers.

'There's the last of the Colbones, likely,' whispered one neighbor to another. 'The women will die old maids, and Tiddy's two children are girls : an't it lucky ?'

Tiddy was left with a handsome property ; but she could no longer bear to live in the house where he had died. So she bought a little cottage for herself and her mother, and very kindly took Drusy and Fanny to live with her.

Old Mr. Colbones still mourns that he has no sons to leave his books to ; and it is whispered that if he should die before his wife, there will probably be a great bonfire somewhere in the vicinity.

A L A M E N T .

I AM alone !
 The world hath lost for me its brow of gladness ;
 The dewy dawn,
 And day, and night, have robbed themselves in sadness,
 And life hath nothing left but agony and madness,
 Since thou art gone.

 Thy soul hath fled
 To some bright sphere, afar beyond 'Death's river ;'
 While I am led,
 In hopeless grief, along its shore forever,
 And call thy name ; but hear thy voice, oh ! never !
 Since thou art dead.

 Life's dream is o'er ;
 Its spell upon the heart's deep fountains broken
 For evermore :
 Yet, in each word thy lute-like voice hath spoken,
 It still hath left me many a treasured token,
 In memory's store.

 And while the light
 Of thy last smile upon my soul doth quiver,
 As pure and bright
 As day's last kiss upon the blushing river,
 Dear one ! I know thou art not gone forever —
 'T is only night.

 Morn yet will rise,
 And for the night unending day be given :
 Then thy dear eyes,
 Whose sad eclipse sheds mid-night o'er life's even,
 Will shine for me in some bright isle of heaven,
 Beyond the skies.

J. W. G.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW: Number One Hundred and Seventy-Seven: For the October Quarter: pp. 575. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

Of the nine 'Articles' proper in the present number of this 'ancient and honorable' Quarterly, we have found leisure to read, and in any event, should only have found space to notice, three: the first upon MRS. GASKELL's Life of CHARLOTTE BRONTË, and the Writings of the Sisters BRONTË; the second upon the Poetry of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING; and the third upon the Memoirs and Speeches of Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is meet, however, that we should state the titles of the remaining papers: GALENGA's History of Piedmont; LAVALLÉE's History of the Royal House of St. CYR; the DRED SCOTT Case; SHAKESPEARE in Modern Thought, being a review of GERVINUS, VEHSE, HULSEMAN, and NOIRE, their *German* thoughts, and Miss DELIA BACON, her American speculations on a kindred theme: 'Recent French Literature,' embodying notices of the writings of the DUC DE RAGUSE, VILLEMAIN, MONTALEMBERT, and FLAMBERT: and a review of FLETCHER's 'Brazil and the Brazilians:' together with more than a score of briefer '*Critical Notices*' of recent note-worthy works, not a few of which are of foreign origin. But to our three chosen papers. The article upon the BRONTËs is very comprehensive and elaborate, and is in all respects satisfactory; as well in relation to MRS. GASKELL's Life of CHARLOTTE, as to the works of herself and her sisters. The review of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, evidently by an enthusiastic admirer, will be deemed well-considered and well-written. The writer admits, however, (as who could *avoid* admitting it?) that in her writings, 'by the side of much that is strong and beautiful, there is much that is harsh and forced. Her meaning is often obscure, and her verses unfinished. *Her occasional lack of clearness has kept her words closed to many who would otherwise have received much enjoyment from them.*' Precisely: and this is what we have often argued to a friend of ours, a fervent admirer of MRS. BROWNING, who contends that this is one of her 'beauties!' One of the most distinguished of our own poets once remarked to us, speaking of the then recent marriage

of ELIZABETH and ROBERT BROWNING, that he trusted they would now be able to *understand* each other through their writings; a circumstance not easily predicated of any one else. *Apropos* of this dual influence, our reviewer, adverting to the under-current of 'AURORA LEIGH,' remarks:

'MUCH of the restlessness and sadness expressed in her earlier poems was the result of that loneliness which a woman feels when she has to meet unaided the storms of life. Her spirit needs some stronger spirit upon which to lean. The greater her genius, the more does she feel this need; for her very genius separates her from the common relations of life, and the more intense, therefore, is the demand for some one to walk with her through her lonely path, and the less is the likelihood that it will be satisfied. She must have one loftier and stronger than herself. A companion without companionship only increases the feeling of loneliness. If she have to stoop to the level of him who should aid her upward flight, the craving remains unfilled. She must have a spirit strong-winged as her own, that shall soar with her toward the sun, and support her when she is ready to sink back again to the earth. Such a feeling, as we may gather from Mrs. BROWNING's self-revelations, was, perhaps unconsciously, coloring her earlier poems, and from the characteristics of her genius, it might have been supposed that it would remain unsatisfied. With her strength of intellect, her soaring imagination, her delicate spiritual perceptions, where could she find one whose strength should be greater, whose imagination loftier, and whose spirituality, if less delicate, should yet be no less strongly marked, and sturdier than her own? We know of but one poet of the present age whose character would correspond to the ideal which we have sketched, and that poet it was her good fortune to meet and to become united with. The genius of ROBERT and that of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING stand, we might almost say, in the contrast of male and female to each other. His is the stronger, the sterner, the more comprehensive; hers the more delicate, the more tender. Thus did Mrs. BROWNING's life become rounded to its completion. The sorrows had given way to gladness; the future joys for which she longed had become present; earth no longer served merely as a sad and dark passage to heaven, but was itself radiant with heaven's glorious light, and penetrated with the sweetness of its love.'

It seems to be the opinion of most readers and admirers of Mrs. BROWNING, that all idea of affectation of literary *manner* in her writings should be thrust aside — put out of the question, 'without ifs or ands.' We do not think so. That she *is* often affected — that she *is* often obscure, may be seen (indeed *is* seen by the reviewer, in numerous passages) by any careful reader of her pages. And what *right* has one who can breathe forth such 'utterances' as the following, to be either affected or obscure? But we have somewhat more to say of this matter hereafter:

'We pray together at the kirk
For mercy, mercy, solely:
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the HOLY!
The corpse is calm below our knees,
Its spirit bright before thee:
Between them, worse than either, we —
Without the rest or glory!'

'We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes —
'And how long will you love us?'
The eyes grew dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless:
'Till death us part!' oh! words, to be
Our *best* for Love the deathless!

'We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed:
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!'

O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
*To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the day-light only!*

'We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden:
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
*But now it is the church-yard grass,
We look upon the longest.'*

Observe, too, the deep feeling which not only pervades, but glows throughout the following, from a poem entitled 'COWPER'S GRAVE':

'Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around: 'My mother! where's my mother?'
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!

'The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, th' unweary love she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death, to save him!

'Thus! Oh! not *thus!* No type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking;
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew '*My SAVIOUR!* not deserted!'

In the article upon Sir ROBERT PEEL, we read this lesson to vituperative politicians of all sizes, which should not be lost upon the same class of public aspirants in this country, a class the most detestable of the whole partisan tribe:

'HAVING opposed CANNING through his whole life, and still retaining a bitter recollection of the obloquy which he had heaped upon Fox, the noble Lord was not ready to give his confidence to the new ministry, and he attacked the premier in a speech not less remarkable for its brilliancy and power, than for its extreme bitterness. Worn out by these incessant attacks, CANNING withdrew at the close of the session to the villa of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, to seek the needed rest and relaxation. But his battle was over; and he rapidly sank under the weight of disease. He died on the morning of the eighth of August, 1827, in the very room which Fox had occupied when he too sought rest for his weary body in the same beautiful spot, twenty-one years before.

'In calmly surveying the history of Mr. CANNING's ministry, and of the events immediately preceding his death, the conviction must be forced upon every unprejudiced mind, that all the rules of honorable party warfare were violated in the attacks made upon him. We may not indeed be quite willing to agree with Lady CANNING's opinion, when she wrote to HUSKISSON, reproaching him for 'joining her husband's murderers,' because he had accepted office in the WELLINGTON ministry with Mr. PEEL, nor with Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, when he exclaimed, in one of his fierce diatribes against PEEL, twenty years later: 'They hounded my illustrious relative to death.' Still it must be admitted that CANNING's administration was not allowed a fair trial, that he was assailed with a malignity which nothing could justify, and that his death was hastened by the anxiety and hard and constant toil occasioned by these attacks. And to this censure it is impossible not to consider PEEL as in some degree amenable. It is true that his own language was dignified and decorous; but certainly it was incumbent on him as a party leader to repress the asperity of his followers. Though he did not himself indulge in the low personalities which were levelled at CANNING, he suffered his kinsman, Mr. DAWSON, to lead on the attack.'

As of men, so of measures: time rolls on, and toward the deeds and the memory of the one, animosity ceases; and admiration, oftentimes veneration,

succeeds ; while the second are not only acquiesced in, but commended as the ablest of public efforts, the richest of public benefactions. As witness the following :

'In the same month the negotiations between Mr. WEBSTER and Lord ASHBURTON were brought to a happy termination by the signature of the Treaty of Washington. It is a curious and striking illustration of the blindness of party animosity, that in both countries the negotiators of this treaty should have been assailed with equal virulence. In England, Lord PALMERSTON called it 'the ASHBURTON Capitulation.' Our party hacks called it 'the WEBSTER Capitulation.' Mr. MACAULAY thought that the correspondence on the part of Lord ASHBURTON 'had been conducted in such a manner as to lower the character of England,' and that it was pervaded 'with a certain humble, caressing, wheedling tone, utterly inconsistent with the dignity of the office which Lord ASHBURTON occupied,' while 'the whole tone of the correspondence on the part of the United States was firm, resolute, vigilant, and unyielding.' On the other hand, Mr. BENTON was satisfied that 'the concessions from Great Britain to the United States were few in number, small in value, nothing for her to yield, injurious to her to retain, and already as effectually ours without the treaty as with it,' and that 'our grants to her were large and valuable, material for her to receive, dangerous and injurious for us to yield, and involving not only territory, but natural boundaries.' But time has silenced all this invidious clamor; and it is now the universal sentiment of both countries, that this memorable treaty effected a fair and just settlement of the disputed points, that it was honorable to both parties, and a noble monument to the ability and integrity of its negotiators.'

We have not elsewhere seen so complete and condensed a report of Sir ROBERT PEELE's last public appearance, and closing hours, as may be found in the ensuing extract :

'His last speech in Parliament was delivered on the twenty-eighth of June, 1850, in opposition to Mr. ROBERT BENTON's famous motion approving of the foreign policy of Lord PALMERSTON. It is certain that Sir ROBERT did not desire the overthrow of the government; but thinking that Lord ABERDEEN had been unjustly assailed, he felt bound to defend him and to oppose the motion.

'The debate lasted all night; and it was once more by the light of the rising sun that Sir ROBERT PEELE walked home from the scene of his earlier and his later triumphs for the last time. He took a few hours of needed rest, and then went forth to the discharge of new duties, as one of the commissioners intrusted with making the preliminary arrangements for the Great Exhibition of 1851. In the latter part of the day, he rode out on horseback for his accustomed exercise, and while proceeding slowly up Constitution Hill, his horse suddenly shied, and threw him violently over his head. He fell with his face downward, and when raised from the ground, he fainted before a carriage could be procured. When he reached his residence, he walked into the house alone, but fainted again in the hall. He was carried into the nearest apartment; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was removed from the sofa where he was first placed to an hydraulic bed in the same room—the dining-room where he had so often welcomed his friends. There he breathed his last, after three days of intense suffering, but little alleviated by the watchful care of the attending physicians and surgeons. For it must be observed that this great statesman, who had stood undismayed in the midst of the fiercest political strife, when friends and followers were forsaking him, charging him with treachery and duplicity, and ascribing to him the vilest of motives, was keenly sensitive to physical pain. He would not permit his attendants to make a thorough examination of his injuries; an attempt to reduce a fracture of the collar-bone had to be given up, in consequence of the suffering which it occasioned; and it was only after his death that it was ascertained that one of his ribs was broken, causing a congestion of the lungs.

'During his sufferings he was frequently delirious, and the presence of his wife and children increased his excitement so much, that they were not allowed to remain in the room. On Tuesday, the second of July, it became apparent that his sufferings must soon terminate. His old friend, the Bishop of Gibraltar, was sent for, and his family were again admitted to the bed-side of the dying man. A faintly breathed 'God bless you!' showed that he recognized them, as he sank into unconsciousness. Shortly after, two other friends, Lord HARDINGE and Sir JAMES GRAHAM, whose names had often been on his lips in his moments of delirium, arrived, and remained with him until his death. At nine minutes after eleven at night, he breathed his last, in presence of these two friends, his son-in-law, three of his brothers, three of his sons, and his physicians.

Lady PEEL's emotion was so great that she had been led from the room some time before his last hour came.

His death caused a deep sense of loss in Parliament and throughout the country. In the House of Commons, Lord JOHN RUSSELL offered, on behalf of the government, a public funeral, such as had been given to the younger PITT. The offer was declined, in accordance with the often repeated wishes of the deceased statesman; and on the ninth of July, in a drenching rain and a thick fog, his mortal remains were borne across the fields from Drayton Manor to the parish church, followed by his family, his principal political friends, his servants, and his tenants. The funeral service was read by the Bishop of Gibraltar, in the presence of a numerous multitude, who had gathered from Tamworth and the neighboring towns to pay the last tribute of respect to one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century. Three days later Lord JOHN RUSSELL proposed that a monument should be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and the motion was immediately adopted. One other mark of respect the government were desirous of showing for his memory by raising Lady PEEL to the peerage, as had been done in the case of Mr. CANNING's widow. But the honor was declined in consequence of a special request of Sir ROBERT PEEL, that no member of his family should accept any title or public reward for the services which he might have rendered to the state. Other testimonies of respect were shown elsewhere. In London, Edinburgh, and the great manufacturing towns, public meetings were held, and measures were taken for the erection of monuments and statues. The most remarkable demonstration of gratitude and respect, however, was a penny subscription for the erection of a *Poor Man's National Monument*, which it was proposed should bear these words from his speech on retiring from office in June, 1846:

“It may be, that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.”

We trust this ‘Poor Man's National Monument’ may have been erected, for it would remain a fit testimonial to one who, although the son of a cotton-spinner, rose ‘from the ranks’ to become one of the chief ornaments of the State.

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL. By Madame OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT. In two Volumes: pp. 696. New-York: S. H. GOETZEL AND COMPANY.

THE new house whence these volumes proceed could scarcely have initiated their business with a more attractive work. There are few of our readers, we venture to affirm, but have heard of Madame LE VERT: a lady whose graces of person and manner, whose rare accomplishments, and above all, whose gentleness and goodness of heart, have made her a favorite wherever she has been. At Saratoga, at Newport, at Washington, and in our great metropolis, her name has been almost a synonym for the enviable qualities we have indicated. Common as have become books of travel in Europe, we have read Madame LE VERT's book with pleasure. No other American traveller has had such advantages. Kings and queens, emperors and empresses, earls and dukes, duchesses and baronesses, were her unsought hosts and hostesses; and somewhat of all she saw and heard she has jotted down in pleasant phrase, never doing injustice to the privilege of a ‘privileged guest.’ Her ‘powers of description are of a high order. There is a freshness and joyousness in the style. There is a humming-bird-like devotion to every attraction, and yet no wasting of words in tedious details. The reader might well imagine he heard the authoress narrating to a circle of friends what she saw, and what was most worth seeing.’ The

'*North-American Review*,' speaking of the volumes of our fair authoress, and of herself, observes :

'HER style is that of the *viva voce* narrative of a person of fine culture, mature understanding, elegant taste, and very moderate enthusiasm. She thus satisfies us the most fully in her descriptions of society and of artificial life; the least, in her sketches of Alpine and Italian scenery. But the charm of her work lies in her freedom of access, on terms of equality, to those higher circles of European and especially English society, of which we generally get only the far-off views of those who, 'sovereigns' at home, are forced to be plebeians abroad, or the hardly nearer views of those who, by dint of impudence, through extorted introductions, push their way where they are not so much received as tolerated. We by no means admire this inaccessibility of English aristocratic society; nor do we deem that society one whit the better, because it sees fit to plant around itself a hedge of thorn-bushes. But still it exists, and is of old — a tradition, an institution, a social force; and we rejoice in the opportunity of inspecting it. Madame LA VERR was every where 'received;' and, while she has not, as we think, violated hospitality by too great license, she certainly exercises the broadest freedom consistent with good breeding in portraying persons, describing objects, relating incidents, and copying conversations. Her two European tours extended through all the portions of Europe usually visited by American travellers, and the narrative of the second commences with a residence of several weeks at Havana. From Havana she embarked for Cadiz, and in Spain she occupies a ground on which she has fewer predecessors and rivals than elsewhere, so that her chapters on the Spanish cities contain a very considerable amount of entirely fresh material.'

We regret that the following picture of a scene at Baden-Baden is all for which we can find space. It will, however, afford our readers a fair 'sample' of our accomplished authoress' general style :

'AT Carlsruhe we entered the most splendid car I have ever seen. It was like a small parlor, with luxurious sofas and ottomans, large mirrors and paintings. While we were waiting the moment of departure, two well-dressed women came in, supporting in their arms an old woman, apparently of ninety. She was attired in India muslin and costly lace, with rich jewels and white satin slippers. She was a perfect mummy; for the yellow skin clung to the bones of her face, and but for the restless wandering of her eyes, one would have declared her a corpse. Her attendants placed her upon a sofa, and forthwith she began talking in the most vivacious manner.

'At twilight we reached *Baden-Baden*, and after driving to several hotels, found lodgings at the 'Victoria.' The town was overflowing with visitors, and that night there was to be a ball at the *Conversationshaus*. Above the music and the voices, and the rushing sound of the dancers' feet, was constantly heard a sharp, ringing, metallic sound. Upon entering a grand saloon near by, we soon discovered the origin of it. From the gold and silver cast down by the eager gamblers it proceeded. At a large table were seated two or three statue-like men, with features as immovable as though cast in 'bronze. Before them were mountains of gold, and small Alps of silver. A crowd of persons, some seated at the table, and others leaning over them, were occupied in betting. Not a word was spoken by any one save the dealer, who called out, '*Le jeu est fait*,' (the game is made.) With wondering eyes we gazed around upon the faces of the throng, and felt we had opened a new page in the book of life — never before having seen a gaming-table; and never did I behold human beings so entirely absorbed as these were. It seemed as though all the hopes of existence were merged in the turn of that terrible wheel. With anxious look they watched it, and when the 'silver rake' of the dealer drew in the gold, how the light appeared to desert those eyes, and the face grow haggard and pale! A painful feeling swelled at my heart, and yet a strange fascination kept me there; I became as much interested in the fate of the gamblers as though the game were my own.

'There were many elegant-looking women and lovely girls betting more largely than even the men. Just in front of me, seated in an arm-chair, supported by her two companions, was *our old woman of the railway*, casting down gold coin in perfect showers. From a person near me, I learned that she was a Russian Princess of great wealth, who had been long paralyzed, but who adored the excitement of a gambler's life. She had come to-night purposely to bet; and at two o'clock in the morning, when I looked in at the table, there she was seated, still pouring out the gold. Although her face was like the face of the dead, her eyes were glowing like globes of flame.'

What a picture of 'a ruling passion' almost 'strong in death!' But 'Time's up' — and so, for that matter, is space. Well printed, on good paper.

THE AMERICAN HORSE. FRANK FORRESTER'S HORSE AND HORSEMANSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. In two Volumes : pp. 1128. New-York : STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

THE capable and popular publishers of these two truly superb volumes are winning their way to a most enviable distinction, by reason of the great excellence and rare beauty of the issues from their press. We have already had 'our say' of the volumes before us, from an examination of the sheets as they were being printed, and several of the engravings ; but we had no idea of the truly sumptuous character which the volumes were to assume when they should be completed. Every illustration, in every copy of the work, is printed upon India proof-paper ; an expenditure, we venture to say, not attempted heretofore in any kindred publication in this country. Moreover, as we have already said, the printing and paper are of the very best ; while the binding, in various styles, and at various prices, is extremely tasteful and rich. As the work, however, has already had our 'good word,' at much length, we propose now to permit an able contemporary critic to speak of it in our pages. Mr. RIPLEY, of the '*The Tribune*' daily journal, says of it :

'NO ELEMENT of the Anglo-Saxon blood has been more completely preserved in the promiscuous mixtures of this country than the inveterate love of horse-flesh. The passion pervades every portion of the Union. In the early days of Virginia colonization, the planter's pace was a proverb ; and as long as the New-England stage-coaches were on the road, a team of Vermont horses was the pride of the Yankee six-in-hand driver, and the admiration of young and old in every village. If a good horse is such a favorite object with the American, a good book about the horse of America is sure to find a general welcome. Many who read little else, will eagerly devour a lively description of the stately animal in which they take a personal interest. Indeed, all classes of readers may well be pleased to dip into these sumptuous volumes of Mr. HERBERT. It would not be easy to name a writer with such qualifications as he possesses for the composition of such a work. With a thorough English education and breeding, which includes a knowledge of the *manège* as well as of the catechism — a familiarity with rural and sporting life in this country which has brought him into contact with the finest specimens of his favorite animal — and an enthusiastic study of the great standard authorities who have preceded him as writers on the subject, he combines an uncommon power of expression and illustration, and a sturdy common-sense, which adds a certain muscular vigor to the graces of his style. Mr. HERBERT, in the first volume of his work, devotes a large space to the history of the English and of the American thorough-bred horse, which he enlivens by memoirs and descriptions of several of the most celebrated racers in the country, together with accounts of their most remarkable performances, and various essays on the breeding, training, and general comparative qualities of the thorough-bred horse. The second volume is of a more miscellaneous character, treating of the prevailing horse stock of America, the different families in the various States, as the Conestoga, the Canadian, the Narragansett pacer, the Vermont draught-horse, the Indian pony, the Morgan horse, etc., with a history of the trotting turf from its commencement, in 1815, to 1856, and essays on horsemanship, field, stable, and road management, and a multitude of other topics directly bearing on the main subject of the work. The typographical execution, and artistic illustrations of these volumes, commend them to the attention of the amateur in books, as well as the lover of horses. The engravings comprise a great variety of portraits of the most celebrated animals, with admirable vignette titles by DARLEY.'

We shall most decidedly 'lose our guess' if this does not have a very extended sale, the 'hard times' to the contrary notwithstanding. Few true sportsmen, *gentlemen-sportsmen*, but will needs place a copy of this superb and authentic work upon the shelves of their library.

WILD NORTHERN SCENES: SPORTING ADVENTURES WITH THE RIFLE AND THE ROD. By S. H. HAMMOND: Author of 'Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams,' 'Summer Rambles,' etc. Illustrated by engravings. In one Volume: pp. 341. New-York: DERRY AND JACKSON, Number 119 Nassau-street.

WE made a remark some time ago, in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, to the effect that it might be a good thing to delay a notice of a good work, until all our contemporaries had 'said their say' of it. Such is the case with these 'Sporting Adventures': and if our readers have forgotten the 'good words' that have been said by the daily, weekly, and monthly press, touching the pleasant volume in hand, so much the better for us. Listen, therefore, to the few words which we have to offer. In the first place, Mr. HAMMOND writes *naturally*. His is no pumped-up enthusiasm. He *loves* the woods, and wood-craft; and if he were to asseverate that he did n't, with upraised right hand, we should say that he was a ——— We shall not claim much of our readers' time in perusing our poor comments upon the book before us. They had much better read it: and when they have perused the following passages, they will need small incitement thereto:

'THE sounds that come upon the ear during the night, in a far-off place like this, are peculiar. The old owl hoots mournfully, the frogs bellow hoarsely along the reedy shore, while the tree-toads are quavering from among the branches of the scrubby trees that grow along the rocky banks; the whippoorwill pipes shrilly in the forest depths; the breeze murmurs among the foliage of the tall old pines, while the everlasting roar of the waters, as they go tumbling down the rocks, is always heard. However diversified these sounds may be, they all invite to repose. They fall soothingly upon the ear, and though all are distinctly heard, yet, strange as it may seem, there is a strong impression upon the mind of the deep silence pervading the forest. This impression is doubtless occasioned by the utter dissimilarity between the voices one hears in the day, from those which fall upon the ear in the night-time. The former are all joyous and happy, full of gladness and merriment, full of life and animation; the latter, solemn, deep, profound, lulling to the senses; not sorrowful nor sad, yet still such as form a calm and quiet lullaby, under the influence of which one glides away into slumber, and sleeps quietly until dawn. Then the voice of gladness breaks so tumultuously on the ear, that he must be a sluggard indeed who can resist their wakening influences.

'How beautifully the sun went down behind the hills, lighting up the western sky, and the fleecy clouds floating in the heavens with a blaze of glory, throwing a mantle of silver over the tall ranges and mountain peaks that loomed up in solemn grandeur away in the east; and how stilly, silently the stars came out from the depths above, and how brightly and truthfully they were given back from away down in depths beneath the placid waters. We had taken half-a-dozen beautiful trout from the foot of the falls where the current shoots out into the lake. We had eaten them too, and were sitting in front of our tents smoking our evening pipes.

'SPALDING,' said the Doctor, 'how I wish our little boys were out here with us. How they would enjoy themselves among these lakes and rivers. It is a hard lot that the children of our cities have in life. They struggle up to man and womanhood against fearful odds, and the wonder is, that they do not perish in their infancy; that they are not blasted, as the blossoms are, when the cold east wind sweeps over the earth.'

“You are right, my friend,” replied SPALDING. “I should like to have our little boys, and girls too, for that matter, with us for a few days out here on these lakes. It would be a lifetime to them, measuring time by the enjoyment it would afford them. Still, their city habits might make them tire of this freedom in a week. You and I enjoy it longer, because it brings back old memories and relieves us from the toils of business and the restraints of conventional life. You are right, too, in saying that the lot of our city children is a hard one. To live imprisoned between long rows of brick walls, breathing an atmosphere charged with the exhalations of ten thousand cooking-stoves, the dust of forges and the smoke of furnaces, machine-shops, gas works, filthy streets, and the thousand other manufactories of villainous smells; where the summer air has no freshness, no forest odors, or sweetness gathered from fields of grain, the meadows, or the pastures. To tramp only on stone side-walks. To know nothing of the pleasant paths beneath the spreading branches of old primeval trees; no soft grass for their little feet to press; never to wander along the streams or the little brooks; to be strangers always to the beautiful things spread out everywhere in the country in the summer-time. I always feel sad when I see the pale faces of the little children of the great cities, and marvel how so many of them grow up to be men and women. It is a hard lot to be cooped up in the city, vegetating, as it were, in the shade, where there is no grass for their little feet to press, no fences to climb, or fields to ramble over, or brooks to wade, or running water on which to float chips, and wherein to watch the little chubs and shiners dancing and playing about, or fresh pure air to breathe, or birds to listen to. It is a thousand pities that the cities could not be emptied every summer of their little people into the free and open country, where they could run about, and sport and play, and have free range and plenty of elbow-room. It would make them so much healthier and happier, so much more cheerful; their voices of gladness would ring out so much more joyously in the morning, and their songs be so much more sweet at night.

“I remember an anecdote told me of a little child, born in the great metropolis, who had never, until her fifth summer, been outside of the paved streets of New-York. Her mother had friends residing in one of the up-river towns, owning a beautiful farm overlooking the Hudson, and in early May she paid them a visit, taking her little daughter with her. MARY, of course, was delighted. Like a bird freed from its cage, she flew about here, there, every where, in-doors and out, among the chickens and the pigs, the turkeys and the lambs, enjoying to the full the thousand new things that her eyes rested upon all round her, and her young spirits in wild commotion under the bracing influences of the country air. ‘Mother! mother!’ she exclaimed, as she came dashing into the parlor, her beautiful curls floating wildly over her shoulders, and her bright eyes wide open with wonder; ‘Mother! mother! come out here, quick! and see this funny tree, all covered over with snow-flakes, and how sweet it smells all around it.’

“It was a plum-tree in full blossom. That little child had never seen the beautiful spring blossoms on the fruit trees.”

It is our impression that the following will be considered good: and yet it is but a fair sample of the entire ‘staple’ of Mr. HAMMOND’s book:

“I REMEMBER,” said the doctor, “and it is one of the earliest incidents which my recollection has treasured, that I was out one evening in autumn, with a boy older than myself, gathering hazel-nuts. The sun had sunk behind the hills, and the shadows of twilight were gathering in the valley. It was a beautiful and calm evening, the solemn stillness of which, was only broken by the ‘tza! tza!’ of thousands of katydids among the bushes. I asked my companion what it was that made the noise I heard, and he, supposing that I referred to sounds that came up occasionally from the lake, after listening for a moment, answered that it was made by the wild geese. In my simplicity I believed it, and it was not until I caught, the next season, a katydid while it was in the act of singing, that I discovered that the music among the hazel-bushes was not made by the wild-geese.”

“I never respect a man or woman,” said SPALDING, “whose heart does not warm toward little children, who takes no pleasure nor interest in their society, who has no patience to listen to their simple thoughts expressed in their simple way. ‘Mother,’ said a little child of four or five years of age, one evening when the summer air was warm, and the skies were bright above, as she sat beside her mother, on a bench beneath the spreading branches of the tall old elms in front of the house; ‘mother, what makes the stars come out only after the dark has come down, and why do n’t the moon go up into the sky like the sun in the day-time?’

“I listened anxiously for the reply. I knew the kind heart of that mother, how truthful it was, and how earnest and pure in its affection for its gentle and only darling.

“‘Sit here upon my lap, MARY,’ said the mother, ‘and I will try and explain it all so that you will understand it.’

“And she told the little child how God made the sun to rule the day, and the moon and the stars to rule the night; how that the stars were always in the sky, but how the superior brightness of the sun put them out in the day-time; how the stars, that twinkled like little rush-lights in the heavens, were great worlds, a thousand times larger than this earth, made and placed away up in the sky, by the same great and good God who made the world we live in. Little MARY was silent and attentive to the simple lecture, until it was finished, and then asked, so simply and confidently, that I could not help smiling to think that the mind of childhood should be running upon a subject, and seeking a solution of the same question which has puzzled the profoundest philosophers through all time: ‘Mother,’ said the little one, ‘are there people in the moon and in the stars, them great worlds that look to us so like candles in the sky?’

“‘That question, my child,’ said the mother, ‘I cannot answer.’

“‘I believe,’ said the child, ‘that there *are* people in the moon, and in all the stars.

“‘Why?’ asked her mother.

“‘Because I don’t believe God would make such big and beautiful worlds without making people to live in them.’

“‘What more has the profoundest philosopher who ever lived said, to prove that those mighty worlds which are seen in the heavens at night, that are scattered all through the universe of God, rolling forever on their everlasting rounds, are peopled by living, moving, sentient beings?’”

SONGS AND POEMS OF THE SOUTH. By A. B. MEEK, Author of ‘The Red Eagle.’ Mobile, Alabama. New-York: J. H. GOETZEL AND COMPANY, Number 117 Fulton-street.

THIS third edition of a volume of ‘Songs and Poems,’ by Judge MEEK, of Alabama, (author of ‘The Red Eagle,’ heretofore noticed with deserved favor in the KNICKERBOCKER,) is appropriately and worthily inscribed ‘To General MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, Ex-President of Texas:’ a fact which reminds us that we have hitherto failed to mention the receipt of a very superbly-executed volume, with a finely-engraved portrait, from the distinguished gentleman to whom the present work is inscribed. It is not now upon our table, being in ‘fairer hands’ than our own. It was from the press of Messrs. FETTERIDGE AND COMPANY, of this city, and was perused by us with pleasure. The verse-memorials of which the volume was mainly composed, were addressed to distinguished lady-friends in Texas and elsewhere, and were unambitious in style, but generally replete with true feeling, and much delicacy of thought, and neatness of execution. Thus much, by way of apology for a neglect which has been wholly accidental. Return we to Mr. MEEK’s book, whose modest title heads this notice. Our author never attempts to surprise his reader by thoughts, good enough in themselves, perhaps, but enveloped in a misty haze of words. What we have said of General LAMAR’s verse, may with equal propriety be applied to his own. His style is simple and direct, and his thoughts pass onward in an even, uninterrupted flow to their end. We have space for but the following from the ‘*Choctaw Melodies*,’ ‘*A Mother’s Dirge for her Infant*.’ It is very graceful and tender:

—1.

*In a small grove of dog-wood trees,
Whose spring-time flowers perfumed the breeze.
By Pascagoula’s tawny wave,
There was a little new-made grave:
And there above the humble mound
A youthful mother oft was found,
Who thus, in sad and frantic strains,
Wept o’er her first-born babe’s remains:

II.

' Now cradled in the damp, cold ground
My little warrior lies :
Now he is bound with wampum round,
And shut his sparkling eyes ;
Yet why, above his place of sleep,
Why should I weep ?

III.

' The little bird, when it is grown,
Must leave its native nest,
' Mid snares and foes, to soar alone,
By want and care distressed :
And oft the cruel hunter's dart
Will pierce its heart.

IV.

' But thou, sweet one, hast shed no tears,
Nor felt the woes of life :
Thy spirit, undisturbed by fears,
By anguish and by strife,
To golden groves has soared above,
Bird of my love.

V.

' Ah ! hadst thou only staid below,
What grace and strength were thine :
To chase the deer, to bend the bow,
To draw the fisher's line,
Or bravely in the battle-field,
The club to wield.

VI.

' Yet why should I lament thy doom ?
The bud that in the spring-time dies,
Bears all its bloom and rarest perfume
To spirits in the skies :
A heavenly blossom now thou art,
Bud of my heart.

VII.

' But oh ! thou wert too young to go :
Thy little tender feet
No father's guidance now can know,
No mother's counsel meet ;
Who now will nurse thy fragile form,
And keep thee warm.

VIII.

' Ah ! yes, I hear a spirit say,
I will protect him here :
Who from their cradles pass away,
To us are ever dear :
Then why, my babe, above thy sleep,
Why should I weep ?

It was our purpose to have quoted from a Fourth-of-July Poem, pronounced at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, replete with the noblest patriotic and national sentiments, but our present limits will not permit. We may remark, in closing, that with the volume under notice came a work in prose, by the same author, entitled '*Romantic Passages in South-western History*,' from the press of the same publishers. We shall endeavor to advert to it hereafter.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE BOSTON 'ATLANTIC' MAGAZINE. — Our new contemporary, the '*Atlantic Monthly Magazine*' of Boston, comes before us with a personal presence which betokens a warm welcome from the public. He is 'good-looking;' dresses like a gentleman; and 'which is more,' he hath that within which passeth show. We greet him, at the latest hour, with the 'right-hand of fellowship;' but before we proceed to read the last proof-sheet save one of our Fiftieth Volume, let us afford our readers a taste of our young friend's quality. We can only refer to one or two of its papers. The first is upon '*Douglas Jerrold*.' From 'internal evidence,' and a certain *resemblance* of style, we infer this to be from the pen of Mr. JOHN ROSS DIX, author of 'Pen and Pencil Sketches,' etc. Save that there is somewhat more of the writer's comments than of JERROLD himself, his history, doings and sayings, the article is a clever one. Many of the 'good things' of JERROLD are recorded, old and new, among which the following strikes us freshly. The pungent satirist had been bored by the long and vapid conversation of an amateur vocalist, who at length, speaking of a certain tune, said: 'It completely carries me away, whenever I hear it.' 'For Pity's sake, then,' said JERROLD, 'let somebody whistle it!' The epitaph, extemporized for his friend CHARLES KNIGHT, of SHAKESPEARE memory, is in his very best vein: 'Good KNIGHT!' We wonder not to have met one of the very best hits of JERROLD in any of the late reminiscences of him. We heard it from the most reliable authority. A terrible poetical bore — one of that awful class who insist upon *reading* to you their effusions — and who had been *trying* his hand at an imitation of DANTE'S '*Inferno*,' asked JERROLD one day: 'I say, JERROLD, did you ever see my '*Descent into Hell*'?' 'I am sorry to say, I never *did*,' replied JERROLD. 'I should like to!' Two other anecdotes of JERROLD occur to us now, which we have not elsewhere seen. He was stopped by a bore in the street one day, when in a great hurry, who seized him by the button-hole, and asked: 'What is *going on*'?' JERROLD gave him one look — one of *his* looks — and replied: '*I am!*' and off he strode. Also: speaking one day of the penuriousness of certain of his Scotch friends, he said: 'Why, there is P — : he invited eight of us to

a supper one night. When we had all arrived, he placed a single bottle of wine upon the table, then turned and locked the door, took out the key, and exclaimed: 'There, me boys, not one of you can flit till that is a' gone!' If JOHN SANDERSON, author of 'The American in Paris,' were alive, we should unhesitatingly attribute '*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*' to his facile pen. It is full of epigrammatic wisdom, which the author might well defy any chance taker-up of '*The Atlantic*' not to read. Listen to him for a moment, please:

'THIS business of conversation is a very serious matter. *There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do.* Mark this that I going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

'There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their ziz-zags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. *It is like taking the out in your up after holding a squirrel.*

'What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

'You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you? — each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, 'Know thyself,' never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

'Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *Literatrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social tea-cup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing.' Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. 'You are constantly going from place to place,' she said. 'Yes,' he answered; 'I am like the Huma,' and finished the sentence as before.

'What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of BABBAGE'S calculating machine.

'What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A FRANKENSTEIN-monster, a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out formulae like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!

'I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* 'the mathematics.' But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relation of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of 'detached lever' arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I sup-

pose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.'

Certainly : *any* jackass has it : and hence, 'Why should vain man,' and so forth? Perpend, also, the wisdom of the subjoined sentences : 'We are the Romans of the modern world — the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are of course necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. Our army sword is the short, stiff, pointed *gladius* of the Romans ; and the *American bowie-knife* is the same tool, modified to meet the daily wants of civil society.' Perceive likewise the point in the following : the picture of an immediate descendant of a too-often miscalled 'Gentleman of the Old School,' who cracked the skull of old PRISCIAN every time he opened his mouth to speak, and wore white-top boots, 'all of the olden time :'

'Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say, that, *other things being equal*, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

'What do I mean by a man of family? Oh! I'll give you a general idea of what I mean. Let us give him a first-rate fit out; it costs us nothing.

'Four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen; among them a member of his Majesty's Council for the Province, a Governor or so, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a member of Congress, not later than the time of top-boots with tassels.

'Family portraits. The member of the Council, by SMIBERT. The great merchant-uncle, by CORLEY, full length, sitting in his arm-chair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him, to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to the Honorable, etc., etc. Great grandmother, by the same artist; brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grand old lady, stiffish, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown; flat, angular, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. A pair of STUARTS, namely, 1. A superb, full-blown, mediæval gentleman, with a fiery dash of Tory blood in his veins, tempered down with that of a fine old rebel grandmother, and warmed up with the best of old India Madeira; his face is one flame of ruddy sun-shine; his ruffled shirt rushes out of his bosom with an impetuous generosity, as if it would drag his heart after it; and his smile is good for twenty thousand dollars to the Hospital, beside ample bequests to all relatives and dependents. 2. Lady of the same; remarkable cap; high waist, as in time of Empire; bust à la *Josephine*; wisps of curls, like celery-tips, at sides of forehead; complexion clear and warm, like rose-cordial. As for the miniatures by MALBONE, we do n't count them in the gallery.

'Books, too, with the names of old college-students in them — family names; you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs, with the Latinized appellations of youthful progenitors, and *Hic liber est meus* on the title-page. A set of HOGARTH's original plates. POPE, original edition, fifteen volumes, London, 1717. BARROW on the lower shelves, in folio. TILLOTSON on the upper, in a little dark platoon of octodecimos.

'Some family silver; a string of wedding and funeral rings; the arms of the family, curiously emblazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt.

'If the man of family has an old place to keep these things in, furnished with claw-foot chairs and black mahogany tables, and tall bevel-edged mirrors, and stately upright cabinets, his outfit is complete.'

Our 'Autocrat' is something of a poet withal: and the following '*Latter-Day Warning*' is listened to, at the breakfast-table, with the most respectful attention:

'When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle, rasp — and straw —
Grow bigger *downward* through the box:

'When he that selleth house or land,
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right:
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light:

'When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean:
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean:

'When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take:
When city fathers eat to live,
'Save when they fast for conscience' sake:

'When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof:

'When, in the usual place for rips,
Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair:

'When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before:
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore:

'*Then* then let CUMMING blaze away,
And MILLER's saints blow up the globe:
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension-robe!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The following, so far as we know, is the last composition which came from the pen of our late partner, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON. He said, while lying upon his bed of death, to his most kind friend, Mr. S —, at whose house he breathed his last, 'It is not painful to die: there is no pain in dying. I am ready to depart: I am going to sleep:'

'The Fear of Death.'

'THE dread of death, which an all-wise God has fixed so powerfully in the human mind, will, upon reflection, be seen to be a most necessary precaution to keep us in this state of being. Thousands of sermons, and most eloquent harangues have issued from the pulpit and the press, in which Death has been personified under the title of the KING OF TERRORS, The Last Enemy, The Great Conqueror, etc., etc. I never hear such personifications of a state of being, or a change of state, more properly, through which all nature passes, without feeling deeply that such exhibitions of death are erroneous, and highly improper and injurious in their tendency. Every where in nature we have the exhibition of natural death; and in all the objects which we term inanimate nature, we see this change always succeeded by a new life. The change of the seasons causing the death of the flowers, the fading and falling of the leaves of the forest, and the rich carpet of green with which the spring dressed the earth become dry and withered and dead in the autumn of the year. The parting day, with its deepening shadows, is a more frequent remembrancer of that state of darkness which must pass over us all. In these cases we are permitted to see the earth wake to new life with each rising sun; and the warm and genial breath of the spring brings back in renewed beauty the flowers, the grass of the earth, and the rich foliage of the forest. In animated nature, in all sentient beings in whom the ALMIGHTY has put the

breath of life, the case, so far as we can see, is different. When once the lamp of life is extinguished, when the golden bowl is broken, the lately animated form is prone and prostrate, never more to resume its erect posture, never more to be animated by that mysterious breath of God which so lately gave it vigor and beauty. As we view the prostrate body, ghastly and cold in death, well may we ask if those dry bones can live, if no returning spring will again revive the ashes of the urn? Were we left solely to our reason to decide this question, we could obtain no satisfactory answer; for though the fact of the returning day, and the reviving spring, might lead us to hope that God would not forsake or leave to annihilation the last and nobler part of his creation, yet the analogy would not establish the fact of a new life. We could obtain no demonstration on which we could safely rely. Were such our condition, we would have sufficient cause to dread the decrease of vigor, the infirmities of age, and the coming dissolution. But the ALMIGHTY has put a spirit in man: HE has given him understanding, and HE has spoken to him the words of life: and life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel. Revelation teaches us that the change which all must undergo, the separation of the soul from its clay tenement, is but the introduction to a higher state of being, when having put off this mortal, we must put on immortality. Our SAVIOUR plainly teaches us that this change is immediate; that we no sooner close our eyes in death, than they are opened to the realities of another state; and that not in a state of earthly weakness, but with all our faculties, and with organs for their use. We do *not* go to the cold and silent grave, of which so much has been sadly said and sung, and over which rivers of salt tears may have been shed, there to live in torpor for a thousand centuries, till the last trumpet shall wake our sleeping dust; but we go at once to the place prepared for us; we enter at once upon our new existence, and begin our work. As I write these lines for those who read the Scriptures, I shall quote but one passage, and that alone would be to me conclusive. Our LORD says to the dying thief on the cross, 'TO-DAY shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'

'Whatever terror death may have for the man who makes this world's pleasures his god, it should have none for the faithful follower of CHRIST:

"I would not live away; no! welcome the tomb!
Since JESUS hath lain there, I dread not its gloom."

'Those who have passed through the deep waters of affliction; who have endured great trials and severe suffering, have doubtless strongly felt that death would have been a most welcome deliverance from their sorrow. Who would wish to remain in this world of sin and trouble, when their friends and relatives were all gone: when, like the Wandering Jew, life would become a most weary burden? When the infirmities of age gather upon us; when we can no longer take pleasure in life; when the grasshopper becomes a burden, and desire shall fail, we would most willingly resign our spirit to the hands of God who gave it. If in that hour the Christian's hope animates us, we shall die triumphant, and those who stand by our bed of death will have no reason to mourn for us; but rather to say: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the LORD, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'

'There spoke the true Christian. - - - The reader who 'laughs a furtive laugh' over the following, may not be aware that he has done the same thing heartily before, in the pages hereabout; but he (or she) *has*, however, and we apprehend that *some* of our friends, at least, will remember both



when and where. What says 'CIVIS,' of Alabama, for example, that true specimen of a MAN, and a GENTLE Man, whether in boots, or pumps, or in his Morning-Gown, aspirating the odor of a mild Havana? But 'are you ready for the question, gentlemen?' *Who Stole the Wine?* Ordure, gentlemen:

'THE impropriety of rashly suspecting the honesty of servants is remarkably illustrated by the following incident: For some time past a lady in this city has been annoyed by the disappearance of the contents of her wine-bottles, and had about made up her mind to consult with her son — a recent graduate of a theological college, and of course a very exemplary young man — upon the expediency of giving BETTY, the chambermaid, her walking-papers. The youthful clergyman, who rather fancied the girl, because she was buxom, protested against such a course. He had no idea that BETTY would do such a thing. 'I should as soon think of charging myself with it,' he added, as with a look of virtuous magnanimity he adjusted his tortoise-bowed eye-glass to his nose, and took up a Greek Testament. 'We should be careful, my dear mother,' he continued, (with the air and tone of TELEMAQUE'S MENTOR,) 'of the good name and reputation of our servants. But for an inscrutable PROVIDENCE, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, we might be in the same menial position ourselves. These poor creatures, dependent upon us, are, in one sense at least, members of our family, and we are in some measure accountable for their happiness and well-being.' The nice young man crossed his legs as he said this, and reclining a little further back in the luxurious easy-chair, in which he sat facing his mother, tapped his knee with his eye-glass self-approvingly.

'It is a sentiment worthy of you, my dear AUGUSTUS,' rejoined the gratified parent, (a rather purry lady, with a long nose that had a tendency to meet her chin,) 'but ——'

'Beside,' said he, interrupting her, the *onus probandi* — I mean, the burden of proof — rests upon you. *Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus*; has the girl ever alluded to the wine?'

'Not she, indeed, but nobody has access to it but ourselves and her. You never drink wine, nor do I, (except occasionally when I have that pain in my stomach,) but as sure as I uncork a bottle, it's all gone in a day or two! Now, there is that bottle there, quite empty now, but last evening almost full of the best sherry! Some your poor, dear father bought before he died, I think.'

'Likely,' said the graduate to himself, 'he could n't have bought it since, very well!'

'If it were cake, AUGUSTUS,' continued his progenitress, 'we might think it was the rats.'

'Lucky thought!' said her son to himself; for, if the truth must be told, he was the real depredator. 'Rats?' he exclaimed; 'my dear mamma, that explains all! Your rat is *un cadet de haut appétit*, as our French professor used to say; and when he cannot find any thing else, he will take wine.'

'But how could the rats get at it? Beside, BETTY gave them some arsenic!' said his mother.

'*Magna est veritas et prevalebit!*' cried the divinity student, rising on the excitement of a gratifying discovery. 'Behold, my dear mother, what injustice you have done to your maid, and how slow we all ought to be to impute blame to our fellow-beings.'

'His mother gazed at him with astonishment.

'Mark, also, my dear madam,' he continued oracularly, (his spindle legs spread like a tripod, as he emphasized his words with his eye-glass, with one hand upon the fore-finger of the other,) 'how providential it was that I applied myself so closely to my studies at college, especially to the study of Natural History! Listen, now. *Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti*, as we say in Latin. Arsenic, you say, has been placed in the pantry, from time to time, for the rats. Very well, what was the natural consequence? '*Grave virus munditias pepulit*,' the rat is disagreeably affected by his perilous repast, and though accustomed to gnawing sensations, cannot endure the intolerable thirst from which every body suffers more or less, when he eats arsenic. There was no water in the pantry, I presume?'

'Not a drop; not even milk,' replied his listener, all attention.

'I thought so,' said he; 'and nothing of a liquid nature, except wine. Here we find the key to the mystery. BETTY'S innocence is vindicated; the imbibor of the wine was a rat! *Fiat justitia, r'at c'olum*, as the poet says.'

'But — but —' said the good old lady, stammering, and a little incredulous, 'how under the sun, moon, and stars, could —'

'I know what you would say, my dear Madam,' exclaimed the crafty rogue interrupting her. 'You would say — using a very clever and comprehensive astronomical allusion — how under the sun, moon, and stars, (those heavenly bodies, which are over all the animal kingdom,) could a rat extract the cork from a bottle, and drink the contents?'

'That's what I should like to know, my son,' replied the lady, resuming her seat, but still regarding his astute countenance with deep interest; meanwhile flattering herself that he would some day make a great man, an eminent divine, and quite likely the president of a college.

'You had drawn the cork,' said he, 'and left it handy to take out again with your fingers, without the aid of the screw? Very well. You will admit that the rat could easily remove the cork; but how get at the wine? Now mark the sequel, and admire the instinct of that wonderful little animal! In many respects, instinct is fully equal to intellect. The instinct of animals is wonderful, Madam, truly wonderful! Your own early studies, and large subsequent reading and experience, have doubtless assured you of that fact. Professor AGASSIZ relates many marvellous illustrations of instinct even in the oyster; but rats, mother! ah! you ought to read CUVIER upon rats. And then that article recently on the same subject, in the *London Quarterly*! Why, they know as much as a man, and a good deal more than some old women! Strange as it may appear, they have been known to abstract the contents from bottles of syrup, cider, wine, etc.'

'By upsetting them, then,' protested the gentlewoman.

'Not at all,' rejoined the young savan: 'on the contrary, they do not lose a drop. The plan is a simple one, as you will admit when you come to think of it. They push the wine to a convenient place — say directly under the edge of a shelf, or near a box that's somewhat higher than the bottle, and thus get up to it. One of the rats then inserts his tail into the bottle, up to the hub, (or terminus of the spinal column,) and draws it carefully out again. The other is on hand, you may rest assured, to receive, instantaneously, the dripping end of this novel syphon into his mouth. When he has imbibed all that it carries, the caudal appendage is again inserted, and again withdrawn from the bottle, and the liquor which it bears with it, is disposed of in precisely the same manner as the first sample; and this process is repeated *ad infinitum*; each rat taking his turn, not exactly as cup-bearer, but as tail-bearer, for his partner in the business. This, my dear Madam, is an ce-

tablished fact in Natural History,' added this highly-educated young man, observing his mother's eyes wide open with astonishment; 'but I do not wonder at your surprise. I should not believe it myself, but that it is well attested by such men as AGASSIZ and others, who make a science of every thing, from a rat up to a universe.'

'It is indeed wonderful!' cried the old lady, drawing a long breath.

'And entirely exculpates poor BERRY,' rejoined the triumphant vindicator of virtue in humble life. 'You ought to give her a new dress, mother.'

'I shall, at any rate, send her for a carpenter to stop up those rat-holes,' said his mamma. And here ends our anecdote.

'More Sparks and Cinders from the Grate-Blower.'

'An Irish Postscript: Mr. Turkle's 'Missile': Harker on Fashionable Dress in Philadelphia: An unexpected Encounter: Turkle 'would be' a Shaker: the Fatal Barrier: Harker 'caves' again: Grand Finale: Chorus of 'what rhymes with slaughter': And 'to be continued in our next.'

'In parenthesis: [Though I am not a 'MOLLY MAGUIRE,' I beg leave to commence these 'Sparks' by a *postscript*: Day before yesterday this MS. was signed, sealed, and ready to mail to friend CLARK. Yesterday was Sunday, and, with the packet lying still on my study-table, I was about half-way in a 'Figaro' segar and the 'Sabbath Transcript,' when WILLIAM, the sable Republican who obligingly attends to my private comforts, handed me a mammoth brown envelope, looking very like a Pub. Doc., and addressed to 'The Grate-Blower.' I glanced at the pot-hooks — exclaimed, 'Aha! *perspicuous* Turkle! thou hast caught me!' — opened the 'missile,' as a *distinguished lawyer* of our town (of whom 'more anon') invariably denominates a *missive*, and read as followeth: 'Brilliant youth, I am painfully embarrassed by your flattering consideration and courtesy. You *must* have meant *me*, and yet it makes me a very conceited person so to say.' (Modesty, you perceive, reader, is the least of my friend's merits.) 'Read Thessalonians, First: chapter Five. Most truly yours, etc.,

BEN JONSON.

'P.S.: How I *do* hate those *curst* undertakers!'

'Who left this, WILLIAM?' I asked.

'Mr. TURKLE, Sir.'

'Any message? What did he say?'

'Nothing, Sir, except he asked me where you had gone to church.'

'Why did n't you tell him I was at home?'

'He would n't let me, Sir; he went down the steps three at a time, and when he got on the pavement he called back: 'Ah! Synagogue, I suppose!' and walked away.'

'Next to an undertaker, TURKLE dialikes an Israelite.

'This endeth the postscript,']

'For a man who has lived so much in European capitals, (Paris especially) HARKER is singularly ignorant upon the subject of the *beau-monde*, its fashions, social codes, and general distinguishing peculiarities. Why, the very next day after our meeting with TURKLE, as we walked down Chestnut-street together, he called my attention to several of our most fashionable ladies, and asked in a jockey-club sort of way: 'I say, MARC, do you know that party — eh?' (I may have

omitted to mention that my baptismal appellation is MARCUS AURELIUS, and my ancestral nomen PHYPPS.)

'Party! *Those*, my dear HANKER, are Mrs. SNOOD and Miss BODDLE, and *those three*, are the celebrated-for-wealth-and-splendid-ball-and-supper-and-opera-dresses, Mrs. RUFFLETON and her daughters. Party! Why, they are the leaders of our most exclusive *ton*.'

'No you don't, MARCUS, now!' cried my friend, with a quiver in his left eye; 'rowly-bowly, gammon, and spinnage,' and all that sort of thing, you know. VERDANT GREEN, Esquire, has n't 'just arrived,' that I've heard. Come, do n't try it on, will you! It's not serene, my boy, indeed it is n't!'

'Pon my soul, HANKER, I'm not! What I've told you is the fact, and those are the *crème de la crème* of our 'first circles.'

'What! you really mean to say that *ladies*-fashionable 'first-society, leaders of style, and all that, go through the streets dressed in *that* manner?'

'In what manner? It seems to me they are most splendidly dressed, on the contrary.'

'Exactly,' replied HANKER ironically; 'a leetle too splendid! Why, MARCO, the toilettes of those ladies are a perfect counterpart of those that 'nightly shine' on the boards of the *Theatre des Varieties*, *L'Odeon*, *Palais Royale*, etc., and at the 'petits souper' of the 'Demimonde,' that young DUMAS so wittily presides over in his plays. 'Pon honor! I thought they were —'

'There's TURKLE over the way,' cried I interrupting HANKER, with a smile of pity for his conceited ignorance of our fashionable world, 'and, by the shade of PENN! he's actually escorting a pair of Shakerosses.'

'So he is! and O gemini! he's carrying their basket-ful of knit what's-'is-names, no doubt. What a jolly lark he's having; won't he tell us something rich the next time he —'

'Hush! let's cross and endeavor to hear a word or two of what he's entertaining the Lebanonites with.'

'SARAH, did thee ever go to the theatre?' were the first words we overheard, spoken with inimitable gravity and *aplomb*.

'No, JAMES; why does thee ask?'

'Because there is a very funny fellow here now, called MATHEWS, at the Academy, and I would like to have thee go. I want to see thee laugh right out.'

'Ah! JAMES, I can laugh without thy MATHEWS and thy Academy, as thee calls it, though I always thought an Academy was the world's name for a school. Why does thee call it Academy?'

'But 'JAMES,' without appearing to hear the question, turned to the other 'sister,' who was a pretty young woman of twenty-two or three, and in a persuasive voice said: 'Now, tell me truly, HESTER, does thee not sometimes wish thee was married? Does thee not often dream of having dear little children of thy own to kiss and love and bring up in the right path? And does thee not sometimes steal a glance from the corner of thy eye after some fine comely young fellow that pames thee by?'

'No, indeed, JAMES,' replied the young woman, 'with a faint blush which near denied her truth we thought; 'no, indeed, I don't! I have learnt to let wall-enough alone, and I am quite contented with our ways at Lebanon. The world is too wicked to make me wish to return to it.'

'Ah!' exclaimed TURKLE fervently, 'I wish I dared join your peaceful community! I should love to be a Shaker!'

'I wish thee would! I wish thee would!' cried both women at once.

'Why won't thee?' added the elder.

'Alas! SARAH!' murmured Mr. TURKLE, 'there is an insurmountable obstacle!'

'What is it? Perchance we may aid thee to overcome it'

'No!' replied 'JAMES' sorrowfully, 'it can never be overcome! The fact is, SARAH, I cannot endure dancing — it always gives me a vertigo — always!'

'We could n't wait to hear any more; we should have exploded. So taking advantage of the Washington House verandah, we rushed in, subsided into chairs, and laughed till 'nature could endure no more,' and we were obliged to brace our shattered nerves with two (or more) ounces of *tinct. vini. galli.* in a half-tumbler of *aqua glacialis.*'

'Stop in ag'in sometime.' - - - We have spoken, in another department of this Magazine, of the laudable enterprise of Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND, in issuing works of sterling value in themselves, and with the best accessories externally. The following, from the '*New-York Leader*' weekly literary and news-journal, records another of their achievements, hastening to completion, which bids fair to eclipse even their previous efforts. We saw two of Mr. DARLEY's illustrations, and have no hesitation whatever to say, that in our judgment, with all the facility of his pencil, and the acknowledged genius of his conceptions, he has never exceeded them: and this, let us add, is the expressed judgment of many of the very first of his contemporary artists in this metropolis who have seen them:

'MESSRS. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND, of this city, the fortunate holders of the copyrights of our great national novelist, COOPER, have in preparation a new edition of the novels, which will mark an era in the history of American publishing. The whole series will be issued in thirty-two volumes, one to be published on the first of each month, beginning in the coming spring, in crown octavo form; and as a special novelty, never employed on any series of works heretofore issued in this country, the works will be printed, in the clearest type, on beautiful cream-colored, calendered paper of a substantial texture. These are excellent qualities, the size selected is both ornamental and convenient, and the type and paper will be just such as to please the eye; but the crowning merit of this great national and household edition of COOPER will be, that it is to be illustrated by a congenial artist, Mr. DARLEY, of whom recent European criticism pronounces in one case that 'some of his plates exhibit a boldness and refinement worthy of Retsch himself,' and in another expresses a hope, specifically, that he will 'carry on his national illustrations, and give us some of COOPER's Indian Camps.' 'Once on the war-trail,' says the *London Athenæum*, 'once smeared with red war-paint, once hear a tomahawk whistle, or HELLHACK's bullet fly after a buffalo, we shall enter a new region of art, as dramatic, picturesque, and vivid, as any artist-lover has had the pleasure of first attempting.' With Mr. DARLEY, the novels of COOPER have been for several years a subject of study, with a view of the manifold riches of illustration which they afford. He has not confined himself merely to the Indian or Land Romances, but has roved with the novelist over the whole field of his creations; and from the sketches which we have had the pleasure to examine, we note that he has returned with the finest specimens of illustrative talent, in their kind, which the country has produced. He has developed a gift for dramatic, nautical, and, so to speak, narrative drawing, which will astonish his warmest admirers. That no point may be lost, the publishers have engaged in the engravings, ALFRED JONES, the SMILLER, and others of high and established repute; and we are assured that these, as well as all parties engaged, have entered upon a friendly rivalry in their respective departments, in the hope and ambition that each may excel the other in perfecting the work. Of the illustrations, which are to be in vignette style, in line and etching, and of a cost and quality corresponding to the best foreign works, rivalling such as ROGERS' '*Italy*,' there will be two in each number. And it will surprise the public to be informed that the price of each of these costly and beautiful volumes will be no more than one dollar and fifty cents.

'The undertaking, as we have thus briefly set forth, scarcely needs to be commended to the public. By its boldness, its character, the happy selection of a standard Ameri-

created heroes is astonishing. But alas! they are heroes of—no, not of a day—but of the time it takes them to tell their stories.

'The Legal Humbug! What shall I say of him? Why, nothing, except that his profession is a justification for his conduct. The Clerical Humbug, the Moral Humbug, and the Philanthropic Humbug, it is not my intention to more than refer to. These cannot be easily mistaken; for hypocrisy is the sure cynosure by which to detect them. It is possible for a Clerical Humbug to be an exception to this; because he may have been made one by the folly of a fashionable congregation, or the admiration of a few young ladies,—and old ones too, perhaps! His voice is 'sweet,' his sermons are 'gems,' his hair 'elegant,' and his gestures 'beautiful.' And what a mouth he has, and nose, and eyes!

"Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery."

Is n't that slightly sharp, and biting? - - - It has not unfrequently given us pleasure to speak in terms of well-earned praise of '*The Southern Literary Messenger*,' one among the oldest of our monthly contemporaries in the Union, conducted with care and signal ability, by JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., a young gentleman of rare and pleasing literary and personal accomplishments. '*The Messenger*' has for some months been aided in its laudable endeavors to bring forward and elevate Southern literature, by a very handsomely-executed monthly publication, entitled '*Russell's Magazine*,' published at Charleston, South Carolina. Its papers, thus far, certainly reflect great credit upon both Southern prose writers and Southern bards. We take from the Editors' department of their last number, the following very expressive and thoughtful lines:

'SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sun-shine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

'At this wakeful hour of mid-night',
I behold it dawn in mist;
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hiss! oh! hiss!

'In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day:

'As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There 's a hush of DEATH about me,
And a whisper: 'He is gone!''

Very solemn—very beautiful. - - - We cannot but indulge the hope that the subjoined may reach Utah, and the Mormon camp, before a 'collusion' occurs between our pyrolygneous friends and the jaded troops of our common uncle, SAMUEL, now on their toilsome march to Mormondom. Yea, let us trust that it will penetrate the far-famed precincts of the palace of polygamous Bro. BRIGHAM YOUNG, (who, with Bro. HEBER KIMBALL,

being known, and perhaps invited abroad, there receiving not only honorary membership of various societies, but a medal from a sovereign. Think of that! Now all this is a very easy game to play; and it is done, too, to some extent.

'It not unfrequently happens that a man, by study, has obtained a thorough knowledge of one of the sciences; but he is not content with that, and in an endeavor to be thought (mind, not actually to be) a proficient in all, becomes as great a humbug as he who does not justly possess any pretensions whatever, but would have the world believe far otherwise. PLUTARCH truly says: 'It is no disgrace not to be able to do every thing; but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.'

'The Humbug of Adventure is very common. He either, like the man described by JOHNSON in the *Rambler*, makes adventures out of the ordinary daily occurrences of travel, or, like MUNCHAUSEN, lays his friends under deeper obligations to his imagination than to the incidents of his life, for the interest they feel in 'the dangers he has passed.' From the frozen regions of the North to the Equator, and thence to where WILKES' Antarctic Continent is not, and never was, every foot of ground, and bucket of water, is familiar to the humbug of the MUNCHAUSEN school. Now we find him at the bottom of a crater of an active volcano, where he loses by heat and fire nothing but the soles of his boots; and now, that while travelling in Europe, he meets with a severe accident, from which he narrowly escapes death, but which same accident we are assured, upon inquiry, was the scratch of a cat, or something of that sort; and that our humbug apprehended lock-jaw therefrom. Again, we hear that he received a number of wounds — all supposed to have been mortal, of course — during the Mexican war, or in innumerable Indian fights, when we know that he was never in a fight of any kind in his life; and yet, again, that he narrowly escaped death by yellow-fever at a place he left (and to which he has never returned to this day) a year before that dreadful epidemic ever visited it. He has the temerity to pass within the walls of a city in China, and is fortunate enough to escape — though narrowly — being torn to pieces by an infuriate rabble. He is thus preserved, according to newspaper paragraphs, written either by himself or his friends, for some great event.

'Humbugs in politics are so numerous that it would hardly appear necessary to describe them here. And were it not that I am reluctantly compelled to believe that some of my readers belong to the unfortunate class of the 'humbugged,' I would not mention them. The Political Humbug has no difficult task to perform. He has only to take a turn, like a weather-cock, every time the wind of public opinion shifts from one quarter to another. Now he leans toward Native-Americanism; anon, there is nothing so delights and moves him as that rich Irish brogue, or German accent. And if he had had a vote as to his birth, he would certainly have cast it in favor of first seeing the light either in green Erin, or else in the land of Goethe. He is Maine-law or Anti-Maine-law, Abolitionist or Anti-abolitionist, Hard or Soft, Know-Nothing or Republican, as he finds most to his own interest. No such ridiculous motto as 'Principles, not men,' governs him! He goes for principles and votes, and is not very particular as to what those principles are, nor how those votes are obtained. As to his services to his country, he refers you to history for them, that is, the newspaper he writes for.

'Army and Navy Humbugs are but little known out of their respective services, and their effect upon society is inconsiderable. A report of some unimportant event to the Secretary of War or the Navy, printed by order of Congress, is all that we ever hear of them, except from themselves directly. The number of self-

created heroes is astonishing. But alas! they are heroes of—no, not of a day—but of the time it takes them to tell their stories.

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takes, pays for, and reads the KNICKERBOCKER,) and carry conviction, like the roaring of a rushing cataract, to his mind. If *this* call ('*On Polygamy*,' from a Broome-County journal) does n't 'fetch' conviction, all the salt in Salt Lake won't save those incestuous and pe-ious 'embegs of the lawge bleue ke-yind' from being regarded by many persons ('not to put too strong a point upon it') as in some degree faulty :

'Of all the tyrannies that afflict and brutalize mankind, tyranny in religion is the worst; all other species of tyranny are limited to the world we live in; but there is one which attempts a stride beyond the grave, and seeks to pursue us into eternity: it is there and not here, it is to God and not man, it is to a heavenly and not an earthly tribunal that we are to account for our belief in, and coöperation for, that system for whose origination and establishment my grandfather's neighbor, having bid a last adieu to the consorts of his early life, and kissed affectionately the velveted soil of my own sister state, with aching anxiety, from an alien clime, directed with whispering accents, his meandering steps, to spill with an only brother, his last drop of blood, in the jail at Carthage; a system whose intrinsic adaptation to the palmary auxiliaries to eupathy and governmental harmony is as baneful as its potency is marvellous; vomiting forth its mephitical secretions like the upas-tree, it wafts its breezes of misery and desolation over continents and laughs to telegraph man's lethality to the chronicles of eternity; a system through whose adoption that mother as she gasps for her last breath in supplication, to reconcile her life with her conscience, now sits in the cycles of eternity, sifting out an account for deliverance at the tribunal of her God. A system, the venality of whose orders, whose compromise with conscience, whose depredations on virtue, whose inroads on reason, whose havoc on constitutions, whose vegetations in incurable apathy, and whose records of sympathy with lasciviousness, persecution, and tyranny, no pen can describe, or limner transfer. A system whose seeds were sown in twenty-three, generated in twenty-five, and fructified in forty, now skyward waves the cloudy flag of polygamy o'er the western range of majestic sceneries, and wipes its mouldering stains on the virgin shores of the Pacific. A system whose bellowing canons once thundered their deafening yells across the Atlantic, to be saturated with cartridges rolled up with that immortal parchment, the constitution of our country. If, then, we believe falsely and dishonorably of that system, and that belief is forced upon us, as far as force can operate, by human laws and human tribunals, on whom, we ask, is the criminality of that belief to fall? — on those who impose it, or on those on whom it is imposed? If we attempt to collate the smoothness of our sociality with the austerity of their engrossments, the latitude of our liberality with the morbidity of their superstitions, the placidity of our temper with their bickering peevishness, the rationality of our deliberations with their rhapsodies of nonsense, and our fidelity to the constitution with their anathemas against its policy, we behold a race who once sunned in the cloudless skies of youthful verdure, and carved virginity's emblems on the lawns of domestic sceneries — now busy in the negotiations of pleasure, while recreant of that criminality — now swimming in the depravities of luxurious dissipation, jill finally transmuted by those magic crucibles from the charnel-dens of corruption, they exclaim: 'Vain, wretched man! in what dark paths of strife we walk this little tourney of our life?' Soon may the glorious consummation come, dispel the gloom that shrouds polygamists' home. To our poor wives the balm of hope impart. Bid them rejoice, and heal their broken hearts. Pile on the failing fire the needed wood, and feed our babes with necessary food. But let us not too severely censure them for a weakness for which their physical temperaments are alone to blame; without imparting our grief for the slaughtered, whose boiling blood reddened that majestic river through whose current the nervous Missourian steered his course; without imparting our grief for their deprivations of justice and trials by jury; without imparting our grief for the innocent, who for safety dragged their aching bones from that Mormon Metropolis to be bleached on the tombless sands of an American basin.'

WEBSTER'S 'Unabridged Dictionary' will impart to any diligent and faithful student a 'realizing sense' of the foregoing. In the mean time we have no hesitation to say, and we say it boldly, if Polygynomy is to ride rough-shod over our female contemporaries — if they are to be laid waste with the besom of *multo-conubialis* — what is left of our bill of rights? Where are the sacred 'Principles of Ninety-Eight,' established by the Hartford Convention, under the Charter-Oak, and ratified by HENRY CLAY, as Secretary, in the spring of the same year that General ANDREW JACKSON

established the Feudal System, which entailed upon Great Britain their immense National Debt, which Mr. ABBOTT, in his History of NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE states to have reached the amount (and this was three years ago, with interest and funded coupons in consols, less the exchange, all the while running on) of more than NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS? Such is Pyrolygnominy! In the meanwhile, where are the virtues and connubialities thus buried as it were in a napkin? Who would not exclaim with BYRON, in his 'TUPPER's Proverbial Tricolosphy:'

'WHERE is CUPID's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of wo!
Bear me safe, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow!'

Answer us *that!* - - - AN elaborate paper in the '*Princeton Review*' for October, edited by the learned CHARLES HODGE, D.D., fully confirms, in one portion of it, the views in relation to language set forth in the able work of Mr. ELEAZER LORD, noticed in the review-department of our last number. The writer (evidently Dr. HODGE) says: 'We can understand how a man can regard the BIBLE as a mere human composition; we can understand how he can regard inspiration as a mere elevation of the religious consciousness; but how any one can hold that the sacred writers were inspired as to their *thoughts*, but not as to their *language*, is to us perfectly incomprehensible. The denial of *verbal* inspiration is in our view the denial of *all* inspiration, in the scriptural sense of the doctrine. No man can have a *wordless thought*, any more than there can be a *formless flower*. By a law of our present constitution, we *think in words*, and as far as our consciousness goes, it is as impossible to infuse thoughts into the mind without words, as it is to bring men into the world without bodies.' '*Popular Education*' is a somewhat worn-out and not altogether an attractive theme; but we wish these truths, as set forth by the '*Review*,' were more widely felt, and more generally acted upon:

'It is strange that men should ever have overlooked, that children are not mere *memories*, with material attachments to be whipped; nor native logicians, with capacities for reasoning without any *data*; but that they are human beings, with souls of the average breadth, comprehending the faculties of memory, reason, sensation, and emotion, which in order to be rightly educated must be educated all together; that they are also moral, as well as intellectual beings; and that they have bodies, upon the health of which the progress of the whole to a great degree depends. We also recognize the propriety of treating children *as* children, with instructions and methods suited to their age. It is as important that the child should be *a child*, and be *educated as a child*, as that the education of youth should be manly. Childhood is an important part of human existence, which it is not well for maturer life to have missed. To be treated as a man in one's childhood has a painfully hardening effect upon later years. The child should be respected, but treated as a child; his soul filled with the love and gentleness and beautiful simplicity which belong to his age. Our methods of instruction ought not to be such as to harden or deface those lovely features; but rather to develop them in truth and symmetry toward their own proper maturity, whereby they merge into those of youth.'

Truth, every word of it, and as forcibly expressed as it is veritable. Another able article in the present number of the '*Review*' is one entitled '*The Argument from Prophecy for Christianity*.' The following passage is striking:

'Look at God's promise to his Church, ages on ages ago: '*The nation and kingdom*

that will not serve Thee shall perish, yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.' Trace the march of that Church in the light of that promise, or rather prediction, as she comes in contact with the successive mighty empires of the East and the West: the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Medo-Persian, the Alexandrian, the Roman. . . . Look at the space covered by these fulfilled predictions: Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, the empire of CYRUS, and of ALEXANDER and Rome, Judea and its peculiar people, with all their strange, deathless history, and all the lands and people bordering upon that land; and since the coming of the Son of God, the Church in all lands. Take these from the map of the world, and what would be left? Take these from human history, and what would history be? It is most manifest that the central current of human history has flowed over these lands, and through these channels of national life. Then the broad, stupendous fact is, that all these vast affairs have been moulded and controlled by the spirit and power of prophecy. In the path of that prophecy lie the graves of these greatest of earthly powers and dominions, speaking in eloquent death and ruin to all coming generations. It is the march of God through the ages we see thus opened before our eyes, and the graves of nations and the tombs of cities are the luminous steps of His course and His judgments, where the light of His presence still lingers. What is a man, a city, a nation, in the presence of such a God, and in the way of His purposes?

There are doctrinal papers in the '*Princeton*' which we little affect, and somewhat, it is clear, of bigotry of polemical opinion: nevertheless, it is an able and 'informing' work. - - - WHAT a difference there is between what is real, and felt, and that which is unreal, and *not* felt! Read the subjoined. It came to us on a little scrap of paper, in the same express parcel that brought to us three elaborate half-rhythmical platitudes, sealed with a delicate sufficiency of nicest wax, and the most carefully-attenuated 'hand-of-write.' But we display not sealing-wax — nor can we reproduce fac-similes of the sick families of poets, the multitude whereof no man can number:

'EPIGRAMS.

I.

'O WEARY heart, thou art half-way home!
We stand on life's meridian height —
As far from childhood's morning come
As to the grave's forgetful night.

II.

'Give Youth and Hope a parting tear,
Let Reason take the guidance now;
Hope promised but to bring us here,
Where the bloom's fled from off the brow.

III.

'One backward look: O childhood's home!
One lingering gaze! — the last, the last!
Thus far to death too quick I've come:
One silent tear, for youth is past.

IV.

'Who comes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Memory on?
Oh! lonely looks the downward track!
Joy's music hushed: Hope's roses gone!

V.

'To Pleasure and her giddy troop,
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way and spirits droop
To think that love may leave us here.

VI.

'But stay, as 't were a twilight star
That sends its light across the wave,
I see a brightening light from 'far
Steals down a path beyond the grave :

VII.

'And now, bless God, its golden line
Comes o'er and lights my shadowy way.
And shows a dear hand clasped in mine :
'T will guide me to a happier day.

N. B. VINSTARD.'

Marengo, (Iowa.)

Such a description as the following, from a late London journal, affords one a better personal idea of Baron MACAULAY, than all the *inferential* pictures of him derived from his writings, could give in a twelvemonth :

'THERE is a common pedestrian of London streets, well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big round face, and large, staring, and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity.

'He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thoughts, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop and stare when he has passed. But he heeds no one; seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes on, unwittingly of the many who stare and smile, and look with curiosity and regard upon THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

'Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet gives still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognized him dining in the coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich — a fashionable white-bait house, which, it appears, he frequently patronizes. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted, by his peculiar mutterings and fidgetiveness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreaming. All at once — it must have been toward the climax of the verse or prose which he was working up in his mind — Mr. MACAULAY seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such a hearty good will, that the solid crystal flew in fragments, while the numerous parties dining round instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put out, however, Mr. MACAULAY, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other.'

We call this exceedingly graphic. - - - THERE has never been in America a finer or more superb collection of *Splendid and Valuable Gift-Books*, than the Messrs. APPLETON present to their friends and customers the present season. One's eyes are literally *oppressed* with the gorgeoussness thereof. Do but glance at the *names*, simply, of only a few of them, and remember that you are to *imagine* the beauty of the engravings, and the splendor of the bindings :

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VERY beautiful, very tender, is the following. It proceeds from the heart and the pen of one whose pencil has made him a fame that only his pen can transcend :

'The Watchers.'

I.

'THROUGH the long night the winds are wailing;
Dark clouds above the earth are trailing;
Tears from the skies are falling fast,
And sighs are borne on every blast,
For the winds of the night are wailing.

II.

'In a lone cot sit watchers weeping;
Near IDA's couch their vigils keeping;
Tears from their eyes are falling fast:
The rose lies crushed — its fragrance past,
And watchers, the watchers sit weeping.

III.

'Cease, watchers! cease those tears from streaming:
Bright on that soul the sun is beaming;
Stay not her joy with parting moan:
Loved ones are there — God calls her home:
Cease, then, oh! cease, those tears from streaming.

IV.

'The storm-clouds break, the morning beameth:
Calmly she rests as one who dreameth;
She heeds not now their tears and sighs —
Angels have borne her to the skies:
In peace she sleeps till morning beameth.

J. W. W.'

Is not that very fine? - - - 'T is Winter, and the rain rains cold, and frost and snow are on every hill. Now is the time for Stoves: and with literally *burning* gratitude, we call our readers' attention to Cox, RICHARDSON AND BOYNTON'S Stoves, at Number 374 Broadway, not far from our office. 'There is no use talking:' for there is nothing like them. One of our near neighbors is in love with one of their ranges: 'never saw any thing to compare with it,' and praises it as a 'good and faithful servant'

every day. And as for our 'RUBY,' with its open grate, like a fire-place, its cheerful aspect, its heat, which makes the icy windows shed tears in five minutes after the coal is ignited, we should like to see the man that could buy it from us! - - - Our old and favorite correspondent, 'BEVERLEY,' sends us an amusing sketch, which we shall entitle '*Waiting Reduced to a Science, or Negro Eloquence at Long-Branch: with two Specimens.*' Of these specimens, it is not difficult to see, that the first is more 'colored' (by somebody else) in its style, while the second is 'negro all over:'

'It was an Athenian philosopher who said, that 'true eloquence was a gift from the gods; and it was an error to suppose that the exercise of such an heavenly endowment was confined to the Forum, or the Rostrum, as it often manifested itself in the affairs of every day life.' We were forcibly struck with the truth of this dictum of the Grecian sophist, while sojourning this summer for a short space at the Metropolitan Hotel, Long-Branch. The head-waiter at that establishment is one of those rare gifts vouchsafed to mankind that come at long intervals, and whose return marks the century. The rarest plants are those that take a century to bloom; and it has taken many revolving years to produce this 'rara avis in terris,' who may in truth be said to be

' 'Nigro similimoque cygno.'

'Nature never produces any one who is to act a notable part in life, but she gives some warning of her intention. Thus ASTYAGES, grand-father of the great CYRUS, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine that overran all Asia: and HECUBA, mother of Paris, dreamt that she gave birth to a firebrand: so the mother of our hero, on one of the plantations in old Virginny, dreamt that she gave birth to a huge waiter, larger than all other waiters, and which, in the elegance of its finish and the lustre of its Japan work, eclipsed all the waiters that were ever manufactured. This, although she knew it not, was typical of the greatness of the infant, to whom she shortly after gave birth, in that department which he now adorns, and which he has elevated to an art.

'As a child, the bent of his genius early manifested itself. Like 'DIGGORY,' in his greenest youth, 'whenever any eating was going on, he liked to have a hand in it;' but unlike DIGGORY, it was not for the gratification of the inner man, but to make himself practically useful about a table. That famed cup-bearer of the gods, the Phrygian GANYMEDE, betrayed not half the grace in waiting upon celestial tables in high Olympus, as was manifested by our young darkey at the table of his master. And had the heathen gods a being then, a local habitation and a name, our American eagle would have repeated the rape of GANYMEDE. He soon became the favorite domestic servant of his master; but feeling the struggles within him of genius, soon discovered that a private house on an obscure plantation at the South, was 'too pent-up an Utica' to 'contain his powers.' He felt that he had that within him, which could only expand and perfect beneath the stimulating airs of freedom, that lend such enchantment to our Northern homes.

'Our hero therefore fled to the North, where he has since, through the smiles of fortune, put fugitive-slave laws at defiance, by the purchase of his freedom; and where he has risen rapidly by reason of his brilliant genius and invincible energy, until he has touched the highest point of his ambition, in the position of head-waiter of the Metropolitan Hotel, Long-Branch. There we found him last summer with

the port and pride of a CORIOLANUS; and in view of the difficulties he had surmounted and the envious spirits he had discomfited, ready to exclaim with that hero :

“ LIKE an eagle in a dove-cote,
I fluttered your Volsces in Corioli :
Alone I did it.”

By his wonderful powers as a tactician and disciplinarian, he had brought in his department, order out of Chaos. The graceful port, measured tread, rapid evolutions, and the serene and cleanly air of the waiters of the Metropolitan were the fruits of his genius.

‘On the day in question, a day to be remembered and ‘marked with a white stone,’ the waiters from a neighboring hotel, who had heard of his fame, and longed to witness for themselves the truth of what they heard, assembled at the dining-hall of the ‘Metropolitan,’ under the leadership of their head-waiter, Mr. GWIN.

‘It was indeed a proud hour for our hero. Every thing had been arranged most tastefully for the reception. Small flags, intertwined, decorated the hall; mottoes, emblematic of the occasion, were eloquent with meaning; while the waiters of the Metropolitan, each in snow-white apron, and with front erect, awaited the stroke of the signal bell from their leader to commence operations. But our hero — how shall we describe him? Faultless in costume, with gloves irreproachable in their whiteness, and an embracing fit, that JOUVIN would have envied; while a blue and white rosette, of most formidable dimensions, adorned his swelling breast; he stood there in the pomp and pride of his position, an ANTINOUS in the faultless symmetry of his form, an APOLLO in the gracefulness of his carriage. At a tap from his bell, marching and countermarching commenced. Block-tin covers were brandished in air like the flashing shields of some Roman cohort, and descended with a regularity of movement that resembled the motion of a single arm. Huge piles of plates were borne onward, and descended singly upon the table with the graceful flutter of a bird; knives, forks, and spoons followed ‘in harmonious order moving,’ until, by flank and file movement, every inch of ground had been gone over; and returning to the place whence he had started, each waiter stood motionless at his post, looking as rigid as the solitary sentinel of the Horse-guards opposite White Hall. The force of discipline could no farther go. Murmurs of applause, restrained somewhat before by the rapt attention and admiration elicited by the admirable drill, now swelled into loud acclaim.

‘Quiet being at last restored, our hero stepped forward, and turning to his guests with the composed and finished air of the accomplished orator, thus spoke, and without a trace of the negro accent :

“*Mr. Gwin and Waiters of the United States :*

“This is most certainly an auspicious occasion; auspicious, inasmuch as it gives to us of the ‘Metropolitan’ an opportunity of returning to you the hospitalities extended so gracefully to myself and subordinates, a few days ago, at the ‘United States:’ and doubly auspicious, inasmuch as it has afforded us an opportunity to exhibit to you the great reach in discipline attained by the men under my command. It gives me pride to say, Mr. GWIN, that this exhibition has in all things equalled my most sanguine expectations, and that my men have in every thing justified the labor I have bestowed on them. I also take great pride in saying that, boy and man, I have labored in *the great responsibilities of this, my calling*, cheered onward by the hope that the day would come when I could say that it was elevated to the rank of a science. The time has been when waiting was considered an ignoble pursuit. I have felt this stigma, and it has been the labor of my life to remove it. To-day is witness of the great accomplish-

ment. I think I have shown this day that *waiting deserves to take its place as a science, a fine art*. Such a manifestation as you have witnessed this morning must have convinced every unprejudiced mind that genius and mental power are necessary to form and fashion the waiter. This science is not to be learned in an hour or a day. Rome was not built in a day; nor can the science of waiting be mastered in any short space. Like every other accomplishment, it only rewards with success those who have genius to develop its hidden beauties.

"Great mental toil, and never-flagging perseverance, have been called into action, in bringing me to my present exalted position; and that same mental toil and perseverance, although, of course, exerted in a lesser degree, has enabled my pupil, there, (pointing to his second waiter,) to stand in the proud position he occupies this day. Boy and man, he has been under my eye for years, and I am proud to say, has ever justified my confidence, and now rewards the labor I have bestowed upon him; and every waiter in this room can learn, by his example, what may be attained by industry and perseverance. I want, to-day, Mr. GWIN, to inaugurate, if it be possible, a new era at Long-Branch: the era of good feeling among the waiters at the different establishments along this shore, '*where the trampling surf is heard on the hard sea-sand*,' as one of our own poets has said. Those intertwining flags you see at the head of this hall, are emblematic of the union this day of the waiters of the 'United States' and 'Metropolitan;' and who can tell what great things may be accomplished in the future by these unions?"

"A great man, Sir; perhaps the greatest that ever lived, GEORGE WASHINGTON, once passed under an arch at Trenton, raised by fair hands: and it is our intention, before the conclusion of this exhibition, that you and your subordinates shall pass beneath the arch of friendship, to be formed by the clasped hands and sinewy arms of the waiters of the 'Metropolitan;' and this shall be, to you and yours, an evidence of the loving feeling felt by us for you. Beneath the protecting shadows of this arch of friendship, you will soon be invited to pass."

'At the close of this eloquent speech, Mr. GWIN remained seated, overcome, apparently, by his feelings. His silence was broken soon, however, by the stentorian tones of our hero, who said:

"GWIN, stand up!"

'Thereupon, GWIN rose slowly to his feet, in evident perturbation. Now be it known, GWIN was not the orator our hero showed himself to be; and in the stammering speech he delivered in reply, he spoke in the genuine negro dialect. This is about the substance of GWIN:

"*Mr. Sopeman and Waiters of de Metropolitan:*

"It gibs me much pleasure to be wid you on dis auspicious occashun. We hab witnessed wid astonishment dis exhibition ob de skill ob de waiters under your command. You hab said true, dat waiting is reduced to a science, and de events ob dis morning proves it. Waiting was once considered an ignoble pursuit, but you, Sir, hab raised it from de mire and de dirt, and placed it in its present elevated position. You hab shown dat to understand waiting aright, requires de skill ob de mathematical sciences. Progress, Sir, is de great law written upon most ebery ting in dis world: but dis science ob waiting, under your auspices, hab come on more rapid dan dem all. And, Sir, (here the upturned whites of GWIN's eyes gave token of the intensity of the mental travail in the conception of his great idea,) '*if de spirits ob de deud waiters, who libbed long ago, long ago, and who hab since gone to deir reward, were hobering n'er dis exhibition gibben here dis day, how it must hab astonished deir spiritual eyes.*'"

'This, and much more, said Mr. GWIN, which we have not space to record. At the conclusion of his reply, upon a given signal, our waiters formed an arch with intertwined hands, and beneath it marched GWIN and his subordinates, to the refreshment-room, where, in the midst of 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,'

they drove dull care away, until the first dinner-gong scattered them like so many frightened sheep.

'Who shall dispute after this, about the unity of races or the palm of eloquence?'

'THE SCALPEL' — Dr. DIXON continues to 'cry aloud, and spare not.' What he *thinks*, he *says*, and in terms so unmistakable, that we have never yet seen the first man who was left in doubt as to what the editor meant, after reading a single number of '*The Scalpel*.' The work, we perceive, is regularly printed and re-published in London; many of its articles are copied and highly commended by '*The Lancet*,' and other English journals of repute. '*The Scalpel*' is not *wholly* 'medical and surgical.' The October issue treats, for example, among other 'secular' things, of 'The Criminal Condition of our City,' and of 'The Poetical Products of Yale College,' as evidenced in the last 'Commencement' exercises of that institution. He dissects the concluding 'Hymn' of that occasion with as keen a knife as any surgical cutler could furnish withal. After cutting it entirely up, 'marrow, bones, and all,' the Doctor proposes as a substitute an 'Ode' of his own making, which begins as follows:

'WITHIN these fuddled pates,
Some seeds of learning sprout;
O'er these United States,
A fine crop 's coming out.
Tongue can't express,
How North and South,
(Except there 's drouth,) —
Our love will bless.'

We were much interested in the first of a narrative series, entitled 'Life on Ship-board:' full of incident, and well written. 'The Movement-Cure,' 'Gymnastics Gone Mad,' 'What shall we Eat, Drink, and Wear?' are articles which will also excite attention. SHERMAN AND COMPANY, Vesey-street.

SURGEON'S SERMONS. — A third volume of the *Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon* has just appeared from the press of Messrs. SHELTON, BLAKEMAN AND COMPANY. The remarks which we made of the precedent volumes are equally true of the one before us. It contains twenty-nine Sermons, eighteen of which were preached to audiences of ten thousand persons, at the Royal Surrey Musical Hall, of which noble structure a fine engraving fronts the title-page. There is great variety in these discourses as in their mode of treatment. Perhaps as good an example of the power and felicity of illustration as is contained in the volume may be found in '*The Snare of the Fowler*,' from the text, 'Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler.' One can scarcely avoid smiling, however, at not a few of his 'enforcements.' For example, speaking of the secret temptations of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' as being all the more dangerous for *being* secret, he says: 'If the Devil comes to my door with his horns visible, I will never let him in; but if he comes with his hat on, as a respectable gentleman, he is at once admitted. Many a man has taken in an evil thing because it has been varnished and glossed over, and not apparently an evil; and he has thought in his heart, 'There is not much harm in it;' so he has let in the little thing, and it has been like the breaking forth of water; the first drop has brought forth a torrent. The beginning has been but the beginning of a fearful end.' In a discourse upon '*Regeneration*,' enforcing the remark that an unregenerate soul could not enjoy Heaven, even could it gain admittance there, 'our orator' says: 'Why, it is a physical impossibility that ever a swine should deliver a lecture on astronomy; every man can clearly perceive that it must be impossible that a snail should build a city; and there is just as much impossibility that a sinner unconverted should enjoy heaven.' '*The Dumb Singing*' is the title of another discourse, in which occurs this beautiful figure: 'Keep prayer a-going. Prayer is the rope in the belfry: pull it, and it rings the bell up in Heaven.'

Keep on pulling it; and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace according to your faith.' The typographical execution of these Sermons is excellent.

Mr. S. is soon coming hither. - - - CONSIDER us at JOHN LANE's for the present, in our progress toward JOHN BROWN, his Tract. Are we to talk, *in winter*, of the heat and dust of travel in that region? Can we speak of 'Punkies,' and Musketoos, and 'Smudge' fires, and 'THE SHAUNTY' with ice and snow, and a frozen river about us? Can we approach the subject of 'SPECKLED' under such circumstances? Not by ADAM SYGHT, even, would such a thing be attempted. Can a man hold fire in his hand, and think upon the frosty Caucasus? Not convenient. Wait till Spring comes; *then* shall we (D.V.) direct our friends to the places where lurk the trout — where lurks also FALSTAFF B. SHIPMAN, Esq., in the shaunty aforesaid, and where GEORGE MORSE, the best fisherman in the whole State of New-York, can be found and 'known of all men.' - - - This comes from 'THE SWAMP' in our goodly metropolis, whence many another 'good thing' has come, with equal anonymous modesty before :

'MR. S — was standing in the door-way of his store the other day, when he was accosted by a loafer, whose staggering gait, and thickness of utterance, gave unmistakable evidence of the strength and frequency of his recent imbibations. The following colloquy ensued :

'LOAFER: 'Sa-a-ay, Mister; give a feller a penny, won't yer?'

'S — : 'What do you want it for?'

'LOAFER: 'To buy a glass of rum with.'

'S — : 'I cannot give you even one cent for such a purpose.'

'LOAFER: (*drawing forth a couple of coppers from his pocket.*) 'Well, then, look a-here; just take them two cents: they an't no use to me, anyhow!'

'S — could n't resist that appeal; but rewarded the man for his rejoinder, by giving him the price of two 'snifters.'

Not bad, for the 'loafer.' - - - WHY should 'P — P —' fancy for a moment that his *désagrémens* at 'A Capitol Hotel' in Washington, possess the slightest interest for the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER? If it had been the PRESIDENT himself, (good as he is, and popular as he deserves to be,) the platitudes of growling which make up the tedious staple of P — P —'s communication, could find no entrance to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. 'Who cares?' — and 'Why should *any body* care?' would be the first questions asked. - - - LET us make a small prediction. We have heard a portion of a play read, entitled '*The Golden Calf*,' from the pen of Mrs. BATEMAN, the mother of those lovely and precocious wonders, the BATEMAN CHILDREN, which will be produced at BURTON's Theatre. *It is capital* — full of piquant situations, telling points, and wholesome, biting satire. Mark our words: *it is capital!* ;

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